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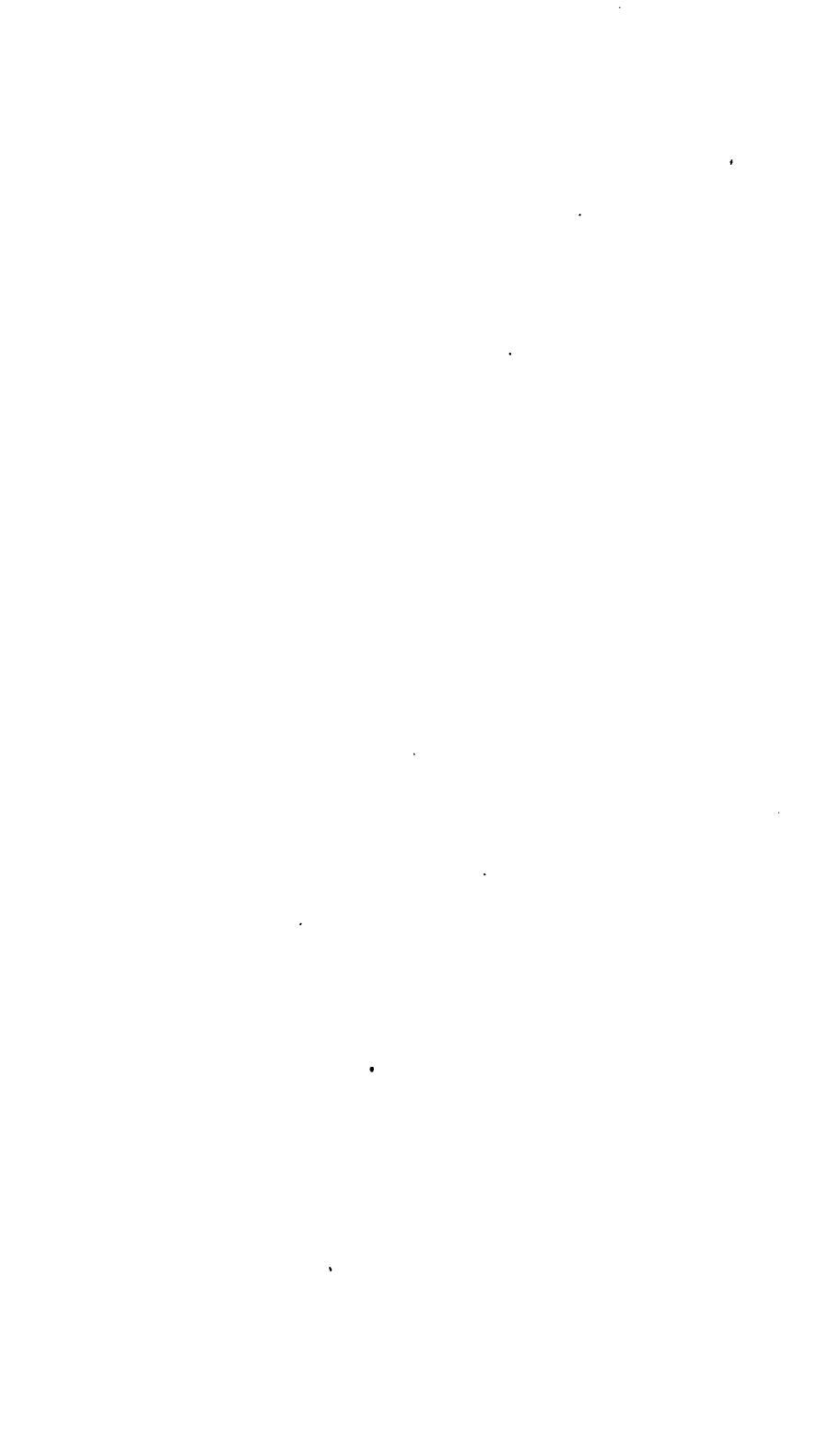
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Dies Boreales.

No. II.

CHRISTOPHER UNDER CANVASS.

ENCAMPMENT AT CLADICH. TIME—*Eleven, A.M.*

SCENE—*The Portal of the Pavilion.*

NORTH—BULLER—SEWARD.

BULLER.

I know there is nothing you dislike so much as personal observations——

NORTH.

On myself to myself—not at all on others.

BULLER.

Yet I cannot help telling you to your face, sir, that you are one of the finest looking old men——

NORTH.

Elderly gentlemen, if you please, sir.

BULLER.

In Britain, in Europe, in the World. I am perfectly serious, sir. You are.

NORTH.

You needed not to say you were perfectly serious; for I suffer no man to be ironical on Me, Mr. Buller. I am.

BULLER.

Such a change since we came to Cladich! Seward was equally shocked, with myself, at your looks on board the Steamer. So lean—so bent—so sallow—so haggard—in a word—so aged!

NORTH.

Were you shocked, Seward?

SEWARD.

Buller' has such a blunt way with him that he often makes me blush. I was not shocked, my dear sir, but I was affected.

BULLER.

Turning to me, he said in a whisper, "What a wreck!"

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NORTH.

I saw little alteration on you, Mr. Seward; but as to Buller, it was with the utmost difficulty I could be brought, by his reiterated asseverations, into a sort of quasi-belief in his personal identity; and even now, it is far from amounting to anything like a settled conviction. Why, his face is twice the breadth it used to be—and so red! It used to be narrow and pale. Then, what a bushy head—now, cocker it as he will, bald. In figure was he not slim? Now, stout's the word. Stout—stout—yes, Buller, you have grown stout, and will grow stouter—your doom is to be fat—I prophesy paunch—

BULLER.

Spare me—spare me, sir. Seward should not have interrupted me—'twas but the first impression—and soon wore off—those Edinboro' people have much to answer for—unmercifully wearing you out at their ceaseless *soirées*—but since you came to Cladich, sir, CHRISTOPHER'S HIMSELF AGAIN—pardon my familiarity—nor can I now, after the minutest inspection, and severest scrutiny, detect one single additional wrinkle on face or forehead—nay, not a wrinkle at all—not one—so fresh of colour, too, sir, that the irradiation is at times ruddy—and without losing an atom of expression, the countenance absolutely—plump. Yes, sir, plump's the word—plump, plump, plump.

NORTH.

Now you speak sensibly, and like yourself, my dear Buller. I wear well.

BULLER.

Your enemies circulated a report—

NORTH.

I did not think I had an enemy in the world.

BULLER.

Your friends, sir, had heard a rumour—that you had mounted a wig.

NORTH.

And was there, among them all, one so weak-minded as to believe it? But, to be sure, there are no bounds to the credulity of mankind.

BULLER.

That you had lost your hair—and that, like Sampson—

NORTH.

And by what Delilah had my locks been shorn?

SEWARD.

It all originated, I verily believe, sir, in the moved imagination of the Pensive Public:

“Res est solliciti plena timoris Amor.”

NORTH.

Buller, I see little, if any—no change whatever—on you, since the days of Deeside—nor on you, Seward. Yes, I do. Not now, when by yourselves; but when your boys are in Tent, ah! then I do indeed—a pleasant, a happy, a blessed change! Bright boys they are—delightful lads—noble youths—and so are my Two—emphasis on *my*—

SEWARD AND BULLER.

Yes, all emphasis, and may the Four be friends for life.

NORTH.

In presence of us old folks, composed and respectful—in manly modesty attentive to every word we say—at times no doubt wearisome enough! Yet each ready, at a look or pause, to join in when we are at our gravest—and the solemn may be getting dull—enlivening the sleepy flow of our conversation as with rivulets issuing from pure sources in the hills of the morning—

SEWARD.

Aye—aye; heaven bless them all!

NORTH.

Why, there is more than sense—more than talent—there is *genius* among them—in their eyes and on their tongues—though they have no suspicion of it—and that is the charm. Then how they rally one another! Witty fellows all Four. And the right sort of railery. Gentlemen by birth and breeding, to whom in their wildest sallies vulgarity is impossible—to whom, on the giddy

brink—the perilous edge—still adheres a native decorum superior to that of all the Schools.

SEWARD.

They have their faults, sir—

NORTH.

So have we. And 'tis well for us. Without faults we should be unloveable.

SEWARD.

In affection I spake.

NORTH.

I know you did. There is no such hateful sight on earth as a perfect character. He is one mass of corruption—for he is a hypocrite—*intus et in cute*—by the necessity of nature. The moment a perfect character enters a room—I leave it.

SEWARD.

What if you happened to live in the neighbourhood of the nuisance?

NORTH.

Emigrate. Or remain here—encamped for life—with imperfect characters—till the order should issue—Strike Tent.

BULLER.

My Boy has a temper of his own.

NORTH.

Original—or acquired?

BULLER.

Naturally sweet-blooded—assuredly by the mother's side—but in her goodness she did all she could to spoil him. Some excuse—We have but Marmy.

NORTH.

And his father, naturally not quite so sweet-blooded, does all he can to preserve him? Between the two, a pretty Pickle he is. Has thine a temper of his own, too, Seward?

SEWARD.

Hot.

NORTH.

Hereditary.

SEWARD.

No—North. A milder, meeker, Christian Lady than his mother is not in England.

NORTH.

I confess I was at the moment not thinking of his mother. But somewhat too much of this. I hereby authorise the Boys of this Empire to have what tempers they choose—with one sole exception—THE SULKY.

BULLER.

The Edict is promulged.

NORTH.

Once, and once only, during one of the longest and best-spent lives on record, was I in the mood proscribed—and it endured most part of a whole day. The Anniversary of that day I observe, in severest solitude, with a salutary horror. And it is my Birthday. Ask me not, my friends, to reveal the Cause. Aloof from confession before man—we must keep to ourselves—as John Foster says—a corner of our own souls. A black corner it is—and enter it with or without a light—you see, here and there, something dismal—hideous—shapeless—nameless—each lying in its own place on the floor. There lies the CAUSE. It was the morning of my Ninth Year. As I kept sitting high upstairs by myself—one familiar face after another kept ever and anon looking in upon me—all with one expression! And one familiar voice after another—all with one tone—kept muttering at me—“*He's still in the Sulks!*” How I hated them with an intenser hatred—and chief them I before had loved best—at each opening and each shutting of that door! How I hated myself, as my blubbered face felt hotter and hotter—and I knew how ugly

I must be, with my fixed fiery eyes. It was painful to sit on such a chair for hours in one posture, and to have so chained a child would have been great cruelty—but I was resolved to die, rather than change it; and had I been told by any one under an angel to get up and go to play, I would have spat in his face. It was a lonesome attic, and I had the fear of ghosts. But not then—my superstitious fancy was quelled by my troubled heart. Had I not deserved to be allowed to go? Did they not all know that all my happiness in this life depended on my being allowed to go? Could any one of them give a reason for not allowing me to go? What right had they to say that if I did go, I should never be able to find my way, by myself, back? What right had they to say that Roundy was a blackguard, and that he would lead me to the gallows? Never before, in all the world, had a good boy been used so on his birthday. They pretend to be sorry when I am sick—and when I say my prayers, they say theirs too; but I am sicker now—and they are not sorry, but angry—there's no use in prayers—and I won't read one verse in the Bible this night, should my aunt go down on her knees. And in the midst of such unworded soliloquies did the young blasphemer fall asleep.

BULLER.

Young Christopher North! Incredible.

NORTH.

I know not how long I slept; but on awaking, I saw an angel with a most beautiful face and most beautiful hair—a little young angel—about the same size as myself—sitting on a stool by my feet. "Are you quite well now, Christopher? Let us go to the meadows and gather flowers." Shame, sorrow, remorse, contrition, came to me with those innocent words—we wept together, and I was comforted. "I have been sinful"—"but you are forgiven." Down all the stairs hand in hand we glided; and there was no longer anger in any eyes—the whole house was happy. All voices were kinder—if that were possible—than they had been when I rose in the morning—a Boy in his Ninth Year. Parental hands smoothed my hair—parental lips kissed it—and parental greetings, only a little more cheerful than prayers, restored me to the Love I had never lost, and which I felt now had animated that brief and just displeasure. I had never heard then of Elysian fields; but I had often heard, and often had dreamt happy, happy dreams of fields of light in heaven. And such looked the fields to be, where fairest Mary Gordon and I gathered flowers, and spoke to the birds, and to one another, all day long—and again, when the day was gone, and the evening going, on till moontime, below and among the soft-burning stars.

BULLER.

And never has *Christopher* been in the *Sulks* since that day.

NORTH.

Under heaven I owe it all to that child's eyes. Still I sternly keep the Anniversary—for, beyond doubt, I was that day possessed with a Devil—and an angel it was, though human, that drove him out.

SEWARD.

Your first Love?

NORTH.

In a week she was in heaven. My friends—in childhood—our whole future life would sometimes seem to be at the mercy of such small events as these. Small call them not—for they are great for good or for evil—because of the unfathomable mysteries that lie shrowded in the growth, on earth, of an immortal soul.

SEWARD.

May I dare to ask you, sir—it is indeed a delicate—a more than delicate question—if the Anniversary—has been brought round with the revolving year since we encamped?

NORTH.

It has.

SEWARD.

Ah! Buller! we know now the reason of his absence that day from the

Pavilion and Deeside—of his utter seclusion—he was doing penance in the Swiss Giantess—a severe sojourn.

NORTH.

A Good Temper, friends—not a good Conscience—is the Blessing of Life.

BULLER.

Shocked to hear you say so, sir. Unsay it, my dear sir—unsay it—pernicious doctrine. It may get abroad.

NORTH.

THE SULKS!—the CELESTIALS. The Sulks are hell, sirs—the Celestials, by the very name, heaven. I take temper in its all-embracing sense of Physical, Mental, and Moral Atmosphere. Pure and serene—then we respire God's gifts, and are happier than we desire! Is not that divine? Foul and disturbed—then we are stifled by God's gifts—and are wickeder than we fear! Is not that devilish? A good Conscience and a bad Temper! Talk not to me, Young Men, of pernicious doctrine—it is a soul-saving doctrine—"millions of spiritual creatures walk unseen" teaching it—men's Thoughts, communing with heaven, have been teaching it—surely not all in vain—since Cain slew Abel.

SEWARD.

The Sage!

BULLER.

Socrates.

NORTH.

Morose! Think for five minutes on what that word means—and on what that word contains—and you see the Man must be an Atheist. Sitting in the House of God *morosely*! Bright, bold, beautiful boys of ours, ye are not morose—heaven's air has free access through your open souls—a clear conscience carries the Friends in their pastimes up the Mountains.

SEWARD.

And their fathers before them.

NORTH.

And their great-grandfather—I mean their spiritual great-grandfather—myself—Christopher North. They are gathering up—even as we gathered up—images that will never die. Evanescent! Clouds—lights—shadows—glooms, the falling sound—the running murmur—and the swinging roar—as cataract, stream, and forest all alike seem wheeling by—these are not evanescent—for they will all keep coming and going—before their Imagination—all life-long at the bidding of the Will—or obedient to a Wish! Or by benign Law, whose might is a mystery, coming back from the far profound—remembered apparitions!

SEWARD.

Dear sir.

NORTH.

Even my Image will sometimes reappear—and the Tents of Cladich—the Camp on Lochawe-side.

BULLER.

My dear sir—it will not be evanescent—

NORTH.

And withal such Devils! But I have given them *carte blanche*.

SEWARD.

Nor will they abuse it.

NORTH.

I wonder when they sleep. Each has his own dormitory—the cluster forming the left wing of the Camp—but Deeside is not seldom broad awake till midnight; and though I am always up and out by six at the latest, never once have I caught a man of them napping, but either there they are each more blooming than the other, getting ready their gear for a start;—or, on sweeping the Loch with my glass, I see their heads, like wild-ducks—swimming—round Rabbit Island—as some wretch has baptised Inishail—or away to Inistrynish—or, for anything I know, to Port-Sonachan—swimming for a Medal given by the Club! Or there goes *Gutta Percha* by the Pass of Brandir

or shooting away into the woods near Kilchurn. Twice have they been on the top of Cruachan—once for a clear hour, and once for a dark day—the very next morning, Marmaduke said, they would have “some more mountain,” and the Four Cloud-compellers swept the whole range of Ben Bhuridh and Bein-Lurachan as far as the head of Glensrea. Though they said nothing about it, I heard of their having been over the hills behind us, t’other night, at Cairndow at a wedding. Why, only think, sirs, yesterday they were off by daylight to try their luck in Loch Dochart, and again I heard their merriment soon after we had retired. They must have footed it above forty miles. That Cornwall Clipper will be their death. And off again this morning—all on foot—to the Black Mount.

BULLER.

For what?

NORTH.

By permission of the Marquis, to shoot an Eagle. She is said to be again on egg—and to cliff-climbers her eyrie is within rifle-range. But let us forget the Boys—as they have forgot us.

SEWARD.

The Loch is calmer to-day, sir, than we have yet seen it; but the calm is of a different character from yesterday’s—that was serene, this is solemn—I had almost said austere. Yesterday there were few clouds; and such was the prevailing power of all those lovely woods on the islands, and along the mainland shores—that the whole reflection seemed sylvan. When gazing on such a sight, does not our feeling of the unrealities—the shadows—attach to the realities—the substances? So that the living trees—earth-rooted, and growing upwards—become almost as visionary as their inverted semblances in that commingling clime? Or is it that the life of the trees gives life to the images, and imagination believes that the whole, in its beauty, must belong, by the same law, to the same world?

NORTH.

Let us understand, without seeking to destroy, our delusions—for has not this life of ours been wisely called the dream of a shadow!

SEWARD.

To-day there are many clouds, and aloft they are beautiful; nor is the light of the sun not most gracious; but the repose of all that downward world affects me—I know not why—with sadness—it is beginning to look almost gloomy—and I seem to see the hush not of sleep, but of death. There is not the unbounded expanse of yesterday—the loch looks narrower—and Cruachan closer to us, with all his heights.

BULLER.

I felt a drop of rain on the back of my hand.

SEWARD.

It must have been, then, from your nose. There will be no rain this week. But a breath of air there is somewhere—for the mirror is dimmed, and the vision gone.

NORTH.

The drop was not from his nose, Seward, for here are three—and clear, pure drops too—on my Milton. I should not be at all surprised if we were to have a little rain.

SEWARD.

Odd enough. I cannot conjecture where it comes from. It must be dew.

BULLER.

Who ever heard of dew dropping in large fat globules at meridian on a summer’s day? It is getting very close and sultry. The interior must be, as Wordsworth says, “Like a Lion’s den.” Did you whisper, sir?

NORTH.

No. But something did. Look at the silver, Buller.

BULLER.

Thermometer 85. Barometer I can say nothing about—but that it is very low indeed. A long way below Stormy.

NORTH.

What colour would you call that glare about the Crown of Cruachan? Yellow?

SEWARD.

You may just as well call it yellow as not. I never saw such a colour before—and don't care though I never see such again—for it is horrid. That is a—Glare.

NORTH.

Cowper says grandly,

“A terrible sagacity informs
The Poet's heart: he looks to distant storms;
He hears the thunder ere the tempest lowers.”

He is speaking of tempests in the moral world. You know the passage—it is a fine one—so indeed is the whole Epistle—Table-Talk. I am a bit of a Poet myself in smelling thunder. Early this morning I set it down for mid-day—and it is mid-day now.

BULLER.

Liker Evening.

NORTH.

Dimmish and darkish, certainly—but unlike Evening. I pray you look at the Sun.

BULLER.

What about him?

NORTH.

Though unclouded—he seems shrouded in his own solemn light—expecting thunder.

BULLER.

There is not much motion among the clouds.

NORTH.

Not yet. Merely what in Scotland we call a carry—yet that great central mass is double the size it was ten minutes ago—the City Churches are crowding round the Cathedral—and the whole assemblage lies under the shadow of the Citadel—with battlements and colonnades at once Fort and Temple.

BULLER.

Still some blue sky. Not very much. But some.

NORTH.

Cruachan! you are changing colour.

BULLER.

Grim—very.

NORTH.

The Loch's like ink. I could dip my pen in it.

SEWARD.

We are about to have thunder.

NORTH.

Weather-wise wizard—we are. That mutter was thunder. In five seconds you will hear some more. One—two—three—four—there; that was a growl. I call that good growling—sulky, sullen, savage growling, that makes the heart of Silence quake.

SEWARD.

And mine.

NORTH.

What? Dying away! Some incomprehensible cause is turning the thunderous masses round towards Appin.

SEWARD.

And I wish them a safe journey.

NORTH.

All right. They are coming this way—all at once—the whole Thunder-storm. Flash—roar.

"Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard."

Who but Willy could have said *that*?

SEWARD.

Who said what?

NORTH.

How ghastly all the trees!

SEWARD.

I see no trees—nor anything else.

NORTH.

How can you, with that Flying Dutchman over your eyes?

BULLER.

I gave him my handkerchief—for at this moment I know his head is like to rend. I wish I had kept it to myself; but no use—the lightning is seen through lids and hands, and would be through stone walls.

NORTH.

Each flash has, of course, a thunder-clap of its own—if we knew where to look for it; but, to our senses, all connexion between cause and effect is lost—such incessant flashings—and such multitudinous outbreaks,—and such a continuous roll of outrageous echoes!

BULLER.

Coruscation—explosion—are but feeble words.

NORTH.

The Cathedral's on Fire.

BULLER.

I don't mind so much those wide flarings among the piled clouds, as these gleams—oh!

NORTH.

Where art thou, Cruachan? Ay—methinks I see thee—methinks I do not—thy Three Peaks may not pierce the masses that now oppress thee—but behind the broken midway clouds, those black purple breadths of solid earth are thine—thine those unmistakeable Cliffs—thine the assured beauty of that fearless Forest—and may the lightning scathe not one single tree!

BULLER.

Nor man.

NORTH.

This is your true total Eclipse of the Sun. Day, not night, is the time for thunder and lightning. Night can be dark of itself—nay, cannot help it; but when Day grows black, then is the blackness of darkness in the Bright One terrible;—and terror—Burke said well—is at the heart of the sublime. The Light, such as it is, sets off the power of the lightning—it pales to that flashing—and is forgotten in Fire. It smells of hell.

SEWARD.

It is constitutional in the Seward. North, I am sick.

NORTH.

Give way to gasping—and lie down—nothing can be done for you. The danger is not—

SEWARD.

I am not afraid—I am faint.

NORTH.

You must speak louder, if you expect to be heard by ears of clay. Peals is not the word. "Peals on peals redoubled" is worse. There never was—and never will be a word in any language—for *all that*.

BULLER.

Unreasonable to expect it. Try twenty—in twenty languages.

NORTH.

Buller, you may count ten individual deluges—besides the descent of three at hand—conspicuous in the general Rain, which without them would be Rain sufficient for a Flood. Now the Camp has it—and let us enter the Pavilion.

I don't think there is much wind here—yet far down the black Loch is silently whitening with waves like breakers; for here the Rain alone rules, and its rushing deadens the retiring thunder. The ebbing thunder! Still louder than any sea on any shore—but a diminishing loudness, though really vast, seems quelled; and, losing its power over the present, imagination follows it not into the distant region where it may be raging as bad as ever. Buller?

BULLER.

What?

NORTH.

How's Seward?

SEWARD.

Much better. It is very, very kind of you, my dear sir, to carry me in your arms, and place me in your own Swing-chair. The change of atmosphere has revived me—but the Boys?

NORTH.

The Boys—why, they went to the Black Mount to shoot an eagle, and see a thunder-storm, and long before this they have had their heart's desire. There are caves, Seward, in Buachail-Mor; and one recess I know—not a cave—but grander far than any cave—near the Fall of Eas-a-Bhrogich—far down below the bottom of the Fall, which in its long descent whitens the sable cliffs. Thither leads a winding access no storm can shake. In that recess you sit rock-surrounded—but with elbow-room for five hundred men—and all the light you have—and you would not wish for more—comes down upon you from a cupola far nearer heaven than that hung by Michael Angelo.

SEWARD.

The Boys are safe.

NORTH.

Or the lone House of Dalness has received them—hospitable now as of yore—or the Huntsman's hut—or Shepherd's shieling—that word I love, and shall use it now—though shieling it is not, but a comfortable cottage—and the dwellers there fear not the thunder and the lightning—for they know they are in His hands—and talk cheerfully in the storm.

SEWARD.

Over and gone. How breathable the atmosphere!

NORTH.

In the Forests of the Marquis and of Monzie, the horns of the Red-deer are again in motion. In my mind's eye—Harry—I see one—an enormous fellow—bigger than the big stag of Benmore himself—and not to be so easily brought to perform, by particular desire, the part of Moriens—giving himself a shake of his whole huge bulk, and a *caire* of his whole wide antlers—and then leading down from the Corrie, with Platonic affection, a herd of Hinds to the green-sward islanded among brackens and heather—a spot equally adapted for feed, play, rumination, and sleep. And the Roes are glinting through the glades—and the Fleece are nibbling on the mountains' glittering breast—and the Cattle are grazing, and galloping, and lowing on the hills—and the furred folk, who are always dry, come out from crevices for a mouthful of the fresh air; and the whole four-footed creation are jocund—are happy!

BULLER.

What a picture!

NORTH.

And the Fowls of the Air—think ye not the Eagle, storm-driven not unalarmed along that league-long face of cliff, is now glad at heart, pruning the wing that shall carry him again, like a meteor, into the subsided skies?

BULLER.

What it is to have an imagination! Worth all my Estate.

NORTH.

Let us exchange.

BULLER.

Not possible. Strictly entailed.

Dock.

NORTH.

Mno.

BULLER.

NORTH.

And the little wren sits out from the back-door of her nest—too happy she to sing—and in a minute is back again, with a worm in her mouth, to her half-score gaping babies—the sole family in all the dell. And the seamews, sore against their will driven seawards, are returning by ones and twos, and thirties, and thousands, up Loch-Etive, and, dallying with what wind is still alive above the green transparency, drop down in successive parties of pleasure on the silver sands of Ardmatty, or lured onwards into the still leas of Glenliver, or the profounder quietude of the low mounds of Dalness.

SEWARD.

My fancy is contented to feed on what is before my eyes.

BULLER.

Doff, then, the Flying Dutchman.

NORTH.

And thousands of Rills, on the first day of their apparent existence, are all happy too, and make me happy to look on them leaping and dancing down the rocks—and the River Etive rejoicing in his strength, from far Kingshouse all along to the end of his journey, is happiest of them all; for the storm that has swollen has not discoloured him, and with a pomp of clouds on his breast, he is flowing in his expanded beauty into his own desired Loch.

SEWARD.

Gaze with me, my dear sir, on what lies before our eyes.

NORTH.

The Rainbow!

BULLER.

Four miles wide, and half a mile broad.

NORTH.

Thy own Rainbow, Cruachan—from end to end.

SEWARD.

Is it fading—or is it brightening?—no, it is not fading—and to brighten is impossible. It is the beautiful at perfection—it is dissolving—it is gone.

BULLER.

I asked you, sir, have the Poets well handled Thunder?

NORTH.

I was waiting for the Rainbow. Many eyes besides ours are now regarding it—many hearts gladdened—but have you not often felt, Seward, as if such Apparitions came at a silent call in our souls—that we might behold them—and that the hour—or the moment—was given to us alone! So have I felt when walking alone among the great solitudes of Nature.

SEWARD.

Lochawe is the name now for a dozen little lovely lakes! For, lo! as the vapours are rising, they disclose, here a bay that does not seem to be a bay, but complete in its own encircled stillness,—there a bare grass island—yes, it is Inishail—with a shore of mists,—and there, with its Pines and Castle, Freoch, as if it were Loch Freoch, and not itself an Isle. Beautiful bewilderment! but of our own creating!—for thus Fancy is fain to dally with what we love—and would seek to estrange the familiar—as if Lochawe in its own simple grandeur were not all-sufficient for our gaze.

BULLER.

Let me try my hand. No—no—no—I can see and feel, have an eye and a heart for Scenery, as it is called, but am no hand at a description. My dear, sweet, soft-breasted, fair-fronted, bright-haired, delightful Cruachan—thy very name, how liquid with open vowels—not a consonant among them all—no Man-Mountain Thou—Thou art the *LADY OF THE LAKE*. I am in love with Thee—Thou must not think of retiring from the earth—Thou

must not take the veil—off with it—off with it from those glorious shoulders—and come, in all Thy loveliness, to my long—my longing arms!

SEWARD.

Is that the singing of larks?

NORTH.

No larks live here. The laverock is a Lowland bird, and loves our braided fields and our pastoral braes; but the Highland mountains are not for him—he knows by instinct that they are haunted—though he never saw the shadow nor heard the sigh of the eagle's wing.

SEWARD.

The singing from the woods seems to reach the sky. They have utterly forgotten their fear; or think you, sir, that birds know that what frightened them is gone, and that they sing with intenser joy because of the fear that kept them mute?

NORTH.

The lambs are frisking—and the sheep staring placidly at the Tents. I hear the hum of bees—returned—and returning from their straw-built Citadels. In the primal hour of his winged life, that wavering butterfly goes by in search of the sunshine that meets him; and happy for this generation of ephemerals that they first took wing on the afternoon of the day of the Great Storm.

BULLER.

How have the Poets, sir, handled thunder and lightning?

NORTH.

Sæpe ego, cum flavis messorum induceret arvis
Agricola, et fragili jam stringeret hordea culmo,
Omnia ventorum concurrere prœlia vidi,
Quæ gravidam latè ægetem ab radicibus imis
Sublimè expulsam eruerent: ita turbine nigro
Ferret hyems culmumque levem, stipulasque volantes.
Sæpe etiam immensum cœlo venit agmen aquarum,
Et fœdam glomerant tempestatem imbribus atris
Collectæ ex alto nubes: ruit arduus æther,
Et pluvîa ingenti sata læta, boumque labores
Diluit: implentur fossæ, et cava flumina crescunt
Cum sonitu, fervetque fretis spirantibus æquor.
Ipse Pater, mediâ nimborum in nocte, corusca
Fulmina molitur dextrâ: quo maxima motu
Terra tremit: fugère feræ, et mortalia corda
Per gentes humilis stravit pavor: ille flagranti
Aut Atho, aut Rhodopen, aut alta Ceraunia telo
Dejicit: ingeminant Austri, et densissimus imber:
Nunc nemora ingenti vento, nunc littora plangunt.

BULLER.

You recite well, sir, and Latin better than English—not so sing-songy—and as sonorous: then Virgil, to be sure, is fitter for recitation than any Laker of you all——

NORTH.

I am not a Laker—I am a Locher.

BULLER.

Tweedledum—tweedledee.

NORTH.

That means the Tweed and the Dee? Content. One might have thought, Buller, that our Scottish Critics would have been puzzled to find a fault in that strain——

BULLER.

It is faultless; but not a Scotch critic worth a curse but yourself——

NORTH.

I cannot accept a compliment at the expense of all the rest of my countrymen. I cannot indeed.

BULLER.

Yes, you can.

NORTH.

There was Lord Kames—a man of great talents—a most ingenious man—and with an insight——

BULLER.

I never heard of him—was he a Scotch Peer?

NORTH.

One of the Fifteen. A strained elevation—says his Lordship—I am sure of the words, though I have not seen his Elements of Criticism for fifty years——

BULLER.

You are a creature of a wonderful memory.

NORTH.

“A strained elevation is attended with another inconvenience, that the author is apt to fall suddenly, as well as the reader; because it is not a little difficult to descend sweetly and easily from such elevation to the ordinary tone of the subject. The following is a good illustration of that observation”—and then his Lordship quotes the passage I recited—stopping with the words “*denissimus imber*,” which are thus made to conclude the description!

BULLER.

Oh! oh! oh! That’s murder.

NORTH.

In the description of a storm—continues his Lordship—“to figure Jupiter throwing down huge mountains with his thunderbolts, is hyperbolically sublime, if I may use the expression; the tone of mind produced by that image is so distinct from the tone produced by a thick shower of rain, that the sudden transition *must be very unpleasant*.”

BULLER.

Suggestive of a great-coat. That’s the way to deal with a great Poet. Clap your hand on the Poet’s mouth in its fervour—shut up the words in mid-volley—and then tell him that he does not know how to descend sweetly and easily from strained elevation!

NORTH.

Nor do I agree with his Lordship that “to figure Jupiter throwing down huge mountains with his thunderbolts is hyperbolically sublime.” As a part for a whole is a figure of speech, so is a whole for a part. Virgil says, “*deicit*,” but he did not mean to say that Jupiter “tumbled down” Athos or Rhodope or the Acroceraunian range. He knew—for he saw them—that there they were in all their altitude after the storm—little if at all the worse. But Jupiter had struck—smitten—splintered—rent—trees and rocks—midway or on the summits—and the sight was terrific—and “*deicit*” brings it before our imagination, which not for a moment pictures the whole mountain tumbling down. But great Poets know the power of words, and on great occasions how to use them—in this case—one—and small critics will not suffer their own senses to instruct them in Poetry—and hence the Elements of Criticism are not the Elements of Nature, and assist us not in comprehending the grandeur of reported storms.

BULLER.

Lay it into them, sir.

NORTH.

Good Dr. Hugh Blair again, who in his day had a high character for taste and judgment, agreed with Henry Home that “the transition is made too hastily—I am afraid—from the preceding sublime images, to a thick shower and the blowing of the south wind, and shows how difficult it frequently is to descend with grace, without seeming to fall.” Nay, even Mr. Alison himself—one of the finest spirits that ever breathed on earth, says—“I acknowledge, indeed, that the ‘*pluvia ingenti sata læta, boumque labores diluit*’, is defensible from the connexion of the imagery with the subject of the poem; but the ‘*implentur fossæ*’ is both an unnecessary and a degrading cir-

cumstance when compared with the magnificent effects that are described in the rest of the passage." In this quotation, too, the final grand line is inadvertently omitted—

"Nunc nemora ingenti vento, nunc littora plangunt."

BULLER.

I never read Hugh Blair—but I have read—often, and always with increased delight—Mr. Alison's exquisite Essays on the nature and Principles of Taste, and Lord Jeffrey's admirable exposition of the Theory—in statement so clear, and in illustration so rich—worth all the *Æsthetics* of the Germans—Schiller excepted—in one Volume of Mist.

NORTH.

Mr. Alison had an original as well as a fine mind; and here he seems to have been momentarily beguiled into mistake by unconscious deference to the judgment of men—in his province far inferior to himself—whom in his modesty he admired. Mark. Virgil's main purpose is to describe the dangers—the losses to which the agriculturist is at all seasons exposed from wind and weather. And he sets them before us in plain and perspicuous language, not rising above the proper level of the didactic. Yet being a Poet he puts poetry into his description from the first and throughout. To say that the line "*Et pluvia*," &c. is "*defensible* from the connexion of the imagery with the subject of the Poem" is not enough. It is *necessitated*. Strike it out and you abolish the subject. And just so with "*implentur fossæ*." The "*fossæ*" we know in that country were numerous and wide, and, when swollen, dangerous—and the "*cava flumina*" well follow instantly—for the "*fossæ*" were their feeders—and we hear as well as see the rivers rushing to the sea—and we hear too, as well as see, the sea itself. *There the description ends*. Virgil has done his work. But his imagination is moved, and there arises a new strain altogether. He is done with the agriculturists. And now he deals with man at large—with the whole human race. He is now a Boanerges—a son of thunder—and he begins with Jove. The sublimity comes in a moment. "*Ipsæ Pater, mediâ nimborum in nocte*"—and is sustained to the close—the last line being great as the first—and all between accordant, and all true to nature. Without rain and wind, what would be a thunder-storm? The "*densissimus imber*" obeys the laws—and so do the ingeminanting Austri—and the shaken woods and the stricken shores.

BULLER.

Well done, Virgil—well done, North.

NORTH.

I cannot rest, Buller—I can have no peace of mind but in a successful defence of these Ditches. Why is a Ditch to be despised? Because it is dug? So is a grave. Is the Ditch—wet or dry—that must be passed by the Volunteers of the Fighting Division before the Fort can be stormed, too low a word for a Poet to use? Alas! on such an occasion well might he say, as he looked after the assault and saw the floating tartans—*implentur fossæ*—the Ditch is filled!

BULLER.

Ay, Mr. North, in that case the word Ditch—and the thing—would be dignified by danger, daring, and death. But here—

NORTH.

The case is the same—with a difference, for there is all the Danger—all the Daring—all the Death—that the incident or event admits of—and they are not small. Think for a moment. The Rain falls over the whole broad heart of the tilled earth—from the face of the fields it runs into the Ditches—the first unavoidable receptacles—these pour into the rivers—the rivers into the river mouths—and then you are in the Sea.

BULLER.

Go on, sir, go on.

NORTH.

I am amazed—I am indignant, Buller. *Ruit arduus æther*. The steep or

high ether rushes down! as we saw it rush down a few minutes ago. What happens?

“ Et pluvîâ ingenti sata læta, boumque labores
Diluit !”

Alas! for the hopeful—hopeless husbandman now. What a multiplied and magnified expression have we here for the arable lands. All the glad seed-time vain—vain all industry of man and oxen—there you have the true agricultural pathos—washed away—set in a swim—deluged! Well has the Poet—in one great line—spoke the greatness of a great matter. Sudden affliction—visible desolation—imagined dearth.

BULLER.

Don't stop, sir, you speak to the President of our Agricultural Society—go on, sir, go on.

NORTH.

Now drop in—in its veriest place, and in two words, the *necessitated Implentur fossæ*. No pretence—no display—no phraseology—the nakedest, but quite effectual statement of the fact—which the farmer—I love that word farmer—has witnessed as often as he has ever seen the Coming—the Ditches that were dry ran full to the brim. The homely rustic fact, strong and impressive to the husbandman, cannot be dealt with by poetry otherwise than by setting it down in its bald simplicity. Seek to raise—to dress—to disguise—and you make it ridiculous. The Mantuan knew better—he says what must be said—and goes on—

BULLER.

He goes on—so do you, sir—you both get on.

NORTH.

And now again begins Magnification,

“ Et cava flumina crescunt
cum sonitu.”

The “hollow-bedded rivers” grow, swell, visibly wax mighty and turbulent. You imagine that you stand on the bank and see the river that had shrunk into a thread getting broad enough to fill the capacity of its whole hollow bed. The rushing of arduous ether would not of itself have proved sufficient. Therefore glory to the Italian Ditches and glory to the Dumfriesshire Drains, which I have seen, in an hour, change the white murmuring Esk into a red rolling river, with as sweeping sway as ever attended the Arno on its way to inundate Florence.

BULLER.

Glory to the Ditches of the Vale of Arno—glory to the Drains of Dumfriesshire. Draw breath, sir. Now go on, sir.

NORTH.

“ Cum sonitu.” Not as Father Thames rises—*silently*—till the flow lapses over lateral meadow-grounds for a mile on either side. But “cum sonitu,” with a voice—with a roar—a mischievous roar—a roar of—ten thousand Ditches.

BULLER.

And then the “flumina”—“cava” no more—will be as clear as mud.

NORTH.

You have hit it. They will be—for the Arno in flood is like liquid mud—by no means enamouring, perhaps not even sublime—but showing you that it comes off the fields and along the Ditches—that you see swillings of the “sata læta boumque labores.”

BULLER.

Agricultural Produce!

NORTH.

For a moment—a single moment—leave out the Ditches, and say merely, “The rain falls over the fields—the rivers swell roaring.” No picture at all. You must have the fall over the surface—the gathering in the narrower artifi-

cial—the delivery into the wider natural channels—the fight of spate and surge at river mouth—

“Fervetque fretis spirantibus æquor.”

The Ditches are indispensable in nature and in Virgil.

BULLER.

Put this glass of water to your lips, sir—not that I would recommend water to a man in a fit of eloquence—but I know you are abstinent—infatuated in your abjuration of wine. Go on—half-minute time.

NORTH.

I swear to defend—at the pen's point—against all Comers—the position—that the line

“Diluit: implentur fossæ, cava flumina crescunt
Cum sonitu—”

is, where it stands—and looking before and after—a perfect line; and that to strike out “implentur fossæ” would be an outrage on it—just equal, Buller, to my knocking out, without hesitation, your brains—for your brains do not contribute more to the flow of our conversation—than do the Ditches to that other spate.

BULLER.

That will do—you may stop.

NORTH.

I ask no man's permission—I obey no man's mandate—to stop. Now Virgil takes wing—now he blazes and soars. Now comes the power and spirit of the Storm gathered in the Person of the Sire—of him who wields the thunderbolt into which the Cyclops have forged storms of all sorts—wind and rain together—“*Tres Imbri torti radios!*” &c. You remember the magnificent mixture. And there we have VIRGILIUS *versus* HOMERUM.

BULLER.

You may sit down, sir.

NORTH.

I did not know I had stood up. Beg pardon.

BULLER.

I am putting Swing to rights for you, Sir.

NORTH.

Methinks Jupiter is *twice* apparent—the first time, as the President of the Storm, which is agreeable to the dictates of reason and necessity;—the second—to my fancy—as delighting himself in the conscious exertion of power. What is he splintering Athos, or Rhodope, or the Acroceraunians for? The divine use of the Fulmen is to quell Titans, and to kill that mad fellow who was running up the ladder at Thebes, Capaneus. Let the Great Gods find out their enemies now—find out and finish them—and enemies they must have not a few among those prostrate crowds—“*per gentes humilis stravit pavor.*” But shattering and shivering the mountain tops—which, as I take it, is here the prominent affair—and, as I said, the true meaning of “*dejicit*”—is mere pastime—as if Jupiter Tonans were disporting himself on a holiday.

BULLER.

Oh! sir, you have exhausted the subject—if not yourself—and us;—I beseech you sit down;—see, Swing solicits you—and oh! sir, you—we—all of us will find in a few minutes' silence a great relief after all that thunder.

NORTH.

You remember Lucretius?

BULLER.

No, I don't. To you I am not ashamed to confess that I read him with some difficulty. With ease, sir, do you?

NORTH.

I never knew a man who did but Bobus Smith; and so thoroughly was he imbued with the spirit of the great Epicurean, that Landor—himself the best Latinist living—equals him with Lucretius. The famous Thunder passage is

very fine, but I cannot recollect every word; and the man who, in recitation, haggles and boggles at a great strain of a great poet deserves death without benefit of clergy. I do remember, however, that he does not descend from his elevation with such ease and grace as would have satisfied Henry Home and Hugh Blair—for he has so little notion of true dignity as to mention rain, as Virgil afterwards did, in immediate connexion with thunder.

“Quo de concussu sequitur *gravis imber* et uer,
Omnis ut ei videatur in imbrem vortier æther,
Atque ita præcipitans ad diluvium revocare.”

BULLER.

What think you of the thunder in Thomson's *Seasons*?

NORTH.

What all the world thinks—that it is our very best British Thunder. He gives the Gathering, the General engagement, and the Retreat. In the Gathering there are touches and strokes that make all mankind shudder—the foreboding—the ominous! And the terror, when it comes, aggrandises the premonitory symptoms. “Follows the loosened aggravated roar” is a line of power to bring the voice of thunder upon your soul on the most peaceable day. He, too—prevailing poet—feels the grandeur of the Rain. For instant on the words, “convulsing heaven and earth,” ensue,

“Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,
Or prone-descending rain.”

Thomson had been in the heart of thunder-storms many a time before he left Scotland; and what always impresses me is the want of method—the confusion, I might almost say—in his description. Nothing contradictory in the proceedings of the storm; they all go on obediently to what we know of Nature's laws. But the effects of their agency on man and nature are given—not according to any scheme—but as they happen to come before the Poet's imagination, as they happened in reality. The pine is struck first—then the cattle and the sheep below—and then the castled cliff—and then the

“Gloomy woods
Start at the flash, and from their deep recess
Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates shake.”

No regular ascending—or descending scale here; but wherever the lightning chooses to go, there it goes—the blind agent of indiscriminating destruction.

BULLER.

Capricious Zig-zag.

NORTH.

Jemmy was overmuch given to mouthing in the *Seasons*; and in this description—matchless though it be—he sometimes out- mouths the big-mouthed thunder at his own bombast. Perhaps that is inevitable—you must, in confabulating with that Meteor, either imitate him, to keep him and yourself in countenance, or be, if not mute as a mouse, as thin-piped as a fly. In youth I used to go sounding to myself among the mountains the concluding lines of the Retreat.

“Amid Carnarvon's mountains rages loud
The repercussive roar; with mighty crush,
Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks
Of Penmanmaur heap'd hideous to the sky,
Tumble the smitten cliffs, and Snowdon's peak
Dissolving, instant yields his wintry load:
Far seen, the heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,
And Thule bellows through her utmost isles.

Are they good—or are they bad? I fear—not good. But I am dubious. The previous picture has been of one locality—a wide one—but within the visible horizon—enlarged somewhat by the imagination, which, as the schoolmen said,

inflows into every act of the senses—and powerfully, no doubt, into the senses engaged in witnessing a thunder-storm. Many of the effects so faithfully, and some of them so tenderly painted, interest us by their picturesque particularity.

“ Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look
They wore alive, and ruminating still
In fancy’s eye ; and there the frowning bull,
And ox half-raised.”

We are here in a confined world—close to us and near; and our sympathies with its inhabitants—human or brute—comprehend the very attitudes or postures in which the lightning found and left them; but the final verses waft us away from all that terror and pity—the geographical takes place of the pathetic—a visionary panorama of material objects supersedes the heart-throbbing region of the spiritual—for a mournful song instinct with the humanities, an ambitious bravura displaying the power and pride of the musician, now thinking not at all of us, and following the thunder only as affording him an opportunity for the display of his own art.

BULLER.

Are they good—or are they bad? I am dubious.

NORTH.

Thunder-storms travel fast and far—but here they seem simultaneous; Thule is more vociferous than the whole of Wales together—yet perhaps the sound itself of the verses is the loudest of all—and we cease to hear the thunder in the din that describes it.

BULLER.

Severe—but just.

NORTH.

Ha! Thou comest in such a questionable shape—

ENTRANT.

That I will speak to thee. How do you do, my dear sir? God bless you, how do you do?

NORTH.

Art though a spirit of health or goblin damned?

ENTRANT.

A spirit of health.

NORTH.

It is—it is the voice of TALBOYS. Don’t move an inch. Stand still for ten seconds—on the very same site, that I may have one steady look at you, to make assurance doubly sure—and then let us meet each other half-way in a Cornish hug.

TALBOYS.

Are we going to wrestle already, Mr. North?

NORTH.

Stand still ten seconds more. He is He—You are you—gentlemen—H. G. Talboys—Seward, my crutch—Buller, your arm—

TALBOYS.

Wonderful feat of agility! Feet up to the ceiling—

NORTH.

Don’t say ceiling—

TALBOYS.

Why not? ceiling—cælum. Feet up to heaven.

NORTH.

An involuntary feat—the fault of Swing—sole fault—but I always forget it when agitated—

BULLER.

Some time or other, sir, you will fly backwards and fracture your skull.

NORTH.

There, we have recovered our equilibrium—now we are in grips, don’t fear a fall—I hope you are not displeased with your reception.

TALBOYS.

I wrote last night, sir, to say I was coming—but there being no speedier conveyance—I put the letter in my pocket, and there it is—

NORTH.

(On reading "*Dies Boreales*.—No. 1.")

A friend returned! spring bursting forth again!
The song of other years! which, when we roam,
Brings up all sweet and common things of home,
And sinks into the thirsty heart like rain!
Such the strong influence of the thrilling strain
By human love made sad and musical,
Yet full of high philosophy withal,
Poured from thy wizard harp o'er land and main!
A thousand hearts will waken at its call,
And breathe the prayer they breathed in earlier youth,—
May o'er thy brow no envious shadow fall!
Blaze in thine eye the eloquence of truth!
Thy righteous wrath the soul of guilt appal,
As lion's streaming hair or dragon's fiery tooth!

TALBOYS.

I blush to think I have given you the wrong paper.

NORTH.

It is the right one. But may I ask what you have on your head?

TALBOYS.

A hat. At least it was so an hour ago.

NORTH.

It never will be a hat again.

TALBOYS.

A patent hat—a waterproof hat—it was swimming, when I purchased it yesterday, in a pail—warranted against Lammas floods—

NORTH.

And in an hour it has come to this! Why, it has no more shape than a coal-heaver's.

TALBOYS.

Oh! then it can be little the worse. For that is its natural artificial shape. It is constructed on that principle—and the patentee prides himself on its affording equal protection to head, shoulders, and back—helmet at once and shield.

NORTH.

But you must immediately put on dry clothes—

TALBOYS.

The clothes I have on are as dry as if they had been taking horse-exercise all morning before a laundry-fire. I am waterproof all over—and I had need to be so—for between Inverary and Cladich there was much moisture in the atmosphere.

NORTH.

Do—do—go and put on dry clothes. Why the spot you stand on is absolutely swimming—

TALBOYS.

My Sporting-jacket, sir, is a new invention—an invention of my own—to the sight silk—to the feel feathers—and of feathers is the texture—but that is a secret, don't blab it—and to rain I am impervious as a plover.

NORTH.

Do—do—go and put on dry clothes.

TALBOYS.

Intended to have been here last night—left Glasgow yesterday morning—and had a most delightful forenoon of it in the Steamer to Tarbert. Loch Lomond fairly outshone herself—never before had I felt the full force of the words—"Fortunate Isles." The Bens were magnificent. At Tarbert—just

as I was disembarking—who should be embarking but our friends Outram, McCulloch, Macnee—

NORTH.

And why are they not here ?

TALBOYS.

And I was induced—I could not resist them—to take a trip on to Inverarnan. We returned to Tarbert and had a glorious afternoon till two this morning—thought I might lie down for an hour or two—but, after undressing, it occurred to me that it was advisable to redress—and be off instant—so, wheeling round the head of Loch Long—never beheld the day so lovely—I glided up the gentle slope of Glencroe and sat down on “Rest and be thankful”—to hold a minute’s colloquy with a hawk—or some sort of eagle or another, who seemed to think nobody at that hour had a right to be there but himself—covered him to a nicety with my rod—and had it been a gun, he was a dead bird. Down the other—that is, this side of the glen, which, so far from being precipitous, is known to be a descent but by the pretty little cataractettes playing at leap-frog—from your description I knew that must be Lock Fine—and that St. Catherine’s. Shall I drop down and signalise the Inverary Steamer ? I have not time—so through the woods of Ardkinglass—surely the most beautiful in this world—to Cairndow. Looked at my watch—had forgot to wind her up—set her by the sun—and on nearing the inn door an unaccountable impulse landed me in the parlor to the right. Breakfast on the table for somebody up stairs—whom nobody—so the girl said—could awaken—ate it—and the tea miles were but one to that celebrated Circuit Town. Saluted Dun-nu-quech for your sake—and the Castle for the Duke’s—and could have lingered all June among those gorgeous groves.

NORTH.

Do—do—go and put on dry clothes.

TALBOYS.

Hitherto it had been cool—shady—breezy—the very day for such a saunter—when all at once it was an oven. I had occasion to note that fine line of the Poet’s—“Where not a lime-leaf moves,” as I passed under a tree of that species, with an umbrage some hundred feet in circumference, and a presentiment of what was coming whispered “Stop here”—but the Fates tempted me on—and if I am rather wet, sir, there is some excuse for it—for there was thunder and lightning, and a great tempest.

NORTH.

Not to-day ? Here all has been hush.

TALBOYS.

It came at once from all points of the compass—and they all met—all the storms—every mother’s son of them—at a central point—where I happened to be. Of course, no house. Look for a house on an emergency, and if once in a million times you see one—the door is locked, and the people gone to Australia.

NORTH.

I insist on you putting on dry clothes. Don’t try my temper.

TALBOYS.

By-and-by I began to have my suspicions that I had been distracted from the road—and was in the Channel of the Airey. But on looking down I saw the Airey in his own channel—almost as drumly as the mire-burn—vulgarly called road—I was plashing up. Altogether the scene was most animating—and in a moment of intense exhilaration—not to weather-fend, but in defiance—I unfurled my Umbrella.

NORTH.

What, a Plover with a Parapluie ?

TALBOYS.

I use it, sir, but as a Parasol. Never but on this one occasion had I affronted rain.

NORTH.

The same we sat under, that dog-day, at Dunoon ?

TALBOYS.

The same. Whew! Up into the sky like the incarnation of a whirlwind! No turning outside in—too strong-ribbed for inversion—before the wind he flew—like a creature of the element—and gracefully accomplished the descent on an eminence about a mile off.

NORTH.

Near Orain-imali-chauan-mala-chuilish?

TALBOYS.

I eyed him where he lay—not without anger. It had manifestly been a wilful act—he had torn himself from my grasp—and now he kept looking at me—at safe distance as he thought—like a wild animal suddenly undomesticated—and escaped into his native liberty. If he had sailed before the wind—why might not I? No need to stalk him—so I went at him right in front—but such another flounder! Then, sir, I first knew fatigue.

NORTH.

“So eagerly THE FIEND

O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare;
With head, hands, wings, or feet pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.”

TALBOYS.

Finally I reached him—closed on him—when Eolus, or Eurus, or Notus, or Favonius—for all the heathen wind-gods were abroad—inflated him, and away he flew—rustling like a dragon-fly—and zig-zagging all fiery green in the gloom—sat down—as composedly as you would yourself, sir—on a knoll, in another region—engirdled with young birch-groves—as beautiful a resting-place, I must acknowledge, as, after a lyrical flight, could have been selected for repose by Mr. Wordsworth.

NORTH.

I know it—Arash-alaba-chalin-ora-begota-la-chona-burie. Archy will go for it in the evening—all safe. But do go and put on dry clothes. What now, Billy?

BILLY BALMER.

Here are Mr. Talboy trunk, sir.

NORTH.

Who brought it?

BILLY.

Nea, Maister—I dan't kna—I 'spose Carrier. I ken't reet weell—ance at Windermere-watter.

NORTH.

Swiss Giantess—Billy.

BILLY.

Ay—ay—sir.

NORTH.

You will find the Swiss Giantess as complete a dormitory as man can desire, Talboys. I reserve it for myself in event of rheumatism. Though lined with velvet, it is always cool—ventilated on a new principle—of which I took merely a hint from the Punka. My cot hangs in what used to be the Exhibition-room—and her Retreat is now a commodious Dressing-room. Billy, show Mr. Talboys to the Swiss Giantess.

BILLY.

Ay—ay, sir. This way, Mr. Talboy—this way, sir.

TALBOYS.

What is your dinner-hour, Mr. North?

NORTH.

Sharp seven—seven sharp.

TALBOYS.

And now 'tis but half-past two. Four hours for work. The Cladich—or whatever you call him—is rumbling disorderly in the wood; and I noted, as I crossed the bridge, that he was proud as a piper of being in Spate—but he

looks more rational down in yonder meadows—and——HEAVEN HAVE MERCY ON ME! THERE'S LOCH AWE!!

NORTH.

I thought it queer that you never looked at it.

TALBOYS.

Looked at it? How could I look at it? I don't believe it was there. If it was—from the hill-top I had eyes but for the Camp—the Tents and the Trees—and "Thee the spirit of them all!" Let me have another eye-full—another soul-full of the Loch. But 'twill never do to be losing time in this way. Where's my creel—where's my creel?

NORTH.

On your shoulders—

TALBOYS.

And my Book? Lost—lost—lost! Not in any one of all my pockets. I shall go mad.

NORTH.

Not far to go. Why your Book's in your hand.

TALBOYS.

At eight?

NORTH.

Seven. Archy, follow him—In that state of excitement he will be walking with his spectacles on over some precipice. Keep your eye on him, Archy—

ARCHY.

I can pretend to be carrying the landing-net, sir.

NORTH.

There's a specimen of a Scottish Lawyer, gentlemen. What do you think of him?

BULLER.

That he is without exception the most agreeable fellow, at first sight, I ever met in my life.

NORTH.

And so you would continue to think him, were you to see him twice a-week for twenty years. But he is far more than that—though, as the world goes, that is much: his mind is steel to the back-bone—his heart is sound as his lungs—his talents great—in literature, had he liked it, he might have excelled; but he has wisely chosen a better Profession—and his character now stands high as a Lawyer and a Judge. Yonder he goes! As fresh as a kitten after a score and three quarter miles at the least.

BULLER.

Seward—let's after him. Billy—the minnows.

BILLY.

Here's the Can, sir.

Scene closes.

SCENE II.

Interior of Desside.—TIME—Seven P.M.

NORTH—TALBOYS—BULLER—SEWARD.

NORTH.

Seward, face Buller. Talboys, face North. Fall to, gentlemen; to-day we dispense with regular service. Each man has his own distinct dinner before him, or in the immediate vicinity—soup, fish, flesh, fowl—and with all necessary accompaniments and sequences. How do you like the arrangement of the table, Talboys?

TALBOYS.

The principle shows a profound knowledge of human nature, sir. In theory, self-love and social are the same—but in practice, self-love looks to your own plate—social to your neighbours. By this felicitous multiplication of dinners—this One in Four—this Four in One—the harmony of the moral system is preserved—and all works together for the general good. Looked at artistically, we have here what the Germans and others say is essential to the beautiful and the sublime—Unity.

NORTH.

I believe the Four Dinners—if weighed separately—would be found not to differ by a pound. This man's fish might prove in the scale a few ounces heavier than that man's—but in such case, his fowl would be found just so many ounces lighter. And so on. The Puddings are cast in the same mould—and the things equal to the same thing, are equal to one another.

TALBOYS.

The weight of each repast?

NORTH.

Calculated at twenty-five pounds.

TALBOYS.

Grand total, one hundred. The golden mean.

NORTH.

From these general views, to descend to particulars. Soup (turtle) two pounds—Hotch, ditto—Fish (Trout) two pounds—Flesh (Jigot—black face five year old,) six pounds—Fowl (Howtowdie boiled) five pounds—Duck (wild) three pounds—Tart (gooseberry) one pound—Pud (Variorum Edition) two pounds.

BULLER.

That is but twenty-three, sir! I have taken down the gentleman's words.

NORTH.

Polite—and grateful. But you have omitted sauces and creams, breads and cheeses. Did you ever know me incorrect in my figures, in any affirmation or denial, private or public?

BULLER.

Never. Beg pardon.

NORTH.

Now that the soups and fishes seem disposed of, I boldly ask you, one and all, gentlemen, if you ever beheld Four more tempting Jigots?

TALBOYS.

I am still at my Fish. No fish so sweet as of one's own catching—so I have the advantage of you all. This one here—the one I am eating at this blessed moment—I killed in what the man with the Landing-net called the Birk Pool. I know him by his peculiar physiognomy—an odd cast in his eye—which has not left him on the gridiron. That Trout of my killing on your plate, Mr. Seward, made the fatal plunge at the tail of the stream so overhung with Alders that you can take it successfully only by the tail—and I know him by his colour, almost as silvery as a whittling. Yours, Mr. Buller, was the third I killed—just where the river—for a river he is to-day, whatever he may be to-morrow—goes whirling into the Loch—and I can swear to him from his leopard spots. Illustrious sir, of him whom you have now disposed of—the finest of the Four—I remember saying inwardly, as with difficulty I encreed him—for his shoulders were like a hog's—this for the King.

NORTH.

Your perfect Pounder, Talboys, is the beau-ideal of a Scottish Trout. How he cuts up! If much heavier—you are frustrated in your attempts to eat him thoroughly—have to search—probably in vain—for what in a perfect Pounder lies patent to the day—he is to back-bone comestable—from gill to fork. Seward, you are an artist. Good creel?

SEWARD.

I gave Mr. Talboys the first of the water, and followed him—a mere caprice—with the Archimedean Minnow. I had a run—but just as the monster

opened his jaws to absorb—he suddenly eschewed the scentless phenomenon, and with a sullen plunge, sunk into the deep.

BULLER.

I tried the natural minnow after Seward—but I wished Archimedes at Syracuse—for the Screw had spread a panic—and in a panic the scaly people lose all power of discrimination, and fear to touch a minnow, lest it turn up a bit of tin or some other precious metal.

NORTH.

I have often been lost in conjecturing how you always manage to fill your creel, Talboys; for the truth is—and it must be spoken—you are no angler.

TALBOYS.

I can afford to smile! I was no angler, sir, ten years ago—now I am. But how did I become one? By attending you, sir—for seven seasons—along the Tweed and the Yarrow, the Clyde and the Daer, the Tay and the Tummel, the Don and the Dee—and treasuring up lessons from the Great Master of the Art.

NORTH.

You surprise me! Why, you never put a single question to me about the art—always declined taking rod in hand—seemed reading some book or other, held close to your eyes—or lying on banks a-dose or poetising—or facetious with the Old Man—or with the Old Man serious—and sometimes more than serious, as, sauntering along our winding way, we conversed of man, of nature, and of human life.

TALBOYS.

I never lost a single word you said, sir, during those days, breathing in every sense “vernal delight and joy,” yet all the while I was taking lessons in the art. The flexure of your shoulder—the sweep of your arm—the twist of your wrist—your Delivery, and your Recover—that union of grace and power—the utmost delicacy, with the most perfect precision—All these qualities of a heaven-born Angler, by which you might be known from all other men on the banks of the Whittadder on a Fast-day —

NORTH.

I never angled on a Fast-day.

TALBOYS.

A lapsus lingue—From a hundred anglers on the Daer, on the Queen's Birth-day —

NORTH.

My dear Friend, you ex—

TALBOYS.

All those qualities of a heaven-born Angler I learned first to admire—then to understand—and then to imitate. For three years I practised on the carpet—for three I essayed on a pond—for three I strove by the running waters—and still the Image of Christopher North was before me—till emboldened by conscious acquisition and constant success, I came forth and took my place among the anglers of my country.

BULLER.

To-day I saw you fast in a tree.

TALBOYS.

You mean my Fly.

BULLER.

First your Fly, and then, I think, yourself.

TALBOYS.

I have seen *Il Maestro* himself in Timber, and in brushwood too. From him I learned to disentangle knots, intricate and perplexed far beyond the Gordian—“with frizzled hair implicit”—round twig, branch, or bole. Not more than half-a-dozen times of the forty that I may have been fast aloft—I speak mainly of my noviciate—have I had to effect liberation by sacrifice.

SEWARD.

Pardon me, Mr. Talboys, for hinting that you smacked off your tail-fly to-day—I knew it by the sound.

TALBOYS.

The sound! No trusting to an uncertain sound, Mr. Seward. Oh! I did so once—but intentionally—the hook had lost the barb—not a fish would it hold—so I whipped it off, and on with a Professor.

BULLER.

You lost one good fish in rather an awkward manner, Mr. Talboys.

TALBOYS.

I did—that metal minnow of yours came with a splash within an inch of his nose—and no wonder he broke me—nay, I believe it was the minnow that broke me—and yet you can speak of my losing a good fish in rather an awkward manner!

NORTH.

It is melancholy to think that I have taught Young Scotland to excel myself in all the Arts that adorn and dignify life. Till I rose, Scotland was a barbarous country—

TALBOYS.

Do say, my dear sir, semi-civilised.

NORTH.

Now it heads the Nations—and I may set.

TALBOYS.

And why should that be a melancholy thought, sir?

NORTH.

Oh, Talboys—National Ingratitude! They are fast forgetting the man who made them what they are—in a few fleeting centuries the name of Christopher North will be in oblivion! Would you believe it possible, gentlemen, that even now, there are Scotamen who never heard of the Fly that bears the name of me, its Inventor—Killing Kit!

BULLER.

In Cornwall it is a household word.

SEWARD.

And in all the Devons.

BULLER.

Men in Scotland who never heard the name of North!

NORTH.

Christopher North—who is he? Who do you mean by the Man of the Crutch?—The Knight of the Knout? Better never to have been born than thus to be virtually dead.

SEWARD.

Sir, be comforted—you are under a delusion—Britain is ringing with your name.

NORTH.

Not that I care for noisy fame—but I do dearly love the still.

TALBOYS.

And you have it, sir—enjoy it and be thankful.

NORTH.

But it may be too still.

TALBOYS.

My dear sir, what would you have?

NORTH.

I taught you, Talboys, to play Chess—and now you trumpet Staunton.

TALBOYS.

Chess—where's the board? Let us have a game.

NORTH.

Drafts—and you quote Anderson and the Shepherd Laddie.

TALBOYS.

Mr. North, why so querulous?

NORTH.

Where was the Art of Criticism? Where Prose? Young Scotland owes all her Composition to me—buries me in the earth—and then claims inspiration from heaven. "How sharper than a Serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless

Child?" Peter—Peterkin—Pym—Stretch—where are your lasinesses—clear decks.

"Away with Melancholy—
Nor doleful changes ring
On Life and human Folly,
But merrily, merrily sing—fal la!"

BULLER.

What a sweet pipe! A single snatch of an old song from you, sir—

NORTH.

Why are you glowering at me, Talboys?

TALBOYS.

It has come into my head, I know not how, to ask you a question.

NORTH.

Let it be an easy one—for I am languid.

TALBOYS.

Pray, sir, what is the precise signification of the word "Classical?"

NORTH.

My dear Talboys, you seem to think that I have the power of answering, off-hand, any and every question a first-rate fellow chooses to ask me. Classical—classical! Why, I should say, in the first place—One and one other Mighty People—Those, the Kings of Thought—These, the Kings of the Earth.

TALBOYS.

The Greeks—and Romans.

NORTH.

In the second place—

TALBOYS.

Attend—do attend, gentlemen. And I hope I am not too much presuming on our not ancient friendship—for I feel that a few hours on Lochawe-side give the privilege of years—in suggesting that you will have the goodness to use the metal nut-crackers; they are more euphonious than ivory with walnuts.

NORTH.

In the second place—let me consider—Mr. Talboys—I should say—in the second place—yes, I have it—a Character of Art expressing itself by words: a mode—a mode of Poetry and Eloquence—FITNESS AND BEAUTY.

TALBOYS.

Thank you, sir. Fitness and Beauty. Anything more?

NORTH.

Much more. We think of the Greeks and Romans, sir, as those in whom the Human Mind reached Superhuman Power.

TALBOYS.

Superhuman?

NORTH.

We think so—comparing ourselves with them, we cannot help it. In the Hellenic Wit, we suppose Genius and Taste met at their height—the Inspiration Omnipotent—the Instinct unerring! The creations of Greek Poetry!—*Homeric*—a Making! There the soul seems to be free from its chains—happily self-lawed. "The Earth we pace" is there peopled with divine forms. Sculpture was the human Form glorified—deified. And as in marble, so in Song. Something common—terrestrial—adheres to *our* being, and weighs *us* down. They—the Hellenes—appear to us to have *really* walked—as we walk in our visions of exaltation—as if the Graces and the Muses held away over daily and hourly existence, and not alone over work of Art and solemn occasion. No moral stain or imperfection can hinder them from appearing to us as the Light of human kind. Singular, that in Greece we reconcile ourselves to Heathenism.

TALBOYS.

It may be that we are all Heathens at heart.

NORTH.

The enthusiast adores Greece—not knowing that Greece monarchises over

him, only because it is a miraculous mirror that resplendently and more beautifully reflects—himself—

“Divisusque videbit
Permixtos Heroes, et IPSÆ videbitur illis.”

SEWARD.

Very fine.

NORTH.

O life of old, and long, long ago! In the meek, solemn, soul-stilling hush of Academic Bowers!

SEWARD.

The Isia!

NORTH.

My youth returns. Come, spirits of the world that has been! Throw open the valvules of these your shrines, in which you stand around me, niched side by side, in visible presence, in this cathedral-like library! I read Historian, Poet, Orator, Voyager—a life that slid silently away in shades, or that bounded like a bark over the billows. I lift up the curtain of all ages—I stand under all skies—on the Capitol—on the Acropolis. Like that magician whose spirit, with a magical word, could leave his own bosom to inhabit another, I take upon myself every mode of existence. I read Thucydides, and I would be a Historian—Demosthenes, and I would be an orator—Homer, and I dread to believe myself called to be, in some shape or other, a servant of the Muse. Heroes and Hermits of Thought—Seers of the Invisible—Prophets of the Ineffable—Hierophants of profitable mysteries—Oracles of the Nations—Luminaries of that spiritual Heaven! I bid ye hail!

BULLER.

The fit is on him—he has not the slightest idea that he is in Decade.

NORTH.

Ay—from the beginning a part of the race have separated themselves from the dusty, and the dust-devoured, turmoil of Action to Contemplation. Have thought—known—worshipped! And such knowledge Books keep. Books now crumbling like Towers and Pyramids—now outlasting them! Books that from age to age, and all the sections of mankind helping, build up the pile of Knowledge—a trophied Citadel. He who can read books as they should be read, peruses the operation of the Creator in his conscious, and in his unconscious Works, which yet we call upon to join, as if conscious, in our worship. Yet why—oh! why all this pains to attain that, through the labour of ages, which in the dewy, sunny prime of morn, one thrill of transport gives to me and to the Lark alike, summoning, lifting both heavenwards? Ah! perchance because the dewy, sunny prime does not last through the day! Because light poured into the eyes, and sweet breath inhaled, are not the whole of man's life here below—and because there is an Hereafter!

SEWARD.

I know where he is, Buller. He called it well a Cathedral-like Library.

NORTH.

The breath of departed years floats here for my respiration. The pure air of heaven flows round about, but enters not. The sunbeams glide in, bedimmed as if in some haunt half-separated from Life, yet on our side of Death. Recess, hardly accessible—profound—of which I, the sole inmate, held under an uncomprehended restraint, breathe, move, and follow my own way and wise, apart from human mortals! Ye! tall, thick Volumes, that are each a treasure-house of austere or blazing thoughts, which of you shall I touch with sensitive fingers, of which violate the calm austere repose? I dread what I desire. You may disturb—you may destroy me! Knowledge *pulsates* in me, as I receive it, communing with myself on my unquiet or tearful pillow—or as it visits me, brought on the streaming moonlight, or from the fields afire with noon-splendour, or looking at me from human eyes, and stirring round and around me in the tumult of men—Your knowledge comes in a holy stillness and chillness, as if spelt off tombstones.

SEWARD.

Magdalen College Library, I do believe. Mr. North—Mr. North—awake—awake—here we are all in Deeside.

NORTH.

Ay—ay—you say well, Seward. "Look at the studies of the Great Scholar, and see from how many quarters of the mind impulses may mingle to compose the motives that bear him on with indefatigable strength in his laborious career."

SEWARD.

These were not my very words, sir—

NORTH.

Ay, Seward, you say well. From how many indeed! First among the prime, that peculiar aptitude and faculty, which may be called—a Taste and Genius for—Words.

BULLER.

I rather failed there in the Schools.

NORTH.

Yet you were in the First Class. There is implied in it, Seward, a readiness of logical discrimination in the Understanding, which apprehends the propriety of Words.

BULLER.

I got up my Logic passably and a little more.

NORTH.

For, Seward, the Thoughts, the Notions themselves—must be distinctly discovered in the mind, which shall exactly apply to each Thought—Notion—its appropriate sign, its own Word.

BULLER.

You might as well have said "Buller"—for I beat Seward in my Logic.

NORTH.

But even to this task, Seward, of rightly distinguishing the meaning of Words, more than a mere precision of thinking—more than a clearness and strictness of the intellectual action is requisite.

BULLER.

And in Classics we were equal.

NORTH.

You will be convinced of this, Buller, if you recollect what Words express. The mind itself. For all its affections and sensibilities, Talboys, furnish a whole host of meanings, which must have names in Language. For mankind do not rest from enriching and refining their languages, until they have made them capable of giving the representation of their whole Spirit.

TALBOYS.

The pupil of language, therefore, sir—pardon my presumption—before he can recognise the appropriation of the Sign, must recognise the thing signified?

NORTH.

And if the thing signified, Talboys, by the Word, be some profound, solemn, and moral affection—or if it be some wild, fanciful impression—or if it be some delicate shade or tinge of a tender sensibility—can anything be more evident than that the Scholar must have experienced in himself the solemn, or the wild, or the tenderly delicate feeling, before he is in the condition of affixing the right and true sense to the Word that expresses it?

TALBOYS.

I should think so, sir.

SEWARD.

The Words of Man paint the spirit of Man. The Words of a People depicture the Spirit of a people.

NORTH.

Well said, Seward. And, therefore, the Understanding that is to possess the Words of a language, in the Spirit in which they were or are spoken and written, must, by self-experience and sympathy, be able to converse, and have conversed, with the Spirit of the People, now and of old.

BULLER.

And yet what coarse fellows hold up their dunderheads as Scholars, forsooth, in these our days!

NORTH.

Hence it is an impossibility that a low and hard moral nature should furnish a high and fine Scholar. The intellectual endowments must be supported and made available by the concurrence of the sensitive nature—of the moral and the imaginative sensibilities.

BULLER.

What moral and imaginative sensibilities have they—the blear-eyed—the purblind—the pompous and the pedantic! But we have some true scholars—for example——

NORTH.

No names, Buller. Yes, Seward, the knowledge of Words is the Gate of Scholarship. Therefore I lay down upon the threshold of the Scholar's Studies this first condition of his high and worthy success, that he will not pluck the loftiest palm by means of acute, quick, clear, penetrating, sagacious, intellectual faculties alone—let him not hope it: that he requires to the highest renown also a capacious, profound, and tender soul.

SEWARD.

Ay, sir, and I say so in all humility, this at the gateway, and upon the threshold. How much more when he *reads*.

NORTH.

Ay, Seward, you laid the emphasis well there—*reads*.

SEWARD.

When the written Volumes of Mind from different and distant ages of the world, from its different and distant climates, are successively unrolled before his insatiable sight and his insatiable soul!

BULLER.

Take all things in moderation.

NORTH.

No—not the sacred hunger and thirst of the soul.

BULLER.

Greed—give—give.

NORTH.

From what unknown recesses, from what unlocked fountains in the depth of his own being, shall he bring into the light of day the thoughts by means of which he shall understand Homer, Pindar, Æschylus, Demosthenes, Plato, Aristotle—*DISCOURSING*! Shall understand them, as the younger did the elder—the contemporaries did the contemporaries—as each sublime spirit understood—himself?

BULLER.

Did each sublime spirit always understand himself?

TALBOYS.

Urge that, Mr. Buller.

NORTH.

So—and so only—to read, is to be a Scholar.

BULLER.

Then I am none.

NORTH.

I did not say you were.

BULLER.

Thank you. What do you think of that, Mr. Talboys? Address Seward, sir.

NORTH.

I address you all three. Is the student smitten with the sacred love of Song? Is he sensible to the profound allurements of philosophic truth? Does he yearn to acquaint himself with the fates and fortunes of his kind? All these several desires are so many several inducements of learned study.

BULLER.

I understand that.

Ditto.

TALBOYS.

NORTH.

And another inducement to such study is—an ear sensible to the Beauty of the Music of Words—and the metaphysical faculty of unravelling the causal process which the human mind followed in imparting to a Word, originally the sign of one Thought only, the power to signify a cognate second Thought, which shall displace the first possessor and exponent, usurp the throne, and rule for ever over an extended empire in the minds; or the hearts, or the souls of men.

BULLER.

Let him have his swing, Mr. Talboys.

TALBOYS.

He has it in that chair.

NORTH.

A Taste and a Genius for Words! An ear for the beautiful music of Words! A happy justness in the perception of their strict proprieties! A fine skill in apprehending the secret relations of Thought with Thought—relations along which the mind moves with creative power, to find out for its own use, and for the use of all minds to come, some hitherto uncreated expression of an idea—an image—a sentiment—a passion! These dispositions, and these faculties of the Scholar in another Mind falling in with other faculties of genius, produce a student of a different name—THE POET.

BULLER.

Oh! my dear dear sir, of Poetry we surely had enough—I don't say more than enough—a few days ago, sir.

NORTH.

Who is the Poet?

BULLER.

I beseech you let the Poet alone for this evening.

NORTH.

Well—I will. I remember the time, Seward, when there was a great clamour for a Standard of Taste. A definite measure of the indefinite!

TALBOYS.

Which is impossible.

NORTH.

And there is a great clamour for a Standard of Morals. A definite measure of the indefinite!

TALBOYS.

Which is impossible.

NORTH.

Why, gentlemen, the Faculty of Beauty *lives*; and in finite beings, which we are, Life changes incessantly. The Faculty of Moral Perception *lives*—and thereby it too changes for better and for worse. This is the Divine Law—at once encouraging and fearful—that Obedience brightens the moral eye-sight—Sin darkens. Let all men know this, and keep it in mind always—that a single narrowest, simplest Duty, steadily practised day after day, does more to support, and may do more to enlighten the soul of the Doer, than a course of Moral Philosophy taught by a tongue which a soul compounded of Bacon, Spenser, Shakspeare, Homer, Demosthenes, and Burke—to say nothing of Socrates, and Plato, and Aristotle, should inspire.

BULLER.

You put it strongly, sir.

TALBOYS.

Undeniable doctrine.

NORTH.

Gentlemen, you will often find this question—"Is there a Standard of Taste?" inextricably confused with the question "Is there a true and a false Taste?" He who denies the one seems to deny the other. In like manner, "Is there a Right and Wrong?" And "is there accessible to us an infallible

measure of Right and Wrong" are two questions entirely distinct, but often confused—for Logic fled the earth with Astræa.

TALBOYS.

She did.

NORTH.

Talboys, you understand well enough the sense and culture of the Beautiful?

TALBOYS.

Something of it, perhaps I do.

NORTH.

To feel—to love—to be swallowed up in the spirit and works of the Beautiful—in verse and in the visible Universe! That is a life—an enthusiasm—a worship. You find those who would if they could, and who pretend they can, attain the same end at less cost. They have taken lessons, and they will have their formalities go valid against the intuitions of the dedicated soul.

TALBOYS.

But the lessons perish—the dedicated soul is a Power in all emergencies and extremities.

NORTH.

There are Pharisees of Beauty—and Pharisees of Morality.

SEWARD.

At this day spiritual Christians lament that nine-tenths of Christians Judaize.

NORTH.

Nor without good reason. The Gospel is the Standard of Christian Morality. That is unquestionable. It is an authority without appeal, and under which undoubtedly all matters, uncertain before, will fall. But pray mark this—it is not a *positive standard*, in the ordinary meaning of that word—it is not one of which our common human understanding has only to require and to obtain the indications—which it has only to apply and observe.

SEWARD.

I see your meaning, sir. The Gospel refers all moral intelligence to the Light of Love within our hearts. Therefore, the very reading of the canons, of every prescriptive line in it, must be by this light.

NORTH.

That is my meaning—but not my whole meaning, dear Seward. For take it, as it unequivocally declares itself to be, a Revelation—not simply of instruction, committed now and for ever to men in written human words, and so left—but accompanied with a perpetual agency to enable Will and Understanding to receive it; and then it will follow, I believe, that it is at every moment intelligible and applicable in its full sense, only by a direct and present inspiration—is it too much to say—anew revealing itself? "They shall be taught of God."

SEWARD.

So far, then, from the Christian Morality being one of which the Standard is applicable by every Understanding, with like result in given cases, it is one that is different to every Christian in proportion to his obedience?

NORTH.

Even so. I suppose that none have ever reached the full understanding of it. It is an evergrowing illumination—a light more and more unto the perfect day—which day I suppose cannot be of the same life, in which we see as through a glass darkly.

TALBOYS.

May I offer an illustration? The land shall descend to the eldest son—you shall love your neighbour as yourself. In the two codes these are foundation-stones. But see how they differ? There is the land—here is the eldest son—the right is clear and fast—and the case done with. But—do to thy neighbour! Do what? and to whom?

NORTH.

All human actions, all human affections, all human thoughts are then contained in the one Law—as the *subject* of which it defines the disposal. All mankind,

but distributed into communities, and individuals all differently related to me are contained in it, as the *parties* in respect of whom it defines the disposal!

SEWARD.

And what is the Form? Do as thou wouldst it be done to thee!

NORTH.

Ay—my dear friend—the form resolves into a feeling. Love thy neighbour. That is all. Is a measure given? As thyself.

SEWARD.

And is there no limitation?

NORTH.

By the whole apposition, thy love to thyself and thy neighbour are both to be put together in subordination to, and limitation and regulation by, thy Love to God. Love Him utterly—infinity—with all thy mind, all thy heart, all thy strength. This is the entire book or canon—THE STANDARD. How wholly indefinite and formless to the Understanding! How full of light and form to the believing and loving Heart!

SEWARD.

The Moon is up—how calm the night after all that tempest—and how steady the Stars! Images of enduring peace in the heart of nature—and of man. They, too, are a Revelation.

NORTH.

They, too, are the legible Book of God. Try to conceive how different the World must be to its rational inhabitant—with or without a Maker! Think of it as a soulless—will-less World. In one sense, it abounds as much with good to enjoy. But there is no good-giver. The banquet spread, but the Lord of the Mansion away. The feast—and neither grace nor welcome. The heaped enjoyment, without the gratitude.

SEWARD.

Yet there have been Philosophers who so misbelieved.

NORTH.

Alas! there have been—and alas! there are. And what low souls must be theirs! The tone and temper of our feelings are determined by the objects with which we habitually converse. If we see beautiful scenes, they impart serenity—if sublime scenes, they elevate us. Will no serenity, no elevation come from contemplating Him, of whose Thought the Beautiful and the Sublime are but shadows!

SEWARD.

No sincere or elevating influence be lost out of a World out of which He is lost!

NORTH.

Now we look upon Planets and Suns and see Intelligence ruling them—on Seasons that succeed each other, and we apprehend Design—on plant and animal fitted to its place in the world, and furnished with its due means of existence, and repeated for ever in its kind—and we admire Wisdom. Oh! Atheist or Sceptic—what a difference to Us if the marvellous Laws are here without a Lawgiver—If Design be here without a Designer—all the Order that wisdom could mean and effect, and not the Wisdom—if Chance, or Necessity, or Fate reigns here, and not Mind—if this Universe is matter of Astonishment merely, and not of adoration!

SEWARD.

We are made better, nobler, sir, by the society of the good and the noble. Perhaps of ourselves unable to think high thoughts, and without the bold warmth that dares generously, we catch by degrees something of the mounting spirit, and of the ardour proper to the stronger souls with whom we live familiarly, and become sharers and imitators of virtues to which we could not have given birth. The devoted courage of a leader turns his followers into heroes—the patient death of one martyr inflames in a thousand slumbering bosoms a zeal answering to his own. And shall Perfect Goodness contemplated move no goodness in us? Shall His Holiness and Purity raise in us no desire to be holy and pure?—His infinite Love towards His creatures kindle no spark of love in us towards our fellow-creatures?

NORTH.

God bless you, my dear Seward—but you speak well. Our fellow-creatures! The name, the binding title, dissolves in air, if He be not our common Creator. Take away that bond of relationship among men, and according to circumstances they confront one another as friends or foes—but Brothers no longer—if not children of one celestial Father.

TALBOYS.

And if they no longer have immortal souls!

NORTH.

Oh! my friends—if this winged and swift life be all our life, what a mournful taste have we had of possible happiness? We have, as it were, from some dark and cold edge of a bright world, just looked in and been plucked away again! Have we come to experience pleasure by fits and glimpses; but intertwined with pain, burdensome labour, with weariness, and with indifference? Have we come to try the solace and joy of a warm, fearless, and confiding affection, to be then chilled or blighted by bitterness, by separation, by change of heart, or by the dread sunderer of loves—Death? Have we found the gladness and the strength of knowledge, when some rays of truth have flashed in upon our souls, in the midst of error and uncertainty, or amidst continuous, necessitated, uninstrusive avocations of the Understanding—and is that all? Have we felt in fortunate hour the charm of the Beautiful, that invests, as with a mantle, this visible Creation, or have we found ourselves lifted above the earth by sudden apprehension of sublimity? Have we had the consciousness of such feelings, which have seemed to us as if they might themselves make up a life—almost an angel's life—and were they “instant come and instant gone?” Have we known the consolation of DOING RIGHT, in the midst of much that we have done wrong? and was that also a consolation of a transient sunshine? Have we lifted up our thoughts to see Him who is Love, and Light, and Truth, and Bliss, to be in the next instant plunged into the darkness of annihilation? Have all these things been but flowers that we have pulled by the side of a hard and tedious way, and that, after gladdening us for a brief season with hue and odour, wither in our hands, and are like ourselves—nothing!

BULLER.

I love you, sir, better and better every day.

NORTH.

We step the earth—we look abroad over it, and it seems immense—so does the sea. What ages had men lived—and knew but a small portion. They circumnavigate it now with a speed under which its vast bulk shrinks. But let the astronomer lift up his glass and he learns to believe in a total mass of matter, compared with which this great globe itself becomes an imponderable grain of dust. And so to each of us walking along the road of life, a year, a day, or an hour shall seem long. As we grow older, the time shortens; but when we lift up our eyes to look beyond this earth, our seventy years, and the few thousands of years which have rolled over the human race, vanish into a point; for then we are measuring Time against Eternity.

TALBOYS.

And if we can find ground for believing that this quickly-measured span of Life is but the beginning—the dim daybreak of a Life immeasurable, never attaining to its night—what weight shall we any longer allow to the cares, fears, toils, troubles, afflictions—which here have sometimes bowed down our strength to the ground—a burden more than we could bear.

NORTH.

They then all acquire a new character. That they are then felt as transitory must do something towards lightening their load. But more is disclosed in them; for they then appear as having an unsuspected worth and use. If this life be but the beginning of another, then it may be believed that the accidents and passages thereof have some bearing upon the conditions of that other, and we learn to look on this as a state of Probation. Let us out, and look at the sky.

THE ISLAND OF SARDINIA.

THE opinion of Nelson with regard to the importance of Sardinia—that it is “worth a hundred Malta,” is well known; and that he strongly recommended its purchase to our government, thinking it might be obtained for £500,000. We can scarcely believe that Nelson failed to make an impression on the government, and conjecture rather that it was with the King of Sardinia the precious inheritance of a Naboth’s vineyard. We do not remember to have met with a Sardinian tourist. Travellers as we are, with our ready “Hand-Books” for the remote corners of the earth, we seem, by a general consent, to have cut Sardinia from the map of observable countries. “Nos numerus sumus”—we plead guilty to this ignorance and neglect, and should have remained unconcerned about Sardinia still, had we not, in the work of Mr. Tyndale, dipped into a few extracts from Lord Nelson’s letters. Extending our reading, we find in these three volumes so much research, learning, historical speculation, and interesting matter, interspersed with amusing narrative, that we think a notice in *Maga* of this valuable and agreeable work may be not unacceptable.

The very circumstance that Sardinia is little known, renders it an agreeable speculation. The *ignotum* makes the charm. Our pleasure is in the fabulous, the dubious, the unexplained. In the ecstasy of ignorance the reader stands by the side of Mr. Layard, watching the exhumation of the unknown gods or demons of Nineveh. “Ignorance is bliss,”—for the subject-matter of ignorance is fact—fact isolated—or the broken links in time’s long chain. The mind longs to fabricate, and connect. Were it possible that other sibylline books should be offered for sale, it would be preferable that Mr. Murray should act the part of Tarquin than publish them as “Hand-Books.” In truth, curiosity, that happy ingredient in the clay of the human mind, if so material an expression be allowed, is fed by igno-

rance, but dies under a surfeit of knowledge. Now, to apply this to our subject—Sardinia. The island is full of monuments, as mysterious to us as the Pyramids. There is sufficient obscurity to make a “sublime.” It is happy for the reader, who has not lost his natural propensity to wonder, that there is so little known respecting them, and yet such grounds for conjecture; for he may be sure that, if any documents existed anywhere, Mr. Tyndale would have discovered them, for he is the most indefatigable of authors in exploring in all the mines of literature. But he has to treat of things that were before literature was. The traveller who should first discover a Stonehenge—one who, walking on a hitherto untrodden plain, should come suddenly upon two such great sedate sitting images in stone as look over Egyptian sands—is he not greatly to be envied? We, who peer about our cities and villages, raking out decayed stone and mortar for broken pieces of antique art or memorial, as we facetiously term the remnants of a few hundred years, and of whose “whereabouts,” from the beginning, we can receive some tolerable assurance, have but a slight glimpse of the delight experienced by the first finder of a monument of the *Pelaagi*, or even Cyclopean walls. But to make conjecture upon monuments beyond centuries—to count by thousands of years, and make out of them a dream that shall, like an Arabian magician, take the dreamer back to the Flood—is a happiness enjoyed by few. We never envied traveller more than we once did that lady who came suddenly upon the Etrurian monument, in which there was just aperture enough to see for a moment only a sitting figure, with its look and drapery of more than thousands of years; who just saw it for a few seconds, preserved only in the stillness of antiquity, and falling to dust at her very breathing. Not so ancient the monument, but of like character the dis-

covery of him who, digging within the walls of his own house at Portici, came upon marble steps that led him down and down, till he found before him, in the obscure, a white marble equestrian statue the size of life. If one could be made a poet, these two incidents were enough. The interior of Sardinia has been hitherto a kind of "terra incognita." Mr. Tyndale must therefore have ascended and descended its craggy or wooded mountains, and threaded its ravines, and crossed its fertile or desolate plains, with no common feeling of expectation; and though the frequent "Noraghe" and "Sepulture de is Gigantes," and their accompanying strange conical stones, were not of a character to fill him with that amazement produced by the above-mentioned incidents, they were sufficiently mysterious, and the attempt to reach them in some instances sufficiently adventurous—to keep alive the mind, and stir the imagination to the working out visions, and conjuring up the seeming-probable existences of the past, or wilder dreams, in such variety as reason deduced or fancy willed. On one occasion he descended an aperture, in a domed chamber of a Noraghe, groped his way through a subterranean passage, and came upon some finely-pulverised matter, "about fifteen inches deep, which at first appeared to be earth, but on scraping into it were several human bones, some broken and others mouldering away on being touched." But here the reader unacquainted with Sardinia, as it may be presumed very many are, may ask something about these Noraghe, with their domed chambers, and the Sepulture. There may be a preliminary inquiry into the origin of the inhabitants. Various are the statements of different authors: without following chronological order, we may readily concur in their conclusions, that the island was peopled by Phœnician, Libyan, Tyrrhenian, Greek, Trojan, and other colonies—unless the disquisitions of some historians of our day would compel us to reject the Trojans, in the doubt as to the existence of Troy itself. But many of these may have been only partial, temporary immigrations, which found a people in prior possession. The argument is strongly in favour of the supposition

that the Sardinian nation are of Phœnician origin, and that its antiquities are Phœnician, or of a still earlier epoch. In descending to more historic times, we find the Carthaginians exercising influence there as early as 700 B.C., and that the island suffered severely from the alternate sway of the rival powers of Rome and Carthage. And, here we are disposed to rest, utterly disinclined to follow the labyrinth of cruelties which the history of every people, nation, and language under the sun presents.

If, at least for the present moment, a disgust of history is a disqualification for the notice of such a work as this before us, the reader must be referred to the book itself at once; but there are in it so many subjects of interest, both as to customs, manners, and some characters that shine out from the dark pages of history here and there, that we venture on, not careful of the thread, but with a purpose of taking it up, wherever there may be a promise of amusement. There is little pleasure in recording how many hundreds of thousands were put to the sword by Carthaginians, Romans, and, subsequently, Vandals and Goths; nor the various tyrannies arising out of contests for the possession of the island, which have been continually inflicted upon the people by the European powers of Christian times. Mankind never did, and it may be supposed never will, let each other alone. We are willing to believe that peace and security, for any continuance, is not for man on earth, and that his nature requires this universal stirring activity of aggression and defence, for the development of his powers—and that out of this evil comes good. Where would be virtue without suffering? Yet we are not always in the humour to sit out the tragedy of human life. There are moments when the present and real troubles of our own times press too heavily on the spirits, and we shrink from the scrutiny of past, results, through a dread of a similar future, and gladly seek relief from bitter truths in lighter speculations. In such a humour we confess a dislike to biography, in which kind of reading the future does cast its dark shadow before, and we are constantly haunted

by the ghost of the last pages, amid the earnest pursuits and perhaps gaieties of the first. But what that last page of biography is, we find nearly every page of history to be, only far sadder, and far more cruel. The man's tale may tell us that at least he died in his bed; but history draws up the curtain at every act, presenting to the unquiet sight, scenes of wholesale tortures, poisonings, slaughters, and fields of unburied and mutilated carcasses.

It is time to say something of these monuments of great antiquity, the *Noraghe*, and what they are, before speculating upon who built them. We extract the following account, unable to make it more concise:—

"All are built on natural or artificial mounds, whether in valleys, plains, or on mountains, and some are partially enclosed at a slight distance, by a low wall of a similar construction to the building. Their essential architectural feature is a truncated cone or tower, averaging from thirty to sixty feet in height, and from one hundred to three hundred in circumference at the base. The majority have no basement, but the rest are raised on one extending either in correspondence or in irregular shape, and of which the perimeter varies from three hundred to six hundred and fifty-three feet, the largest yet measured. The inward inclination of the exterior wall of the principal tower, which almost always is the centre of the building, is so well executed as to present, in its elevation, a perfect and continuously symmetrical line; but sometimes a small portion of the external face of the outerworks of the basements, which are not regular, is straight and perpendicular: such instances are, however, very rare. There is every reason to believe, though without positive proof—for none of the *Noraghe* are quite perfect—that the cone was originally truncated, and formed thereby a platform on its summit. The material of which they are built being always the natural stone of the locality, we accordingly find them of granite, limestone, basalt, trachytic porphyry, lava, and tufa; the blocks varying in shape and size from three to nine cubic feet, while those forming the architraves of the passages are sometimes twelve feet long, five feet wide, and the same in depth. The surfaces present that slight irregularity which proves the blocks to have been rudely worked by the hammer, but with sufficient exactness to form regular horizontal layers. With few excep-

tions, the stones are not polygonal, but, when so, are without that regularity of form which would indicate the use of the rule; nor is their construction of the Cyclopean and Pelasgic styles; neither have they any sculpture, ornamental work, or cement. The external entrance, invariably between the E.S.E. and S. by W., but generally to the east of south, seldom exceeds five feet high and two feet wide, and is often so small as to necessitate crawling on all fours. The architrave, as previously mentioned, is very large; but having once passed it, a passage varying from three to six feet high, and two to four wide, leads to the principal domed chamber, the entrance to which is sometimes by another low aperture as small as the first. The interior of the cone consists of one, two, or three domed chambers, placed one above the other, and diminishing in size in proportion to the external inclination; the lowest averaging from fifteen to twenty feet in diameter, and from twenty to twenty-five in height. The base of each is always circular, but when otherwise, elliptical; the edges of the stones, where the tiers overlay each other, are worked off, so that the exterior assumes a semiovoidal form, or that of which the section would be a parabola, the apex being crowned with a large flat stone, resting on the last circular layer, which is reduced to a small diameter." "In the interior of the lowest chamber, and on a level with the floor, are frequently from two to four cells or niches, formed in the thickness of the masonry without external communication, varying from three to six feet long, two to four wide, and two to five high, and only accessible by very small entrances. The access to the second and third chambers, as well as to the platform on the top of those *Noraghe* which have only one chamber, is by a spiral corridor made in the building, either as a simple ramp, with a gradual ascent, or with rough irregular steps made in the stones. The corridor varies from three to six feet in height, and from two to four in width, and the outer side either inclines according to the external wall of the cone, and the inner side according to the domed chamber, or resembles in the section a segment of a circle. The entrance to this spiral corridor is generally in the horizontal passage which leads from the external entrance to the first-floor chamber of the cone; though sometimes it is by a small aperture in the chamber, about six or eight feet from the base, and very difficult of entry. The upper chambers are entered by a small passage at right angles to this corridor; and opposite to

this passage, is often a small aperture in the outer wall, having apparently no regular position, though frequently over the external entrance to the ground floor; while, in some instances, there are several apertures so made that only the sky, or most distant objects in the horizon, are visible."

Such is the description of these singular structures—when and by whom built? Their number must have been very great indeed; for although there have ever been decay and abstraction of the materials for common purposes going on, there are now upwards of three thousand in existence; yet, not one has been built during the last 2500 years. Not only is the inquiry, by whom, and when were they erected, but for what purpose? On all these points, various opinions have been given. Mr. Tyndale, who has well weighed all that has been written on the subject, is of opinion that they were built by the very early Canaanites, when, expelled from their country, they migrated to Sardinia. There are visible indications of other migrations of the Canaanites, but nowhere are exactly, or even nearly similar buildings found. We know, upon the authority of Procopius, that in Mauritania were two columns, on which were inscribed in Phœnician characters, "We are those who fled from the face of Joshua, the robber, the son of Nane." There is certainly a kind of similarity between these buildings and the round towers of Ireland—a subject examined by our author; but there is also a striking dissimilarity in dimensions, they not being more than from eight to fifteen feet in diameter. But there is a tumulus on the banks of the Boyne, between Drogheda and Slane, which in its passages, domed chambers, and general dimensions, may have some affinity with the *Sarde Noraghe*. It certainly is curious that an opinion has been formed, not without show of reason for the conjecture, that these people, whether as Canaanites, Phœnicians, or Carthaginians, reached Ireland; and it is well known that the single specimen of the Carthaginian language, in a passage in Plautus, is very intelligible Irish. It has been observed that when Cato, in the Roman senate, uttered those celebrated and significant words,

"*Delenda est Carthago*," he was unconsciously fulfilling a decree against that denounced people. We should be unwilling to trace the denunciation further. There are, however, few things more astonishing in history, than that so powerful a people as the Carthaginians were—the great rivals of the masters of the world, should have been apparently so utterly swept from the face of the world, and nothing left, even of their language, but those few unintelligible (unless they be Irish) words in Plautus.

The "*Sepulture de is Gigantes*" should also be here noticed.

"They may be described as a series of large stones placed together without any cement, enclosing a foss or vacuum, from fifteen to thirty-six feet long, from three to six wide, the same in depth, with immense flat stones resting on them as a covering; but though the latter are not always found, it is evident, by a comparison with the more perfect sepulture, that they once existed, and have been destroyed or removed. The foss runs invariably from north-west to south-east; and at the latter point is a large upright headstone, averaging from ten to fifteen feet high, varying in its form from the square, elliptical, and conical, to that of three quarters of an egg, and having in many instances an aperture about eighteen inches square at its base. On either side of this still commences a series of separate stones, irregular in size and shape, but forming an arc, the chord of which varies from twenty to forty feet, so that the whole figure somewhat resembles the bow and shank of a spear."

Their number must have been very great. They are called sepulchres of giants by the *Sardes*, who believe that giants were buried within them. There is no doubt that these *Sepulture* and *Noraghe* were works of one and the same people. Mr. Tyndale thinks, if the one kind of structure were tombs, so were the other: we should draw a different conclusion from their general contiguity to each other. It should be mentioned, that in the *Noraghe* have been found several earthenware figures, which are described in *La Marmora's* work as Phœnician idols. There is another very remarkable object of antiquity—"a row of six conical stones near the *Sepultura*, standing in a straight line, a few paces apart from each other, with the exception

of one, which has been upset, and lies on the ground, but in the sketch is represented as standing. They are about four feet eight inches high, of two kinds, and have been designated male and female, from three of them having two globular projections from the surface of the stone, resembling the breasts of a woman." He meets elsewhere with five others, there evidently having been a sixth, but without the above remarkable significance. We know, from Herodotus, that columns were set up with female emblems, denoting the conquest over an effeminate people, but can scarcely attribute to these such a meaning, for they are together of both kinds. For a curious and learned dissertation upon the subject of these antiquities, we confidently refer the reader to Mr. Tyndale's book.

After the mention of these singular monuments, perhaps of three thousand years ago, it may be scarcely worth while to notice the antiquities of, comparatively speaking, a modern date, Roman or other. Nor do we intend to speak of the history of the people under the Romans or Carthaginians, and but shortly notice that kind of government under "Giudici," as princes presiding over the several provinces some centuries before the Pisan, Genoese, and Aragon possession of the island. The origin of this government is involved in much obscurity; there are, however, documents of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, which speak of preceding Giudici, and their acts. It would be idle to inquire why they were called Giudici: it may suffice, that the "judges" were the actual rulers.

"It is supposed," says our author, "that the whole island was originally comprehended in one Giudicato, of which Cagliari was the capital; but, in the course of time, the local interests of each grew sufficiently self-important to cause a subdivision and establishment of separate Giudicati." The minor ones were in time swallowed up by the others, and only four remained, of which there is a precise history, Cagliari, Arborea, Gallura, and Logudoro.

To us, the government of Giudicati is interesting from its similarity to the condition of England under the Hep-

tarchy. This similarity is traced through its detail by Mr. Tyndale. The Giudici are mentioned as early as 598, though there is no account of any direct succession till about 900. "In both countries the ecclesiastics took a leading part in the administration of public affairs; and the hierarchy of Sardinia was as sacred and honoured as that of England, where, by the laws of some of the provinces of the Hephtharchy, the price of the archbishop's head was even higher than that of the king's. It is unnecessary, though it would be easy, to give further proofs of similarity in the institutions of the two countries; but those above are sufficient to show their analogy, without the appearance of their having been the slightest connexion or communication with each other, or derived from the same origin." Perhaps something may be attributed to the long possession of both countries by the Romans. We have not certainly lost all trace of them in our own.

The government of the Giudici was not characterised by feudalism, before the Pisan, Genoese, and Aragon influence. It did, however, become established in all its usual forms. Feudalism has, however, been abolished by the present reigning family; and we trust, notwithstanding our author's evident doubts and suspicions, that the change will ultimately, if not immediately, be for the happiness of the Sardinians. It requires a very intimate knowledge of a people, of their habits, their modes of thinking, their character as a race, as well as their character from custom, to say that this or that form of government is best suited to them.

The constitution-mongering fancy is a very mischievous one, and is generally that of a very self-conceited mind. There are some among us, in high places, who have dabbled very unsuccessfully that way; and there is now enough going on in the state of Europe to read them a good lesson. Carlo Alberto is no great favourite with Mr. Tyndale; yet we are not sure that he has not done more wisely for Sardinia than if the barons had set aside their "pride and ignorance," and made such "spontaneous concessions" as we find elsewhere have not had very happy terminations. We

conclude the following was written prior to events which throw rather a new light on the nature of constitutional reforms, as they are called: "In Hungary and Sicily the nobles, with generous patriotism, voluntarily conceded, not only privileges, but pecuniary advantages, and the people have reaped the benefit. In Sardinia, the empty pride and ignorance of the greater part of the feudal barons always prevented such a spontaneous concession." We beg Mr. Tyndale to reflect upon the peculiar *benefits* those two happy people are now reaping. A man cannot tell his own growth of mind and character, how he comes to be what he is; but he must have little reflection indeed not to know, that, under other circumstances than those in which he has been placed, he must have been a very different man, and have required a very different kind of self, or other government, to regulate his own happiness. So institutions grow—and so governments. Paper changes are very pretty pieces for declamation; but for sudden application, and that to all, whatever their condition in morals and knowledge, they are but "*σηματα λυγρα*," and indicate bloodshed.

To return, however. We will not dismiss the subject of the Giudici without the mention of two persons whose romantic histories are intimately connected with Sardinian affairs. The celebrated Enzo, illegitimate son of the Emperor Frederick II., and the Giudicessa Eleonora. More than a century elapsed between these two extraordinary characters; the benefits conferred on Sardinia by the latter may be said to still live in some of the excellent laws which she established.

Enzio, not a Sarde by birth, by his marriage with Adelasia, a widow, Giudicessa of Torres, and Gallura, and a part of Cagliari, came into possession of those provinces, and soon, by treaty and force of arms, became powerful over the whole island. The favourite son of Frederick II., as a matter of course, he obtained the enmity of Gregory IX., who had, by his schemes upon Sardinia, through a marriage he contemplated between Adelasia and one of his own relatives.

Enzio bore an illustrious part in the warfare of those times, between the Pope and the Emperor; and such was his success, that, after his celebrated engagement of the fleets near Leghorn, and the capture of the prelates who had been summoned from the Empire to the Pope—to prevent whose arrival this armament was undertaken—Pope Gregory died in his hundredth year, his disease having been greatly aggravated by this disastrous event. The quarrel was, however, continued by his successor, Innocent IV., and the fortune of events turned against the Emperor. Enzo was taken prisoner in an unsuccessful battle near Modena, by the Bolognese, and was, though handsomely treated, detained captive twenty years, during which all the members of his family quitted this life. He consoled the hours of his captivity by music and poetry, in which he excelled, so as to have obtained eminence as a poet amongst the poets of Italy. But he enjoyed a still sweeter solace. When he had been led in triumph as prisoner into Bologna, in his twenty-fifth year, so early had he distinguished himself as a warrior, the beauty of his person, and the elegance of his deportment, awakened in all the tenderest sympathies. An accomplished maiden of Bologna, Lucia Viadagola, besides the pity and admiration which all felt, entertained for him the most ardent passion; an intimacy ensued, and the passion was as mutual as it was ardent. From this connexion, as it is said, arose the founder of the family of Bentivoglio, who were, in after years, the avengers of his sufferings, and lords over the proud republic. He had likewise obtained the devoted attachment of a youth, Pietro Asinelli; through this faithful friend, a plan was laid down for his escape, which was very nearly successful. He was carried out in a tun, in which some excellent wine for the king Enzo's use has been brought. His friends Asinelli and Rainerio de' Gonfalonieri were waiting near, with horses for his escape, when a lock of beautiful hair, protruding from the barrel, was discovered, either by a soldier, or, as some say, a maid, or an old mad woman, for accounts vary. Alarm was given, and the prisoner resecured in

his place of confinement. Gonfalonneri was arrested and executed; his friend Asinelli escaped, but was banished for life. Enzo died in this captivity in the 47th year of his age, 15th March, 1272, on the anniversary of his father the Emperor's death, and the saints' day of his beloved Lucia. He was buried magnificently at the expense of the republic. It might have been recorded of him, that he possessed every virtue, had not his conduct to his wife left a stain on his name. His early and ill-assorted marriage may offer some excuse for one who showed himself so amiable on all other occasions. He had won and governed Sardinia, and "conquered a great part of Italy, at an age when the vast majority of youths, even under the most favourable circumstances, are but beginning to aspire to glory and active life; while, equally fitted for the duties of a peaceful statesman, he was, at the same early age, intrusted with a highly important charge, and opposed to the most subtle politicians."

Should any future Hesiod meditate another poem on illustrious women, Eleonora of Sardinia will have a conspicuous place among the "*Heroi*." This Giudicessa was born about the middle of the fourteenth century. Her father was Mariano IV., Giudice of Arborea. She was married to Brancaloneo Doria, a man altogether inferior to his wife. On the death of her brother Ugone IV., a man worthy of note, she assumed the government, styling herself Giudicessa of Arborea, in the name of her infant son; in this she displayed a talent and vigour superior even to her father.

"The first occasion on which her courage and political sagacity were tried, was on the murder of her brother Ugone, and his daughter Benedetta, when the insurgents sought to destroy the whole reigning family, and to form themselves into a republic. Perceiving the danger which threatened the lives and rights of her sons, and undismayed by the pusillanimous conduct of her husband, who fled for succour to the court of Aragon, she promptly took the command in the state, and placing herself in arms, at the head of such troops as remained faithful, speedily and entirely discomfited the rebels. She lost no time in taking possession of the territories and castles belonging to the Giudici of Arborea, causing

all people to do homage, and swear fealty to the young prince, her son; and wrote to obtain assistance from the King of Aragon, in restoring order in her Giudicato. Brancaloneo, encouraged by his wife's intrepidity and success, asked permission from the King of Aragon to return to Sardinia with the promised auxiliaries; but the king, alarmed at the high spirit of the Giudicessa, prevented his departure, and kept him in stricter confinement, under pretence of conferring greater honours on him. He was, however, at last allowed to depart, under certain heavy conditions, one of them being the surrender of Frederic, his son, as a hostage for the performance of a treaty then commenced. On his arrival at Cagliari in 1384, with the Aragonese army, he repeatedly besought his wife to submit to the king, in pursuance of the treaties. It was in vain. Despising alike the pusillanimous recommendation of her husband, and the threats of the Aragonese general, she for two years kept up a courageous and successful warfare against the latter, till having, by her exertions, acquired an advantageous position, she commenced a treaty with her enemy respecting the sovereignty in dispute, and for the deliverance of her husband, who, during the whole of the time was kept in close confinement at Cagliari."

Finally, these terms of peace, so honourable to her, were signed by Don Juan I., who succeeded his brother Pedro, who died in 1387.

"The peace was but ill kept, for Brancaloneo, when at liberty, and once more under the influence of his high-minded wife, regained his courage, and in 1390, renewing the war more fiercely than ever, he continued it for many years, without the Kings of Aragon ever reducing Eleonora to submission, or obtaining possession of her dominions. She formed alliances with Genoa, and, with the aid of their fleet, took such vigorous measures that nearly the whole of Logoduro was in a short time subdued; while Brancaloneo, inspired by her example, reconquered Sassari, the castle of Oalo, and besieged the royal fortresses of Alghero and Chivivà."

After this, Don Martino, who succeeded his brother Don Juan I. of Aragon, made peace, which secured the prosperity and honour of Arborea during the life of Eleonora. But this extraordinary woman not only, in a remarkable degree, exhibited the talents of a great general, and the genius of a consummate politician, but, for that age, a wonderful forethought,

sagacity, and humanity, in the fabrication of a code of laws for her people. As Deborah judged Israel, and the people came to her for judgment, so might it be said of Eleonora.

"The Carta di Logu, so called from its being the code of laws in her own dominions, had been commenced by her father Mariano IV., but being compiled, finished, and promulgated by Eleonora, to her is chiefly due the merit of the undertaking, and the worthy title of enlightened legislatrix. It was first published on 11th April, 1395, and by its provisions, the forms of legal proceedings and of criminal law are established, the civil and customary laws defined, those for the protection of agriculture enjoined, the rights and duties of every subject explained, and punishments for offences regulated; and, in these last provisions, when compared with the cruelty of the jurisprudence of that age, we are struck with the humanity of the Carta de Logu, and its superiority to the other institutions of that period. The framing of a body of laws so far in advance of those of other countries, where greater civilisation existed, must ever be the highest ornament in the diadem of the Giudicesa. Its merits were so generally felt, that, though intended only for the use of the dominions subject to her own sceptre, it was some years after her death adopted throughout the island, at a parliament held under Don Alfonso V., in 1421. This great princess died of the plague in 1403 or 1404, regretted by all her subjects."

Of the natural curiosities, the Antro de Nettuno, a stalactitic grotto, about twelve miles from Alghero, is one of the most interesting. It was seen by Mr. Tyndale under very favourable circumstances, he having been invited by the civic authorities to visit it in the suite of the King of Sardinia. The Antro de Nettuno is under the stupendous cliffs of Capo Caccia, close to the little island of Foradala. "In parts of the grotto were corridors and galleries some 300 or 400 feet long, reminding one, if the comparison is allowable, of the Moorish architecture of the Alhambra. One of them terminates abruptly in a deep cavern, into which we were prevented descending." "Some of the columns, in different parts of the grotto, are from seventy to eighty feet in circumference, and the masses of drapery, drooping in exquisite elegance, are of equally grand proportions."

The coast of Alghero is noted for the Pinna marina, of the mussel tribe, whose bivalved shell frequently exceeds two feet in length. As the shark is accompanied by its pilot fish, so is this huge mussel by a diminutive shrimp, supposed to be appointed by nature as a watchman, but in fact the prey of the Pinna. The Pinna is fastened by its hinges to the rock, and is itself a prey to a most wily creature, the Polypus octopodia. This crafty creature may be seen, in fine weather, approaching its victim with a pebble in its claws, which it adroitly darts into the aperture of the yawning shells, so that the Pinna can neither shut itself close, to pinch off the feelers of the polypus, nor save itself from being devoured. The tunny fishery is of some importance to the Sardes. Mr. Tyndale was present at one of their great days of operation, the Tonnara. A large inclosure is artificially made, into which the fish pass, when the "porticulis" is let down, and a great slaughter commences.

"Fears now began to be expressed lest the wind, which had increased, should make it too rough for the Mattanza, but, while discussing it, a loud cry broke upon us of 'Guarda sotto'—'look beneath.' The ever watchful Rais (commander), whose eye had never been off its victims, in a moment had perceived by their movements that they were making for the Foratico, and, obeying his warning voice, we all were immediately on our knees, bending over the sides of the barges, to watch the irruption, and, from the dead silence and our position, it appeared as if we were all at prayers. In less than two minutes the shoal of nearly 500 had passed through. The well-known voice shouted out 'Ammorella'—'let down the porticulis'—down it went amid the general and hearty cheers of all present; and the fatal Foratico, into which 'Lasciate ogni speranza voi che entrate,' was for ever closed on them."

Whatever foundation there may be for conjecture as to the origin of the races, and extent of Phœnician migrations, we are continually struck with the resemblance between the Sardes and the native Irish. There is the same indolence, the same recklessness, superstition, and Vendetta—that disregard of shedding human blood, and the same screening of the murderers,

who, we are told, though well known, visit the towns on "festa" days, fearlessly and with impunity. But the Vendetta of the Sardes is not only more excusable, from a habitual denial or perversion of justice, but it has its own honourable and humane laws, not under any circumstances to be infringed, which place it in conspicuous contrast with the too common barbarities and cruelties of our unfortunate sister island.

The Sardinian "fuorusciti" are not the Italian banditti. The term includes, with the robber, those who escape from the arm of the law, and the avenger of injuries. These take to the mountains. The common robbers are few, and their attacks on passengers are for necessary subsistence, and more commonly for gunpowder with which they may obtain it. Those who escape from the consequences of crime for vengeance—Vendetta—are many; but these, as we related, have their humane code, we might almost say their romantic—for the presence of a woman is a perfect security. It is their law that no atrocity, no Vendetta, is allowable when a woman is in the company. A foe travelling with wife or child is safe. A melancholy instance of a breach of this law is thus given:—

"A brigand was conducting his wife on horseback through the mountains when he suddenly met his adversary, who, regardless of the conventional and living flag of truce, attacked and slew him, together with his pregnant wife. The relations and friends of the deceased were not the only outraged parties; a general feeling of indignation and vengeance was kindled throughout the whole province. Every bandit felt it to be a breach of their laws of honour; and even the murderer's partisans not only denounced the act, but 'refused him the kiss of peace.' The mangled corpses were conveyed home, and the friends of the deceased having sworn, on the body of the unfortunate Teodora, a perpetual Vendetta against the family of the assassin, a system of revenge and bloodshed was framed and carried out to such an extent, that hundreds of victims, perfectly innocent of even indirect participation in this single act of dishonour, fell in all parts of Gallura."

Another characteristic story is told. A party of six females were sojourn-

ing at a church, performing a "Novena." Some banditti, knowing this, descended from their mountains to visit them, and proposed the hospitality of the mountains. The women assented, and accompanied the banditti, who treated them with respect, and they closed their evenings with songs and dancing. The banditti kept watch the whole night guarding their fair guests; one of the bandits had been the rejected lover of one of the party, whose husband and other friends, hearing of this departure to the mountains, in fear and for vengeance, collected in force to rescue the women. The bandits, in their descent, to conduct back their guests, met the other party ascending. The presence of women prohibited Vendetta; a truce was therefore demanded, when the bridegroom and the rejected lover met, with feelings of past injuries, and fears of more recent on one side. Each had his gun cocked; they felt them, and gazed at each other. Their lives were at instant peril, when the bride rushed into the arms of her husband, seized his gun, and discharged it; then, placing herself in front to protect him, she led him up to the bandit, and demanded from him his gun. He yielded it, and she discharged it also. The rest of the party pressed on, an explanation was given of the nature of the visit, and both parties joined in a feast, and mutual explanations of former differences were given and received, their Vendetta terminated, and a general and lasting reconciliation took place. Such quarrels are, however, sometimes settled otherwise than by Vendetta. The "Paci" are reconciliations through means of the priest. The parties meet in the open air near some chapel, and such settlements are perpetual. But another mode is preferred, by "Ragionatori" or umpires; but appeals may be made from these to a greater number, whose decision is final. An interesting anecdote showing their power is thus told:—

"It was the case of a young shepherd who had been too ardent in his advances to a young maiden. On the youth demurring to the decision as too severe, the Ragionatori, indignant at his presumption, arose from under the shady wild olive, and saying to the surprised spectators, 'we have spoken, and done justice,' saluted

them and turned towards their homes. But one of his nearest relations, who was leaning against the knotted trunk of an oak, with his bearded chin resting on the back of his hand on the muzzle of his gun, raised his head, and, with a fierce look, extended his right hand to the Ragionatori: "Stop, friends!" he exclaimed, "the thing must be finished at this moment." Then turning to his nephew, with a determined and resolute countenance, and placing his right hand upon his chest, he said to him, "Come, instantly!—either obey the verdict of the Ragionatori, or——" The offender, at this deadly threat, no longer hesitated, but approached the offended party and sued for pardon. The uncle, thus satisfied, advanced and demanded for him the hand of the maiden: the betrothal took place, and things being thus happily terminated, they betook themselves to prepare the feast."

We could wish that we had space to describe an interview our author had with one of the Fuorusciti, and of his rescue of his guide from the Vendetta. But we must refer to the book for this, and many other well-told incidents respecting these strange people; and particularly a romantic tale of "Il Rosario e La Palla," which, if not in all its parts to be credited, is no bad invention—"Se non è vero è ben trovato."

We would make some inquiry into the habits and manners of the Sardes. We have before observed their resemblance to the Irish. A description of the houses, or rather huts or hovels in the country, will remind the reader of the Irish cabin, where a hole in the roof serves for chimney, and the pig and the family associate on terms of mutual right. Like Italians in general, they are under a nervous hydrophobia, and prefer dirt to cleanliness, and, in common with really savage nations, lard their hair with an inordinate quantity of grease. Washing is very superfluous, as if they considered the removal of dirt as the taking off a natural clothing. Upon one occasion Mr. Tyndale, arriving at a friend's house, and retiring to his room, sent his servant to request some jugs of water, for ablution after a hot ride. This unusual demand put the whole habitation into commotion, and brought the host and several visitors in his rear, into the room, while Mr. Tyndale was in a state of

nudity, to ascertain the use of so much water. They had no idea of this being an indelicate intrusion. Finding that the water was for a kind of cold bath, they were astonished—"What, wash in cold water? what is the good of it? do all your countrymen do such things? are they very dirty in England? we do not wash in that way—why do you?" Such were the questions, on the spot, which he was required to answer. But they were reiterated by the ladies below stairs, who expressed amazement at the eccentricities of the English.

Hospitality is the common virtue of the Sardes. "In most houses admitting of an extra room, one is set apart for the guests—the *hospitale cubiculum* of the Romans—ready and open to all strangers." It would be the highest offence to offer the smallest gratuity to the host, however humble, though a trifle may be given to a servant. "*La mia casa è piccola, ma il cuore è grande*," (my house is small, but my heart is large,) was the apology on one occasion of his Cavallante, on his arrival in Tempio, where, owing to the presence of the King, not a bed was to be had, and the Cavallante earnestly entreated the use of his hospitality, which, indeed, seemed in the proof to bear no proportion to his means of exercising it. Even the family bed was emptied of four children and a wife's sister, in spite of all remonstrance, for his accommodation.

Where hospitality is a custom stronger than law, inns offer few comforts and fewer luxuries—the traveller is supposed to bring, not only his own provisions, but his own furniture. Our traveller arriving at Ozieri, a town with more than eight thousand inhabitants, "mine host" was astonished at the unreasonable demand of a bed. Finding how things were, Mr. Tyndale stood in the court-yard, contemplating the alternative of presenting some of his letters to parties in the town, when he was attracted to a window on the other side of the court, from whence this invitation issued: "Sir, it is impossible for you to go to the Osteria; there is no accommodation fit for you. Apparently you are a stranger, and if you have no friends here, pray accept what

little we can do for you." He ascended the stairs to thank his hostess, who sent for her husband, holding a high government appointment in the town, who received and entertained him as if they had been his intimate friend. On another occasion, in search of the *Perdas Lungas* stones, antiquarian curiosities, he met a stranger, who, though going to Nuovo in a great hurry, and anxious to return for the *Festa*, on finding he was a foreigner, insisted on accompanying him, as he was acquainted with the way—"one of the many instances," says Mr. Tyndale, "of *Sarde* civility and kindness." And such hospitable kindness he invariably received, whether in towns or among the poorest in the mountain villages, or more lonely places. It has been cynically observed, that hospitality is the virtue of uncivilised nations. However selfishly gratifying the exercise of it may have been to that wealthy Scotch laird, who said that his nearest neighbour, as a gentleman, was the King of Denmark, among such a people as the *Sardes*, it surely may be an indication of natural kindness, and, in some degree, of honesty, for our civilised roguery is a sore destroyer of open-housed hospitality.

A royal return for hospitable care is, however, not to be altogether rejected. When the King of Sardinia visited the island, a shepherd of the little island of *Talovara*, the ancient *Hermea*, near the port of *Terranova*, of simple manners and notions, sent his majesty some sheep and wild goats, judging that the Royal larder might not be over-richly stored. His majesty properly, in turn, requested to know if he could grant him anything. The shepherd consulted his family upon all their real and imaginary wants, and finally decided against luxuries, but "would not mind if the king gave him a pound of gunpowder." "On the royal messenger, therefore, suggesting that he should ask for something else, the dilemma was greater than ever; but, after strolling about, and torturing his imagination for several minutes, he suddenly broke out—"Oh, tell the King of *Terra-firma* that I should like to be the king of *Tavolara*; and that if any people come to live in the island, that they

must obey me, as the people obey him in *Terra-firma*." What compromise his majesty made between the regal crown and the pound of gunpowder, we are not told. Though we would by no means vouch for this shepherd's story, which is nevertheless very probable, we can vouch for one not very dissimilar.

Not very long since, a small farmer in a little village in *Somersetshire*, who prided himself on his cheeses, in a fit of unwonted generosity—for he was a penurious man—sent to her majesty Queen Victoria a prime cheese. A person given to practical jokes knowing this, bought an eighteenpenny gilt chain, and sent it in a letter, purporting to be from her majesty, appointing him her "well beloved" mayor of the village, in the document exalted into a corporate town, but whereof he, the said mayor, formed the sole body and whole authority. The ignorant poor man swallowed the bait, and called the village together; gave an ox to be roasted whole, and walked at the head of the invited procession, wearing his chain of office; and for several weeks exhibited the insignia of royal favour, the chain and royal autograph, at church and at markets. It is a doubt if he be yet undeceived, and lowered from his imaginary brief authority. We know not what our farmer would say to the use to which the *Sardes* apply their cheeses, or what may be expected from a free trade with them in this article; but we learn that so plentiful was cheese in the *Donori* district, in 1842, that some of it was used for manuring the ground, which practice would amount to throwing it away, for they are not given to any industrial means of agriculture. So fertile was Sardinia under the Romans, that, in the last years of the second Punic war, corn was so abundant that it was sold for the mere price of the freight. Should the reader be curious to know the result of this cheapness, he may see it in the present condition of Sardinia compared with its former, a population diminished from about two millions to about five hundred and twenty-four thousand, and full three quarters of the land uncultivated.

The "*Attitu*," or custom of mourning around the body of the dead, will

bring to mind, to those who have witnessed such a ceremony, the Irish hovel. The "Conducti" are ever more vehement than the *verè plorantibus*. The word *Attitu* is supposed to be derived from the *atal* of the Romans, but it was not an original word of their language, nor may it have been so with the Greeks, from whom they took it. The *Sarde Attitadores* are thus described, and the description perfectly answers to exhibitions we have witnessed in some remote parts of Ireland. "They wear black stuff gowns, with a species of Capucin hood, and, maintaining a perfect silence, assume the air of total ignorance as to there having been a death in the family, till, suddenly and accidentally seeing the dead body, they simultaneously commence a weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth, accompanied with groans and ejaculations, —tearing their hair, throwing themselves on the ground, raising their clenched fists maniacally to heaven, and carrying on the attitudes and expressions of real anguish." It is curious that the "ailinn" of the Greeks is traced to the Phœnicians, and, on the authority of Athenæus, "Linus was a mythological personage, who gave his name to a song of a mournful character." It is said that the Phœnician "Lin" signifies complaint.

It would be well if writers, especially travellers, would exercise a little more forbearance in speaking of the superstitions of the people amongst whom they are thrown. It is too prevalent a custom to attribute every superstition to the priesthood, whereas the mere traveller can scarcely be able to distinguish what belongs wholly and hereditarily to the people, and what the priests enjoin. We suspect in most instances the foundation is in the people, and that the priests could not, though in many cases it may be admitted they would not, put a stop to them. They would too often lose their influence in the attempt, and find themselves compelled to acquiesce in practices and ceremonies of which they do not approve. Those who treat with contempt and ridicule the superstitions of other countries do not scrutinise those of their own. It is true ours are wearing out, and before their expiration become very innocent: at-

tempts to suppress them by authority would only tend to perpetuate them. It would be very silly, for instance, to issue a proclamation against "May day," or to remind the innocents who crown the Maypole that they are following a pagan and not very decent worship and ceremony. Superstitions are the natural tares of the mind, and spring up spontaneously, and among the wheat, too, it should be observed; and we should remember the warning not to be over eager to uproot the tares, lest we uproot the wheat also. It is the object of travel to gratify curiosity, and the nature of travel to increase the appetite for it. It is, therefore, like wholesome food, which by giving health promotes a fresh relish; but there arises from this traveller's habit a less nice distinction as to quality, and at length a practised voracity is not dismayed by quantity. The inquirer is on the look-out, and overlooks but little; and in all Roman Catholic countries there is no lack of infidels, happy to have their tongues loosened in the presence of questioning Englishmen, and to pour into their listening ears multitudes of tales, fabricated or true, as it may chance, with a feeling of hatred for the religion of their country—for the superstition of unbelief is inventive and persecuting. We are not for a moment meditating a defence of Romish superstitions, but we think they are too wide-spread, and too mixed up with the entire habit of thought of the general population, to render a sudden removal possible, or every attempt safe. The reformation will not commence with the unlearned. In the meanwhile, there is a demand on the traveller's candour and benevolence for the exercise of forbearance; for we doubt if a foreign traveller in our own country would not, were he bent upon the search, pick up, amongst both our rural and town population, a tolerably large collection of the "Admiranda" of superstition, and sectarian and other saints, with surprising lives and anecdotes, to rival the Romish calendar and the "Aurea Leggenda." We offer these few remarks, because we think our author in his anti-popish zeal, and abhorrence of "ignorance," is too much inclined to see all the wrong, and overlook the good in—shall we say

the superstitions he meets with, and to conclude that the clergy encourage, where, and possibly wisely, they only tolerate. It may not be amiss here to refer to a fact narrated by our author, that a Capucin convent at Ozieri is at present indebted for the severity with which its laws are enforced, to the interference of the bishop, not to establish but to put down a pretended miracle. A nun had announced that she had received the "stigmata;" pilgrims flocked, and offerings were made. The bishop suspected, perhaps more than suspected, fraud, caused a strict inquiry, and the miraculous Stigmata disappeared. But let us come to an instance where the clergy encouraged, or, to be candid, assuming the perfect truth of the narration, originated a superstitious fear. It is one that had so much reverence of a right kind in it, and so much of *truth* at least in the feeling, if not in the fact, as may well pass for a kind of belief in the minds of those who propagated it.

When the King of Sardinia visited the island, he caused some excavations to be made at Terranova. Tombs were broken into, and the dead despoiled of their rings, buckles, and other ornaments; upon which, Mr. Tyndale says, "a heavy gale of wind and storm, having done some damage to the town, during the progress of digging up the graves, the priests assured the people, and the people reiterated the assurance, that the calamity arose from, and was a punishment for having disturbed and dug up the tombs of the holy saints and martyrs of Terranova!"

Is the mark of admiration one of approbation or the reverse? We cannot believe it to be one of contempt, and are sure our author would not wish to see the feeling—to the credit of human nature, a common one—eradicated. When the Scythians were taunted with flying before their invaders, they simply replied, "We will stay and fight at the burial places of our fathers." They considered no possession so well worth preserving intact.

When Mr. Tyndale was receiving hospitality in a shepherd's hut among the mountains, a Ronuts arrived with a box of relics. The household within doors, a mother and daughters, placed

themselves on their knees before it. They embraced the box, and three times affectionately kissed it, and expressed dismay in their looks that their guest did not do likewise. He admits they looked upon him as an infidel, but they did not treat him, on that account, as Franklin's apologue feigned that Abraham treated his unbelieving aged stranger guest, but bore with him, as the warning and reproving voice told Abraham to do. The poor hostess, in her ignorance, knew not even whose relics she had revered, for hers was the common answer, when inquired of as to this particular—"Senza dubbio la reliquia d'una Santa del Paese, ben conosciuta da per tutto." But this poor family superstition did not harden the heart; the shepherd's wife believed at least in the *sanctity* of some saint, and that veneration for a life passed in holiness, by whomsoever, demanded of her goodwill, to all, and kindly hospitality, and such as should overcome even the prejudice of an ignorant shepherd's wife; and therefore we must quote Mr. Tyndale's confession to this virtue of her faith. "If the ignorance and superstitious credulity of my present hostess were great, her hospitality and generosity were no less. She soon recovered from her momentary horror of my heretical irreverence, and, though not the bearer of a holy relic, it was with some difficulty I could get away without having several cheeses put into my saddle-bags; and when my repeated assurances that I was not partial to them at length induced her to desist, she wanted to send her husband to bring me home a kid or a lamb. She would have considered it an insult to have been offered any payment for her gifts, had they been even accepted; and after repeated expressions of her wish to supply me from her humble store, we parted with a shower of mutual benedictions." We have brought to our remembrance patriarchal times, when kids and lambs were readily set before wayfaring strangers. There have been, and are, worse people in the world than those poor ignorant superstitious Sardes.

Not far from San Martino our traveller halted, to inquire his way at an "ovile," the shepherd's hut. It

may not be unsatisfactory to describe the dwellings whose inhabitants are thus hospitable. The hut here spoken of was rude enough—a mass of stones in a circle of about twelve feet diameter, and eight feet high, with a conical roof made of sticks and reeds. The whole family had but one bed; a few ashes were burning in a hole in the ground; a bundle of clothes, some flat loaves of bread, and three or four pans, made up the inventory of goods. The shepherd was preparing to kill a lamb for his family, yet he offered to accompany the stranger, which he did, and went with him a distance of three miles. “After showing me the spot, and sharing a light meal, I offered him a trifle for his trouble; but he indignantly refused it, and, on leaving to return home, gave me an adieu with a fervent but courteous demeanour, which would have shamed many a mitred and coroneted head.” We are not, however, to conclude that all the shepherd districts, however they may bear no reproach on the score of hospitality, are regions of innocence and virtue. We are told, on the authority of a Padre Angius, that the people of Bonorva are quarrelsome and vindictive; and a story is told of their envious character. A certain Don Pietrino Prunas was the owner of much cattle, and ninety-nine flocks of sheep; he was assassinated on the very day he had brought the number to a hundred, for no other reason than out of envy of his happiness. And here Mr. Tyndale remarks, in a note, a French translator’s carelessness. “Valery, in mentioning the circumstance, says that he was murdered *‘le jour même où il atteignait sa centième année.’*” The words professed to be translated are, “Padrone di 99 greggi di pecori, trucidato nel giorno istesso che ei doveva f. rmarsi la centesima.”

The reader will not expect to find accounts of many treasures of the fine arts in Sardinia. Convents and churches are, however, not without statues and pictures. Nor do the clergy or inmates of convents possess much knowledge on the subject. If a picture is pronounced a Michael Angelo, without doubt the possessors, with a charming simplicity, would inquire “who Michael Angelo was.”

We quote the following as worthy the notice of the Arundel Society, particularly as it is out of the general tourings of connoisseurs.

“The screen of the high altar (the church at Ardara) is covered with portraits of apostles, saints, and martyrs, apparently a work of the thirteenth or early part of the fourteenth century; and, notwithstanding the neglect and damp, the colours and gildings are still bright and untarnished. Many of them are exquisitely finished, with all the fineness of an Albert Durer and Holbein; and will vie with the best specimens of the early masters in the gallery of Dresden, or the Pinakothek at Munich.”

Valery, the mistranslator just mentioned, is in ecstasy in his notice of these works. He considers them worthy the perpetuity which the graver alone can give them, and considers how great their reputation would be had they found a Lanzi, a d’Agincour, or a Cicognara.

We have now travelled with our agreeable, well-informed author over much country—wild, and partially cultivated; have speculated with him upon all things that attracted attention by the way; and, though the roads have been somewhat rough, we have kept our tempers pretty well—no light accomplishment for fellow-travellers; and our disputes have been rather amusing than serious. We now enter with him the capital of Sardinia—Cagliari. We shall not follow him, however, through the modern town, though there can be no better cicerone; nor look in at the museum, fearful of long detention; not even to examine the Phœnician curiosities, or discuss the identity in character, with them, of some seals found in the bogs of Ireland; or to speculate with Sir George Staunton as to their Chinese origin, and how they unaccountably found themselves, some in an Irish bog and some in excavated earth in Sardinia, and from thence into the museum at Cagliari. We are content to visit some Roman antiquities, and read inscriptions probably of the age of the Antonines, or of an earlier period. The monuments are sepulchral: one is of a very interesting character. It is of some architectural pretensions—in honour of an exemplary wife, who, like Alcea.

tia, is said to have died for her husband. The prose tale, were it in existence, might have told, perhaps, how Pomptilla—for that is her name—attended her husband in a sickness, caught his fever, and died, while he recovered. The inscriptions are many. Some have been made out tolerably well: they are in Latin and Greek. One, in Greek, has so much tenderness, that, deeming it quite worthy the melancholy cadence of verse, we have been tempted to substitute our own translation for that of Mr. Tyndale in prose, with which we are not quite satisfied.

Pomptilla, from thy dew-embalmèd earth,
Which mournful homage of our love receives,

May fairest lilies rise,
Pale flow'rets of a sad funereal birth,
And roses opening their scarce-blushing leaves,

Of tenderest dyes,
And violets, that from their languid eyes,
Shed perfumed shower—
And blessèd amaranth that never dies

O! be thyself a flower,
Th' unsullied snow-drop—being and witness true

Of thy pure self, e'en to perpetual years—
As erst a flow'ret fair Narcissus grew—
And Hyacinthus all bedewed with tears.

For when, now in the tremulous hour of death,

Her spouse Philippus near to Lethe drew
His unresisting lips and fainting breath,

A woman's duteous vow she
vow'd—

And gently put aside his drooping head,
And her firm presence to the water bow'd—

And drank the fatal stream instead.

Such perfect union did stern Death divide,
Th' unwilling husband and the willing wife—

Willing to die, while he, now loathing life,
Through the dear love of his devoted bride—

Still lives, and weeps, and prays that he
may die—

That his released spirit to hers may fly,
And mingled evermore with hers abide.

In taking leave of our author, we confidently recommend the three volumes on Sardinia to the general reader—we say general reader, for, whatever be his taste or pursuit, he will find amusement and information. The work is a *full* work. If the reader be an antiquary, he will be gratified with deep research and historic lore; if an economist, he will have tabular detail and close statistics; an agriculturist, and would he emigrate from his own persecuted lands, he will learn the nature of soils, their capabilities, and how fair a field is offered for that imperable and exportable commodity, his industry, so much wanted in Sardinia, and so little encouraged at home; if a sportsman, besides the use of the gun, which he knows already, he will be initiated into the mystery of tunny fishing, and, would he turn it to his profit, have license to dispose of his game. Nay, even the wide-awake shop-keeper may learn how to set up his “store” in Sassari or Cagliari, and what stock he had best take out. If he be a neer-do-weel just returned from California, and surprised into the possession of a sackful of gold, Mr. Tyndale will conduct him to the Barathra into which he may throw it, whether they be sea-fisheries or land-marshes; or into whose pockets he may deposit the wealth, whose burthen he is of course wearied in bearing, for the excitement of generosity in becoming a benefactor, or for the amusement of corrupting.

The work is indeed a “guide book,” as well as much more, for it tells every one what he may do profitably or unprofitably in Sardinia—whether as traveller and private speculator, minding his own concerns; or as an enthusiastic disperser of ignorance, and renovator of the customs, manners, religion, and political condition of a people as unlike his own race and kindred as possible.

THE CAXTONS.—PART XIV.

CHAPTER LXXX.

THERE would have been nothing in what had changed to justify the suspicions that tortured me, but for my impressions as to the character of Vivian.

Reader, hast thou not, in the easy, careless sociability of youth, formed acquaintance with some one, in whose more engaging or brilliant qualities thou hast—not lost that dislike to defects or vices which is natural to an age when, even while we err, we adore what is good, and glow with enthusiasm for the ennobling sentiment and the virtuous deed—no, happily, not lost dislike to what is bad, nor thy quick sense of it,—but conceived a keen interest in the struggle between the bad that revolted, and the good that attracted thee, in thy companion? Then, perhaps, thou hast lost sight of him for a time—suddenly thou hearest that he has done something out of the way of ordinary good or commonplace evil: And, in either—the good or the evil—thy mind runs rapidly back over its old reminiscences, and of either thou sayest, “How natural!—only So—and so could have done this thing!”

Thus I felt respecting Vivian. The most remarkable qualities in his character were his keen power of calculation, and his unhesitating audacity—qualities that lead to fame or to infamy, according to the cultivation of the moral sense and the direction of the passions. Had I recognised those qualities in some agency apparently of good—and it seemed yet doubtful if Vivian were the agent—I should have cried, “It is he! and the better angel has triumphed!” With the same (alas! with a yet more impulsive) quickness, when the agency was of evil, and the agent equally dubious, I felt that the qualities revealed the man, and that the demon had prevailed.

Mile after mile, stage after stage, were passed, on the dreary, interminable, high north road. I narrated to my companion, more intelligibly than I had yet done, my causes for apprehension. The Captain at first listened

eagerly, then checked me on the sudden. “There may be nothing in all this!” he cried. “Sir, we must be men here—have our heads cool, our reason clear: stop!” And, leaning back in the chaise, Roland refused further conversation, and, as the night advanced, seemed to sleep. I took pity on his fatigue, and devoured my heart in silence. At each stage we heard of the party of which we were in pursuit. At the first stage or two we were less than an hour behind; gradually, as we advanced, we lost ground, despite the most lavish liberality to the postboys. I supposed, at length, that the mere circumstance of changing, at each relay, the chaise as well as the horses, was the cause of our comparative slowness; and, on saying this to Roland, as we were changing horses, somewhere about midnight, he at once called up the master of the inn, and gave him his own price for permission to retain the chaise till the journey’s end. This was so unlike Roland’s ordinary thrift, whether dealing with my money or his own—so unjustified by the fortune of either—that I could not help muttering something in apology.

“Can you guess why I was a miser?” said Roland, calmly.

“A miser!—anything but that! Only prudent—military men often are so.”

“I was a miser,” repeated the Captain, with emphasis. “I began the habit first when my son was but a child. I thought him high-spirited, and with a taste for extravagance. ‘Well,’ said I to myself, ‘I will save for him; boys will be boys.’ Then, afterwards, when he was no more a child (at least he began to have the vices of a man!) I said to myself, ‘Patience, he may reform still; if not, I will save money that I may have power over his self-interest, since I have none over his heart. I will bribe him into honour!’ And then—and then—God saw that I was very proud, and I was punished. Tell them to drive faster—faster—why, this is a snail’s pace!”

All that night, all the next day, till

towards the evening, we pursued our journey, without pause, or other food than a crust of bread and a glass of wine. But we now picked up the ground we had lost, and gained upon the carriage. The night had closed in when we arrived at the stage at which the route to Lord N——'s branched from the direct north road. And here, making our usual inquiry, my worst suspicions were confirmed. The carriage we pursued had changed horses an hour before, but had not taken the way to Lord N——'s;—continuing the direct road into Scotland. The people of the inn had not seen the lady in the carriage, for it was already dark, but the man-servant, (whose livery they described) had ordered the horses.

The last hope that, in spite of appearances, no treachery had been designed, here vanished. The Captain, at first, seemed more dismayed than myself, but he recovered more quickly. "We will continue the journey on horseback," he said; and hurried to the stables. All objections vanished at the sight of his gold. In five minutes we were in the saddle, with a postilion, also mounted, to accompany us. We did the next stage in little more than two-thirds of the time which we should have occupied in our former mode of travel—indeed, I found it hard to keep pace with Roland. We remounted; we were only twenty-five minutes behind the carriage. We felt confident that we should overtake it before it could reach the next town—the moon was up—we could see far before us—we rode at full speed. Milestone after milestone glided by, the carriage was not visible. We arrived at the post-town, or rather village; it contained but one posting-house. We were long in knocking up the ostlers—no carriage had arrived just before us; no carriage had passed the place since noon.

What mystery was this?

"Back, back, boy!" said Roland, with a soldier's quick wit, and spurring his jaded horse from the yard. "They will have taken a cross-road or by-lane. We shall track them by the hoofs of the horses or the print of the wheels."

Our postilion grumbled, and pointed

to the panting sides of our horses. For answer, Roland opened his hand—full of gold. Away we went back through the dull sleeping village, back into the broad moonlit thoroughfare. We came to a cross-road to the right, but the track we pursued still led us straight on. We had measured back nearly half the way to the post-town at which we had last changed, when lo! there emerged from a by-lane two postilions and their horses.

At that sight our companion, shouting loud, pushed on before us and hailed his fellows. A few words gave us the information we sought. A wheel had come off the carriage just by the turn of the road, and the young lady and her servants had taken refuge in a small inn not many yards down the lane. The man-servant had dismissed the post-boys after they had baited their horses, saying they were to come again in the morning, and bring a blacksmith to repair the wheel.

"How came the wheel off?" asked Roland sternly.

"Why, sir, the linch-pin was all rotted away, I suppose, and came out."

"Did the servant get off the dickey after you set out, and before the accident happened?"

"Why, yes. He said the wheels were catching fire, that they had not the patent axles, and he had forgot to have them oiled."

"And he looked at the wheels, and shortly afterwards the linch-pin came out?—Eh?"

"Anon, sir!" said the postboy, staring; "why, and indeed so it was!"

"Come on, Pisistratus, we are in time; but pray God—pray God—that—" the Captain dashed his spur into the horse's sides, and the rest of his words was lost to me.

A few yards back from the causeway, a broad patch of green before it, stood the inn—a sullen, old-fashioned building of cold gray stone, looking livid in the moonlight, with black fire at one side, throwing over half of it a dismal shadow. So solitary! not a house, not a hut near it. If they who kept the inn were such that villany might reckon on their connivance, and innocence despair of their aid—there was no neighbourhood to alarm—no

refuge at hand. The spot was well chosen.

The doors of the inn were closed ; there was a light in the room below ; but the outside shutters were drawn over the windows on the first floor. My uncle paused a moment, and said to the postilion—

"Do you know the back way to the premises?"

"No, sir ; I does'nt often come by this way, and they be new folks that have taken the house—and I hear it don't prosper over-much."

"Knock at the door—we will stand a little aside while you do so. If any one ask what you want—merely say you would speak to the servant—that you have found a purse ;—here, hold up mine."

Roland and I had dismounted, and my uncle drew me close to the wall by the door. Observing that my impatience ill submitted to what seemed to me idle preliminaries,

"Hist !" whispered he ; "if there be anything to conceal within, they will not answer the door till some one has reconnoitred : were they to see us, they would refuse to open. But seeing only the postboy, whom they will suppose at first to be one of those who brought the carriage—they will have no suspicion. Be ready to rush in the moment the door is unbarred."

My uncle's veteran experience did not deceive him. There was a long silence before any reply was made to the postboy's summons ; the light passed to and fro rapidly across the window, as if persons were moving within. Roland made sign to the postboy to knock again ; he did so twice—thrice—and at last, from an attic-window in the roof, a head obtruded, and a voice cried, "Who are you ?—what do you want ?"

"I'm the postboy at the Red Lion ; I want to see the servant with the brown carriage ; I have found this purse !"

"Oh, that's all—wait a bit."

The head disappeared ; we crept along under the projecting eaves of the house ; we heard the bar lifted from the door ; the door itself cautiously opened ; one spring and I stood within, and set my back to the door to admit Roland.

"Ho, help !—thieves !—help !" cried

a loud voice, and I felt a hand gripe at my throat. I struck at random in the dark, and with effect, for my blow was followed by a groan and a curse.

Roland, meanwhile, had detected a ray through the chinks of a door in the hall, and, guided by it, found his way into the room at the window of which we had seen the light pass and go, while without. As he threw the door open, I bounded after him ; and saw in a kind of parlour two females—the one a stranger, no doubt the hostess, the other the treacherous abigail. Their faces evinced their terror.

"Woman," I said, seizing the last, "where is Miss Trevanion ?" Instead of replying, the woman set up a loud shriek. Another light now gleamed from the staircase, which immediately faced the door, and I heard a voice that I recognised as Peacock's, cry out, "Who's there ?—what's the matter ?"

I made a rush at the stairs. A burley form (that of the landlord, who had recovered from my blow) obstructed my way for a moment, to measure its length on the floor at the next. I was at the top of the stairs, Peacock recognised me ; recoiled, and extinguished the light. Oaths, cries, and shrieks, now resounded through the dark. Amidst them all, I suddenly heard a voice exclaim, "Here, here !—help !" It was the voice of Fanny. I made my way to the right, whence the voice came, and received a violent blow. Fortunately, it fell on the arm which I extended, as men do who feel their way through the dark. It was not the right arm, and I seized and closed on my assailant. Roland now came up, a candle in his hand ; and at that sight my antagonist, who was no other than Peacock, slipped from me, and made a rush at the stairs. But the Captain caught him with his grasp of iron. Fearing nothing for Roland in a contest with any single foe, and all my thoughts bent on the rescue of her whose voice again broke on my ear, I had already (before the light of the candle which Roland held went out in the struggle between himself and Peacock) caught sight of a door at the end of the passage, and thrown myself against it : it was locked, but it shook and groaned to my pressure.

"Hold back, whoever you are!" cried a voice from the room within, far different from that wail of distress which had guided my steps. "Hold back, at the peril of your life!"

The voice, the threat, redoubled my strength; the door flew from its fastenings. I stood in the room. I saw Fanny at my feet, clasping my hands; then, raising herself, she hung on my shoulder and murmured, "Saved." Opposite to me, his face deformed by passion, his eyes literally blazing with savage fire, his nostrils distended, his lips apart, stood the man I have called Francis Vivian.

"Fanny—Miss Trevanion—what outrage—what villany is this? You have not met this man at your free choice,—oh speak!" Vivian sprang forward.

"Question no one but me. Unhand that lady,—she is my betrothed—shall be my wife."

"No, no, no,—don't believe him," cried Fanny; "I have been betrayed by my own servants—brought here, I know not how! I heard my father was ill; I was on my way to him: that man met me here, and dared to—"

"Miss Trevanion—yes, I dared to say I loved you."

"Protect me from him!—you will protect me from him!"

"No, madam!" said a voice behind me, in a deep tone, "it is I who claim the right to protect you from that man; it is I who now draw around you the arm of one sacred, even to him; it is I who, from this spot, launch upon his head—a father's curse. Violator of the hearth! Baffled ravisher!—go thy way to the doom which thou hast chosen for thyself. God will be merciful to me yet, and give me a grave before thy course find its close in the hulks—or at the gallows!"

A sickness came over me—a terror froze my veins—I reeled back, and leant for support against the wall. Roland had passed his arm round Fanny, and she, frail and trembling, clung to his broad heart, looking fearfully up to his face. And never in that face, ploughed by deep emotions, and dark with unutterable sorrows, had I seen an expression so grand in its wrath, so sublime in its

despair. Following the direction of his eye, stern and fixed as the look of one who prophesies a destiny, and denounces a doom, I shivered as I gazed upon the son. His whole frame seemed collapsed and shrinking, as if already withered by the curse: a ghastly whiteness overspread the cheek, usually glowing with the dark bloom of Oriental youth; the knees knocked together; and, at last, with a faint exclamation of pain, like the cry of one who receives a death-blow, he bowed his face over his clasped hands, and so remained—still but cowering.

Instinctively I advanced and placed myself between the father and the son, murmuring, "Spare him; see, his own heart crushes him down." Then stealing towards the son, I whispered, "Go, go; the crime was not committed, the curse can be recalled." But my words touched a wrong chord in that dark and rebellious nature. The young man withdrew his hands hastily from his face, and reared his front in passionate defiance.

Waving me aside, he cried, "Away! I acknowledge no authority over my actions and my fate; I allow no mediator between this lady and myself. Sir," he continued, gazing gloomily on his father—"sir, you forget our compact. Our ties were severed, your power over me annulled; I resigned the name you bear; to you I was, and am still, as the dead. I deny your right to step between me and the object dearer to me than life.

"Oh!" (and here he stretched forth his hands towards Fanny)—"oh! Miss Trevanion, do not refuse me one prayer, however you condemn me. Let me see you alone but for one moment; let me but prove to you that, guilty as I may have been, it was not from the base motives you will hear imputed to me—that it was not the heiress I sought to decoy, it was the woman I sought to win; oh! hear me!"

"No, no," murmured Fanny, clinging closer to Roland, "do not leave me. If, as it seems, he is your son, I forgive him; but let him go—I shudder at his very voice!"

"Would you have me, indeed, annihilate the very memory of the bond between us?" said Roland, in a hollow

voice; "would you have me see in you only the vile thief, the lawless felon,—deliver you up to justice, or strike you to my feet. Let the memory still save you, and begone!"

Again I caught hold of the guilty son, and again he broke from my grasp.

"It is," he said, folding his arms deliberately on his breast, "it is for me to command in this house: all who are within it must submit to my orders. You, sir, who hold reputation, name, and honour at so high a price, how can you fail to see that you would rob them from the lady whom you would protect from the insult of my affection? How would the world receive the tale of your rescue of Miss Trevanion? how believe that—Oh pardon me, madam,—Miss Trevanion—Fanny—pardon me—I am mad; only hear me—alone—alone—and then if you too say 'Begone,' I submit without a murmur; I allow no arbiter but you."

But Fanny still clung closer, and closer still, to Roland. At that moment I heard voices and the trampling of feet below, and supposing that the accomplices in this villany were mustering courage, perhaps, to mount to the assistance of their employer, I lost all the compassion that had hitherto softened my horror of the young man's crime, and all the awe with which that confession had been attended. I therefore, this time, seized the false Vivian with a gripe that he could no longer shake off, and said sternly—

"Beware how you aggravate your offence. If strife ensues, it will not be between father and son, and—"

Fanny sprang forward. "Do not provoke this bad, dangerous man. I fear him not. Sir, I *will* hear you, and alone."

"Never!" cried I and Roland simultaneously.

Vivian turned his look fiercely to me, and with a sullen bitterness to his father, and then, as if resigning his former prayer, he said—"Well then, be it so; even in the presence of those who judge me so severely, I will speak at least." He paused, and, throwing into his voice a passion that, had the repugnance at his guilt been less, would not have been without pathos, he continued to address Fanny: "I own that, when I first

saw you, I might have thought of love, as the poor and ambitious think of the way to wealth and power. Those thoughts vanished, and nothing remained in my heart but love and madness. I was as a man in a delirium when I planned this snare. I knew but one object—saw but one heavenly vision. Oh, mine—mine at least in that vision—are you indeed lost to me for ever!"

There was that in this man's tone and manner which, whether arising from accomplished hypocrisy or actual if perverted feeling, would, I thought, find its way at once to the heart of a woman who, however wronged, had once loved him; and, with a cold misgiving, I fixed my eyes on Miss Trevanion. Her look, as she turned with a visible tremor, suddenly met mine, and I believe that she discerned my doubt; for after suffering her eyes to rest on my own, with something of mournful reproach, her lips curved as with the pride of her mother, and for the first time in my life I saw anger on her brow.

"It is well, sir, that you have thus spoken to me in the presence of others, for in their presence I call upon you to say, by that honour which the son of this gentleman may for a while forget, but cannot wholly forfeit,—I call upon you to say, whether by deed, word, or sign, I, Frances Trevanion, ever gave you cause to believe that I returned the feelings you say you entertained for me, or encouraged you to dare this attempt to place me in your power."

"No!" cried Vivian readily, but with a writhing lip—"no; but where I loved so deeply, periled all my fortune for one fair and free occasion to tell you so alone, I would not think that such love could meet only loathing and disdain. What!—has nature shaped me so unkindly, that where I love no love can reply? What!—has the accident of birth shut me out from the right to woo and mate with the highborn? For the last, at least, that gentleman in justice should tell you, since it has been his care to instil the haughty lesson into me, that my lineage is one that befits lofty hopes, and warrants fearless ambition. My hopes, my ambition—they were you! Oh, Miss Trevanion, it

is true that to win you I would have braved the world's laws, defied every foe save him who now rises before me. Yet, believe me, believe me, had I won what I dared to aspire to, you would not have been disgraced by your choice; and the name, for which I thank not my father, should not have been despised by the woman who pardoned my presumption,—nor by the man who now tramples on my anguish, and curses me in my desolation."

Not by a word had Roland sought to interrupt his son—nay, by a feverish excitement, which my heart understood in its secret sympathy, he had seemed eagerly to court every syllable that could extenuate the darkness of the offence, or even imply some less sordid motive for the baseness of the means. But as the son now closed with the words of unjust reproach, and the accents of fierce despair; closed a defence that showed in its false pride, and its perverted eloquence, so utter a blindness to every principle of that honour which had been the father's idol, Roland placed his hand before the eyes that he had previously, as if spell-bound, fixed on the hardened offender, and once more drawing Fanny towards him, said—

"His breath pollutes the air that innocence and honesty should breathe. He says, 'All in this house are at his command,'—why do we stay?—let us go." He turned towards the door, and Fanny with him.

Meanwhile the louder sounds below had been silenced for some moments, but I heard a step in the hall. Vivian started, and placed himself before us.

"No, no, you cannot leave me thus, Miss Trevanion. I resign you—he it so; I do not even ask for pardon. But to leave this house thus, without carriage, without attendants, without explanation!—the blame falls on me—it shall do so. But at least vouchsafe me the right to repair what I yet can repair of the wrong, to protect all that is left to me—your name."

As he spoke, he did not perceive (for he was facing us, and with his back to the door,) that a new actor had noiselessly entered on the scene, and, pausing by the threshold, heard his last words.

"The name of Miss Trevanion, sir—and from what?" asked the new comer, as he advanced and surveyed Vivian with a look, that but for its quiet, would have seemed disdain.

"Lord Castleton!" exclaimed Fanny, lifting up the face she had buried in her hands.

Vivian recoiled in dismay, and gnashed his teeth.

"Sir," said the marquis, "I await your reply; for not even you, in my presence, shall imply that one reproach can be attached to the name of that lady."

"Oh, moderate your tone to me, my Lord Castleton!" cried Vivian: "in you at least there is one man I am not forbidden to brave and defy. It was to save that lady from the cold ambition of her parents—it was to prevent the sacrifice of her youth and beauty, to one whose sole merits are his wealth and his titles—it was this that impelled me to the crime I have committed, this that hurried me on to risk all for one hour, when youth at least could plead its cause to youth; and this gives me now the power to say that it does rest with me to protect the name of the lady, whom your very servility to that world which you have made your idol forbids you to claim from the heartless ambition that would sacrifice the daughter to the vanity of the parents. Ha! the future Marchioness of Castleton on her way to Scotland with a penniless adventurer! Ha! if my lips are sealed, who but I can seal the lips of those below in my secret? The secret shall be kept, but on this condition—you shall not triumph where I have failed; I may lose what I adored, but I do not resign it to another. Ha! have I foiled you, my Lord Castleton?—ha, ha!"

"No, sir; and I almost forgive you the villany you have not effected, for informing me, for the first time, that, had I presumed to address Miss Trevanion, her parents at least would have pardoned the presumption. Trouble not yourself as to what your accomplices may say. They have already confessed their infamy and your own. Out of my path, sir!"

Then, with the benign look of a father, and the lofty grace of a prince,

Lord Castleton advanced to Fanny. Looking round with a shudder, she hastily placed her hand in his, and, by so doing, perhaps prevented some violence on the part of Vivian, whose heaving breast, and eye bloodshot, and still unquailing, showed how little even shame had subdued his fiercer passions. But he made no offer to detain them, and his tongue seemed to cleave to his lips. Now, as Fanny moved to the door, she passed Roland, who stood motionless and with vacant looks, like an image of stone; and with a beautiful tenderness, for which (even at this distant date, recalling it) I say, "God requite thee Fanny," she laid her other hand on Roland's arm, and said, "Come too; *your* arm still!"

But Roland's limbs trembled, and refused to stir; his head, relaxing, drooped on his breast, his eyes closed. Even Lord Castleton was so struck (though unable to guess the true and terrible cause of his dejection) that he forgot his desire to hasten from the spot, and cried with all his kindness of heart, "You are ill—you faint; give him your arm, Pisistratus."

"It is nothing," said Roland feebly, as he leant heavily on my arm, while I turned back my head with all the bitterness of that reproach which filled my heart, speaking in the eyes that sought *him* whose place should have been where mine now was. And, oh!—thank heaven, thank heaven!—the look was not in vain. In the same moment the son was at the father's knees.

"Oh, pardon—pardon! Wretch, lost wretch though I be, I bow my head to the curse. Let it fall—but on me, and on me only—not on your own heart too."

Fanny burst into tears, sobbing out, "Forgive him, as I do."

Roland did not heed her.

"He thinks that the heart was not shattered before the curse could come," he said in a voice so weak as to be scarcely audible. Then, raising his eyes to heaven, his lips moved as if he prayed inly. Pausing, he stretched

his hands over his son's head, and averting his face, said, "I revoke the curse. Pray to thy God for pardon."

Perhaps not daring to trust himself further, he then made a violent effort, and hurried from the room.

We followed silently. When we gained the end of the passage, the door of the room we had left, closed with a sullen jar.

As the sound smote on my ear, with it came so terrible a sense of the solitude upon which that door had closed—so keen and quick an apprehension of some fearful impulse, suggested by passions so fierce, to a condition so forlorn—that instinctively I stopped, and then hurried back to the chamber. The lock of the door having been previously forced, there was no barrier to oppose my entrance. I advanced, and beheld a spectacle of such agony, as can only be conceived by those who have looked on the grief which takes no fortitude from reason, no consolation from conscience—the grief which tells us what would be the earth were man abandoned to his passions, and the CHANCE of the atheist reigned alone in the merciless heavens. Pride humbled to the dust; ambition shivered into fragments; love (or the passion mistaken for it) blasted into ashes; life, at the first-onset, bereaved of its holiest ties, forsaken by its truest guide; shame that writhed for revenge, and remorse that knew not prayer—all, all blended, yet distinct, were in that awful spectacle of the guilty son.

And I had told but twenty years, and my heart had been mellowed in the tender sunshine of a happy home, and I had loved this boy as a stranger, and, lo—he was Roland's son! I forgot all else, looking upon that anguish; and I threw myself on the ground by the form that writhed there, and, folding my arms round the breast which in vain repelled me, I whispered, "Comfort—comfort—life is long. You shall redeem the past, you shall efface the stain, and your father shall bless you yet!"

CHAPTER LXXXI.

I could not stay long with my unhappy cousin, but still I staid long enough to make me think it probable that Lord Castleton's carriage would have left the inn: and when, as I passed the hall, I saw it standing before the open door, I was seized with fear for Roland; his emotions might have ended in some physical attack. Nor were those fears without foundation. I found Fanny kneeling beside the old soldier in the parlour where we had seen the two women, and bathing his temples, while Lord Castleton was binding his arm; and the marquis's favourite valet, who, amongst his other gifts, was something of a surgeon, was wiping the blade of the penknife that had served instead of a lancet. Lord Castleton nodded to me, "Don't be uneasy—a little fainting fit—we have bled him. He is safe now—see, he is recovering."

Roland's eyes, as they opened, turned to me with an anxious, inquiring look. I smiled upon him as I kissed his forehead, and could, with a safe conscience, whisper words which neither father nor Christian could refuse to receive as comfort.

In a few minutes more we had left the house. As Lord Castleton's carriage only held two, the marquis, having assisted Miss Trevanion and Roland to enter, quietly mounted the seat behind, and made a sign to me to come by his side, for there was room for both. (His servant had taken one of the horses that had brought thither Roland and myself, and already gone on before.) No conversation took place between us then. Lord Castleton seemed profoundly affected, and I had no words at my command.

When we reached the inn at which Lord Castleton had changed horses, about six miles distant, the marquis insisted on Fanny's taking some rest for a few hours, for indeed she was thoroughly worn out.

I attended my uncle to his room, but he only answered my assurances of his son's repentance with a pressure of the hand, and then, gliding from me, went into the furthest recess of the room, and there knelt down. When

he rose, he was passive and tractable as a child. He suffered me to assist him to undress; and when he had lain down on the bed, he turned his face quietly from the light, and, after a few heavy sighs, sleep seemed mercifully to steal upon him. I listened to his breathing till it grew low and regular, and then descended to the sitting-room in which I had left Lord Castleton, for he had asked me in a whisper to seek him there.

I found the marquis seated by the fire, in a thoughtful and dejected attitude.

"I am glad you are come," said he, making room for me on the hearth, "for I assure you I have not felt so mournful for many years; we have much to explain to each other. Will you begin? they say the sound of the bell dissipates the thunder-cloud. And there is nothing like the voice of a frank, honest nature to dispel all the clouds that come upon us when we think of our own faults and the villainy of others. But, I beg you a thousand pardons—that young man, your relation!—your brave uncle's son! Is it possible!"

My explanations to Lord Castleton were necessarily brief and imperfect. The separation between Roland and his son, my ignorance of its cause, my belief in the death of the latter, my chance acquaintance with the supposed Vivian; the interest I took in him; the relief it was to the fears for his fate with which he inspired me, to think he had returned to the home I ascribed to him; and, the circumstances which had induced my suspicions, justified by the result—all this was soon hurried over.

"But, I beg your pardon," said the marquis, interrupting me, "did you, in your friendship for one so unlike you, even by your own partial account, never suspect that you had stumbled upon your lost cousin?"

"Such an idea never could have crossed me."

And here I must observe, that though the reader, at the first introduction of Vivian, would divine the secret,—the penetration of a reader is wholly different from that of the

actor in events. That I had chanced on one of those curious coincidences in the romance of real life, which a reader looks out for and expects in following the course of narrative, was a supposition forbidden to me by a variety of causes. There was not the least family resemblance between Vivian and any of his relations; and, somehow or other, in Roland's son I had pictured to myself a form and a character wholly different from Vivian's. To me it would have seemed impossible that my cousin could have been so little curious to hear any of our joint family affairs; been so unheeding, or even weary, if I spoke of Roland—never, by a word or tone, have betrayed a sympathy with his kindred. And my other conjecture was so probable!—son of the Colonel Vivian whose name he bore. And that letter, with the post-mark of 'Godalming!' and my belief, too, in my cousin's death; even now I am not surprised that the idea never occurred to me.

I paused from enumerating these excuses for my dulness, angry with myself, for I noticed that Lord Castleton's fair brow darkened;—and he exclaimed, "What deceit he must have gone through before he could become such a master in the art!"

"That is true, and I cannot deny it," said I. "But his punishment now is awful; let us hope that repentance may follow the chastisement. And, though certainly it must have been his own fault that drove him from his father's home and guidance, yet, so driven, let us make some allowance for the influence of evil companionship on one so young—for the suspicions that the knowledge of evil produces, and turns into a kind of false knowledge of the world. And in this last and worst of all his actions"—

"Ah, how justify that!"

"Justify it!—good heavens! justify it!—no. I only say this, strange as it may seem, that I believe his affection for Miss Trevanion was for herself: so he says, from the depth of an anguish in which the most insincere of men would cease to feign. But no more of this,—she is saved, thank Heaven!"

"And you believe," said Lord Castleton musingly, "that he spoke the

truth, when he thought that I—" The marquis stopped, coloured slightly, and then went on. "But no; Lady Ellinor and Trevanion, whatever might have been in their thoughts, would never have so forgot their dignity as to take him, a youth—almost a stranger—nay, take any one into their confidence on such a subject."

"It was but by broken gasps, incoherent, disconnected words, that Vivian,—I mean my cousin,—gave me any explanation of this. But Lady N——, at whose house he was staying, appears to have entertained such a notion, or at least led my cousin to think so."

"Ah! that is possible," said Lord Castleton, with a look of relief. "Lady N—— and I were boy and girl together; we correspond; she has written to me suggesting that—. Ah! I see,—an indiscreet woman. Hum! this comes of lady correspondents!"

Lord Castleton had recourse to the Beadesert mixture; and then, as if eager to change the subject, began his own explanation. On receiving my letter, he saw even more cause to suspect a snare than I had done, for he had that morning received a letter from Trevanion, not mentioning a word about his illness; and on turning to the newspaper, and seeing a paragraph headed, "Sudden and alarming illness of Mr. Trevanion," the marquis had suspected some party manœuvre or unfeeling hoax, since the mail that had brought the letter would have travelled as quickly as any messenger who had given the information to the newspaper. He had, however, immediately sent down to the office of the journal to inquire on what authority the paragraph had been inserted, while he despatched another messenger to St. James's Square. The reply from the office was, that the message had been brought by a servant in Mr. Trevanion's livery, but was not admitted as news until it had been ascertained by inquiries at the minister's house that Lady Ellinor had received the same intelligence, and actually left town in consequence.

"I was extremely sorry for poor Lady Ellinor's uneasiness," said Lord Castleton, "and extremely puzzled, but I still thought there could be no

real ground for alarm when your letter reached me. And when you there stated your conviction that Mr. Gower was mixed up in this fable, and that it concealed some snare upon Fanny, I saw the thing at a glance. The road to Lord N——'s, till within the last stage or two, would be the road to Scotland. And a hardy and unscrupulous adventurer, with the assistance of Miss Trevanion's servants, might thus entrap her to Scotland itself, and there work on her fears; or, if he had hope in her affections, win her consent to a Scotch marriage. You may be sure, therefore, that I was on the road as soon as possible. But as your messenger came all the way from the city, and not so quick perhaps as he might have come; and then as there was the carriage to see to, and the horses to send for, I found myself more than an hour and a half behind you. Fortunately, however, I made good ground, and should probably have overtaken you half-way, but that, on passing between a ditch and waggon, the carriage was upset, and that somewhat delayed me. On arriving at the town where the road branched off to Lord N——'s, I was rejoiced to learn you had taken what I was sure would prove the right direction, and finally I gained the clue to that villainous inn by the report of the postboys who had taken Miss Trevanion's carriage there, and met you on the road. On reaching the inn, I found two fellows conferring outside the door. They sprang in as we drove up, but not before my servant Summers—a quick fellow, you know, who has travelled with me from Norway to Nubia—had quitted his seat, and got into the house, into which I followed him with a step, you dog, as active as your own! Egad! I was twenty-one then! Two fellows had already knocked down poor Summers, and showed plenty of fight. Do you know," said the marquis, interrupting himself with an air of serio-comic humiliation—"do you know that I actually—no, you never will believe it—mind 'tis a secret—actually broke my cane over one fellow's shoulders?—look!" (and the marquis held up the fragment of the lamented weapon.) "And I half suspect, but I can't say positively, that I had even the necessity to demean my-

self by a blow with the naked hand—clenched too!—quite Eton again—upon my honour it was. Ha, ha!"

And the marquis, whose magnificent proportions, in the full vigour of man's strongest, if not his most combative, age, would have made him a formidable antagonist, even to a couple of prize-fighters, supposing he had retained a little of Eton skill in such encounters—laughed with the glee of a school-boy, whether at the thought of his prowess, or his sense of the contrast between so rude a recourse to primitive warfare, and his own indolent habits, and almost feminine good temper. Composing himself, however, with the quick recollection how little I could share his hilarity, he resumed gravely, "It took us some time—I don't say to defeat our foes, but to bind them, which I thought a necessary precaution;—one fellow, Trevanion's servant, all the while stunning me with quotations from Shakespeare. I then gently laid hold of a gown, the bearer of which had been long trying to scratch me; but being luckily a small woman, had not succeeded in reaching to my eyes. But the gown escaped, and fluttered off to the kitchen. I followed, and there I found Miss Trevanion's Jezebel of a maid. She was terribly frightened, and affected to be extremely penitent. I own to you that I don't care what a man says in the way of slander, but a woman's tongue against another woman—especially if that tongue be in the mouth of a lady's lady—I think it always worth silencing; I therefore consented to pardon this woman on condition she would find her way here before morning. No scandal shall come from her. Thus you see some minutes elapsed before I joined you; but I minded that the less, as I heard you and the Captain were already in the room with Miss Trevanion; and not, alas! dreaming of your connexion with the culprit, I was wondering what could have delayed you so long,—afraid, I own it, to find that Miss Trevanion's heart might have been seduced by that—hem—hem!—handsome—young—hem—hem!—There's no fear of that!" added Lord Castleton, anxiously, as he bent his bright eyes upon mine.

I felt myself colour as I answered

firmly, "It is just to Miss Trevanion to add that the unhappy man owned, in her presence and in mine, that he had never had the slightest encouragement for his attempt—never one cause to believe that she approved the affection, which I try to think blinded and maddened himself."

"I believe you; for I think"—Lord Castleton paused uneasily, again looked at me, rose, and walked about the room with evident agitation; then, as if he had come to some resolution, he returned to the hearth and stood facing me.

"My dear young friend," said he, with his irresistible kindly frankness, "this is an occasion that excuses all things between us, even my impertinence. Your conduct from first to last has been such, that, I wish, from the bottom of my heart, that I had a daughter to offer you, and that you felt for her as I believe you feel for Miss Trevanion. These are not mere words; do not look down as if ashamed. All the marquises in the world would never give me the pride I should feel, if I could see in my life one steady self-sacrifice to duty and honour, equal to that which I have witnessed in you."

"Oh, my lord! my lord!"

"Hear me out. That you love Fanny Trevanion, I know; that she may have innocently, timidly, half unconsciously, returned that affection, I think probable. But—"

"I know what you would say; spare me—I know it all."

"No! it is a thing impossible; and, if Lady Ellinor could consent, there would be such a life-long regret on her part, such a weight of obligation on yours, that—no, I repeat, it is impossible! But let us both think of this poor girl. I know her better than you can—have known her from a child; know all her virtues—they are charming; all her faults—they expose her to danger. These parents of hers—with their genius, and ambition—may do very well to rule England, and influence the world; but to guide the fate of that child—no!" Lord Castleton stopped, for he was affected. I felt my old jealousy return, but it was no longer bitter.

"I say nothing," continued the marquis, "of this position, in which

without fault of hers, Miss Trevanion is placed: Lady Ellinor's knowledge of the world, and woman's wit, will see how all that can be best put right. Still it is awkward, and demands much consideration. But, putting this aside altogether, if you do firmly believe that Miss Trevanion is lost to you, can you bear to think that she is to be flung as a mere cipher into the account of the worldly greatness of an aspiring politician—married to some minister, too busy to watch over her; or some duke, who looks to pay off his mortgages with her fortune—minister or duke only regarded as a prop to Trevanion's power against a counter cabal, or as giving his section a preponderance in the Cabinet? Be assured such is her most likely destiny, or rather the beginning of a destiny yet more mournful. Now, I tell you this, that he who marries Fanny Trevanion should have little other object, for the first few years of marriage, than to correct her failings and develop her virtues. Believe one who, alas! has too dearly bought his knowledge of women—here is a character to be formed. Well, then, if this prize be lost to you, would it be an irreparable grief to your generous affection to think that it has fallen to the lot of one who at least knows his responsibilities, and who will redeem his own life, hitherto wasted, by the steadfast endeavour to fulfil them? Can you take this hand still, and press it, even though it be a rival's?"

"My lord! This from you to me, is an honour that—"

"You will not take my hand? Then believe me, it is not I that will give that grief to your heart."

Touched, penetrated, melted by this generosity in a man of such lofty claims, to one of my age and fortunes, I pressed that noble hand, half raising it to my lips—an action of respect that would have misbecome neither; but he gently withdrew the hand, in the instinct of his natural modesty. I had then no heart to speak further on such a subject, but, faltering out that I would go and see my uncle, I took up the light, and ascended the stairs. I crept noiselessly into Roland's room, and shading the light, saw that, though he slept, his face was very troubled.

And then I thought, "What are my young griefs to his?" and—sitting beside the bed, communed with my own heart and was still!

CHAPTER LXXXII.

At sunrise, I went down into the sitting-room, having resolved to write to my father to join us; for I felt how much Roland needed his comfort and his counsel, and it was no great distance from the old Tower. I was surprised to find Lord Castleton still seated by the fire; he had evidently not gone to bed.

"That's right," said he; "we must encourage each other to recruit nature," and he pointed to the breakfast things on the table.

I had scarcely tasted food for many hours, but I was only aware of my own hunger by a sensation of faintness. I eat unconsciously, and was almost ashamed to feel how much the food restored me.

"I suppose," said I, "that you will soon set off to Lord N——'s?"

"Nay, did I not tell you, that I have sent Summers express, with a note to Lady Ellinor, begging her to come here? I did not see, on reflection, how I could decorously accompany Miss Trevanion alone, without even a female servant, to a house full of gossiping guests. And even had your uncle been well enough to go with us, his presence would but have created an additional cause for wonder; so as soon as we arrived, and while you went up with the Captain, I wrote my letter and despatched my man. I expect Lady Ellinor will be here before nine o'clock. Meanwhile, I have already seen that infamous waiting-woman, and taken care to prevent any danger from her garrulity. And you will be pleased to hear that I have hit upon a mode of satisfying the curiosity of our friend Mrs. Grundy—that is, 'The World'—without injury to any one. We must suppose that that footman of Trevanion's was out of his mind—it is but a charitable, and your good father would say, a philosophical supposition. All great knavery is madness! The world could not get on if truth and goodness were not the natural tenden-

cies of sane minds. Do you understand?"

"Not quite."

"Why, the footman, being out of his mind, invented this mad story of Trevanion's illness, frightened Lady Ellinor and Miss Trevanion out of their wits with his own chimera, and hurried them both off, one after the other. I having heard from Trevanion, and knowing he could not have been ill when the servant left him, set off, as was natural in so old a friend of the family, saved her from the freaks of a maniac, who, getting more and more flighty, was beginning to play the Jack o' Lantern, and leading her, Heaven knows where! over the country;—and then wrote to Lady Ellinor to come to her. It is but a hearty laugh at our expense, and Mrs. Grundy is content. If you don't want her to pity, or backbite, let her laugh. She is a she Cerberus—she wants to eat you: well—stop her mouth with a cake."

"Yes," continued this better sort of Aristippus, so wise under all his seeming levities; "the cue thus given, everything favors it. If that rogue of a lackey quoted Shakspeare as much in the servant's hall as he did while I was binding him neck and heels in the kitchen, that's enough for all the household to declare he was moon-stricken; and if we find it necessary to do anything more, why, we must get him to go into Bedlam for a month or two. The disappearance of the waiting-woman is natural; either I or Lady Ellinor send her about her business for her folly in being so gulled by the lunatic. If that's unjust, why, injustice to servants is common enough—public and private. Neither minister nor lackey can be forgiven, if he help us into a scrape. One must vent one's passion on something. Witness my poor cane; though, indeed, a better illustration would be the cane that Louis XIV. broke on a footman, because

his majesty was out of humour with a prince whose shoulders were too sacred for royal indignation.

"So you see," concluded Lord Castleton, lowering his voice, "that your uncle, amongst all his other causes of sorrow, may think at least that his name is spared in his son's. And the young man himself may find reform easier, when freed from that despair of the possibility of redemption, which Mrs. Grundy inflicts upon those who—Courage, then; life is long!"

"My very words!" I cried; "and so repeated by you, Lord Castleton, they seem prophetic."

"Take my advice, and don't lose sight of your cousin, while his pride is yet humbled, and his heart perhaps

softened. I don't say this only for his sake. No, it is your poor uncle I think of: noble old fellow. And now, I think it right to pay Lady Ellinor the respect of repairing, as well as I can, the havoc three sleepless nights have made on the exterior of a gentleman who is on the shady side of remorseless forty."

Lord Castleton here left me, and I wrote to my father, begging him to meet us at the next stage, (which was the nearest point from the high road to the Tower,) and I sent off the letter by a messenger on horseback. That task done, I leant my head upon my hand, and a profound sadness settled upon me, despite all my efforts to face the future, and think only of the duties of life—not its sorrows.

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

Before nine o'clock, Lady Ellinor arrived, and went straight into Miss Trevanion's room. I took refuge in my uncle's. Roland was awake and calm, but so feeble that he made no effort to rise; and it was his calm, indeed, that alarmed me the most—it was like the calm of nature thoroughly exhausted. He obeyed me mechanically, as a patient takes from your hand the draught, of which he is almost unconscious, when I pressed him to take food. He smiled on me faintly when I spoke to him; but made me a sign that seemed to implore silence. Then he turned his face from me, and buried it in the pillow; and I thought that he slept again, when, raising himself a little, and feeling for my hand, he said in a scarcely audible voice,—

"Where is he?"

"Would you see him, sir?"

"No, no; that would kill me—and then—what would become of him?"

"He has promised me an interview, and in that interview I feel assured he will obey your wishes, whatever they are."

Roland made no answer.

"Lord Castleton has arranged all, so that his name and madness (thus let us call it) will never be known."

"Pride, pride! pride still!"—murmured the old soldier. "The name,

the name—well, that is much; but the living soul!—I wish Austin were here."

"I have sent for him, sir."

Roland pressed my hand, and was again silent. Then he began to mutter, as I thought, incoherently, about "the Peninsular and obeying orders; and how some officer woke Lord Wellesley at night, and said that something or other (I could not catch what—the phrase was technical and military) was impossible; and how Lord Wellesley asked 'Where's the order-book?' and looking into the order-book, said, 'Not at all impossible, for it is in the order-book;' and so Lord Wellesley turned round and went to sleep again." Then suddenly Roland half rose, and said in a voice clear and firm, "But Lord Wellesley, though a great captain, was a fallible man, sir, and the order-book was his own mortal handiwork.—Get me the Bible!"

Oh Roland, Roland! and I had feared that thy mind was wandering!

So I went down and borrowed a Bible in large characters, and placed it on the bed before him, opening the shutters, and letting in God's day upon God's word.

I had just done this, when there was a slight knock at the door. I opened it, and Lord Castleton stood

without. He asked me, in a whisper, if he might see my uncle. I drew him in gently, and pointed to the soldier of life "learning what was not impossible" from the unerring Order-Book.

Lord Castleton gazed with a changing countenance, and, without disturbing my uncle, stole back. I followed him, and gently closed the door.

"You must save his son," he said in a faltering voice—"you must; and tell me how to help you. That sight!—no sermon ever touched me more. Now come down, and receive Lady Ellinor's thanks. We are going. She wants me to tell my own tale to my old friend, Mrs. Grundy: so I go with them. Come."

On entering the sitting-room, Lady Ellinor came up, and fairly embraced me. I need not repeat her thanks, still less the praises, which fell cold and hollow on my ear. My gaze rested on Fanny where she stood apart—her eyes, heavy with fresh tears, bent on the ground. And the sense of all her charms—the memory of the tender, exquisite kindness she had shown to the stricken father; the generous pardon she had extended to the criminal son; the looks she had bent upon me on that memorable night—looks that had spoken such trust in my presence—the moment in which she had clung to me for protection, and her breath been warm upon my cheek,—all these rushed over me; and I felt that the struggle of months was undone—that I had never loved her as I loved her then—when I saw her but to lose her evermore! And then, there came for the first, and, I now rejoice to think, for the only time, a bitter, ungrateful accusation against the cruelty of fortune and the disparities of life. What was it that set our two hearts eternally apart, and made hope impossible? Not nature, but the fortune that gives a second nature to the world. Ah, could I then think that it is in that second nature that the soul is ordained to seek its trials, and that the elements of human virtue find their harmonious place! What I answered I know not. Neither know I how long I stood there listening to sounds which seemed to have no meaning, till there came other sounds which

indeed woke my sense, and made my blood run cold to hear,—the tramp of the horses, the grating of the wheels, the voice at the door that said "All was ready."

Then Fanny lifted her eyes, and they met mine; and then involuntarily and hastily she moved a few steps towards me, and I clasped my right hand to my heart, as if to still its beating, and remained still. Lord Castleton had watched us both. I felt that watch was upon us, though I had till then shunned his looks; now, as I turned my eyes from Fanny's, that look came full upon me—soft, compassionate, benignant. Suddenly, and with an unutterable expression of nobleness, the marquis turned to Lady Ellinor, and said—"Pardon me for telling you an old story. A friend of mine—a man of my own years, had the temerity to hope that he might one day or other win the affections of a lady young enough to be his daughter, and whom circumstances and his own heart led him to prefer from all her sex. My friend had many rivals; and you will not wonder—for you have seen the lady. Among them was a young gentleman, who for months had been an inmate of the same house—(Hush, Lady Ellinor! you will hear me out; the interest of my story is to come)—who respected the sanctity of the house he had entered, and left it when he felt he loved—for he was poor, and the lady rich. Some time after, this gentleman saved the lady from a great danger, and was then on the eve of leaving England—(Hush! again—hush!) My friend was present when these two young persons met, before the probable absence of many years, and so was the mother of the lady to whose hand he still hoped one day to aspire. He saw that his young rival wished to say, 'Farewell!' and without a witness: that farewell was all that his honour and his reason could suffer him to say. My friend saw that the lady felt the natural gratitude for a great service, and the natural pity for a generous and unfortunate affection; for so, Lady Ellinor, he only interpreted the sob that reached his ear! What think you my friend did? Your high mind at once conjectures. He said to himself—'If I am ever

to be blest with the heart which, in spite of disparity of years, I yet hope to win, let me show how entire is the trust that I place in its integrity and innocence: let the romance of first youth be closed—the farewell of pure hearts be spoken—unimbittered by the idle jealousies of one mean suspicion.' With that thought, which *you*, Lady Ellinor, will never stoop to blame, he placed his hand on that of the noble mother, drew her gently towards the door, and, calmly confident of the result, left these two young natures to the unwitnessed impulse of maiden honour and manly duty."

All this was said and done with a grace and earnestness that thrilled the listeners: word and action suited each to each with so inimitable a harmony, that the spell was not broken till the voice ceased and the door closed.

That mournful bliss for which I had so pined was vouchsafed: I was alone with her to whom, indeed, honour and reason forbade me to say more than the last farewell.

It was some time before we recovered—before we *felt* that we were alone.

O ye moments! that I can now recall with so little sadness in the mel-low and sweet remembrance, rest ever holy and undisclosed in the solemn recesses of the heart. Yes!—whatever confession of weakness was interchanged, we were not unworthy of the trust that permitted the mournful consolation of the parting. No trite love-tale—with vows not to be fulfilled, and 'hopes that the future must belie—mocked the realities of the life that lay before us. Yet on the confines of the dream, we saw the day rising cold upon the world: and if—children as we wellnigh were—we shrunk somewhat from the light, we did not blaspheme the sun, and cry "There is darkness in the dawn!"

All that we attempted was to comfort and strengthen each other for that which must be: not seeking to conceal the grief we felt, but promising, with simple faith, to struggle against the grief. If vow were pledged between us—that was the vow—each for the other's sake would strive to enjoy the blessings Heaven left us still. Well may I say that we were children! I know not, in the broken words that passed between us, in the sorrowful hearts which those words revealed—I know not if there were that which they who own, in human passion, but the storm and the whirlwind, would call the love of maturer years—the love that gives fire to the song, and tragedy to the stage; but I know that there was neither a word nor a thought which made the sorrow of the children a rebellion to the heavenly Father.

And again the door unclosed, and Fanny walked with a firm step to her mother's side, and, pausing there, extended her hand to me, and said, as I bent over it, "Heaven WILL be with you!"

A word from Lady Ellinor; a frank smile from him—the rival; one last, last glance from the soft eyes of Fanny, and then solitude rushed upon me—rushed, as something visible, palpable, overpowering. I felt it in the glare of the sunbeam—I heard it in the breath of the air: like a ghost it rose there—where *she* had filled the space with her presence but a moment before? A something seemed gone from the universe for ever; a change like that of death passed through my being; and when I woke to feel that my being lived again, I knew that it was my youth and its poet-land that were no more, and that I had passed with an unconscious step, which never could retrace its way, into the hard world of laborious man!

THE GAME LAWS IN SCOTLAND.

THOSE who have been accustomed to watch the tactics of the Manchester party cannot have overlooked or forgotten the significant coincidence, in point of time, between Mr. Bright's attack on the Game Laws, and the last grand assault upon the barrier which formerly protected British agriculture. That wily lover of peace among all orders of men saw how much it would assist the ultimate designs of his party to excite distrust and enmity between the two great divisions of the protectionist garrison—the owners and the cultivators of land; and the anti-game-law demonstration was planned for that purpose. The manœuvre was rendered useless by the sudden and unconditional surrender of the fortress by that leader, whose system of defence has ever been, as Capestigue says—"céder incessamment." It is impossible, however, to disguise the true source of the sudden sympathy for the farmers' grievances, which in 1845 and 1846 yearned in the compassionate bowels of the agrarian leaders, and led to the lengthened inquiries of Mr. Bright's committee.

But it seems we are not yet done with the game-law agitation. It is true the last rampart of protection is levelled to the ground; but the subjugation of the country interest to the potentates of the factory is not yet accomplished. The owners of the soil have not yet bowed low enough to the Baal of free trade; their influence is not altogether obliterated, nor their privileges sufficiently curtailed; and therefore Mr. Bright and the Anti-Game-Law Association have buckled on their armour once more, and the tenantry are again invited to join in the crusade against those who, they are assured, have always been their inveterate oppressors; and, to cut off as much as possible the remotest chance of an amicable settlement, it is proclaimed that no concession will be accepted—no proposal of adjustment listened to—short of the total and immediate abolition of every statute on the subject of game.

The truth is, that this branch of

the agitation trade is too valuable to be lost sight of by those who earn their bread or their popularity in that line of business. Hundreds of honest peasants, rotting in unwholesome gaols, their wives and children herded in thousands to the workhouse—hard-working tenants sequestered by a grasping and selfish aristocracy—these are all too fertile topics for the platform philanthropist to be risked by leaving open any door for conciliation; and therefore the terms demanded are such as it is well known cannot be accepted.

Our attention has been attracted to the doings of an association which has for its professed object the abolition of all game laws, and which has recently opened a new campaign in Scotland, under the leadership of the chief magistrate of Edinburgh, and one of the representatives of the city. Of course the construction of such societies is no longer a mystery to any one; and that under our notice appears to be got up on the most approved pattern, and with all the newest improvements. A staff of active officials directs its movements, and collects funds—lecturers, pamphleteers, newspaper editors are paid or propitiated. From the raw material of Mr. Bright's blue-books the most exaggerated statements and calculations of the most zealous witnesses are carefully picked out, and worked up into a picture, which is held up to a horrified public as a true representation of the condition of the rural districts; and the game laws become, in the hands of such artists, a monster pestilence, enough to have made the hair of Pharaoh himself to stand on end. It is not to be wondered at if some, who have not had the opportunity of investigating for themselves the effects of these laws, have been misled by the bold ingenuity of the professed fabricators of grievances; but it is a fact which we shall again have occasion to notice, that they have made but little impression on the tenant farmers. Of the few members of that class who have taken an active share in the agitation, we doubt if there is

one who could prove a loss from game on any year's crop to the value of a five-pound note.* The fact is, that while no one will deny the existence of individual cases of hardship from the operation of the game laws, you will hear comparatively little about them among those who are represented as groaning under their intolerable burden. If you would learn the weight of the grievance, you must go to the burghs and town-councils; and there—among small grocers and dissenting clergymen, who would be puzzled to distinguish a pheasant from a bird-of-paradise—you will be made acquainted with the extent of the desolation of these "fearful wildfowl:" from them you will learn the true shape and dimensions of "the game-law incubus," which, as one orator of the tribe tells us, "is gradually changing the surface of this once fertile land into a desert."

But while we are willing to allow for a certain leaven of misled sincerity among the supporters of this association, it is evident that, among its most active and influential leaders, the relief of the farmer or the relaxation of penal laws is not the real object. We shall show from their own writings and speeches the most convincing proof that they contemplate far more extensive and fundamental changes than the mere abolition of the game laws. There is not, indeed, much congruity or system in the opinions which we shall have to quote; but in one point it will be seen that they all concur—a vindictive hostility to the possessors of land, and an eager desire to abridge or destroy the advantages attached, or supposed to be attached, to that description of property. Thus the system of entails—the freedom of real property from legacy and probate duty—the landlord's preferable lien for the rent of his land, figure in the debates of the abolitionist orators, along with other topics equally relevant to the game laws, as oppressive burdens on the industry of the coun-

try. The system of the tenure of land, also, is pronounced to be a crying injustice; and one gentleman modestly insists on the necessity of a law for compelling the landlord to make payment to his tenant at the expiry of every lease for any increase in the value of the farm during his occupation. The author of an "Essay on the Evils of Game-Laws," which the association rewarded with their highest premium, and which, therefore, we are fairly entitled to take as an authorized exposition of their sentiments, thus enlarges on "the withering and ruinous thralldom" to which the farmers are subjected by a system of partial legislation.

"No individual," he complains, "of this trade, has ever risen to importance and dignity in the state. While merchants of every other class, lawyers, and professional men of every other class, have often reached the highest honours which the crown has to bestow, no farmer has ever yet attained even to a seat in the legislature, or to any civic title of distinction; uncertain as the trade is naturally, and harassed and weighed down by those sad enactments the game laws, to be enrolled among the class of farmers is now tantamount to saying, that you belong to a caste which is for ever excluded from the rewards of fair and honourable ambition."—(Mr. Cheine Shepherd's *Essay*. Edinburgh, 1847.)

The association of the game laws with the scorn which "patient merit of the unworthy takes," is at least ingenious. We confess, with Mr. Cheine Shepherd, that the aspect of the times is woefully discouraging to any hope that a coronet, "or even the lowest order of knighthood," will in our days become the usual reward for skill

"In small-boned lambs, the horse-hoe, or the drill."

We cannot flatter him with the prospect of becoming a Cincinnatus; or that we shall live to see the time when muck shall make marquises as well as money; and perhaps the best ad-

* "The game agitators are individuals who suffer a little, and see their brethren suffering more, and who have their feelings annoyed; and those who are not hurt at all by game, but will strike at any public wrong."—*Speech of Mr. Munro, one of the Council of the Association.*

vice, under the circumstances, we can tender him, is that which the old oracle gave to certain unhappy *shepherds* in Virgil's time—

"Pascite, ut ante, boves, pueri—submittite tauros."

Absurd, however, as the complaint of this ambitious Damon appears, it indicates at least the extent of change which he and his patrons of the association think they may justly demand. It is not, then, redress of game-law grievances they aim at, but an indefinite change in the social and political system of the country. If any one doubts this, let him read the following extract from the address of Mr. Wilson of Glassmount:—

"Much *organic change* must, however, precede the reforms for which they were now agitating. *The suffrage must be extended*,—(applause)—and, above all, the voters must be protected in the exercises of their functions by the ballot; for, in a country where so great a disparity existed between the social condition of the electoral body, parliamentary election, as now conducted under a system of open voting, was only a delusion and a mockery."—(*Caledonian Mercury*, Feb. 12, 1849.)

From such an authority we cannot expect much amity towards the aristocracy, who, he says, "it is notorious, are, in point of political, scientific, and general knowledge, far behind those employed in commerce and manufactures."* He compares the present state of Britain with "the condition of France anterior to her first revolution, when the ancient *noblesse* possessed the same exclusive privileges which are still enjoyed by the aristocracy of this country—and, among the rest, a *game law*, which was administered with so much severity, that it is admitted on all hands to have been the chief cause of that convulsion which shook Europe to its centre."†

France and its institutions form a subject of constant eulogy to this gentleman, whose speeches show him to be by far the ablest, and, at the

same time, the most straightforward of the League lecturers. He admonishes our landed proprietors to visit that country. "In the social condition of that country they would see the results of the abolition of those class privileges and distinctions which their order are still permitted to enjoy in England; and they would there find a widespread comfort in all the rural districts, which has been produced by the subdivision of property, and which is nowhere to be found in this country, where game laws, and laws of entail and primogeniture, are maintained for the exclusive amusement and aggrandisement," &c.‡

We are willing to believe that Mr. Wilson of Glassmount has never himself visited the country whose condition he longs to see resembled here; and that it is simply from ignorance that he eulogises the agricultural prosperity of a land where five bushels of wheat is the average yield of an imperial acre—where, in two generations, the lauded system of the Code Napoleon has produced five and a-half millions of proprietors, the half of whom have revenues not exceeding £2 a-year, and whom the greatest statist of France describes as "*propriétaires républicains et affamés*." Our object, however, is not to reason with adversaries of this stamp, but simply to show, from their own words, the nature of the reforms they contemplate, under cover of a design to ameliorate the game laws. It may be said, indeed, that such indiscreet avowals of the more zealous members of the Anti-Game-Law Association cannot be fairly ascribed to its leaders. But though their language is, of course, more wary, it were easy to select from their orations even equally strong proofs of that bitter hostility to the landed interest, which prompts Mr. Bright himself to cheer on his followers with the announcement that the people are ready to throw off "the burdens imposed on them by an aristocracy who oppress, grind them down, and scourge them;" and "that the time is now come to teach the pro-

* *Lecture on the Game Laws*, by R. Wilson, &c., March 22, 1848.

† *Ibid.*

‡ *Ibid.*

prietors of the soil the limits of their rights."*

A reference to the proceedings of the anti-game-law leaders will show that the specimens we have given are only fair samples of the factious spirit—the querulous, yet bullying and vindictive tone, in which they have conducted this controversy. No one can seriously believe that a hostility, directed not against these laws in particular, but against the whole social and political system of our country, can be founded on a wise and deliberate review of the effects of the statutes in question. Discontent with things in general is a disease which admits of no remedy, and which any ordinary treatment, by argument or concession, would only aggravate.

There are many, however, of more moderate views, who are interested in knowing to what extent the complaints they have heard are founded on reason, and are capable of redress. We purpose, for the present, to limit our remarks principally to the operation of the Scotch law upon game, both because agitation on this subject has recently been most active on this side of the Tweed, and because we think the important differences in the game laws of England and Scotland have not been sufficiently attended to, and have given rise to much popular misapprehension.

All the abolition orators begin by telling us that game laws are a remnant of the feudal system—that they originated in the tyranny and oppression of the middle ages, and are, therefore, wholly unsuited to our improved state of society. Such an origin, of course, condemns them at once; for, in the popular mind, feudal law is somehow synonymous with slavery, rape, robbery, and all that is damnable. The truth is, however, that the game law of Scotland has no more connexion with the feudal law than with the code of Lycurgus. Even as regards England, there is good ground for questioning Blackstone's doctrine that the right to pursue and kill game is, in all cases, trace-

able to, and derived from, the crown. But in Scotland, at all events, there never existed any such exclusive system of forest laws as that which grew up under the Norman kings, and which King John was finally compelled to renounce. The broad and liberal principle out of which the Scotch game law has grown, is the maxim of the civil law—*quod nullius est occupanti conceditur*—that any one may lawfully appropriate and enjoy whatever belongs to no one else—a maxim which must necessarily form the fountainhead of all property. All wild animals, therefore, may be seized by any one, and the law will defend his possession of them. But out of this very principle itself there naturally springs a most important restriction of the common privilege of pursuing game; for the possessor of land, as well as the possessor of game, must be protected in the exclusive enjoyment of what (though originally *res nullius*) he has made his own by occupation or otherwise. It is evident, then, that the contingent right of the hunter to the animals he may succeed in seizing, can be exercised to its full extent only in an unoccupied and uncultivated country; and must give way, wherever the soil has become the subject of property, to the prior and perfect right of the landowner. Accordingly, we find that in the Roman law the affirmation of the common right to hunt wild animals is coupled with this important restriction, under the very same title—“*Qui alienum fundum ingreditur, venandi aut aucupandi gratia, potest a domino prohiberi ne ingrediatur*,” and, notwithstanding the perplexed and anomalous nature of the tenure of land among the Romans, we find everywhere traces of a strict law of trespass, from the Twelve Tables down to Justinian. And in this the civil law was followed by that of Scotland. Subject to this inevitable restriction, and to a few regulative enactments of less importance, the privilege continued open to all, without distinction, up to the year 1621.† About this time the tenor

* Address in Mr. Welford's *Influences of the Game Laws*.

† The statute of 1600, prohibiting hunting and hawking to those who had not “the revenues requisit in sik pastimes,” is plainly one of a sumptuary tenor, and not properly a game law.

of the statutes shows that game of all kinds had become exceedingly scarce; and it was probably with a view of preventing its extirpation, as well as of discouraging trespass, which, from the increase of the population, had increased in frequency, that, in the above-mentioned year, an act was introduced which was, without doubt, a decided violation of the principle on which the system was originally founded. The act 1621 prohibited every one from hunting or hawking who had not "a plough of land in heritage;" and subsequent statutes extended this prohibition to the sale and purchase, and even to the possession of game, by persons not thus qualified. This, we repeat, was a direct departure from the leading maxim of the law, as it stood previously; and we can see no reason whatever for now retaining it on the statute-book. It is notorious, however, that, practically, these statutes have now fallen into desuetude, and that the mere want of the heritable qualification has not, for a long period, been made a ground for prosecution. In fact, the privilege is open to any one provided with the landlord's permission, and who has paid the tax demanded by the Exchequer, though he may not possess a foot of land. When, then, we find the orators of Edinburgh complaining of the harsh and intolerable operation of the qualification statutes, it affords the most complete evidence either of their utter ignorance of the actual state of the law, or of the weakness of a cause that needs such disingenuous advocacy.

The fiscal license, which was first required by the act 24th Geo. III. c. 43, cannot be justly regarded in the light of an infraction of the general principle of the Scotch law. Its direct object is not the limitation of the right of hunting, but the maintenance of the public revenue; and it will be readily admitted by all reasonable men that, on the one hand, there cannot be a less objectionable source of taxation than the privilege in question, and, on the other, that the duty is not excessive, when we find above 60,000 persons in Great Britain voluntarily subjecting themselves to it every year.

The two other principal enactments

regarding the pursuit of game in Scotland, commonly known as the Night and the Day Trespass Act, 9 Geo. IV. c. 69, and 2 and 3 Will. IV. c. 68, cannot here be criticised in detail. Their provisions contain one or two anomalies which we shall have occasion to notice below, in suggesting some practicable amendments on the present law. But as to their general spirit, we venture to affirm that they are most legitimate developments of the general principle above stated. In every class of injuries to the rights of others, there are some species of the offence which, from their frequency, or from their being difficult to detect, must necessarily be prevented by more stringent prohibitions than those attached to the genus in general; and in the same way that orchards for example, timber, salmon fisheries, and many other subjects are protected by special penalties, so has it been found requisite to amplify the common law of trespass, in its application to that particular manner of trespass which is confessedly the most frequent and annoying. If the penalties are unnecessarily stringent, let them by all means be modified; but their severity, in comparison with the punishment of ordinary trespass, is not inconsistent with justice, or the principles of wise legislation.

We have adverted, in this hasty sketch, only to the prominent features and growth of the law of Scotland; but a more detailed comparison with that of England and other countries of Europe, especially when recent statutes and decisions are taken into view, will fully justify the opinion of Hutcheson and other well qualified judges, that it is "the most liberal and enlightened of all laws as to game." It recognises, of course, no such thing as *property* in game more than in any other animals of a wild nature. The proprietor of a manor has no right to the pheasant he has fed until he shall have actually brought it to bag, or at least disabled it from escaping; and the right which he then first acquires is quite independent of his ownership of the land.

To many the distinction thus created, by considering all game as wild animals, appears too theoretical; and

no doubt it is a question for zoologists rather than for lawyers to decide, whether there really be in animals any such permanent and invariable character as to justify such a universal distinction. There is the strongest presumption that all our domesticated animals were at one time *fera*; and it is rather a difficult task to show reason for considering some classes as "*indomitables*," when we see the reindeer, of a tribe naturally the most shy of man, living in the hut of his Lapland master—and when we recollect that among birds, the duck, turkey, and peacock, with us the most civilised and familiar of poultry, are elsewhere most indubitable *fera* at this very moment. It has been argued that the commoner kinds of game, under the system of rearing and feeding now so general, are scarcely more shy or migratory in their habits than those animals which the law contrasts with them as *mansuetæ*, and therefore regards as property: that even when straying in the fields, we may as reasonably impute to them the *animus revertendi*—the instinct of returning to their haunts and coverts, as to pigeons and bees which the law for this reason retains under its protection, though abroad from their cots or hives: that the common objection as to the difficulty of identifying game, is one which applies as strongly to many other subjects recognised as vested in an owner; and finally, that, being now in reality valuable articles of commerce, these classes of animals should cease to be viewed as incapable of becoming property. It is difficult to gainsay the premises on which this proposal is built: and if we look to analogy, it cannot be doubted that the invariable tendency of civilisation is towards the restriction of the category of *res nullius*, and by art and culture to subject all products of the earth to the use, and consequently to the possession of man. But, apart from this speculative view of the subject—it seems to us that, while common opinion is unprepared for so fundamental a change in the law of Scotland, the alteration proposed would not in practice improve the position of any of those classes who are affected by the operation of the present game

laws, nor materially obviate any of the bad effects usually ascribed to them.

But it is time now to turn to those alleged evils, and to form some judgment as to whether they are in reality so weighty and numerous, that nothing short of the total abolition of the game laws can effectually check them. The abrogation of a law is no doubt an easy way of overcoming the difficulty of amending it—in the same way that the expedient of wearing no breeches will unquestionably save you the cost of patching them; and as a device for diminishing game-law offences, the total repeal of all game laws is perhaps as simple and efficacious a recipe as could well be conceived. But let us first inquire into the existence of the disease, before we resort to so summary a remedy.

There are three distinct parties who are said to be injured by the operation of these laws—*The community* at large suffer chiefly by being deprived, it is alleged, of a very large proportion of the produce of the soil, which, if not consumed by game, would go to increase the stock of human food—*The poacher* has to bear the double injustice of a law which first makes the temptation, and then punishes the transgression—*The farmer* finds, in the protection given to game, a source of constant annoyance, loss, and disappointment. We shall take these complainants in their order.

The public, (we are told by the enlightened commercial gentleman who represents the metropolis of Scotland,) the public have a right to see that none of the means for maintaining human life are wasted—a great popular principle popularly and broadly stated. It is possible, however, that Mr. Cowan may not have contemplated all the admirable results of his principle. He may, perchance, not have seen that it sweeps away, not only every hare and pheasant, but every animal whatever that cannot be eaten or turned to profit in the ledger. His carriage horses eat as much as would maintain six poor paper-makers and their families; the keep of his children's poney would board and educate four orphans at the Ragged Schools. But we are not yet done

with him; for he cannot stick his fork into that tempting fowl before him until he can satisfy us, the public, that the grain it has consumed would not have been more profitably applied in fattening sheep or cattle. And what, pray, is that array of plate on the *buffet* behind him but so much capital held back from the creation of employment and food for that starving population, which he assures us (though every one but himself knows it is nonsense) is increasing at the rate of 1000 per diem! Political economy of this quality may do very well for the Edinburgh Chamber of Commerce; but we really hope, for the credit of the city he represents, that he will not expose himself on any other stage, nor consider it a necessary part of his duties as a legislator, to prescribe the precise manner in which corn shall or shall not be used.

The supposed amount of destruction by game of cereal and other produce, has afforded a fine field for the more erudite of the game law opponents. Mr. Gayford's celebrated calculation, that three hares eat as much as a full-grown sheep, is generally assumed as the infallible basis of their estimates, and the most astounding results are evolved from it.* Mr. Charles Stevenson thinks the destruction cannot be less than two bushels per acre over the whole kingdom, representing a total of *two hundred thousand quarters*. "*If it be the case,*" says Mr. Chiene Shepherd, with a modest hesitation—"if it be the case, that throughout this empire the farmers, in general, suffer more loss from game than they pay in the form of poor's tax (*and I suppose it cannot be doubted that they do so*—that in most parts they suffer *more than double* the amount of their poor-rates,) then it follows, of course, that there is more destruction from game than would

make up the sum collected from poor-rates from the whole lands of the empire."† Double the amount of poor-rates paid by land may be taken roughly at some £9,000,000. But there are others who think even this too low an estimate, and throw into the scale (a million out or in is of no importance) the county rate, highway rate, and all the other direct burdens on land put together! Let us carry on the line of calculation a step further: if game animals *alone* consume all this, and if we allow a fair proportion of voracity to the minor, but more numerous *fera*—rats, mice, rooks, wood-pigeons, &c.—it is clear as daylight that it is a mere delusion to think that a single quarter of wheat can, by any possibility, escape the universal devastation. There is no lunatic so incurable as your rampant arithmetician; and the only delusion that could stand a comparison with the above would be the attempt to reason such men out of their absurdities.

But the actual waste of grain is not, it seems, the only way in which the public suffers. The annual cost to the community of prosecutions under the game acts is an enormous and annually increasing burden. This is proved, of course, by the same system of statistics run mad as that of which we have just given some specimens. The game convictions in the county of Bedford, it is discovered, were, in the year 1843, 36 per cent. of the total *male* summary convictions; and the lovers of the marvellous, who listen to such statements, are quietly left to infer, not only that this is usually the case in Bedfordshire, but that a similar state of things prevails throughout England and Scotland also. They are sagacious enough, however, never to refer to general results. They carefully avoid any mention of

* It is right to mention, that there is some discrepancy in the estimates of Mr. Bright's authorities on this point, of whom Mr. Gayford is comparatively moderate; for we have others who, (upon, no doubt, equally sound data,) think two hares is the proper equivalent; and Mr. Back of Norfolk is convinced that *one hare is worse* than a sheep; in other words, that one hare will eat up a statute acre. On the other hand, Mr. Berkeley weighed the *full* stomachs of a large hare, and an average Southdown sheep, and found them as one to fifty-five. So that, if the accounts of Mr. Gayford and his *confrères* are right, we have arrived at a law in physiological science equally new and surprising—that the digestive powers of animals increase in a compound inverse ratio to the capacity of the digestive organs!

† *Scotsman*, February 12, 1848.

the fact, (which, however, any one may learn for himself, by referring to Mr. Phillipps' tables,) that the average of the game convictions during the five years these tables include, was, for *all England*, not 36, but a fraction over 6 per cent. of the whole. Now, let us see how the case stands in Scotland. We have observed that our northern orators always draw their illustrations from the south of the Tweed; and we have, therefore, looked with some curiosity into the records of our Scotch county courts, as affording some test of the real extent of the grievance in this part of the empire. Unfortunately these records are not preserved in a tabular form by all the counties; but we have been favoured with returns from five of the most important on the east coast, which we selected as being those in which the preservation of game is notoriously carried to the greatest extent. An abstract of these returns will be found below,* and will suffice to show how false, in regard to Scotland, is the assertion that game prosecutions are alarmingly numerous; while every one knows that the expense is borne, not by the public, but by the private party, except in very

rare and aggravated cases. From these it appears that the whole number of game cases tried, or reported to the authorities, in these five counties, during the years 1846 and 1847, was one hundred and forty-four, being about 2.5 per cent. of the whole. Fifeshire (which was selected to be shown up before Mr. Bright's committee as an abyss of game-law abuses) had, in 1848, out of eight hundred and thirty offences, only *three* under the game acts. As to the alleged progressive *increase* of such cases, the subjoined table of the numbers for the five years preceding 1848† proves that, whether it be true or not as respects isolated districts of England, that the number of game-law trials is every year becoming a heavier burden on the public, it certainly is not true in four of the largest and most *game-keeping* counties of Scotland.

We have now to make a remark or two on the plea set up on behalf of the poacher against the present game laws. What is it that makes a man become a poacher? "Temptation," says Mr. Bright, "and temptation only. How can you expect that the poor but honest labourer, who, on his way home from his daily toil, sees hares and

Counties.	1846.		1847.		Per cent. (both years.)
	Total cases.	Game cases.	Total cases.	Game cases.	
Aberdeen,	683	2	800	5	0.4
Berwick,	817	10	342	16	3.9
Edinburgh,	336	12	475	14	3.2
Haddington,	456	33	572	33	6.4
Fife,	862	18	819	6	1.1
Total,	2654	70	3008	74	2.5

Compare these facts with the preposterous statements which the latest orator of the league, Mr. M. Crichton, has been repeating to listening zanies at Greenock, Glasgow, and Edinburgh, that "the commitments arising from game laws amount to *ONE-FOURTH* of the whole crime of the country."

† Return of game-law offences during the years 1843-7.

Counties.	1843.	1844.	1845.	1846.	1847.
Berwick,	14	8	14	10	16
Edinburgh,	41	48	21	12	14
Glasgow,	35	55	23	33	38
Haddington,	30	25	19	13	6
Total,	120	136	77	68	69

pheasants swarming round his path, should abstain from eking out his scanty meal with one of those wild animals, which, though on your land, are no more yours than his? The idea would never have occurred to him, if he had not seen the pheasants; and if there had been no game laws, he would have remained an upright and useful member of society." Such, we believe, is the beau-ideal of the poacher, as we find it in abolitionist speeches, and in popular afterpieces at the theatre. He is, of course, always poor, but virtuous,—

"A friendless man, at whose dejected eye
Th' unfeeling proud one looks, and passes by."

We shall not quarrel, however, with the fidelity of this fancy sketch; but we may be allowed to doubt whether any large proportion of those who incur penalties for game trespass have been led into temptation by the mere abundance of game in large preserves. Men of plain sense will think it just as fair to ascribe the frequency of larceny to the abundance of bandanas which old gentlemen *will* keep dangling from their pockets while pursuing their studies at print-shop windows. The evidence taken by the committee seems rather to show that the poacher's trade thrives best where there is what is called "a fair sprinkling" of ill-watched game, than where he has to encounter a staff of vigilant and well-trained keepers. But what though the case were otherwise? Suppose the existence of the temptation to be admitted, is it to be seriously argued that the province of legislation is not to prohibit offence, but to remove all temptation from the offenders? not to protect men in the enjoyment of their rights, but to abridge or annihilate those rights, that they may not be invaded by others? This, we affirm, is the principle when reduced to simple terms; and startling enough it is to those who have been accustomed to think that the proper tendency of laws and civilisation is in precisely the opposite direction. What although a breach of these laws may sometimes be the commencement of a course of crime, are there no other temptations which open the road to the hulks, or the penitentiary? If the magistrates of our towns, who so vehemently

denounce the danger of the game laws, are sincere in their search after the sources of crime, and in their efforts to repress them, we can help their inquiries—we can show them at their own doors, and swarming in every street, temptations to debauchery, which have made a hundred crimes for every one that can be traced to game laws,—and yet we cannot perceive that the zeal of our civic reformers has been very strenuously directed to discourage or to diminish the numbers of these dens of dissipation. We can refer them to the reports of our gaol chaplains for proof that three out of every four prisoners are ignorant of the simplest rudiments of education; and yet a praiseworthy attempt lately made in our metropolis to promote instruction by means of apprentice schools, was not favoured with the countenance of our chief magistrate, because he happened to be engaged in the more philanthropic duty of presiding at a meeting for condemning the game laws!

If we are called upon to assign a reason for the frequency of poaching, we should attribute it neither to the mere superabundance of game by itself, nor yet to the pressure of poverty, but very much to the same sort of temptation that encourages the common thief to filch a watch or a handkerchief—namely, the facility of disposing of his spoil. Well-stocked covers may present opportunities to the poacher for turning his craft to account, but it is plain the practice would be comparatively rare if he did not know that at the bar of the next alehouse he can barter his sackful of booty either for beer or ready coin, and no questions asked. Every village of 1000 or 1500 inhabitants offers a market for his wares, and any surplus in the hands of the country dealer can be transferred in eighteen hours to the London poulterer's window. There cannot be a doubt that the consumption of game has increased enormously since the beginning of this century. It was formerly unknown at the tables of men of moderate means, except when haply it came as an occasional remembrance from some country relation, or grateful M.P. Now-a-days the spouse of any third-rate attorney or thriving tradesman would consider

her housekeeping disgraced for ever, if she failed to present the expected pheasant or brace of moorfowl "when the goodman feasts his friends." And even if we descend to the artisans and operatives of our large towns, it will be found that hares and rabbits form a wholesome and by no means unusual variation of their daily fare. We have the evidence of one of the great Leadenhall game dealers, that in the month of November hares are sent up to London in such quantities, that they are often enabled to sell them at 9d., and even at 6d. each. The average weight of a hare may be taken at about 8 lb.; and if we deduct one-half for the skin, &c., there will remain 4 lb. of nutritious food, which, even at 2s., is cheaper than beef or mutton; while the occasional change cannot but be both agreeable and beneficial to those who have so limited a choice of food within reach of their means. Some idea may be formed of the vast quantity of game brought into London, from the statements of Mr. Brooke, who buys £10,000 worth of game during the course of the winter; and there are ten other great salesmen in Leadenhall market alone. If we make allowance for the supplies sent directly to the smaller poulterers, for the consumption in the other great towns throughout the kingdom, and for the probably still larger quantity that never comes into market at all, it is impossible to deny that game has now become an important part of the food of the people, and that, as an article of commerce, it deserves the attention of the legislature. Any attempt to check the production and sale of a commodity for which there is so general a demand, must prove both useless and mischievous. It is in vain to proscribe it as an expensive luxury, and insist on the substitution of less costly fare. It may be true, for anything we know, that the grain or provender consumed by the 164,000 head of game, which Mr. Brooke disposed of in six months, might have produced a greater weight of bullocks or Leicester widders, (though this is extremely unlikely, for the simple reason that grain, grass, and green crops form only a *part* of the food of

any of the game species); but, whether true or not, it is useless to prevent the rearing of game by any sort of sumptuary enactment, direct or indirect. The proper course of legislation is very plain. While compensation should be made exigible for all damage from excess of game, and new statutory provision made for this purpose, if the present law is insufficient—fair encouragement should at the same time be given for the production, in a legitimate way, of what is required for the use of the public. Facilities should be afforded to the honest dealer for conducting his trade without risk or disguise, and the useless remnant of the qualification law in Scotland should be abolished. Measures of this nature, by turning the constant demand for game into proper channels, will prove the most effectual discouragement to the occupation of the poacher, and to the reckless and irregular habits of life which it generally induces.

A very opposite result, we are persuaded, would follow from the adoption of Mr. Bright's quack recipe for putting an end to the practice of poaching. By what indirect influence is the abolition of the game laws expected to produce this effect? If, indeed, along with the game laws, you sweep away also the law of common trespass—if you proclaim, in the nineteenth century, a return to the habits of the golden age, when, as Tibullus tells us—

"Nullus erat custos, nulla exclusura volentes
Janus;"

and if you authorize the populace at large to traverse every park and enclosure, at all hours and seasons, and in any numbers and any manner they please, then we can understand that a few months probably of rustic riot and license may settle the question by the extermination of the whole game species. But we have not yet met any game-law reformer so rabid as to propose putting an end to the penalties on ordinary trespass; on the contrary, we find most of them, (Sir Harry Verney and Mr. Pusey among the number,)* anticipating the necessity of arming the law with much

* Evidence, Part i. 1414; ii. 7647, 7651.

stronger powers for preventing common trespasses. And even without such additional powers, will not the trespass law as it stands be employed by proprietors to prevent interference with their sports? Is it supposed that the abolition of the game statutes will at once prevent the owners of great manors from rearing pheasants in their own covers? It may indeed drive them to do so at a greater expense, and to enlist additional watchers; but it is not likely that keen game preservers will not avail themselves of such defences as the common law may still leave them. Game then, we contend, may be thinned by this plan, but it will not be exterminated. The consequence will be that its price will be enhanced; but as the demand will still continue, the trade of the poachers will remain as thriving as ever. He may have to work harder and to trudge farther before he can fill his wallet; but this will be compensated by the additional price; and if the present quantity of game is diminished by one-half, the consequence will be that his agents will be able to pay him five shillings a-head for his pheasants instead of five shillings a-brace. In short, we should anticipate, as the effects of abolishing the present statutes, that, while many of the less wealthy owners of land would be deterred by the expense from protecting game, and while the amusement (such as it is) would become greatly more exclusive than it is now, such a measure would not only fail to remove any of the inducements which tempt the idle peasant to take to the predatory life of a poacher, but would, in the outset at least, induce many to try it who never thought of it before.

We must now pass on to the considerations we have to offer on the situation of the tenant-farmer as to game; and the first question that suggests itself as to his case is this,—Whether the injury suffered by tenants be really so serious and extensive as is represented?

"There is no denying," says Mr. Shepherd, in his *Essay*, (p. 12.) "the notoriety of the fact that, in a great majority of instances, this excessive power of infringement on the property of the tenant through these

laws has been abused. It has been almost *universally abused*." Is this true as regards either England or Scotland? or is it merely one of those vague and reckless affirmations which a man writing for a purpose, and not for truth, is so apt to hazard, in disregard or defiance of the facts before him? One thing we do find to be notorious—that the committee's evidence of game abuses in Scotland was limited to *one solitary case*, that of the estate of Wemyss. And although we may very readily conceive that, with more time and exertion, the agents of the league might have ferreted out other instances, we may, nevertheless, be allowed to express our astonishment that, on the slender foundation of this single case, Mr. Bright should have ventured to ask his committee to find the general fact proved, that the prosperity of agriculture "*in many parts of Scotland as well as England, is greatly impaired by the preservation of game.*" We learn at least to estimate the value of the honourable gentleman's judgment, and the amount of proof which an abolitionist regards as demonstration. But the truth is, that the case of Scotland was not examined at all; and the *rejected* report of Mr. Bright and his associates bears on its face the most satisfactory evidence of their utter ignorance that the law on this side the Tweed is a perfectly different system from that of England.

Will any believe that if our Scotch farmers, "in a great majority of instances," found their property sacrificed, they would not have universally joined in demanding the interference of the legislature? But what is the fact? An examination of the reports on petitions during the last two sessions shows that there certainly have been petitions against the game laws, but that for every one emanating from an agricultural body there have been ten from town-councils. We have better evidence, however, than mere inference, for the general distrust with which the farmers have regarded this agitation; for we find the Leaguers themselves, one and all of them, lamenting that their disinterested exertions on behalf of the tenantry have been viewed by that body with the

most callous and ungrateful indifference. It is impossible to read without a smile Mr. Bright's Address to the Tenant-farmers (prefixed to Mr. Welford's Summary of the Evidence); and to mark the patient earnestness with which he entreats them to believe that they are groaning under manifold oppressions—and insists on "rousing them to a sense of what is due to themselves." But your tiller of the soil is ever hard to move. It is surprising that the obstinate fellow cannot be made to comprehend that he is the victim of a malady he has never felt—that he will persist in believing that if game were all he had to complain of, he might snap his fingers at Doctor Bright and his whole fraternity. The essayist of the Association can find no better reason to assign for what he calls "the wondrous and apparently patient silence of the tenantry under so exasperating an evil,"—than, forsooth, that they are too servile to speak out their true opinions. Such an explanation, at the expense of the body whom he pretends to represent, can only insure for him the merited scorn of all who have opportunities of knowing the general character of the spirited, educated, and upright men whom he ventures thus to calumniate. The most obvious way of accounting for their wondrous silence under oppression is also the true one—namely, that, as a general fact, the oppression is unknown. When an intelligent farmer looks round among his neighbours, and finds that for every acre damaged by game there are thousands untouched by it,—when he knows that there are not only whole parishes, but almost whole counties, in which he could not detect in the crops the slightest indication of game,—and further, that, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred in which a tenant really suffers injury, he is sure of prompt and ample compensation—it is not surprising that he looks upon the Association with suspicion, and refuses to support, by his name or his money, their system of stupendous exaggeration. If any one wishes to convince himself of the actual truth, we venture to suggest to him a simple test. Damage from game, to be appreciable at all, cannot well be less than a shilling an acre. Now, let any farmer sur-

vey in his mind the district with which he is best acquainted, and estimate on how much of it the tenants would give this additional rent, on condition of the game laws being abolished. An average-sized farm, in our best cultivated counties, may be taken at two hundred acres—how many of his brother farmers can he reckon up, who would consent to pay £10 a-year additional on these terms? A similar test, it may be mentioned, was offered to one of Mr. Bright's witnesses, (Evidence, i. 4938,) who had set down his annual damages from game at from £180 to £200, and who after successively declining to give £200, £100, and £75 a-year additional rent for leave to extirpate the game, thought, at last, he *might* give £50 a-year for that bargain.

But the question immediately before us is this: what remedy does the existing law of Scotland give a tenant in cases of real hardship from the preservation of game? In regard to this question, it is impossible to overlook the broad distinction between the cases of those who have expressly undertaken the burden of the game, and those whose leases contain no such covenant. The quasi-right of property in game recognised by the English law is, by Lord Althorpe's statute of 1832, vested in the *occupier* of land, when there is no express stipulation to the contrary. The reverse is virtually the case in Scotland—the landlord retains his right to kill game, unless he shall have agreed to surrender it to his tenant. In most cases, however, the landlord's right does not rest merely on the common law, but is expressly reserved to him in the lease. Now, when a tenant has deliberately become a party to such an express stipulation, and when the quantity of game (whether it be small or great) does not exceed, during the currency of the lease, what it was at his entry, on what conceivable plea of reason or justice can he ask the interference either of a court of law or of the legislature? To say with Mr. Bright and his coadjutors, that he seldom attends much to such minor articles in a lease—that he does not understand their effect—that in the competition for land he is glad to secure a farm on any conditions—all this is the

most childish trifling, and unworthy of a moment's serious notice. There is not a single sentence in any lease that may not be set aside on the very same grounds; and it agreements of this nature are to be cancelled on pretences so frivolous, there is an end to all faith and meaning in contracts between man and man.

But the tenant's case assumes a very different aspect when, by artificial means expressly contrived for the purpose, the game has been increased *subsequent* to his entry. Then, it is obvious, the burden is no longer the same which the tenant undertook. It is a state of things which he could not anticipate from the terms of his contract; and if the authority of the courts of law were unable to reach such a case, and to protect the tenant from what is in fact an infringement, on the part of the landlord, of their mutual agreement, it is difficult to imagine stronger grounds for insisting that the defect should be supplied by positive enactment. No such interference, however, is requisite. Our law courts not only possess the power of enforcing compensation for such injuries, but in the recent decision, in the case of *Wemyss and Others v. Wilson*, the supreme court has asserted and exercised that power in the most distinct and unqualified manner. "There is no instance," says Mr. Chiene Shepherd, writing before the date of the above-mentioned judgment, "in which our head court in Scotland—the Court of Session—has ever given a decision entitling a tenant to damages from a landlord for destruction of his crops by game." Now, supposing the fact as here stated, to be strictly correct, what inference, we ask, can common candour draw from it? Are we to conclude that the law of Scotland, or the bench that administers it, are so corrupt as to countenance such an insult to justice? No such express decision had then been given, simply because no such claim had ever been tried; and surely this very fact is in itself the strongest possible presumption against the alleged universal abuse of the power of preserving game—a presumption that a hardship which,

up to 1847, had never been made the ground of a formal appeal to the law tribunals, cannot be either very frequent or very severe. The statement, however, is not strictly correct; for, though no actual decree had been given on the special amount of damages before 1847, a very distinct, though incidental, opinion as to the liability of landlords in such cases was given in a case which occurred fifteen years ago—*Drysdale v. Jameson*. The principle of the law could not be more lucidly stated than in the words of the learned judge (Fullerton) on that occasion.

"A tenant, in taking a farm, must be considered as taking it under the burden of supporting the game, and may be presumed to have satisfied himself of the extent of that burden, as he is understood to do of any other unfavourable circumstance impairing the productiveness of the farm. But, on the other hand, it would seem contrary to principle that the landlord, who is bound to warrant the beneficial possession to the tenant, should be allowed, by his own act, to aggravate the burden in any great degree. A tenant, in order to support such a claim, must prove not only a certain visible damage arising from game, but a certain visible increase of the game, and a consequent alteration of the circumstances contemplated in the contract, imputable to the landlord. The true ground of damage seems to be, not that the game is abundant, but that its abundance has been materially increased since the date of the lease."*

Surely so clear an opinion, coming from such a quarter, was a pretty plain indication of the protection which the law would extend to a tenant in these circumstances; and, accordingly, it has been completely confirmed on every point by the more recent and comprehensive decision on Captain *Wemyss's* case. Any new steps on the part of a landlord for stimulating the natural supply of game, whether by feeding them, breeding them artificially, or by a systematic destruction of the vermin which naturally prey on them, will be held as indicating an intention on his part to depart from the terms of the contract, and as

* *Shaw*, ii. 147.

therefore opening a valid claim for any damage the tenant may experience in consequence of the change. And it is not only such direct and active measures for augmenting the stipulated burden that will be thus interpreted against the landlord; but even his doing so negatively—that is, his failing to exercise the power he retains in his own hands, and to keep down the burden to the same amount at which the tenant found it on his entry, will be held as equivalent to his positive act.

If, then, there ever was any ground for alleging that the state of the law was indefinite, the objection is now removed. No one can pretend to doubt that a tenant of land in Scotland has as ample a protection against injury from game as the law can give him. To prevent the injury beforehand is beyond the power of any law. All that it can do is to afford him as prompt and effectual means of redress as it furnishes against any other species of injury. In short, when its principle is weighed fairly, and when we take into consideration the relief from the fiscal qualification which Mr. Mackenzie's act of last session conferred on the farmers, we shall be able to estimate how far it is true that, "both in parliament and out of parliament, the interests and industry of tenants are systematically sacrificed to the maintenance of the odious privileges of more favoured classes."

We have followed out and exposed, perhaps at greater length than was necessary, the stock sophisms and more flagrant exaggerations by which the total abolition of game laws is usually supported. Some points are yet untouched; but we prefer employing the rest of our paper in briefly stating a few suggestions for the removal of some of these difficulties and anomalies in the Scotch law, which we set out with acknowledging. In judging of any such alterations, it is necessary never to lose sight of the leading principle on which the whole Scotch system is founded—namely, the original and common right to seize and appropriate the animals of chase, qualified and determined by the previous right of the landowner to the exclusive use of the soil.

1st. Keeping this in view, our first change would be the abolition of the

land-qualification introduced by the Act 1621; and this for the double reason that it was originally an unwarrantable departure from the general principle just mentioned, and that it is inexpedient to cumber the system with a law which is practically in desuetude.

2d. The effect of this alteration would be to remove also the useless and improper restriction on the sale of game. There can be no good reason for throwing difficulties in the way of the game-dealer's trade. As a check to poaching, we have abundant proof that the present restriction is inoperative; or, if it has any effect, it is directly the reverse of that intended by throwing the trade very much into the hands of a low class of retailers. Instead of requiring a qualification or permission, which is constantly evaded, we would substitute a game-dealer's license, as in England.

3d. The fifth section of the Day Trespass Act empowers the person having the right to kill game on any lands, or any person authorised by him, to seize game in the possession of a trespasser. This provision has sometimes given occasion to dangerous conflicts between the parties, and is, moreover, quite at variance with the principle of the law above noted.

4th. The next particular we shall mention is of more importance. The evidence of Mr. Bright's committee has, we think, fully disproved the charge against the county magistracy of England, of partiality and excessive severity in game cases. Exceptions no doubt were brought forward, but their paucity shows the contrary to be the rule. In Scotland there is still less ground for such an accusation. With us, such an occurrence as a justice adjudicating in his own case is unknown; and we find even the most violent of the abolition lecturers admitting that proceedings before the sessions under the game statutes are conducted with equity and leniency. But this is not enough. The parties who have to administer the law should be above all suspicion of bias or interest, even of the most indirect kind; and we should greatly prefer that game prosecutions were removed altogether, into the court of the judge-ordinary. Such an alteration, we are

sure, would be regarded generally by the benches of county magistrates as a most desirable relief from one of the most invidious and embarrassing duties they have to execute. But, as the law stands, they have no option—for offences under the Day Trespass Act are cognizable by them only. If, then, there be any valid reason against transferring the trial of all game offences to the sheriff court, (and at present we can see none) it is at all events most advisable that his jurisdiction should be extended to day as well as to night trespasses.

5th. Any revision of the law should embrace provisions against the accumulation of penalties; for although these are very rarely insisted on in Scotland, the power of enforcing them affords a pretext for declamations against the severity of the game law, which its opponents know well how to employ.

Besides these modifications of the statutes, it seems most desirable that in all leases the disposal of game should be regulated by special clauses, which should include a reference to arbitration in case of dispute.

DOMINIQUE.

[A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

TWO STUDENTS.

AT the lower extremity of that ancient street, long recognised as the head and centre of the *Pays Latin* or scholastic quarter of Paris, and which, for six centuries, has borne the name of the *Rue de la Harpe*, within a few doors of the bridge of *St. Michel*, and in a room upon the fifth floor, two young men were seated, on a spring morning of the year 182—. Even had the modest apartment been situated elsewhere than in the focus of the students' district, its appearance would have prevented the possibility of mistake as to the character of its inmates. Scanty furniture, considerably battered, caricatures of student life, partially veiling the dirty damp-stained paper that blistered upon the walls, which were also adorned by a pair of foils, a cracked guitar, and a set of castanets; a row of pegs supporting pipes, empty bottles in one corner, ponderous octavos thickly coated with dust in another, told a tale confirmed by the exterior of the occupants of the apartment. One of these, a young man of two-and-twenty, was evidently at home, for his feet were thrust into slippers, once embroidered, a Greek cap covered his head, and a tattered dressing-gown of pristine magnificence enveloped his slender and active figure. His features were regular and intelli-

gent, and he had the dark fiery eyes, clustering black hair, and precociously abundant beard of a native of southern France. His companion, a young Norman, had nothing particularly noticeable in his countenance, save a broad open brow and a character of much shrewdness and perspicacity—qualities possessed in a high degree by a majority of his fellow provincials. His dress was one of those non-descript eccentric coats and conical broad-leafed hats at all times particularly affected by French *studiosi*.

The two young men were seated at either extremity of the low sill of a tall French window, thrown wide open to admit the pleasant spring sunshine, into which they puffed, from capacious pipes, wreaths of thin blue smoke. Their conversation turned upon a crime—or rather a series of crimes—which occasioned, at that particular moment, much excitement in Paris, and which will still be remembered by those persons upon the tablets of whose memory the lapse of a quarter of a century does not act as a sponge. About three years previously, a young man named Gilbert Gaudry, of respectable family, liberal education, and good reputation, had been tried and convicted for the murder of an uncle, by whose death he largely inherited.

The accused man was in debt, and his embarrassed circumstances prevented his marrying a woman to whom he was passionately attached; his uncle had recently refused him pecuniary assistance, upon which occasion Gaudry was heard to express himself harshly and angrily. Many other circumstances concurred to throw upon him the odium of the crime; and, altogether, the evidence, although entirely circumstantial, was so strong against him, that, in spite of his powerful appeal and solemn denial, the judge condemned him to death. The sentence had been commuted to the galleys for life. Three years passed, and the real murderer was discovered—a discharged servant of the murdered man, who, at the trial, had given important evidence against Gaudry. The guillotine did its work on the right offender, and Gaudry's sentence was reversed. But three years of slavery and opprobrium, of shame, horror, and gnawing sense of injustice, had wrought terribly upon the misjudged man, inspiring him with a blind and burning thirst of revenge. Almost his first act, on finding himself at liberty, was to stab, in broad daylight, and in the open street, the judge who had condemned him. This time there could be no question of his guilt, and he would inevitably have been condemned to death; but, before his trial, he found means of hanging himself in his cell. This last tragical and shocking incident had occurred but two days previously, and now furnished the embryo jurists with a theme for animated discussion. Without vindicating the wretched murderer and suicide, the young Norman was disposed to find an extenuating circumstance in the unjust punishment he had endured. But his friend scouted such leniency, and, taking up high ground, maintained that no criminal was baser than he who, the victim of judicial error, revenged himself upon the magistrate who had decided according to the best of his judgment and conscience, but who, sharing the liability to err of every human judge, was misled by deceitful appearances or perjured witnesses.

"Argue it as you will," cried Dominique Lafon; "be plausible and eloquent, bring batteries of sophisms to

the attack, you cannot breach my solid position. Excuse and extenuation are alike in vain. I repeat and maintain, that to make a magistrate personally responsible for his judgments, be they just or unjust, so long as he has kept within the line of his duty, and acted according to his conscience, is revenge of the basest and most criminal description."

"Bear in mind," replied Henry la Chapelle, "that I attempt not to justify the unhappy Gaudry. All I assert is, that injustice excites in the breast of every man, even of the gentlest, hatred against him by whom the injustice is done. And its frequent repetition, or the long continuance of the suffering it occasions, will ultimately provoke, in nine cases out of ten, an outbreak of revengeful fury. The heart becomes embittered, the judgment blinded, the mild and beautiful injunctions of Scripture are forgotten or disregarded, in the gust of passion and vindictive rage. To offer the left cheek when the right has been buffeted, is, of all divine precepts, the most difficult to follow. A man ruined, tortured, or disgraced by injustice, looks to the sentence, not to the intention, of his judge; taxes him with precipitation, prejudice, or over-severity, and views revenge as a right rather than a crime. Doubtless there are exceptions—men whose Christian endurance would abide by them even unto death; but, believe me, they are few, very few. The virtues of Job are rare; and rancour, the vile weed, chokes, in our corrupt age, the meek flower, resignation."

"A man to whom injustice is really done," said Dominique, "may console himself with the consciousness of his innocence, which an act of rancorous revenge would induce many to doubt. The suffering victim finds sympathy; the fierce avenger excites horror and reprobation."

"Mere words, my dear fellow," replied la Chapelle. "Fine phrases, and nothing else. You are a theorist, pleading against human nature. What logic is this? Undeserved punishment is far more difficult to endure than merited castigation; and an act of revenge should rather plead in favour of the innocence of him who commits it. In a criminal, the consciousness

that he merited his punishment would leave less room for hatred than for shame; it would excite vexation at his ill luck, rather than enduring anger against his judge. There would be exceptions and variations, of course, according to the moral idiosyncrasy of the individual. It is impossible to establish a mathematical scale for the workings of human passions. I repeat that I do not justify such revenge, but I still maintain that to seek it is natural to man, and that many men, even with less aggravation than was given to Gaudry, might not have sufficient resolution and virtue to resist the impulse."

"You have but a paltry opinion of your fellow-creatures," said Dominique. "I am glad to think better of them. And I hold him a weak slave to the corruption of our nature, who has not strength to repress the impulse to a deed his conscience cannot justify."

"Admirable in principle," said la Chapelle, smiling, "but difficult in practice. You yourself, my dear Dominique, who now take so lofty a tone, and who feel, I am quite sure, exactly as you speak—you yourself, if I am not greatly mistaken in your character, would be the last man to sit down quietly under injustice. Your natural ardour and impetuosity would soon upset your moral code."

"Never!" vehemently exclaimed Dominique. "La Chapelle, never will I suffer my passions thus to subdue my reason! What gratification

of revenge can ever compensate the loss of that greatest of blessings, a pure and tranquil conscience? What peace of mind could I hope for, after permitting such discord between my principles and my actions? La Chapelle, you wrong me by the thought."

"Well, well," replied his friend, "I may be wrong, and at any rate I reason in the abstract rather than personally to you. I heartily wish you never may suffer wrong, or be tempted to revenge. But remember, my friend, safety is not in over-confidence. The severest assaults are for the strongest towers."

A knock at the room-door interrupted the conversation. It was the porter of the lodging-house, bringing a letter that had just arrived for Dominique. On recognising the handwriting of the address, and the postmark of Montauban, the young man uttered a cry of pleasure. It was from home, from his mother. He hastily tore it open. But as he read, the smile of joy and gratified affection faded from his features, and was replaced by an expression of astonishment, indignation, grief. Scarcely finishing the letter, he crumbled it in his hand with a passionate gesture, and stripping off his dressing-gown began hastily to dress. With friendly solicitude la Chapelle observed his varying countenance.

"No bad news, I hope?" he inquired.

For sole reply, Dominique threw him the letter.

MOTHER AND SON.

Dominique Lafon was the son of a man noted for his democratic principles, who, after holding high provincial office under the Republic and the Consulate, resigned his functions in displeasure, when Napoleon grasped an emperor's sceptre, and retired to his native town of Montauban, where he since had lived upon a modest patrimony. Under Napoleon, Pascal Lafon had been unmolested; but when the Bourbons returned, his name, prominent during the last years of the eighteenth century, rendered him the object of a certain *surveillance* on the part of the police of the

Restoration. On the occasion of more than one republican conspiracy, real or imaginary, spies had been set upon him, and endeavours made to prove him implicated. Once he had even been conducted before a tribunal, and had undergone a short examination. Nothing, however, had been elicited that in any way compromised him; and in a few hours he was again at liberty, before his family knew of his brief arrest. In reality, Lafon, although still an ardent republican, was entirely guiltless of plotting against the monarchy, which he deemed too firmly consolidated to be as yet

shaken. France, he felt, had need of repose before again entering the revolutionary arena. His firm faith still was, that a time would come when she would dismiss her kings for ever, and when pure democracy would govern the land. But before that time arrived, his eyes, he believed, would be closed in death. He was no conspirator, but he did not shun the society of those who were; and, moreover, he was not sufficiently guarded in the expression of his republican opinions and Utopian theories. Hence it came that, like the Whig in Claverhouse's memoranda, he had a triple red cross against his name in the note-book of the Bourbon police, who, at the time now referred to, had been put upon the alert by the recent assassination of the Duke of Berri. Although the circumstances of that crime, and the evidence upon Louvel's trial, combined to stamp the atrocious deed as the unaided act of a fanatic, without accomplices or ulterior designs, the event had provoked much rigid investigation of the schemes of political malcontents throughout France; and in several districts and towns, magistrates and heads of police had been replaced, as lax and lukewarm, by men of sterner character. Amongst other changes, the Judge of Instruction at Montauban had had a successor given him. The new magistrate was preceded by a reputation of great vigilance and severity—a reputation he lost no time in justifying. By the aid of a couple of keen Parisian police agents of the *Procureur de Roi*, whom he stimulated to increased activity, he soon got upon the scent of a republican conspiracy, of which Montauban was said to be a principal focus. Various reports were abroad as to the manner in which Monsieur Noell, the new judge, had obtained his information. Some said the plotters had been betrayed by the mistress of one of them, in a fit of jealous fury at a fancied infidelity of her lover; others declared, that hope of reward had quickened the invention of a police spy, who, despairing of discovering a conspiracy, had applied himself to fabricate one. Be that as it might, a number of arrests took place, and, amongst others, that of Dominique's father. The intelligence of this event

was conveyed to the young student in a few despairing lines from his mother, whose health, already very precarious, had suddenly given way under the shock of her husband's imprisonment. She wrote from a sick-bed, imploring her son to lose no time in returning to Montauban.

Gloomy were the forebodings of Dominique as the mail rattled him over the weary leagues of road between Paris and Montauban. Yet, when he reached home, he half hoped to be greeted by his father's friendly voice, for, himself convinced of his innocence, he could not believe the authorities would be long in recognising it. He was disappointed. The sorrowful mien of the domestic who opened the door told a tale of misfortune.

"Oh, Monsieur Dominique!" said the man, an old servant, who had known the student from his cradle, "the house is not wont to be so sad when you return."

"My mother! where is my mother?" cried Dominique. The next instant he was at her bed-side, clasping her poor thin fingers, and gazing in agony on her emaciated features. A few days of intense alarm and anxiety, acting on an exquisitely susceptible organization, had done the work of months of malady. A slow fever was in her veins, undermining her existence. Dominique shuddered at sight of her sunken temples, and of the deep dark furrows below her eyes. It seemed as if the angel of death had already put his stamp upon that beloved countenance. But he concealed his mental anguish, and spoke cheerfully to the invalid. She told him the particulars of his father's arrest. She had already written to some friends, sent for others, and had done all in her power to ascertain exactly the offences of which Lafon was accused; but the persons who had made the inquiries had been put off with generalities, and none had obtained access to the prisoner, who was in solitary confinement.

Dominique Lafon was tenderly attached to both his parents. Upon him, their only child, their entire affection was concentrated and lavished. They had made him their companion even from his earliest years, had tended

him with unwearied solicitude through his delicate infancy, had devoted themselves to his education when he grew older, and had consented with difficulty and regret to part from him when his arrival at man's estate rendered it desirable he should visit the capital for the conclusion of his studies. Dominique repaid their care with devoted love. His father's consistency and strength of character inspired him with respect; he listened to his precepts with veneration and gratitude; but he idolised his mother, whose feminine graces and tender care were intertwined with the sweetest reminiscences of childhood's happy days. He now strove to repay some portion of his debt of filial love by the most unwearied attendance at the invalid's pillow. His arrival brought a gleam of joy and hope to the sick woman's brow, but the ray was transient, and quickly faded. The vital flame had sunk too low to revive again permanently. She grew weaker and weaker, and felt that her hour approached. But her spirit, so soon to appear before her Maker, yet clung to an earthly love. Whilst striving to fix her thoughts on things heavenly, they still dwelt upon him by whose side she had made life's checkered pilgrimage. She wrung her hands in agony at the thought that she must leave the world without bidding him a last farewell. She asked but a moment to embrace him who, for five-and-twenty-years, had been her guardian and protector, her tenderest friend and companion. Dominique could not endure the spectacle of her grief. He left the house to use every endeavour to obtain for her the indulgence she so ardently desired.

The first person to whom he applied was the Judge of Instruction, Monsieur Noell. Provided with a medical certificate of his mother's dying state, he obtained admission to that magistrate's cabinet. He found a tall thin man, with harsh strongly marked features, and a forbidding expression of countenance. The glazed stare of his cold gray eyes, and the cruel lines about his mouth, chilled Dominique's hopes, and almost made him despair of success. The youth preferred his request, however, with

passionate earnestness, imploring that his father might be allowed to leave his prison for a single hour, under good guard, to visit the bedside of his expiring wife, in presence of such witnesses as the authorities would think proper to name. The reply to this prayer was a formal and decided negative. Until the prisoner Lafon had undergone a second examination, no one could be admitted to see him under any pretext whatever. That examination was not to take place for at least a week. Dominique was very sure, from what the physicians had told him, that his mother could not survive for a third of that time.

The frigid manner and unsympathising tone of the magistrate, and the uncourteous brevity of his refusal, grated so unpleasantly upon the irritated feelings of the student, that he had difficulty in restraining a momentary anger. In less imminent circumstances, his pride would have prevented his persisting in a petition thus unkindly rejected, but the thought of his dying mother brought patience and humility to his aid. Warmly, but respectfully, he reiterated his suit. The magistrate was a widower, but he had children, to whom report said he was devotedly attached. Harsh and rigid in his official duties, in his domestic circle he was said to be the tenderest of fathers. Dominique had heard this, and availed of it in pleading his suit.

"You have children, sir!" he said; "you can picture to yourself the grief you would feel were your deathbed unblest by their presence. How doubly painful must be the parting agony, when the ear is unsoothed by the voice of those best beloved, when no cherished hand is there to prop the sinking head, and close the eyes for ever on this world and its sufferings! Refuse not my father the consolation of a last interview with his dying wife! Have compassion on my poor mother's agony! Suffer her to breathe her last between the two beings who share all her affection! So may your own deathbed be soothed by the presence of those you most dearly love!"

Doubtless Monsieur Noell's ear was well used to such pleadings, and his heart was hardened by a long course

of judicial severity. His glance lost nothing of its habitual cold indifference, as he replied to Dominique's passionate entreaties with a decided negative.

"I must repeat my former answer," he said; "I neither can nor will grant the indulgence you require. And now I will detain you no longer, as you may perhaps make use of your time to greater advantage in other quarters."

He rose from his chair, and remained standing till Dominique left the room. The tone of his last words had well nigh crushed hope in the young man's bosom. But as long as a possibility remained, the student pursued it. He betook himself to the *Procureur du Roi*, whose office constituted him public prosecutor in cases of this kind. That functionary declared himself incompetent, until the prisoner should have undergone another examination. Until then, the only appeal from the judge was to the minister of justice. Dominique instantly drew up and forwarded a petition; but before it reached Paris, his mother breathed her last. She met her death, preceded and attended by acute sufferings, with the resignation of a martyr. But even after the last sacrament of her religion had been administered, and when she earnestly strove to fix her mind on eternity, to the exclusion of things temporal, the thought of her husband, so long and tenderly beloved, and absent at this supreme hour, intruded itself upon her pious meditations, brought tears to her eyes, and drew heartrending sobs from her bosom; her last sigh was for him, her latest breath uttered his name. This fervent desire, so cruelly thwarted, those tears of deferred hope and final profound disappointment, were inexpressibly painful to contemplate. Upon Dominique, whose love for his mother was so deep and holy, they made a violent impression. Bitter were his feelings as he sat beside her couch when the spirit had fled, and gazed upon her clay-cold features, whereon there yet lingered a grieved and suffering expression. And later, when the earth had received her into its bosom, that pallid and sorrowful countenance was ever before his eyes.

In his dreams he heard his mother's well-known voice, mournfully pronouncing the name of her beloved husband, and praying, as she had done in the last hours of her life, that she might again behold him before she departed. Nor were these visions dissipated by daylight. They recurred to his excited imagination, and kindled emotions of fierce hatred towards the man who had had it in his power to smooth his mother's passage from life to death, and who had wantonly refused the alleviation. Nay more; convinced of his father's innocence, Dominique considered the judge who had thrown him into prison as in some sort his mother's murderer. He had accelerated her decease, and thrown gall into the cup it is the lot of every mortal to drain. The physicians had declared anxiety of mind to be the immediate cause of her death. Dominique brooded over this declaration, and over the misfortunes that had so suddenly overtaken him, until he came to consider M. Noell as much an assassin as if he had stuck a dagger into his mother's heart. "What matter," he thought, "whether the wound be dealt to body or to soul, so long as it slays?" He had nothing to distract his thoughts from dwelling upon and magnifying the wrongs that had deprived him of both parents, one by death, the other by an imprisonment whose termination he could not foresee. At times his melancholy was broken by bursts of fury against him he deemed the cause of his misfortunes.

"Could I but see him die!" he would exclaim, "the cold-blooded heartless tyrant—die alone, childless, accursed, without a friendly hand to wipe the death-sweat from his face! Then, methinks, I could again be happy, when his innocent victim was thus revenged. Alas, my mother!—my poor, meek, long-suffering mother,—must your death go unrequited? For what offence was your life taken as atonement? By what vile distortion of justice did this base inquisitor visit upon your innocent head a transgression that never was committed?"

Meanwhile the captivity of the elder Lafon was prolonged. A second examination relaxed nothing of his jailor's severity, and his son's applica-

tions to see him were all rejected. Dominique wrote to his father, but he received no answer; and he afterwards learned that his letter had not been delivered when sent, but had been detained by Noell, who, finding nothing criminatory in its contents, had subjected it, with characteristic suspicion, to chemical processes, in hopes to detect writing with sympathetic ink, and had finally made it accessory to an attempt to extort a confession from the prisoner. This information, obtained from an under-strapper of the prison by means of a large bribe, raised Dominique's exasperation to the highest pitch.

"Gracious Heaven!" he exclaimed, "are such things to be endured in silence and submission? Has human justice iron scourges for nominal offences,—honours and rewards for real crimes? On a false accusation my father pines in a dungeon, whilst my mother's murderer walks scatheless and exalted amongst his fellows; but if the laws of man are impotent to avenge her death, who shall blame her son for remembering her dying agony, and requiting it on those who aggravated her sufferings?"

And he walked forth, pondering vengeance. Unconsciously his steps took the direction of the prison. Long he stood, with folded arms and lower-

ing brow, gazing at the small grated aperture that gave light and air to his father's cell, and hoping to see his beloved parent look out and recognise him. He gazed in vain: twilight came, night followed, no one appeared at the window. Dominique knew not that it was high above the prisoner's reach. He returned home, fancying his father ill, nourishing a thousand bitter thoughts, and heaping up fresh hatred against the author of so much misery. That night Michel, the old servant, came twice to his room door, to see what ailed him, since, instead of retiring to rest, he unceasingly paced the apartment. Dominique dismissed the faithful fellow to his bed, and resumed his melancholy walk. But in the morning he was so pale and haggard that Michel slipped out to ask the family physician to call in *by accident*. When he returned, Dominique had left the house. In great alarm—for his young master's gloomy despondency at once suggested fear of suicide—Michel tracked his steps. His fears proved unfounded. With some trouble he ascertained that Dominique had quitted the town on the top of a passing diligence, with a valise for sole baggage, and without informing any one of the object of his journey.

THE DOUBLE DUEL.

Antony Noell, the judge, had three children, and report lied not when it said that he was tenderly attached to them. A harsh and unfeeling man in his official capacity, and in the ordinary affairs of life, all the softer part of his nature seemed to have resolved itself into paternal affection. His two sons were students at the university of Toulouse; his youngest child, a blooming maiden of twelve, still brightened his home and made his heart joyful, although she soon was to leave him to finish her education in a convent. The two students were gay handsome lads, but somewhat dissipated; fonder of the bottle and the billiard-room than of grave lectures and dry studies. They were in small favour with their pedagogues, but in high repute with their fellow

collegians; whilst peaceable citizens and demure young ladies regarded them with mingled aversion, interest, and curiosity, on account of certain mad pranks, by which, during their first half-year's residence, they had gained a certain notoriety in the quiet city of Toulouse.

It happened one night, as the brothers came both flushed with play and wine from their accustomed coffee-house on the Place du Capitole, that Vincent, the elder of the two, stumbled over the feet of a man who sat upon one of the benches placed outside the establishment. The passage through the benches and tables was narrow; and the stranger, having thrust his legs nearly across it, had little reason to complain of the trifling offence offered him. Nevertheless he jumped to

his feet and fiercely taxed young Noell with an intentional insult. Noell, full of good humour and indifferent wine, and taking his interlocutor for a fellow student, made a jesting reply, and seizing one of the stranger's arms, whilst his brother Martial grasped the other, dragged him into the lamp-light to see who he was. But the face they beheld was unknown to them; and scarcely had they obtained a glimpse at it when its owner shook them off, applying to them at the same time a most injurious epithet. The students would have struck him, but he made a pace backwards, and, seizing a heavy chair which he whirled over his head as though it had been a feather, he swore he would dash out the brains of the first who laid a finger on him.

"I do not fight like a water-carrier," he said, "with fists and feet; but if you are as ready with your swords as you are with your insolence, you shall not long await satisfaction."

And offering a card, which was at once accepted, he received two in return. The disputants then separated; and as soon as the Noells turned out of the square, they paused beneath a lamp to examine the card they had received. Inscribed upon it was the name of Dominique Lafon.

It was too late, when this quarrel occurred, for further steps to be taken that night; but early on the following morning Dominique's second, a young lawyer whom he had known during his studies at Paris, had an interview with the friends appointed by the Noells to act on their behalf. The latter anticipated a duel with swords, and were surprised to find that Dominique, entitled, as the insulted party, to fix the weapon, selected the more dangerous and less usual one of pistols. They could not object, however, and the meeting was fixed for the next day; the arrangement being that both brothers should come upon the ground, and that, if Dominique was unhurt in the first encounter, the second duel should immediately succeed it.

In a secluded field, to the right of the pleasant road from Toulouse to Albi, and at no great distance from the tumulus on whose summit a stone pillar commemorates Soult's gallant

resistance to Wellington's conquering forces, the combatants met at the appointed hour, and saluted each other with cold courtesy. Dominique was pale, but his hand and eye were steady, and his pulse beat calmly. The two Noells were cheerful and indifferent, and bore themselves like men to whom encounters of this kind were no novelty. The elder brother took the first turn. The seconds asked once more if the affair could not be peaceably arranged; but, receiving no answer, they made the final arrangements. Two peeled willow rods were laid upon the ground, six yards apart. At ten yards from either of these the duellists were placed, making the entire distance between them six and twenty yards; and it was at their option, when the seconds gave the word, either to advance to the barrier before firing, or to fire at once, or from any intervening point.

The word was given, and the antagonists stepped out. Vincent Noell took but two paces, halted and fired. He had missed. Dominique continued steadily to advance. When he had taken five paces, the seconds looked at each other, and then at him, as if expecting him to stop. He took no notice, and moved on. It was a minute of breathless suspense. In the dead silence, his firm tread upon the grass was distinctly audible. He paused only when his foot touched the willow wand. Then he slowly raised his arm, and fired.

The whirling smoke prevented him for an instant from discerning the effect of his shot, but the hasty advance of the seconds and of two surgeons who had accompanied them to the field, left him little doubt that it had told. It had indeed done so, and with fatal effect. The unhappy Vincent was bathed in his blood. The surgeons hastened to apply a first dressing, but their countenances gave little hope of a favourable result.

Pale and horror-stricken, not with personal fear, but with grief at his brother's fate, Martial Noell whispered his second, who proposed postponing the second duel till another day. Dominique, who, whilst all his companions had been busy with the wounded man, had remained leaning against a tree, his discharged pistol in his hand, collected and unsympathetic

ing, stepped forward on hearing this proposition.

"Another day?" said he with a cruel sneer. "Before another day arrives, I shall doubtless be in prison for this morning's work. But no matter; if the gentleman is less ready to fight than he was to insult me, let him leave the field."

The scornful tone and insinuation brought a flush of shame and anger to the brow of the younger Noell. He detested himself for the momentary weakness he had shown, and a fierce flame of revenge kindled in his heart.

"Murderer!" he exclaimed, "my brother's blood calls aloud for vengeance. May Providence make me its instrument!"

Dominique replied not. Under the same conditions as before, the two young men took their stations. But the chances were not equal. Dominique retained all his coolness; his opponent's whole frame quivered with passionate emotion. This time, neither was in haste to fire. Advancing slowly, their eyes fixed on each other, they reached at the same moment the limits of their walk. Then their pistols were gradually raised, and, as

if by word of command, simultaneously discharged. This time both balls took effect. The one that struck Dominique went through his arm, without breaking the bone, and lodged in his back, inflicting a severe but not a dangerous wound. But Martial Noell was shot through the head.

The news of this bloody business soon got wind, and the very same day it was the talk of all Toulouse. Martial Noell had died upon the spot; his brother expired within forty-eight hours. The seconds got out of the way, till they should see how the thing was likely to go. Dominique's wound prevented his following their example, if he were so disposed; and when it no longer impeded his movements, he was already in the hands of justice. Frantic with grief on learning the fate of his beloved sons, Anthony Noell hurried to Toulouse, and vigorously pushed a prosecution. He hoped for a very severe sentence, and was bitterly disappointed when Dominique escaped, in consideration of his wounds and of his having been the insulted party, with the lenient doom of five years' imprisonment.

FIVE YEARS LATER.

Five years of absence from home may glide rapidly enough away, when passed in pursuit of pleasure or profit; dragged out between prison walls, they appear an eternity, a chasm between the captive and the world. So thought Dominique as he re-entered Montauban, at the expiration of his sentence. During the whole time, not a word of intelligence had reached him from his home, no friendly voice had greeted his ear, no line of familiar handwriting had gladdened his tearless eyes. Arrived in his native town, his first inquiry was for his father. Pascal Lafon was dead. The fate of his wife and son had preyed upon his health; the prison air had poisoned the springs of life in the strong, free-hearted man. The physician declared drugs useless in his case, for that the atmosphere of liberty alone could save him; and he recommended, if unconditional release were impossible, that the prisoner

should be guarded in his own house. The recommendation was forwarded to Paris, but the same post took a letter from Anthony Noell, and a few days brought the physician's dismissal and an order for the close confinement of Lafon. Examinations followed each other in rapid succession, but they served only to torment the prisoner, without procuring his release; and after some months he died, his innocence unrecognised. The cause of his death, and the circumstances attending it, were loudly proclaimed by the indignant physician; and Dominique, on his return to Montauban, had no difficulty in obtaining all the details, aggravated probably by the unpopularity of the judge. He heard them with unchanging countenance; none could detect a sign of emotion on that cheek of marble paleness, or in that cold and steadfast eye. He then made inquiries concerning Anthony Noell. That

magistrate, he learned, had been promoted, two years previously, and now resided in his native town of Marseilles. At that moment, however, he happened to be at an hotel in Montauban. He had never recovered the loss of his sons, which had aged him twenty years in appearance, and had greatly augmented the harshness and sour severity of his character. He seemed to find his sole consolation in the society of his daughter, now a beautiful girl of seventeen, and in intense application to his professional duties. A tour of inspection, connected with his judicial functions, had now brought him to Montauban. During his compulsory absences from home, which were of annual occurrence and of some duration, his daughter remained in the care of an old female relation, her habitual companion, whose chief faults were her absurd vanity, and her too great indulgence of the caprices of her darling niece.

Dominique showed singular anxiety to learn every particular concerning Anthony Noell's household, informing himself of the minutest details, and especially of the character of his daughter, who was represented to him as warm-hearted and naturally amiable, but frivolous and spoiled by over-indulgence. On the death of his sons, Noell renounced his project of sending her from home, and the consequence was, that her education had been greatly neglected. Madame Verlé, the old aunt already mentioned, was a well-meaning, but very weak widow, who, childless herself, had no experience in bringing up young women. In her own youth she had been a great coquette, and frivolity was still a conspicuous feature in her character. As M. Noell, since his sons' death, had shown a sort of aversion for society, the house was dull enough, and Madame Verlé's chief resource was the circulating library, whence she obtained a constant supply of novels. Far from prohibiting to her niece the perusal of this trash, she made her the companion of her unwholesome studies. The false ideas and highflown romance with which these books teemed, might have made little impression on a character fortified by sound principles

and a good education, but they sank deep into the ardent and uncultivated imagination of Florinda Noell, to whose father, engrossed by his sorrows and by his professional labours, it never once occurred to check the current of corruption thus permitted to flow into his daughter's artless mind. He saw her gay, happy, and amused, and he inquired no further; well pleased to find her support so cheerfully the want of society to which his morose regrets and gloomy eccentricity condemned her.

One of Dominique's first cares, on his return to Montauban, was to visit his parents' grave. Although his father died in prison, and his memory had never been cleared from the slur of accusation, his friends had obtained permission, with some difficulty, to inter his corpse beside that of his wife. The day was fading into twilight when Dominique entered the cemetery, and it took him some time to find the grave he sought. The sexton would have saved him the trouble, but the idea seemed a profanation; in silence and in solitude he approached the tomb of his affections and happiness. Long he sat upon the mound, plunged in reverie, but with dry eyes, for the source of tears appeared exhausted in his heart. Night came; the white tombstones looked ghastly pale in the moonlight, and cast long black shadows upon the turf. Dominique arose, plucked a wild flower from his mother's grave, and left the place. He had taken but three steps when he became aware he was not alone in the churchyard. A tall figure rose suddenly from an adjacent grave. Although separated but by one lofty tombstone, the two mourners had been too absorbed and silent in their grief to notice each other's presence. Now they gazed at one another. The moon, for a moment obscured, emerged from behind a cloud, and shone upon their features. The recognition was mutual and instantaneous. Both started back. Between the graves of their respective victims, Anthony Noell and Dominique Lafon confronted each other.

A dusky fire gleamed in the eyes of Dominique, and his features, worn and emaciated from captivity, were distorted with the grimace of intense

hatred. His heart throbbed as though it would have burst from his bosom.

"May your dying hour be desolate!" he shrieked. "May your end be in misery and despair!"

The magistrate gazed at his inveterate foe with a fixed stare of horror, as though a phantom had suddenly risen before him. Then slowly raising his hand, till it pointed to the grave of his sons, his eye still fixed, as if by fascination, upon that of Dominique, a single word, uttered in a hollow tone, burst from his quivering lips.

"Murderer!" he exclaimed.

Dominique laughed. It was a hideous sound, a laugh of unquenchable hatred and savage exultation. He approached Noell till their faces were but a few inches apart, and spoke in a voice of suppressed fierceness.

"My father and my mother," he said, "expired in grief, and shame, and misery. By your causeless hate and relentless persecution, I was made an orphan. The debt is but half paid.

You have still a child. You still find happiness on earth. But you yet shall lose all—all! Yet shall you know despair and utter solitude, and your death shall be desolate, even as my father's was. Remember! *We shall meet again.*"

And passing swiftly before the magistrate, with a gesture of solemn menace, Dominique left the cemetery. Noell sank, pale and trembling, upon his children's grave. His enemy had found him, and security had fled. Dominique's last words, "We shall meet again!" rang in his ears, as if uttered by the threatening voice of hostile and irresistible destiny. Slowly, and in great uneasiness, he returned into the town, which he left early the next day for Marseilles. To his terrified fancy, his daughter was safe only when he watched over her. So great was his alarm, that he would have resigned his lucrative and honourable office sooner than have remained longer absent from the tender flower whom the ruthless spoiler threatened to trample and destroy.

THE HORSE-RIDERS.

Months passed away, and spring returned. On a bright morning of May—in parched Provence the pleasantest season of the year—a motley cavalcade approached Marseilles by the Nice road. It consisted of two large waggons, a score of horses, and about the same number of men and women. The horses were chiefly white, cream-coloured, or piebald, and some of them bore saddles of peculiar make and fantastical colours, velvet-covered and decorated with gilding. One was caparisoned with a tiger-skin, and from his headstall floated streamers of divers-coloured horse-hair. The women wore riding-habits, some of gaudy tints, boddices of purple or crimson velvet, with long flaunting robes of green or blue. They were sunburned, boldfaced damsels, with marked features and of dissipated aspect, and they sat firmly on their saddles, jesting as they rode along. Their male companions were of corresponding appearance; lithe vigorous fellows, from fifteen to forty, attired in various hussar and jockey costumes,

with beards and mustaches fantastically trimmed, limbs well developed, and long curling hair. Various nations went to the composition of the band. French, Germans, Italians, and Gipsies made up the equestrian troop of Luigi Bartolo, which, after passing the winter in southern Italy, had wandered north on the approach of spring, and now was on its way to give a series of representations at Marseilles.

A little behind his comrades, upon a fine gray horse, rode a young Florentine named Vincenzo, the most skilful rider of the troop. Although but five-and-twenty years old, he had gone through many vicissitudes and occupations. Of respectable family, he had studied at Pisa, had been expelled for misconduct, had then enlisted in an Austrian regiment, whence his friends had procured his discharge, but only to cast him off for his dissolute habits. Alternately a professional gambler, a stage player, and a smuggler on the Italian frontier, he had now followed, for upwards

of a year, the vagabond life of a horse-rider. Of handsome person and much natural intelligence, he covered his profligacy and taste for low associations with a certain varnish of good breeding. This had procured him in the troop the nickname of the *Marchese*, and had made him a great favourite with the female portion of the strollers, amongst whom more than one fierce quarrel had arisen for the good graces of the fascinating Vincenzo.

The Florentine was accompanied by a stranger, who had fallen in with the troop at Nice, and had won their hearts by his liberality. He had given them a magnificent supper at their *albergo*, had made them presents of wine and trinkets—all apparently out of pure generosity and love of their society. He it was who had chiefly determined them to visit Marseilles, instead of proceeding north, as they had originally intended, by Avignon to Lyons. He marched with the troop, on horseback, wrapped in a long loose coat, and with a broad hat slouched over his brow, and bestowed his companionship chiefly on Vincenzo, to whom he appeared to have taken a great affection. The strollers thought him a strange eccentric fellow, half cracked, to say the least; but they cared little whether he were sane or mad, so long as his society proved profitable, his purse well filled, and ever in his hand.

The wanderers were within three miles of Marseilles when they came to one of the *bastides*, or country-houses, so thickly scattered around that city. It was of unusual elegance, almost concealed amongst a thick plantation of trees, and having a terrace, in the Italian style, overlooking the road. Upon this terrace, in the cool shade of an arbour, two ladies were seated, enjoying the sweet breath of the lovely spring morning. Books and embroidery were on a table before them, which they left on the appearance of the horse-riders, and, leaning upon the stone parapet, looked down on the unusual spectacle. The elder of the two had nothing remarkable, except the gaudy ribbons that contrasted with her antiquated physiognomy. The younger, in full flush of youth, and seen amongst the bright

blossoms of the plants that grew in pots upon the parapet, might have passed for the goddess of spring in her most sportive mood. Her hair hung in rich clusters over her alabaster neck; her blue eyes danced in humid lustre; her coral lips, a little parted, disclosed a range of sparkling pearls. The sole fault to be found with her beauty was its character, which was sensual rather than intellectual. One beheld the beautiful and frivolous child of clay, but the ray of the spirit that elevates and purifies was wanting. It was the beauty of a Bacchante rather than of a Vestal—Aurora disporting herself on the flower banks, and awaiting, in frolic mood, the advent of Cupid.

The motley cavalcade moved on, the men assuming their smartest seat in the saddle as they passed under the inspection of the *bella biondina*. When Vincenzo approached the park wall, his companion leaned towards him and spoke something in his ear. At the same moment, as if stung by a gadfly, the spirited gray upon which the Florentine was mounted, sprang with all four feet from the ground, and commenced a series of leaps and curvets that would have unseated a less expert rider. They only served to display to the greatest advantage Vincenzo's excellent horsemanship and slender graceful figure. Disdaining the gaudy equipments of his comrades, the young man was tastefully attired in a dark closely-fitting jacket. Hessian boots and pantaloons exhibited the Antinous-like proportions of his comely limbs. He rode like a centaur, he and his steed seemingly forming but one body. As he reached, gracefully caracoling, the terrace on whose summit the ladies were stationed, he looked up with a winning smile, and removing his cap, bowed to his horse's mane. The old lady bridled and smiled; the young one blushed as the Florentine's ardent gaze met hers, and in her confusion she let fall a branch of roses she held in her hand. With magical suddenness Vincenzo's fiery horse stood still, as if carved of marble. With one bound the rider was on foot, and had snatched up the flowers; then placing a hand upon the shoulder of his steed, who at once started in a canter, he lightly,

and without apparent effort, vaulted into the saddle. With another bow and smile he rode off with his companion.

"'Twas well done, Vincenzo," said the latter.

"What an elegant cavalier!" exclaimed Florinda Noell pensively, following with her eyes the accomplished equestrian.

"And so distinguished in his appearance!" chimed in her silly aunt. "And how he looked up at us! One might fancy him a nobleman in disguise, bent on adventures, or seeking intelligence of a lost lady-love."

Florinda smiled, but the stale platitude, borrowed from the absurd romances that crammed Madame Verl 's brain, abode in her memory. Whilst the handsome horse-rider remained in sight, she continued upon the parapet and gazed after him. On his part, Vincenzo several times looked back, and more than once he pressed to his lips the fragrant flowers of which accident had made him the possessor.

A small theatre, which happened then to be unoccupied, was hired by the equestrians for their performances, the announcement of which was soon placarded from one end to the other of Marseilles. At the first representation, Florinda and her aunt were amongst the audience. They had no one to check their inclinations, for Mr. Noell, after passing many months with his daughter without molestation from Dominique, who had disappeared from Montauban the day after their meeting in the churchyard, had forgotten his apprehensions, and had departed on his annual tour of professional duty. At the circus, the honours of the night were for Vincenzo. His graceful figure, handsome face, skilful performance, and distinguished air, were the theme of universal admiration. Florinda could not detach her gaze from him as he flew round the circle, standing with easy negligence upon his horse's back; and she could scarcely restrain a cry of horror and alarm at the boldness of some of his feats. Vincenzo had early detected her presence in the theatre; and the expression of his eyes, when he passed before her box, made her conscious that he had done so.

Several days elapsed, during which

Florinda and her aunt had more than once again visited the theatre. Vincenzo had become a subject of constant conversation between the superannuated coquette and her niece, the old lady indulging the most extravagant conjectures as to who he could be, for she had made up her mind he was now in an assumed character. Florinda spoke of him less, but thought of him more. Nor were her visits to the theatre her only opportunities of seeing him. Vincenzo, soon after his arrival at Marseilles, had excited his comrades' wonder and envy by appearing in the elegant costume of a private gentleman, and by taking frequent rides out of the town, at first accompanied by Fontaine, the stranger before mentioned, but afterwards more frequently alone. These rides were taken early in the morning, or by moonlight, on evenings when there was no performance. The horse-riders laughed at the airs the *Marchese* gave himself, attributed his extravagance to the generosity of Fontaine, and twitted him with some secret intrigue, which he, however, did not admit, and they took little pains to penetrate. Had they followed his horse's hoof-track, they would have found that it led, sometimes by one road, sometimes by another, to the *bastide* of Anthony Noell the magistrate. And after a few days they would have seen Vincenzo, his bridle over his arm, conversing earnestly, at a small postern-gate of the garden, with the charming *biondina*, whose bright countenance had greeted, like a good augury, their first approach to Marseilles.

At last a night came when this stolen conversation lasted longer than usual. Vincenzo was pressing, Florinda irresolute. Fontaine had accompanied his friend, and held his horse in an adjacent lane, whilst the lovers (for such they now were to be considered) sauntered in a shrubby walk within the park.

"But why this secrecy?" said the young girl, leaning tenderly upon the arm of the handsome stroller. "Why not at once inform your friends you accede to their wishes, in renouncing your present derogatory pursuit? Why not present yourself to my

father under your real name and title? He loves his daughter too tenderly to refuse his consent to a union on which her happiness depends."

"Dearest Florinda!" replied Vincenzo, "how could my ardent love abide the delays this course would entail? How can you so cruelly urge me thus to postpone my happiness? See you not how many obstacles to our union the step you advise would raise up? Your father, unwilling to part with his only daughter, (and such a daughter!) would assuredly object to our immediate marriage—would make your youth, my roving disposition, fifty other circumstances, pretexts for putting it off. And did we succeed in overruling these, there still would be a thousand tedious formalities to encounter, correspondence between your father and my family, who are proud as Lucifer of their ancient name and title, and would be wearisomely punctilious. By my plan we would avoid all long-winded negotiations. Before daylight we are across the frontier; and before that excellent Madame Verlé has adjusted her smart cap, and buttered her first roll, my adored Florinda is Marchioness of Monteleane. A letter to papa explains all; then away to Florence, and in a month back to Marseilles, where you shall duly present me to my respected father-in-law, and I, as in humility bound, will drop upon my knees, and crave pardon for running off with his treasure. Papa gives his benediction, and curtain drops, leaving all parties happy."

How often, with the feeble and irresolute, does a sorry jest pass for a good argument! As Vincenzo rattled on, his victim looked up in his face, and smiled at his soft and insidious words. Fascinated by silvery tones and gaudy scales, the woman, as of old, gave ear to the serpent.

"Tis done," said the stroller, with a heartless smile, as he rode off with Fontaine, half an hour later—"done. A postchaise at midnight. She brings her jewels—all the fortune she will ever bring me, I suppose. No chance of drawing anything from the old gentleman?"

"Not much," replied Fontaine drily.

"Well, I must have another thousand from you, besides expenses. And little enough too. Fifty yellow-boys for abandoning my place in the troop. I was never in better cue for the ring. They are going to Paris, and I should have joined Franconi."

"Oh!" said Fontaine, with a slight sneer, "a man of your abilities will never lack employment. But we have no time to lose, if you are to be back at midnight."

The two men spurred their horses, and galloped back to Marseilles.

A few minutes before twelve o'clock, a light posting-carriage was drawn up by the road-side, about a hundred yards beyond Anthony Noell's garden. Vincenzo tapped thrice with his knuckles at the postern-door, which opened gently, and a trembling female form emerged from the gloom of the shrubbery into the broad moonlight without. Through the veil covering her head and face, a tear might be seen glistening upon her cheek. She faltered, hesitated; her good genius whispered her to pause. But an evil spirit was at hand, luring her to destruction. Taking in one hand a casket, the real object of his base desires, and with the other arm encircling her waist, the seducer, murmuring soft flatteries in her ear, hurried Florinda down the slope leading to the road. Confused and fascinated, the poor weak girl had no power to resist. She reached the carriage, cast one look back at her father's house, whose white walls shone amidst the dark masses of foliage; the Florentine lifted her in, spoke a word to the postilion, and the vehicle dashed away in the direction of the Italian frontier.

So long as the carriage was in sight, Fontaine, who had accompanied Vincenzo, sat motionless upon his saddle, watching its career as it sped, like a large black insect, along the moonlit road. Then, when distance hid it from his view, he turned his horse's head and rode rapidly into Marseilles.

FOES AND FRIENDS.

UPON the second day 'after Florinda's elopement with her worthless suitor, the large coffee-room of the Hotel de France, at Montauban, was deserted, save by two guests. One of these was a man of about fifty-five, but older in appearance, whose thin gray hair and stooping figure, as well as the deep, anxious wrinkles and mournful expression of his countenance, told a tale of cares and troubles, borne with a rebellious rather than with a resigned spirit. The other occupant of the apartment, who sat at its opposite extremity, and was concealed, except upon near approach, by a sort of high projecting counter, was much younger, for his age could hardly exceed thirty years. A certain sober reserved expression, (hardly amounting to austerity,) frequently observable in Roman Catholic priests, and which sat becomingly enough upon his open intelligent countenance, betrayed his profession as surely as some slight clerical peculiarities of costume.

Suddenly a waiter entered the room, and approaching the old man with an air of great respect, informed him that a gentleman, seemingly just come off a journey, desired particularly to speak with him. The person addressed raised his eyes, whose melancholy expression corresponded with the furrows of his cheek, from the Paris newspaper he was reading, and, in a voice at once harsh and feeble, desired the stranger should be shown in. The order was obeyed; and a person entered, wrapped in a cloak, whose collar was turned up, concealing great part of his face. His countenance was further obscured by the vizard of a travelling-cap, from beneath which his long hair hung in disorder. Splashed and unshaven, he had all the appearance of having travelled far and fast. The gentleman whom he had asked to see rose from his seat on his approach, and looked at him keenly, even uneasily, but evidently without recognition. The waiter left the room. The stranger advanced to within three paces of him he sought, and stood still and silent, his features still masked by his cloak collar.

"Your business with me, sir?" said the old man quickly. "Whom have I the honour to address?"

"I am an old acquaintance, Mr. Anthony Noell," said the traveller, in a sharp ironical tone, as he turned down his collar and displayed a pale countenance, distorted by a malignant smile. "An old debtor come to discharge the balance due. My errand to-day is to tell you that you are childless. Your daughter Florinda, your last remaining darling, has fled to Italy with a nameless vagabond and stroller."

At the very first word uttered by that voice, Noell had started and shuddered, as at the sudden pang of exquisite torture. Then his glassy eyes were horribly distended, his mouth opened, his whole face was convulsed, and with a yell like that of some savage denizen of the forest suddenly despoiled of its young, he sprang upon his enemy and seized him by the throat.

"Murderer!" he cried. "Help! help!"

The waiters rushed into the room, and with difficulty freed the stranger from the vice-like grasp of the old man, to whose feeble hands frenzy gave strength. When at last they were separated, Noell uttered one shriek of impotent fury and despair, and fell back senseless in the servants' arms. The stranger, who himself seemed weak and ailing, and who had sunk upon a chair, looked curiously into his antagonist's face.

"He is mad," said he, with horrible composure and complacency; "quite mad. Take him to his bed."

The waiters lifted up the insensible body, and carried it away. The stranger leaned his elbows upon a table, and, covering his face with his hands, remained for some minutes absorbed in thought. A slight noise made him look up. The priest stood opposite to him, and uttered his name.

"Dominique Lafon," he said, calmly but severely, "what is this thing you have done? But you need not tell me. I know much, and can conjecture the rest. Wretched man, know you not the word of God, to

whom is all vengeance, and who repayeth in his own good time?"

Dominique seemed surprised at hearing his name pronounced by a stranger. He looked hard at the priest. And presently a name connected with days of happiness and innocence broke from the lips of the vindictive and pitiless man.

"Henry la Chapelle!"

It was indeed his former fellow-student, whom circumstances and disposition had induced to abandon the study of the law and enter the church. They had not met since Dominique departed from Paris to receive the last sigh of his dying mother.

Who shall trace the secret springs whence flow the fountains of the heart? For seven years Dominique Lafon had not wept. His captivity and many sufferings, his father's death, all had been borne with a bitter heart, but with dry eyes. But now, at sight of the comrade of his youth, some hidden chord, long entombed, suddenly vibrated. A sob burst from his bosom, and was succeeded by a gush of tears.

Henry la Chapelle looked sadly and kindly at his boyhood's friend.

"He who trusteth in himself," he said in low and gentle tones, "let him take heed, lest his feet fall into the snares they despise. Alas! Dominique, that you so soon forgot our last conversation! Alas! that you have laid this sin to your soul! But those tears give me hope: they are the early dew of penitence. Come, my friend, and seek comfort where alone it may be found. Verily there is joy in heaven over one repentant sinner, more than over many just men."

And the good priest drew his friend's arm through his, and led him from the room.

Dominique's exclamation was prophetic. When Anthony Noell rose from the bed of sickness to which grief consigned him, his intellects were gone. He never recovered them, but passed the rest of his life in helpless idiocy at his country-house, near Marseilles. There he was sedulously and tenderly watched by the unhappy Floriada, who, after a few miserable months passed with her reprobate seducer, was released from further ill-usage by the death of Vincenzo, stabbed in Italy in a gambling brawl.

Not long after 1830, there died in a Sardinian convent, noted for its ascetic observances and for the piety of its inmates, a French monk, who went by the name of brother Ambrose. His death was considered to be accelerated by the strictness with which he followed the rigid rules of the order, from some of which his failing health would have justified deviation, and by the frequency and severity of his self-imposed penances. His body, feeble when first he entered the convent, was no match for his courageous spirit. In accordance with his dying request, his beads and breviary were sent to a vicar named la Chapelle, then resident at Lyons. When that excellent priest opened the book, he found the following words inscribed upon a blank page:—

"Blessed be the Lord, for in Him have I peace and hope!"

And Henry la Chapelle knelt down, and breathed a prayer for the soul of his departed friend, Dominique Lafon.

PESTALOZZIANA.

"Etiam illud adjungo, superius ad laudem atque virtutem naturam sine doctrinâ, quam sine naturâ valuisse doctrinam."—CICERO, *pro. Arch.*, 7.

"Que vous ai-je donc fait, O mes jeunes années !
Pour m'avoir fui si vite, me croyant satisfait ?"

VICTOR HUGO, *Odes*.

For the abnormal, and, we must think, somewhat faulty education of our later boyhood—a few random recollections of which we here purpose to lay before the reader—our obligations, *quantulacunque sint*, are certainly due to prejudices which, though they have now become antiquated and obsolete, were in full force some thirty years ago, against the existing mode of education in England. Not that the public—*quâ* public—were ever very far misled by the noisy declamations of the Whigs on this their favourite theme : people for the most part paid very little attention to the inuendoes of the peripatetic schoolmaster, so carefully primed and sent "abroad" to disabuse them ; while not a few smiled to recognise under that imposing misnomer a small self-opinionated *clique*—free traders in everything else, but absolute monopolists here—who sought by its aid to palm off on society the *jocosa imago* of their own crotchets, as though in sympathetic response to a sentiment wholly proceeding from itself. When much inflammatory "stuff" had been discharged against the walls of our venerable institutions, not only without setting Isis or Cam on fire, but plainly with some discomfitures to the belligerents engaged, from the opposite party, who returned the salute, John Bull began to open his eyes a little, and as he opened them, to doubt whether, after all, the promises and *programmes* he had been reading of a spic-and-span new order of everything, particularly of education, might not turn out a *flam* ; and the authors of them, who certainly showed off to most advantage on *Edinburgh Review* days, prove anything but the best qualified persons to make good their own vaticinations, or to bring in the new golden age they had announced. Still, the crusade against English public seminaries, though abortive in its principal design—that of exciting a *general* defection

from these institutions—was not quite barren of results. It was so far successful, at least, as completely to unsettle for a time the minds of not a few over-anxious parents, who, taught to regard with suspicion the credentials of every schoolmaster "at home," were beginning to make diligent inquiries for his successor among their neighbours "abroad." To all who were in this frame of mind, the first *couleur de rose* announcements of Pestalozzi's establishment at Yverdon were news indeed ! offering as they did—or at least seeming to offer—the complete solution of a problem which could scarcely have been entertained without much painful solicitude and anxiety. "Here, then," for so ran the accounts of several trustworthy eyewitnesses, educational amateurs, who had devoted a *whole morning* to a most prying and probing dissection of the system within the walls of the chateau itself, and putting down all the results of their carefully conducted autopsy, "here was a school composed of boys gathered from all parts of the habitable globe, where each, by simply carrying over a little of his mother tongue, might, in a short time, become a youthful Mezzofante, and take his choice of many in return ; a school which, wisely eschewing the routine service of books, suffered neither dictionary, gradus, grammar, nor spelling book to be even seen on the premises ; a school for morals, where, in educating the head, the right training of the heart was never for a moment neglected ; a school for the progress of the mind, where much discernment, blending itself with kindness, fostered the first dawnings of the intellect, and carefully protected the feeble powers of memory from being overtaxed—where delighted Alma, in the progress of her development, might securely enjoy many privileges and immunities wholly denied to her at home—where even philosophy, stooping to conquer, had

become *sportive* the better to *persuade*; where the poet's vow was actually realised—the bodily health being as diligently looked after as that of the mind or the affections; lastly, where they found no fighting nor bullying, as at home, but agriculture and gymnastics instituted in their stead." To such encomiums on the school were added, and with more justice and truth, a commendation on old Pestalozzi himself, the real liberality of whose sentiments, and the overflowings of whose paternal love, could not, it was argued, and did not, fail to prove beneficial to all within the sphere of their influence. The weight of such supposed advantages turned the scale for not a few just entering into the pupillary state, and settled their future destination. Our own training, hitherto auspiciously enough carried on under the birchen discipline of Westminster, was *suddenly* stopt; the last silver prize-penny had crossed our palm; the last quarterly half-crown tax for birch had been paid into the treasury of the school; we were called on to say an abrupt good-by to our friends, and to take a formal leave of Dr. P——. That ceremony was not a pleasing one; and had the choice of a visit to Polyphemus in his cave, or to Dr. P—— in his study, been offered to us, the first would certainly have had the preference; but as the case admitted neither evasion nor compromise, necessity gave us courage to bolt into the august presence of the formidable head-master, after lessons; and finding presently that we had somehow managed to emerge again safe from the dreaded interview, we invited several class-fellows to celebrate so remarkable a day at a tuck-shop in the vicinity of Dean's Yard. There, in unrestricted indulgence, did the party get through, there was no telling how many "Lady's-fingers," tarts, and cheese-cakes, and drank—there was no counting the corks of empty ginger-beer bottles. When these delicacies had lost their relish—*καὶ ἐξ ἔπου ἔτρο*—the time was come for making a distribution of our personal effects. First went our bag of "taws" and "alleys," *pro bono publico*, in a general scramble, and then a Jew's-harp for whoever could twang it; and out of one pocket came a cricket-ball for A, and out of

another a peg-top for B; and then there was a hocky-stick for M, and a red leathern satchel, with book-strap, for N, and three books a-piece to two class-chums, who ended with a toss-up for Virgil. And now, being fairly cleaned out, after reiterated good-bys and shakes of the hand given and taken at the shop door, we parted, (many of us never to meet again,) they to enjoy the remainder of a half-holiday in the hocky-court, while we walked home through the park, stopping in the midst of its ruminating cows, ourself to ruminate a little upon the future, and to wonder, unheard, what sort of a place Switzerland might be, and what sort of a man Pestalozzi!

These adieus to old Westminster took place on a Saturday; and the following Monday found us already *en route* with our excellent father for the new settlement at Yverdun. The school to which we were then travelling, and the venerable man who presided over it, have both been long since defunct—*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*; and gratitude itself forbids that we should speak either of one or of the other with harshness or disrespect; of a place where we certainly spent some very happy, if not the happiest, days of life; of him who—rightly named the *father* of the establishment—ever treated us, and all with whom he had to do, with a uniform gentleness and impartiality. To tell ill-natured tales out of school—of such a school, and after so long a period too—would indeed argue ill for *any one's* charity, and accordingly we do not intend to try it. But though the feeling of the *alumnus* may not permit us to think unfavourably of the *Pensionat* Pestalozzi, we shall not, on that account, suppress the mention of some occasional hardships and inconveniences experienced there, much less allow a word of reproach to escape our pen. The reader, with no such sympathies to restrain his curiosity, will no doubt expect, if not a detailed account, some outline or general ground-plan of the system, which, alas! we cannot give him; our endeavour to comprehend it as a digested *whole*—proceeding on certain data, aiming at certain ends, and pursuing them by certain means—has been entirely unsuccessful; and therefore, if

pressed for more than we can tell, our answer must be, in the words of Cicero, *Deprecor ne me tanquam philosophum putet scholam sibi istam explicaturum.** But though unable to make out—if, indeed, there were any spirit of unity to be made out—in Pestalozzi's scheme, there were certain manifest imperfections in the composition of his plan of education—improprieties to which the longest familiarity could scarcely reconcile, nor the warmest partiality blind even the most determined partisan. In the first place—to state them at once, and have done with the unpleasing office of finding fault—it always struck us as a capital error, in a school where books were not allowed, to suffer almost the whole teaching of the classes to devolve upon some leading member of each; for what, in fact, could self-taught lads be expected to teach, unless it were to make a ring or a row—to fish, to whistle, or to skate? Of course, any graver kind of information, conveyed by an infant prodigy to his gaping pupils, must have lacked the necessary precision to make it available to them: first, because he would very seldom be sufficiently possessed of it himself; and secondly, because a boy's imperfect vocabulary and inexperience render him at all times a decidedly bad interpreter even of what he may really know. In place of proving real lights, these little Jack-o'-Lanterns of ours tended rather to perplex the path of the inquiring, and to impede their progress; and when an appeal was made to the master, as was sometimes done, the master—brought up in the same vague, bookless manner, and knowing nothing more *accurately*, though he might know *more* than his puzzle-pated pupils—was very seldom able to give them a lift out of the quagmire, where they accordingly would stick, and flounder away till the end of the lesson. It was amusing to see how a boy, so soon as he got but a glimpse of a subject before the class, and could give but the ghost of a reason for what he was eager to prelect upon, became incontinent of the bright discovery, till all his com-

panions had had the full benefit of it, with much that was irrelevant besides. The mischiefs which, it would occur to any one's mind, were likely to result in after life from such desultory habits of application in boyhood, actually did result to many of us a few years later at college. It was at once painful and difficult to indoctrinate indocile minds like ours into the accurate and severe habits of university discipline. On entering the lists for honours with other young aspirants, educated in the usual way at home, we were as a herd of unbroken colts pitted against well-trained racers: neither had yet run for the prize—in that single particular the cases were the same; but when degree and race day came, on whose side lay the odds? On theirs who had been left to try an untutored strength in scampering over a wild common, at will, for years, or with those who, by daily exercise in the *manège* of a public school, had been trained to bear harness, and were, besides, well acquainted with the ground? Another unquestionable error in the system was the absence of emulation, which, from some strange misconception and worse application of a text in St. Paul, was proscribed as an unchristian principle; in lieu of which, we were to be brought—though we never were brought; but that was the object aimed at—to love learning for its own sake, and to prove ourselves anxious of excelling without a motive, or to be *good for nothing*, as Hood has somewhere phrased it.

"Nunquam preponens se aliis, ita facillime
Sine invidia invenias laudem,"

says Terence, and it will be so where envy and conceit have supplanted emulation: yet are the feelings perfectly distinct; and we think it behoves all those who contend that every striving for the mastery is prohibited by the gospel, to show how *communism* in inferiority, or *socialism* in dulness, are likely to improve morals or mend society. Take from a schoolboy the motive of rewards and punishments, and you deprive him of that incentive by which your own conduct through life is regulated, and that by which

God has thought fit, in the moral government of his rational creatures, to promote the practice of good works, and to discourage and dissuade from evil. Nor did that which sounds thus ominously in theory succeed in its application better than it sounded. In fact, nothing more unfortunate could have been devised for all parties, but especially for such as were by nature of a studious turn or of quicker parts than the rest; who, finding the ordinary stimulus to exertion thus removed, and none other to replace it, no longer cared to do well, (why should they, when they knew that their feeblest efforts would transcend their slow-paced comrades' best?) but, gradually abandoning themselves to the *vis inertiae* of sloth, incompetence, and bad example, did no more than they could help; repressing the spirit of rivalry and emulation, which had no issue in the school, to show it in some of those feats of agility or address, which the rigorous enactment of gymnastic exercises imposed on all alike, and in the performance of which we certainly *did* pride ourselves, and eagerly sought to eclipse each other in exhibiting any natural or acquired superiority we might possess. The absence of all elementary books of instruction throughout the school presented another barrier in the way of improvement still more formidable than even the *bêtise* of boy pedagogues, the want of sufficient stimulus to exertion, or the absurd respect paid sometimes to natural incapacity, and sometimes even to idleness. Those who had no rules to learn had of course none to apply when they wanted them; no masters could have adequately supplied this deficiency, and those of the chateau were certainly not the men to remedy the evil. As might therefore have been anticipated, the young Pestalozzian's ideas, whether innate or acquired, and on every subject, became sadly vague and confused, and his grammar of a piece with his knowledge. We would have been conspicuous, even amongst other boys, for what *seemed* almost a studied impropriety of language; but it *was*, in fact, nothing more than the unavoidable result of natural indolence and inattention, uncoerced by proper dis-

cipline. The old man's slouching gait and ungraceful attire afforded but too apt an illustration of the intellectual *nonchalance* of his pupils. As to the modern languages, of which so much has been said by those who knew so little of the matter, they were in parlance, to be sure—but how spoken? Alas! besides an open violation of all the concordances, and a general disregard of syntax, they failed where one would have thought them least likely to fail, in correctness of idiom and accent. The French—this was the language of the school—abounded in conventional phrases, woven into its texture from various foreign sources, German, English, or Italian, and in scores of barbarous words—not to be found in the *Dictionnaire de l'Académie*, certainly, but quite current in the many-tongued vernacular of the chateau. Our pronunciation remained unequivocally John Bullish to the end—not one of us ever caught or thought of catching the right intonation; and, whether the fault originated merely in want of ear, or that we could not make the right use of our noses, it is quite certain that all of us had either no accent or a wrong one. The German was as bad as the French: it was a Swiss, not a German German, abounding in *patois* phrases and provincialisms—in short, a most hybrid affair, to say nothing of its being as much over-guttural as the last was sub-nasal. With regard to Spanish and Italian, as the English did not consort with either of these nations, all they ever acquired of their languages were such oaths and *mauvais mots* as parrots pick up from sailors aboard ship, which they repeated with all the innocence of parrots. Thus, then, the opportunities offered for the acquisition of modern languages were plainly defective; and when it is further considered that the dead languages remained untaught—nay, were literally unknown, except to a small section of the school, for whom a kind Providence had sent a valued friend and preceptor in Dr. M——, (whose neat Greek characters were stared at as cabalistical by the other masters of the *Pensionnat*,)—and finally, that our very English became at last defiled and corrupted, by the introduction of a variety of foreign idioms, it will be

seen that for any advantage likely to accrue from the polyglot character of the institution, the Tower of Babel would, in fact, have furnished every whit as good a school for languages as did our turreted chateau. And now, if candour has compelled this notice of some, it must be admitted, serious blemishes in the system of old Pestalozzi, where is the academy without them?

"Whoever hopes a faultless school to see,
Hopes what ne'er was, nor is, nor is to be."

Meanwhile the Swiss Pension was not without solid advantages, and might justly lay claim to some regard, if not as a school for learning, at least as a *moral* school; its inmates for the most part spoke truth, respected property, eschewed mischief, were neither puppies, nor bullies, nor tale-bearers. There were, of course, exceptions to all this, but then they were *exceptions*; nor was the number at any time sufficient to invalidate the general rule, or to corrupt the better principle. Perhaps a ten hours' daily attendance in class, coarse spare diet, hardy and somewhat severe training, may be considered by the reader as offering some explanation of our general propriety of behaviour. It may be so; but we are by no means willing to admit, that the really high moral tone of the school depended either upon gymnastic exercises or short commons, nor yet arose from the want of facilities for getting into scrapes, for here, as elsewhere, where there is the will, there is ever a way. We believe it to have originated from another source—in a word, from the encouragement held out to the study of natural history, and the eagerness with which that study was taken up and pursued by the school in consequence. Though Pestalozzi might not succeed in making his disciples scholars, he certainly succeeded in making many among them *naturalists*; and of the two—let us ask it without offence—whether is he the happier lad (to say nothing of the future man) who can fabricate faultless pentameters and immaculate iambics to order; or he who, already absorbed in scanning the wonders of creation, seeks with unflagging diligence and zeal to know

more and more of the visible works of the great *Poet of Nature*? "*Sapius sane ad laudem atque virtutem naturam sine doctrinâ, quam sine naturâ valuisse doctrinam*;" which words being Cicero's, deny them, sir, if you please.

The Pension, during the period of our sojourn at Yverdon, contained about a hundred and eighty élèves, natives of every European and of some Oriental states, whose primitive mode of distribution into classes, according to age and acquirements, during school hours, was completely changed in playtime, when the boys, finding it easier to speak their own tongue than to acquire a new one, divided themselves into separate groups according to their respective nations. The English would occasionally admit a German or a Prussian to their coterie; but that was a favour seldom conferred upon any other foreigner: for the Spaniards, who were certainly the least well-conducted of the whole community, did not deserve it: among them were to be found the litigious, the mischief-makers, the quarrellers, and—for, as has been hinted, we were not all honest—the exceptional thieves. The Italians we could never make out, nor they us: we had no sympathy with Pole or Greek; the Swiss we positively did not like, and the French just as positively did not like us; so how could it be otherwise? The ushers, for the most part trained up in the school, were an obliging set of men, with little refinement, less pretension, and wholly without learning. A distich from Crabbe describes them perfectly—

"Men who, 'mid noise and dirt, and play and
prate,
Could calmly mend the pen and wash the
slate."

Punishments were rare; indeed, flogging was absolutely prohibited; and the setting an imposition would have been equally against the *genius loci*, had lesson-books existed out of which to hear it afterwards. A short imprisonment in an unfurnished room—a not very formidable black-hole—with the loss of a *goutte*, now and then, and at very long intervals, formed the mild summary of the penal "*code Pestalozzi*."

It was Saturday, and a half holiday, when we arrived at Yverdun, and oh the confusion of tongues which there prevailed! All Bedlam and Parnassus let loose to rave together, could not have come up to that diapason of discords with which the high corridors were ringing, as passing through the throng, we were conducted to the venerable head of the establishment in his private apartments beyond. In this gallery of mixed portraits might be seen long-haired, high-born, and high-cheek-boned Germans; a scantling of French gamins much better dressed; some dark-eyed Italians; Greeks in most foreigning attire; here and there a fair ingenious Russian face; several swart sinister-looking Spaniards, models only for their own Carravagio; some dirty specimens of the universal Pole; one or two unmistakeable English, ready to shake hands with a compatriot; and Swiss from every canton of the Helvetic confederacy. To this promiscuous multitude we were shortly introduced, the kind old man himself taking us by the hand, and acting as master of the ceremonies. When the whole school had crowded round to stare at the new importation, "Here," said he, "are four English boys come from their distant home, to be naturalised in this establishment, and made members of our family. Boys, receive them kindly, and remember they are henceforth your brothers." A shout from the crowd proclaiming its ready assent and cordial participation in the adoption, nothing remained but to shake hands *à l'Anglaise*, and to fraternise without loss of time. The next day being Sunday, our skulls were craniologically studied by Herr Schmidt, the head usher; and whatever various bumps or depressions phrenology might have discovered thereon were all duly registered in a large book. After this examination was concluded, a week's furlough was allowed, in order that Herr Schmidt might have an opportunity afforded him of seeing how far our real character squared with phrenological observation and measurement, entering this also into the same ledger as a note. What a contrast were we unavoidably drawing all this

time between Yverdun and Westminster, and how enjoyable was the change to us! The reader will please to imagine as well as he can, the sensations of a lately pent up chrysalis, on first finding himself a butterfly, or the not less agreeable surprise of some newly metamorphosed tadpole, when, leaving his associates in the mud and green slime, he floats at liberty on the surface of the pool, endowed with lungs and a voice,—if he would at all enter into the exultation of our feelings on changing the penitential air of Millbank for the fresh mountain breezes of the Pays de Vaud. It seemed as if we had—nay, we had actually entered upon a new existence, so thoroughly had all the elements of the old been altered and improved. If we looked back, and compared past and present experiences, there, at the wrong end of the mental telescope, stood that small dingy house, in that little mis-ycelept Great Smith Street, with its tiny cocoon of a bedroom, whilom our close and airless prison; here, at the other end, and in immediate contact with the eye, a noble chateau, full of roomy rooms, enough and to spare. Another retrospective peep, and *there* was Tothill Fields, and its seedy cricket ground; and *here*, again, a level equally perfect, but carpeted with fine turf, and extending to the margin of a broad living lake, instead of terminating in a nauseous duck-pond; while the cold clammy cloisters adjoining Dean's Yard were not less favourably replaced by a large open airy play-ground, intersected by two clear trout-streams—and a sky as unlike that above Bird-Cage Walk as the interposed atmosphere was different; whilst, in place of the startling, discordant *Keleusmata* of bargees, joined to the creaking, stunning noise of commerce in a great city, few out-of-doors sounds to meet our ear, and these few, with the exception of our own, all quiet, pastoral, and soothing, such as, later in life, make

"Silence in the heart
For thought to do her part,"

and which are not without their charm even to him "who whistles as he goes for want of thought." No wonder, then, if Yverdun seemed *Paradisical* in its landscapes. Nor was this all.

If the views outside were charming, our domestic and social relations within doors were not less pleasing. At first, the unwelcome vision of the *late* head-master would sometimes haunt us, clad in his flowing black D.D. robes—"tristis severitas in vultu, atque in verbis fides," looking as if he intended to flog, and his words never belying his looks. That terrible Olympian arm, raised and ready to strike, was again shadowed forth to view; while we could almost fancy ourselves once more at that judicial

table, one of twenty boys who were to draw lots for a "hander." How soothingly, then, came the pleasing consciousness, breaking our reverie, that a very different person was *now* our headmaster—a most indulgent old man whom we should meet ere long, with hands uplifted, indeed, but only for the purpose of clutching us tight while he inflicted a salute on both cheeks, and pronounced his affectionate *guten morgen, liebes kind*, as he hastened on to bestow the like fatherly greeting upon every pupil in turn.

THE DORMITORY.

The sleeping apartments at the chalet occupied three of the four sides of its inner quadrangle, and consisted of as many long rooms, each with a double row of windows; whereof one looked into the aforesaid quadrangle, while the opposite rows commanded, severally, views of the garden, the open country, and the Grande Place of the town. They were accommodated with sixty uncurtained stump bedsteads, fifty-nine of which afforded *gîte* to a like number of boys; and one, in no respect superior to the rest, was destined to receive the athletic form of Herr Gottlieb, son-in-law to Vater Pestalozzi, to whose particular charge we were consigned during the hours of the night. These bedrooms, being as lofty as they were long, broad, and overfurnished with windows, were always ventilated; but the in-draught of air, which was sufficient to keep them cool during the hottest day in summer, rendered them cold, and sometimes *very* cold, in the winter. In that season, accordingly, especially when the *bise* blew, and hail and sleet were battering against the casements, the compulsory rising to class by candlelight was an ungenial and unwelcome process; for which, however, there being no remedy, the next best thing was to take it as coolly, we were going to say—*that of course*—but, as patiently as might be. The disagreeable anticipation of the *réveil* was frequently enough to scare away sleep from our eyes a full hour before the command to jump out of bed was actually

issued. On such occasions we would lie awake, and, as the time approached, begin to draw in our own breath, furtively listening, not without trepidation, to the loud nose of a distant comrade, lest its fitful stertor should startle another pair of nostrils, on whose repose that of the whole dormitory depended. Let *Æolus* and his crew make what tumult they liked inside or outside the castle—they disturbed nobody's dreams—they never murdered sleep. Let them pipe and whistle through every keyhole and crevice of the vast *enceinte* of the building—sigh and moan as they would in their various imprisonments of attic or corridor; howl wildly round the great tower, or even threaten a forcible entry at the windows, nobody's ears were scared into unwelcome consciousness by sounds so familiar to them all. It was the expectation of a blast louder even than theirs that would keep our eyes open—a blast about to issue from the bed of Herr Gottlieb, and thundering enough, when it issued, to startle the very god of winds himself! Often, as the dreaded six A.M. drew nigh, when the third quarter past five had, ten minutes since, come with a sough and a rattle against the casements, and still Gottlieb slept on, we would take courage, and begin to dream with our eyes open, that his slumbers might be prolonged a little; his face, turned upwards, looked so calm, the eyes so resolutely closed—every feature so perfectly at rest. It could not be more than five minutes to six—might not he who had slept

so long, for once oversleep himself ? NEVER ! However placid those slumbers might be, they invariably forsook our "unwearied one" just as the clock was on the point of striking six. To judge by the rapid twitchings—they almost seemed galvanic—first of the muscles round the mouth, then of the nose and eyes, it appeared as though some ill-omened dream, at that very nick of time, was sent periodically, on purpose to awaken him; and, if so, it certainly never returned *anparros*. Gottlieb would instantly set to rubbing his eyes, and as the hour struck, spring up wide awake in his shirt sleeves—thus destroying every lingering, and, as it always turned out, ill-founded hope of a longer snooze. Presently we beheld him jump into his small-clothes, and, when sufficiently attired to be seen, unlimber his tongue, and pour forth a rattling broadside—*Auf, kinder! schwind!*—with such precision of delivery, too, that few sleepers could turn a deaf ear to it. But lest any one should still lurk under his warm coverlet out of earshot, at the further end of the room, another and a shriller summons to the same effect once more shakes the walls and windows of the dormitory. Then every boy knew right well that the last moment for repose was past, and that he must at once turn out shivering from his bed, and dress as fast as possible; and it was really surprising to witness how rapidly all could huddle on their clothes under certain conditions of the atmosphere !

In less than five minutes the whole school was dressed, and Gottlieb, in his sounding shoes, having urged the dilatory with another admonitory *schwind, schwind!* has departed, key and candle in hand, to arouse the remaining sleepers, by ringing the "Great Tom" of the chateau. So cold and cheerless was this matutinal summons, that occasional attempts were made to evade it by simulated headache, or, without being quite so specific, on the plea of general indisposition, though it was well known beforehand what the result would be. Herr Gottlieb, in such a case, would presently appear at the bedside of the delinquent patient, with very little compassion in his countenance, and

in a business tone, proceed to inquire from him, Why not up ?—and on receiving for reply, in a melancholy voice, that the would-be invalid was *sehr krank*, would instantly pass the word for the doctor to be summoned. That doctor—we knew him well, and every truant knew—was a quondam French army surgeon—a sworn disciple of the Broussais school, whose heroic remedies at the chateau resolved themselves into one of two—i. e., a starve or a vomit, alternately administered, according as the idiosyncrasy of the patient, or as this or that symptom turned the scale, now in favour of storming the stomach, now of starving it into capitulation. Just as the welcome hot mess of bread and milk was about to be served to the rest, this dapper little Sangrado would make his appearance, feel the pulse, inspect the tongue, ask a few questions, and finding, generally, indications of what he would term *une légère gastrite*, recommend *diète absolue*; then prescribing a mawkish tisane, composed of any garden herbs at hand, and pocketing lancets and stethoscope, would leave the patient to recover *sans calomel*—a mode of treatment to which, he would tell us, we should certainly have been subjected in our own country. Meanwhile, the superiority of his plan of treatment was unquestionable. On the very next morning, when he called to visit his *cher petit malade*, an empty bed said quite plainly, "Very well, I thank you, sir, and in class." But these feignings were comparatively of rare occurrence; in general, all rose, dressed, and descended together, just as the alarm-bell had ceased to sound; and in less than two minutes more all were assembled in their respective class-rooms. The rats and mice which had had the run of these during the night, would be still in occupation when we entered; and such was the audacity of these vermin that none cared *alone* to be the first to plant a candle on his desk. But, by entering *en masse*, we easily routed the *Rodentia*, whose forces were driven to seek shelter behind the wainscot, where they would scuffle, and gnaw, and scratch, before they finally withdrew, and left us with blue fingers and chattering teeth to study

to make the best of it. Uncomfortable enough was the effort for the first ten minutes of the session; but by degrees the hopes of a possible warming of hands upon the surface of the Dutch stoves after class, if they should have been lighted in time, and at any rate the certainty of a hot breakfast, were entertained, and brought their consolation; besides which, the being up in time to welcome in the dawn of the duller day, while health and liberty are ours, is a pleasure in itself. There was no exception to it here; for when the darkness, becoming every moment less and less dark, had at length given way, and melted into a gray gloaming, we would rejoice, even before it appeared, at the approach of a new day. That approach was soon further heralded by the fitful notes of small day-birds chirping under the leaves, and anon by their sudden dashings against the windows, in the direction of the lights not yet extinguished in the class-rooms. Presently the pigs were heard rejoicing and contending over their fresh wash; then the old horse and the shaggy little donkey in the stable adjoining the styes, knowing by this stir that their feed was coming, snorted and brayed at the pleasant prospect. The cocks had by this time roused their sleepy sultanas, who came creeping from under the barn-door to meet their lords on the dunghill. Our peacock, to satisfy himself that he had not taken cold during the night, would scream to the utmost pitch of a most discordant voice; then the prescient

goats would bleat from the cabins, and plaintively remind us that, till their door is unpadlocked, they can get no prog; then the punctual magpie, and his friend the jay, having hopped all down the corridor, would be heard screaming for broken victuals at the school-room door, till our dismissal bell, finding so many other tongues loosened, at length wags its own, and then for the next hour and a half all are free to follow their own devices. Breakfast shortly follows; but, alas! another cold ceremony must be undergone first. A preliminary visit to pump court, and a thorough ablution of face and hands, is indispensable to those who would become successful candidates for that long-anticipated meal. This bleaching process, at an icy temperature, was never agreeable; but when the pipes happened to be frozen—a contingency by no means unfrequent—and the snow in the yard must be substituted for the water which was not in the pump, it proved a difficult and sometimes a painful business; especially as there was always some uncertainty afterwards, whether the chilblained paws would pass muster before the inspector-general commissioned to examine them—who, utterly reckless as to how the boys might “be off for soap,” and incredulous of what they would fain attribute to the adust complexion of their skin, would require to have that assertion tested by a further experiment at the “pump head.”

THE REFECTORY.

“Forbear to scoff at woes you cannot feel,
Nor mock the misery of a stinted meal.”—CRABBE.

The dietary tables at the chateau, conspicuous alike for the paucity and simplicity of the articles registered therein, are easily recalled to mind. The fare they exhibited was certainly *coarse*—though, by euphemism, it might have been termed merely *plain*—and spare withal. The breakfast would consist of milk and water—the first aqueous enough without dilution, being the produce of certain ill-favoured, and, as we afterwards tasted their flesh, we may add ill-flavoured kine,

whose impoverished lacteals could furnish out of their sorry fodder no better supplies. It was London sky-blue, in short, but not of the Alderney dairy, which was made to serve our turn at Yverdun. This milk at seven in summer, and at half-past seven in winter, was transferred boiling, and as yet unadulterated, into earthenware mixers, which had been previously half-filled with hot water from a neighbouring kettle. In this half-and-half state it was baled out for the

assembled school into a series of pewter platters, ranged along the sides of three bare deal boards, some thirty feet long by two wide, and mounted on tressels, which served us for tables. The ministering damsels were two great German Fraus, rejoicing severally in the pleasing names of Gretchen and Bessie. When Frau Gretchen, standing behind each boy, had dropt her allowance of milk over his right shoulder—during which process there was generally a mighty clatter for full measure and fair play—the other Frau was slicing off her slices of bread from a brown loaf a yard long, which she carried under her arm, and slashed clean through with wonderful precision and address. It was now for all those who had saved pocket-money for *menus-plaisirs* to produce their *cornets* of cinnamon or sugar, sprinkle a little into the milk, and then fall to sipping and munching with increased zest and satisfaction. So dry and chaffy was our *pain de ménage* that none ventured to soak it entire, or at once, but would cut it into *frustrums*, and retain liquid enough to wash down the boluses separately. In a few minutes every plate was completely cleaned out and polished; and the cats, that generally entered the room as we left it, seldom found a drop with which they might moisten their tongues, or remove from cheeks and whiskers the red stains of murdered mice on which they had been breaking their fast in the great tower. So much for the earliest meal of the day, which was to carry us through five hours, if not of laborious mental study, at least of the incarceration of our bodies in class, which was equally irksome to them as if our minds had been hard at work. These five hours terminated, slates were once more insalivated and put by clean, and the hungry garrison began to look forward to the pleasures of the noon-day repast. The same bell that had been calling so often to class would now give premonitory notice of dinner, but in a greatly changed tone. In place of the shrill snappish key in which it had all the morning jerked out each short unwelcome summons from lesson to lesson, as if fearful of ringing one note beyond the prescribed minute, it now would take time, vibrate far and wide

in its cage, give full scope to its tongue, and appear from the loud increasing swell of its prolonged *oyez*, to announce the message of good cheer like a herald conscious and proud of his commission. Ding-dong!—come along! Dinner's dishing!—ding-dong! *Da capo and encore!* Then, starting up from every school-room form throughout the chateau, the noisy boys rushed pell-mell, opened all the doors, and, like emergent bees in quest of honey, began coursing up and down right busily between the *salle-d-manger* and the kitchen—snuffing the various aromas as they escaped from the latter into the passage, and inferring from the amount of exhaled fragrance the actual progress of the preparations for eating. Occasionally some “sly Tom” would peep into the kitchen, while the Fraus were too busy to notice him, and watch the great cauldron that had been milked dry of its stores in the morning, now discharging its aqueous contents of a much-attenuated *bouillon*—the surface covered with lumps of swimming bread, thickened throughout with a hydrate of potatoes, and coloured with coarse insipid carrots, which certainly gave it a savoury appearance. It was not good broth—far from it, for it was both *sub-greasy* and *super-salted*; but then it was hot, it was thick, and there was an abundant supply. It used to gush, as we have said, from the great stop-cock of the cauldron, steaming and sputtering, into eight enormous tureens. The shreds of beef, together with whatever other solids remained behind after the fluid had been drawn off, were next fished up from the abyss with long ladles, and plumped into the decanted liquor. The young *gastronome* who might have beheld these proceedings would wait till the lid was taken off the *saur-kraut*; and then, the odour becoming overpoweringly appetising, he would run, as by irresistible instinct, into the dining-room, where most of the boys were already assembled, each with a ration of brown bread in his hand, and ready for the Fraus, who were speedily about to enter. The dinner was noisy and *ungenteel* in the extreme—how could it be otherwise? *ventre affamé n'a point d'oreilles.*

Hardly was the German grace concluded, and the covers removed, when that bone of contention, the marrow bone, was caught up by some big boy near the top of the table, and became the signal for a general row. All in his neighbourhood would call out second, third, fourth, fifth, &c., for said bone; and thus it would travel from plate to plate, yielding its contents freely to the two or three first applicants, but wholly inadequate—unless it could have resolved itself altogether into marrow—to meet all the demands made upon its stores. Then arose angry words of contention, which waxed hot as the marrow waxed cold, every candidate being equally vociferous in maintaining the priority of his particular claim. Earnest appeals in German, French, Spanish, English, &c., were bandied from one to the other in consequence, as to who had really said *après toi* first! At last the “dry bone” was found undeserving of further contention; and, ceasing to drop any more fatness upon any boy’s bread, the competition for it was dropt too. When now we had half-filled our stomachs with a soup which few physicians would have withheld from their fever patients on the score of its strength, we threw in a sufficiency of bread and *saur-kraut* to absorb it; and, after the post-prandial German grace had been pronounced, the boys left the table, generally with a saved crust in their pockets, to repair to the garden and filch—if it was filching—an alliacious dessert from the beds, which they washed in the clear stream, and added, without fear of indigestion, to the meal just concluded within the chateau. Most of us thrived upon this Spartan diet; but some delicate boys, unendowed with the ostrich power of assimilation usual at that period—for boys, like ostriches, can digest almost anything—became deranged in their chylopoietics, and continued to feel its ill effects in mesenteric and other chronic ailments for years afterwards. An hour was given for stomachs to do their work, before we re-assembled to ours

in the class-room. At half-past four precisely, a *gouté* was served out, which consisted of a whacking slice of bread, and either a repetition of the morning’s milk and water, or *café au lait*, (without sugar “*bien entendu*,”) or twenty-five walnuts, or a couple of ounces of strong-tasted *gruyère*, or a plateful of *schnitz* (cuttings of dried apples, pears, and plums.) We might choose any one of these several dainties we liked, but not more. Some dangerous characters—not to be imitated—would occasionally, while young Frau Schmidt stood doling out the supplies from her cupboard among the assembled throng, make the disingenuous attempt to obtain cheese with one hand and *schnitz* with the other. But the artifice, we are happy to say, seldom succeeded; for that vigilant lady, quick-eyed and active, and who, of all things, hated to be imposed upon, would turn round upon the false claimant, and bid him hold up both his hands at once—which he, ambidexter as he was, durst not do, and thus he was exposed to the laughter and jeers of the rest. At nine the bell sounded a feeble call to a *soi-disant* supper; but few of us cared for a basin of *tisane* under the name of lentil soup—or a pappy potato, salted in the boiling—and soon after we all repaired to our bed-rooms—made a noise for a short time, then undressed, and were speedily asleep under our *duvets*, and as sound, if not as musical, as tops.

Our common fare, as the reader has now seen, was sorry enough; but we had our Carnival and gala days as well as our Lent. Vater Pestalozzi’s birthday, in summer, and the first day of the new year, were the most conspicuous. On each of these occasions we enjoyed a whole week’s holiday; and as these were also the periods for slaughtering the pigs, we fed (twice a-year for a whole week!) upon black puddings and pork *à discretion*, qualified with a sauce of beetroot and vinegar, and washed down with a fluid really like small-beer.

CLASSES.

The school-rooms, which lay immediately under the dormitories on the ground-floor, consisted of a number of detached chambers, each of which issued upon a corridor. They were airy—there was plenty of air at Yverdun—and lofty as became so venerable a building; but they were unswept, unscrubbed, peeled of their paint, and, owing to the little light that could find its way through two very small windows punched out of the fortress walls, presented, save at mid-day, or as the declining sun illumined momentarily the dark recess, as comfortless a set of interiors as you could well see. It required, indeed, all the elasticity of youth to bear many hours' daily incarceration in such black-holes, without participating in the pervading gloom. Such dismal domiciles were only fit resorts for the myopic bat, who would occasionally visit them from the old tower; for the twilight horde of cockroaches, which swarmed along the floor, or the eight-eyed spiders who colonised the ceiling. The tender sight, too, of a patient just recovering from ophthalmia would here have required no factitious or deeper shade—but merits like these only rendered them as ungenial as possible to the physiology and feelings of their youthful occupants. If these apartments looked gloomy in their dilapidations and want of sun, the sombre effect was much heightened by the absence of the ordinary tables and chairs, and whatever else is necessary to give a room a habitable appearance. Had an appraiser been commissioned to make out a complete list of the furniture and the fixtures together, a mere glance had sufficed for the inventory. In vain would his practised eye have wandered in quest of themes for golden sentences, printed in such uncial characters that all who run may read; in vain for the high-hung well-backed chart, or for any pleasing pictorial souvenirs of *Æsop* or the *Ark*—neither these nor the long "coloured Stream of Time," nor formal but useful views in perspective, adorned our sorry walls. No old mahogany case clicke in a corner, beating time for

the class, and the hour upstriking loud that it should not be defrauded of its dues. No glazed globe, gliding round on easy axis, spun under its brassy equator to the antipodes on its sides being touched. No bright zodiac was there to exhibit its cabalistic figures in pleasing arabesques. In place of these and other well-known objects, here stood a line of dirty, much-inked desks, with an equally dirty row of attendant forms subjacent alongside. There was a scantling—it seldom exceeded a leash—of rickety rush-bottom chairs distributed at long intervals along the walls; a coal-black slate pegged high on its wooden horse; a keyless cupboard, containing the various implements of learning, a dirty duster, a pewter plate with cretaceous deposits, a slop-basin and a ragged sponge;—and then, unless he had included the cobwebs of the ceiling, (not usually reckoned up in the furniture of a room,) no other movables remained. One conspicuous fixture, however, there was, a gigantic Dutch stove. This lumbering parallelogram, faggot-fed from the corridor behind, projected several feet into the room, and shone bright in the glaze of earthenware emblezonments. Around it we would sometimes congregate in the intervals of class: in winter to toast our hands and hind quarters, as we pressed against the heated tiles, with more or less vigour according to the fervency of the central fire; and in summer either to tell stories, or to con over the pictorial *History of the Bible*, which adorned its frontispiece and sides. We cannot say that every square exactly squared with even our schoolboy notions of propriety in its mode of teaching religious subjects; there was a Dutch quaintness in the illustrations, which would sometimes force a smile from its simplicity, at others shock, from its apparent want of decorum and reverence. Pre-eminent of course among the gems from *Genesis*, *Adam* and *Eve*, safe in innocency and "naked truth," here walked unscathed amidst a menagerie of wild beasts—there, dressed in the costume of their fall, they quitted Eden, and left it in pos-

session of tigers, bears, and crocodiles. Hard by on a smaller tile, that brawny "knave of clubs," Cain, battered down his brother at the altar; then followed a long picture-gallery of the acts of the patriarchs, and another equally long of the acts of the apostles. But, queer as many of these misconceptions might seem, they were nothing to the strange attempts made at dramatising the *parables* of the New Testament—e. g. a stout man, staggering under the weight of an enormous beam which grows out of one eye, employs his fingers, assisted by the other, to pick out a black speck from the cornea of his neighbour. Here, an unclean spirit, as black as any sweep, issues from the mouth of his victim, with wings and a tail! Here again, the good Samaritan, turbaned like a Turk, is bent over the waylaid traveller, and pours wine and oil into his wounds from the mouths of two Florence flasks; there, the grain of mustard-seed, become a tree, sheltering already a large aviary in its boughs; the woman, dancing a hornpipe with the Dutch broom, has swept her house, and lo! the piece of silver that was lost in her hand; a servant, who is digging a hole in order to hide his lord's talent under a tree, is overlooked by a magpie and two crows, who are attentive witnesses of the deposit:—and many others too numerous to mention. So much for the empty school-room, but what's a hive without bees, or a school-room without boys? The reader who has peeped into it untenanted, shall now, if he pleases, be introduced, *dum fervet opus* full and alive. Should he not be able to trace out very clearly the system at work, he will at least be no worse off than the bee-fancier, who hears indeed the buzzing, and sees a flux and reflux current of his winged confectioners entering in and passing out, but cannot investigate the detail of their labours any farther. In the Yverdun, as in the hymenopterous apiary, we swarmed, we buzzed, dispersed, re-assembled at the sound of the bell, flocked in and flocked out, all the day long; exhibited much restlessness and activity, evincing that something was going on, but *what* it would have been hard to determine. Here the comparison must drop. Bees buzz to some purpose; they know

what they are about; they help one another; they work orderly and to one end,—

"How skilfully they build the cell,
How neat they spread the wax,
And labour hard to store it well
With the sweet food," &c. &c.

In none of these particulars did we resemble the "busy bee." This being admitted, our object in offering a few words upon the course of study pursued at the chateau is not with any idea of enlightening the reader as to anything really acquired during the long ten hours' session of each day; but rather to show how ten hours' imprisonment may be inflicted upon the body for the supposed advantage of the mind, and yet be consumed in "profitless labour, and diligence which maketh not rich," to prove, by an exhibition of their opposites, that method and discipline are indispensable in tuition, and (if he will accept our "pathemata" for his "mathemata" and guides in the bringing up of his sons) to convince him that education, like scripture, admits not of private interpretation. Those who refuse to adopt the Catholic views of the age, and the general sense of the society in which they live, must blame themselves if they find the experiment of foreign schools a failure, and that they have sent their children "farther to fare worse."

And now to proceed to the geography class, which was the first after breakfast, and began at half-past eight. As the summons-bell sounded, the boys came rushing and tumbling in, and ere a minute had elapsed were swarming over, and settling upon, the high reading-desks: the master, already at his work, was chalking out the business of the hour; and as this took some little time to accomplish, the youngsters, not to sit unemployed, would be assiduously engaged in impressing sundry animal forms—among which the donkey was a favourite—cut out in cloth, and well powdered, upon one another's backs. When Herr G— had finished his chalkings, and was gone to the corner of the room for his show-perch, a skeleton map of Europe might be seen, by those who choose to look that way, covering the slate: this, however, was what the majority of the assembly

never dreamt of, or only dreamt they were doing. The class generally—though ready when called upon to give the efficient support of their tongues—kept their eyes to gaze elsewhere, and, like Solomon's fool, had them where they had no business to be. The map, too often repeated to attract from its novelty, had no claim to respect on other grounds. It was one of a class accurately designated by that careful geographer, old Homer, as "*μᾶλ' ἢ Κῆρα Κοοπον*." Coarse and clumsy, however, as it necessarily would be, it might still have proved of service had the boys been the draughtsmen. As it was, the following mechanically Herr G——'s wand to join in the general chorus of the last census of a city, the perpendicular altitude of a mountain, or the length and breadth of a lake, could obviously convey no useful instruction to any one. But, useful or otherwise, such was our *regime*,—to set one of from fifty to sixty lads, day after day, week after week, repeating facts and figures notorious to every little reader of penny guides to science, till all had the last statistical returns at their tongue's tip; and knew, when all was done, as much of what geography really meant as on the day of their first matriculation. Small wonder, then, if some should later have fore-sworn this study, and been revolted at the bare sight of a map! All our recollections of *map*, unlike those of *personal* travel, are sufficiently distasteful. Often have we yawned wearily over them at Yverdun, when our eyes were demanded to follow the titubations of Herr G——'s magic wand, which, in its uncertain route, would skip from Europe to Africa and back again—*qui modo Thebas modo me ponit Athenis*; and our dislike to them since has increased amazingly. Does the reader care to be told the reason of this? Let him—in order to obtain the pragmatic sanction of some stiff-necked examiner—have to "get up" all the anastomosing routes of St. Paul's several journeyings; have to follow those rebellious Israelites in all their wanderings through the desert; to draw the line round them when in Palestine; going from Dan to Beersheba, and "meting out the valley of Succoth;" or, finally, have

to cover a large sheet of foolscap with a progressive survey of the spread of Christianity during the three first centuries—and he will easily enter into our feelings. To return to the class-room: The geographical lesson, though of daily infliction, was accurately circumscribed in its duration. Old Time kept a sharp look-out over his blooming daughters, and never suffered one hour to tread upon the heels or trench upon the province of a sister hour. Sixty minutes to all, and not an extra minute to any, was the old gentleman's impartial rule; and he took care to see it was strictly adhered to. As the clock struck ten, geography was shoved aside by the muse of mathematics. A sea of dirty water had washed out in a twinkling all traces of the continent of Europe, and the palimpsest slate presented a clean face for whatever figures might next be traced upon it.

The hour for Euclidising was arrived, and anon the black parallelogram was intersected with numerous triangles of the Isosceles and Scalene pattern; but, notwithstanding this promising *début*, we did not make much quicker progress here than in the previous lesson. How should we, who had not only the difficulties inseparable from the subject to cope with, but a much more formidable difficulty—viz. the obstruction which we opposed to each other's advance, by the plan, so unwisely adopted, of making all the class do the same thing, that they might keep pace together. It is a polite piece of folly enough for a whole party to be kept waiting dinner by a lounging guest, who chooses to ride in the park when he ought to be at his toilet; but we were the victims of a much greater absurdity, who lost what might have proved an hour of profitable work, out of tenderness to some incorrigibly idle or Bæotian boy, who could not get over the Pons Asinorum, (every proposition was a *pons* to some *asinus* or other,) and so made those who were over stand still, or come back to help him across. Neither was this, though a very considerable drawback, our only hindrance—the guides were not always safe. Sometimes he who acted in that capacity

would shout "Eureka" too soon; and having undertaken to lead the van, lead it astray till just about, as he supposed, to come down upon the proof itself, and to come down with a Q. E. D. : the master would stop him short, and bid him—as Coleridge told the ingenious author of *Guesses at Truth*—"to guess again." But suppose the "guess" fortunate, or that a boy had even succeeded, by his own industry or reflection, in mastering a proposition, did it follow that he would be a clear expositor of what he knew? It was far otherwise. Our young Archimedes—unacquainted with the terms of the science, and being also (as we have hinted) lamentably defective in his knowledge of the power of words—would mix up such a "farrago" of irrelevancies and repetitions with the proof, as, in fact, to render it to the majority no proof at all. Euclid should be taught in his own words,—just enough and none to spare: the employment of less must engender obscurity; and of more, a want of neatness and perspicacity. The best geometrician amongst us would have cut but a bad figure by the side of a lad of very average ability brought up to know Euclid by book.

Another twitch of the bell announced that the hour for playing at triangles had expired. In five minutes the slate was covered with bars of minims and crotchets, and the music lesson begun. This, in the general tone of its delivery, bore a striking resemblance to the geographical one of two hours before; the only difference being that "ut, re, me" had succeeded to names of certain cities, and "fa, so, la" to the number of their inhabitants. It would be as vain an attempt to describe all the noise we made as to show its rationale or motive. It was loud enough to have cowed a lion, stopped a donkey in mid-bray—to have excited the envy of the vocal Lablache, or to have sent any *prima donna* into hysterics. When this third hour had been bellowed away, and the bell had rung unheard the advent of a fourth—

presto—in came Mons. D——, to relieve the meek man who had acted as coryphæus to the music class; and after a little tugging, had soon produced from his pocket that without which you never catch a Frenchman—a *thème*. The theme being announced, we proceeded (not quite *tant bien que mal*) to scribble it down at his dictation, and to amend its orthography afterwards from a corrected copy on the slate. Once more the indefatigable bell obtruded its tinkle, to proclaim that Herr Roth was coming with a Fable of Gellert, or a chapter from Vater Pestalozzi's serious novel, *Gumal und Lina*, to read, and expound, and catechise upon. This last lesson before dinner was always accompanied by frequent yawns and other unrepressed symptoms of fatigue; and at its conclusion we all rose with a shout, and rushed into the corridors.

On resuming work in the afternoon, there was even less attention and method observed than before. The classes were then broken up, and private lessons were given in accomplishments, or in some of the useful arts. Drawing dogs and cows, with a master to look after the trees and the hedges; whistling and spitting through a flute; playing on the patience of a violin; turning at a lathe; or fencing with a powerful *maitre d'Armes*;—such were the general occupations. It was then, however, that we English withdrew to our Greek and Latin; and, under a kind master, Dr. M——, acquired (with the exception of a love for natural history, and a very unambitious turn of mind) all that really could deserve the name of education.

We have now described the sedentary life at the chateau. In the next paper the reader shall be carried to the gymnasium; the drill ground behind the lake; to our small menageries of kids, guinea pigs, and rabbits; be present at our annual ball and skating bouts in winter, and at our bathings, fishings, frog-spearings, and rambles over the Jura in summer.

THE CROWNING OF THE COLUMN, AND CRUSHING OF THE PEDESTAL.

It was said in the debate on the Navigation Laws, in the best speech made on the Liberal side, by one of the ablest of the Liberal party, that the repeal of the Navigation Laws was the *crowning of the column of free trade*. There is no doubt it was so; but it was something more. It was not only the carrying out of a principle, but the overthrow of a system; it was not merely the crowning of the column, but the *crushing of the pedestal*.

And what was the system which was thus completely overthrown, for the time at least, by this great triumph of Liberal doctrines? It was the system under which England had become free, and great, and powerful; under which, in her alone of all modern states, liberty had been found to coexist with law, and progress with order; under which wealth had increased without producing divisions, and power grown up without inducing corruption; the system which had withstood the shocks of two centuries, and created an empire unsurpassed since the beginning of the world in extent and magnificence. It was a system which had been followed out with persevering energy by the greatest men, and the most commanding intellects, which modern Europe had ever produced; which was begun by the republican patriotism of Cromwell, and consummated by the conservative wisdom of Pitt; which had been embraced alike by Somers and Bolingbroke, by Walpole and Chatham, by Fox and Castlereagh; which, during two centuries, had produced an unbroken growth of national strength, a ceaseless extension of national power, and at length reared up a dominion which embraced the earth in its grasp, and exceeded anything ever achieved by the legions of Cæsar, or the phalanx of Alexander. No vicissitudes of time, no shock of adverse fortune, had been able permanently to arrest its progress. It had risen superior alike to the ambition of Louis XIV. and the genius of Napoleon; the rude severance of the North American colonies had thrown only a passing shade over its fortunes; the

power of Hindostan had been subdued by its force, the sceptre of the ocean won by its prowess. It had planted its colonies in every quarter of the globe, and at once peopled with its descendants a new hemisphere, and, for the first time since the creation, rolled back to the old the tide of civilisation. Perish when it may, the *old English system* has achieved mighty things; it has indelibly affixed its impress on the tablets of history. The children of its creation, the Anglo-Saxon race, will fill alike the solitudes of the Far West, and the Isles of the East; they will be found equally on the shores of the Missouri, and on the savannahs of Australia; and the period can already be anticipated, even by the least imaginative, when their descendants will people half the globe.

It was not only the column of free trade which has been crowned in this memorable year. Another column, more firm in its structure, more lasting in its duration, more conspicuous amidst the wonders of creation, has, in the same season, been crowned by British hands. While the sacrilegious efforts of those whom it had sheltered were tearing down the temple of protection in the West, the last stone was put to the august structure which it had reared in the East. The victory of Goojerat on the Indus was contemporary with the repeal of the Navigation Laws on the Thames. The completion of the conquest of India occurred exactly at the moment when the system which had created that empire was repudiated. Protection placed the sceptre of India in our hands, when free trade was surrendering the trident of the ocean in the heart of our power. With truth did Lord Gough say, in his noble proclamation to the army of the Punjaub on the termination of hostilities, that "what Alexander had attempted they had done." Supported by the energy of England, guided by the principles of protection, restrained by the dictates of justice, backed by the navy which the Navigation Laws had created, the British arms had achieved the most wonderful triumph recorded in the annals of

mankind. They had subjugated a hundred and forty millions of men in the Continent of Hindostan, at the distance of ten thousand miles from the parent state; they had made themselves felt alike, and at the same moment, at Nankin, the ancient capital of the Celestial Empire, and at Cabool, the cradle of Mahommedan power. Conquering all who resisted, blessing all who submitted, securing the allegiance of the subjects by the justice and experienced advantages of their government, they had realised the boasted maxim of Roman administration—

"*Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos,*"

and steadily advanced through a hundred years of effort and glory, not unmixed with disaster, from the banks of the Hoogley to the shores of the Indus—from the black hole of Calcutta to the throne of Aurengzebe.

"*Nulla magna civitas,*" said Hannibal, "*diu quiescere potest—si foris hostem non habet, domi invenit: ut praevalida corpora ab externis causis tuta videntur, suis ipsis viribus conficiuntur.*"* When the Carthaginian hero made this mournful reflection on the infatuated spirit which had seized his own countrymen, and threatened to destroy their once powerful dominion, he little thought what a marvellous confirmation of it a future empire of far greater extent and celebrity was to afford. That the system of free trade—that is, the universal preference of foreigners, for the sake of the smallest reduction of price, to your own subjects—must, if persisted in, lead to the dismemberment and overthrow of the British empire, cannot admit of a moment's doubt, and will be amply proved to every unbiassed reader in the sequel of this paper. Yet the moment chosen for carrying this principle into effect was precisely that, when the good effects of the opposite system had been most decisively demonstrated, and an empire unprecedented in magnitude and magnificence had reached its acme under its shadow. It would be impossible to explain so

strange an anomaly, if we did not, recollect how wayward and irreconcilable are the changes of the human mind: that action and reaction is the law not less of the moral than of the material world; that nations become tired of hearing a policy called wise, not less than an individual called the just; and that if a magnanimous and truly national course of government has been pursued by one party long in possession of power, this is quite sufficient to make its opponents embrace the opposite set of tenets, and exert all their influence to carry them into effect when they succeed to the direction of affairs, without the slightest regard to the ruin they may bring on the national fortunes.

The secret of the long duration and unexampled success of the British national policy is to be found in the protection which it afforded to *all* the national interests. But for this, it must long since have been overthrown and with it the empire which was growing up under its shadow. No institutions or frames of government can long exist which are not held together by that firmest of bonds, *experienced benefits*. What made the Roman power steadily advance during seven centuries, and endure in all a thousand years? The protection which the arms of the legions afforded to the industry of mankind, the international wars which they prevented, the general peace they secured, the magnanimous policy which admitted the conquered states to the privileges of Roman citizens, and caused the Imperial government to be felt through the wide circuit of its power, only by the vast market it opened to the industry of its multifarious subjects, and the munificence with which local undertakings were everywhere aided by the Imperial treasury. Free trade in grain at length ruined it; the harvests of Lybia and Egypt came to supersede those of Greece and Italy,—and thence its fall. To the same cause which occasioned the rise of Rome, is to be ascribed the similar unbroken progress of the Russian ter-

* "No great state can long remain quiet; if it has not an enemy abroad, it finds one at home, as powerful bodies resist all external attacks, but are destroyed by their internal strength."—Livy.

ritorial dominion, and that of the British colonial empire in modern times. What, on the other hand, caused the conquests of Timour and Charlemagne, Alexander the Great and Napoleon, to be so speedily obliterated, and their vast empires to fall to pieces the moment the powerful hand which had created them was laid in the dust? The want of protection to general interests, the absence of the strong bond of experienced benefits; the oppressive nature of the conquering government; the sacrifice of the general interests to the selfish ambition or rapacious passions of a section of the community, whether civil or military, which had got possession of power. It is the selfishness of the ruling power which invariably terminates its existence: men will bear anything but an interference with their patrimonial interests. The burning of 50,000 Protestants by the Duke of Alva was quietly borne by the Flemish provinces: but the imposition of a small direct tax at once caused a flame to burst forth, which carried the independence of the United Provinces. Attend sedulously to the interests of men, give ear to their complaints, anticipate their wishes, and you may calculate with tolerable certainty on acquiring in the long run the mastery of their passions. Thwart their interests, disregard their complaints, make game of their sufferings, and you may already read the handwriting on the wall which announces your doom.

That the old policy of England, foreign, colonial, and domestic, was thoroughly protective, and attended, on the whole, with a due care of the interests of its subjects in every part of the world, may be inferred with absolute certainty from the constant growth, unexampled success, and long existence of her empire. But the matter is not left to inference: decisive proof of it is to be found in the enactments of our statute-book, the treaties we concluded, or the wars we waged with foreign powers. Protection to native industry, at home or in the colonies, security to vested interests, a sacred regard to the rights and interests of our subjects, in whatever part of the

world, were the principles invariably acted upon. Long and bloody wars were undertaken to secure their predominance, when threatened by foreign powers. This protective system of necessity implied some restrictions upon the industry, or restraints upon the liberty of action in the colonial dependencies, as well as the mother country—but what then? They were not complained of on either side, because they were accompanied with corresponding and greater benefits, as the consideration paid by the mother country, and received by her distant offspring. Reciprocity in those days was not entirely one-sided; there was a *quid pro quo* on both sides. The American colonies were subjected to the Navigation Laws, and, in consequence, paid somewhat higher for their freights than if they had been permitted to export and import their produce in the cheaper vessels of foreign powers; but this burden was never complained of, because it was felt to be the price paid for the immense advantages of the monopoly of the English market, and the protection of the English navy. The colonies of France and Spain desired nothing so much, during the late war, as to be conquered by the armies of England, because it at once opened the closed markets for their produce, and restored the lost protection of a powerful navy. The English felt that their colonial empire was in some respects a burden, and entailed heavy expenses both in peace and war; but they were not complained of, because the manufacturing industry of England found a vast and increasing market for its produce in the growth of its offspring in every part of the world, and its commercial navy grew with unexampled rapidity from the exclusive enjoyment of their trade.

Such was the amount of protection afforded in our statute-book to commercial industry, that we might imagine, if there was nothing else in it, that the empire had been governed exclusively by a manufacturing aristocracy. Such was the care with which the interests of the colonies were attended to, that it seemed as if they must have had representatives who possessed a majority in the legislature. To one who looked to the

welfare of land, and the protection of its produce, the chapel of St. Stephens seemed to have been entirely composed of the representatives of squires. The shipping interest was sedulously fostered, as appeared in the unexampled growth and vast amount of our mercantile tonnage. The interests of labour, the welfare of the poor, were not overlooked, as was demonstrated in the most decisive way by the numerous enactments for the relief of the indigent and unfortunate, and the immense burden which the legislature voluntarily imposed on itself and the nation for the relief of the destitute. Thus *all* interests were attended to; and that worst of tyrannies, the tyranny of one class over another class, was effectually prevented. It is in this sedulous attention to *all* the interests of the empire that its long duration and unparalleled extension is to be ascribed. Had any one class or interest been predominant, and commenced the system of pursuing its separate objects and advantages, to the subversion or injury of the other classes in the state, such a storm of discontent must have arisen as would speedily have proved fatal to the unanimity, and with it to the growth and prosperity of the empire.

Two causes mainly contributed to produce this system of catholic protection by the British government to native industry; and to their united operation, the greatness of England is chiefly to be ascribed. The first of these was the peculiar constitution which time had worked out for the House of Commons, and the manner in which all the interests of the state had come silently, and without being observed, to be indirectly but most effectually represented in parliament. That body, anterior to the Reform Bill, possessed one invaluable quality—its franchise was multifarious and various. In many burghs the landed interest in their neighbourhood was predominant; in most counties it returned members in the interests of agriculture. In other towns, mercantile or commercial wealth acquired by purchase an introduction, or won it from the influence of some great family. Colonial opulence found a ready inlet in the close boroughs: Old Sarum or

Gatton nominally represented a house or a green mound—really, the one might furnish a seat to a representative of Hindostan, the other of the splendid West Indian settlements. The members who thus got in by purchase had one invaluable quality, like the officers who get their commissions in the army in the same way—they were independent. They were not liable to be overruled or coerced by a numerous, ignorant, and conceited constituency. Hence they looked only to the interests of the class to which they belonged, amidst which their fortunes had been made, and with the prosperity of which their individual success was entirely wound up. With what energy these various interests were attended to, with what perseverance the system of protecting them was followed up, is sufficiently evident from the simultaneous growth and unbroken prosperity of all the great branches of industry during the long period of a hundred and fifty years. Talent, alike on the Whig and the Tory side, found a ready entrance by means of the nomination burghs. It is well known that all the great men of the House of Commons, since the Revolution, obtained entrance to parliament in the first instance through these narrow inlets. Rank looked anxiously for talent, because it added to its influence. Genius did not disdain the entrance, because it was not obstructed by numbers, or galled by conceit. No human wisdom could have devised such a system; it rose gradually, and without being observed, from the influence of a vast body of great and prosperous interests, feeling the necessity of obtaining a voice in the legislature, and enjoying the means of doing so by the variety of election privileges which time had established in the House of Commons. The reality of this representation of interests is matter of history. The landed interest, the West India interest, the commercial interest, the shipping interest, the East Indian interest, could all command their respective phalanxes in parliament, who would not permit any violation of the rights, or infringement on the welfare, of their constituents to take place. The combined effect of the

whole was the great and glorious British empire, teeming with energy, overflowing with patriotism, spreading out into every quarter of the globe, and yet held together in all its parts by the firm bond of experienced benefits and protected industry.

The second cause was, that no speculative or theoretical opinions had then been broached, or become popular, which proclaimed that the real interest of any one class was to be found in the spoliation or depression of any other class. No gigantic system of *beggar my neighbour* had then come to be considered as a shorthand mode of gaining wealth. The nation had not then embraced the doctrine, that to buy cheap and sell dear constituted the sum total of political science. On the contrary, protection to industry in all its branches was considered as the great principle of policy the undisputed dictate of wisdom, the obvious rule of justice. It was acknowledged alike by speculative writers and practical statesmen. The interests of the producers were the main object of legislative fostering and philosophic thought—and for this plain reason, that they constitute the great body of society, and their interests chiefly were thought of. Realised wealth was then, in comparison to what it is now, in a state of infancy; the class of traders and shopkeepers, who grow up with the expenditure of accumulated opulence, was limited in numbers and inconsiderable in influence. It would have been as impossible *then* to get up a party in the House of Commons, or a cry in the country, in favour of the consumers or against the producers, as it would be now to do the same among the corn producers in the basin of the Mississippi, or among the cotton growers of New Orleans.

It is in the profound wisdom of Hannibal's saying—that great states, impregnable to the shock of external violence, are consumed and wasted away by their own internal strength—that the real cause of the subsequent and extraordinary change, first in the opinions of men, and then in the measures of government, is to be found. Such was the wealth produced by the energy of the Anglo-Saxon race, sheltered and invigorated by the protec-

tion-policy of government in every quarter of the globe, that in the end it gave birth to a new class, which rapidly grew in numbers and influence, and was at length able to bid defiance to all the other interests in the state put together. This was the *moneyed interest*—the class of men whose fortunes were made, whose position was secure, and who saw, in a general cheapening of the price of commodities and reduction of prices, the means of making their wealth go much farther than it otherwise would. This class had its origin from the long-continued prosperity and accumulated savings of the whole producing classes in the state; like a huge lake, it was fed by all the streams and rills which descended into it from the high grounds by which it was surrounded; and the rise of its waters indicated, as a register thermometer, the amount of additions which it was receiving from the swelling of the feeders by which it was formed. But when men once get out of the class of producers, and into that of moneyed consumers, they rapidly perceive an *immediate* benefit to themselves in the reduction of the price of articles of consumption, because it adds proportionally to the value of their money. If prices can be forced down fifty per cent by legislative measures, every thousand pounds in effect becomes fifteen hundred. It thus not unfrequently and naturally happened, that the son who enjoyed the fortune made by protection came to join the ranks of the free traders, because it promised a great addition to the value of his inheritance. The transition from Sir Robert Peel the father, and staunch supporter of protection, who *made the fortune*, to Sir Robert Peel the son, who *inherited it*, and introduced free-trade principles, was natural and easy. Each acted in conformity with the interests of his respective position in society. It is impossible to suppose in such men a selfish or sordid regard to their own interests, and we solemnly disclaim the intention of imputing such. But every one knows how the ablest and most elevated minds are insensibly moulded by the influence of the atmosphere with which they are surrounded; and, at all events, they were a type of the corresponding change going

on in successive generations of others of a less elevated class of minds, in whom the influence of interested motives was direct and immediate.

Adam Smith's work, now styled the *principia* of economical science by the free-traders, first gave token of the important and decisive change then going forward in society. It was an ominous and characteristic title: *The Nature and Cause of the WEALTH of Nations*. It was not said of their wisdom, virtue, or happiness. The direction of such a mind as Adam Smith's to the exclusive consideration of the riches of nations, indicated, the advent of a period when the fruits of industry in this vast empire, sheltered by protection, had become so great that they had formed a powerful class in society, which was beginning to look to its separate interests, and saw them in the beating down the price of articles—that is, diminishing the remuneration of other men's industry. It showed that the *Plutocracy* was becoming powerful. The constant arguments that able work contained, in favour of competition and against monopoly,—its impassioned pleadings in favour of freedom of commerce, and the removal of all restrictions on importation, were so many indications that a new era was opening in society; that the interests of *realised wealth* were beginning to come into collision with those of *creating industry*, and that the time was not far distant when a fierce legislative contest might be anticipated between them: It is well known that Adam Smith advocated the Navigation Laws, upon the ground that national independence was of more importance than national wealth. But there can be no doubt that this was a deviation from his principles, and that, if they were established in other particulars, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to succeed in maintaining an exception in favour of the shipping interests, because that was retaining a burden on the colonies, when the corresponding benefit had been voted away.

Although, however, the doctrines of Adam Smith, from their novelty, simplicity, and alliance with democratic liberty, spread rapidly in the rising generation—ever ready to repudiate the doctrines and throw off

the restraints of their fathers—yet, so strongly were the producing interests entrenched in the legislature, that a very long period would probably have elapsed before they came to be practically applied in the measures of government, had it not been that, at the very period when, from the triumph of protection-principles during the war, and the vast wealth they had realised in the state, the moneyed interest had become most powerful, a great revolution in the state gave that interest the command of the House of Commons. By the Reform Bill *two-thirds of the seats* in that house were given to boroughs, and *two-thirds of the voters* in boroughs, in the new constituency, were shopkeepers or those in their interest. Thus a decisive majority in the house, which, from having the command of the public purse, practically became possessed of supreme power, was vested in those who made their living by buying and selling—with whom cheap prices was all in all. The producing classes were virtually, and to all practical purposes, cast out of the scale. The landed interest, on all questions vital to its welfare, would evidently soon be in a minority. Schedules A and B at one blow disfranchised the whole colonial empire of Great Britain, because it closed the avenue by which colonial wealth had hitherto found an entrance to the House of Commons. Seats could no longer be bought: the virtual representation of unrepresented places was at an end. The greatest fortunes made in the colonies could now get into the house only through some populous place; and the majority of voters in most populous places were in favour of the consumers and against the producers, because the consumers bought *their goods*, and they bought those of the producers. Thus no colonial member could get in but by forswearing his principles and abandoning the interests of his order. The shipping interest was more strongly entrenched, because many shipping towns had direct representatives in parliament, and it accordingly was the last to be overthrown. But when the colonies were disfranchised, and protection was withdrawn from their industry to cheapen prices at home, it

became next to impossible to keep up the shipping interest—not only because the injustice of doing so, and so enhancing freights, when protection to colonial produce was withdrawn, was evident, but because it was well understood, by certain unequivocal symptoms, that such a course of policy would at once lead to colonial revolt, and the dismemberment of the empire.

The authors of the Reform Bill were well aware that under it two-thirds of the seats in the House of Commons were for boroughs: but they clung to the idea that a large proportion of these seats would fall under the influence of the landed proprietors in their vicinity, and thus be brought round to the support of the agricultural interest. It was on that belief that Earl Grey said in private, amidst all his public democratic declamations, that the Reform Bill was “the most aristocratic measure which had ever passed the House of Commons.” But in this anticipation, which was doubtless formed in good faith by many of the ablest supporters of that revolution, they showed themselves entirely ignorant of the effect of the great monetary change of 1819, which at that very period was undermining the influence of the owners of landed estates as much as it was augmenting the power of the holders of bonds over their properties. As that bill changed the prices of agricultural produce, at least to the extent of forty per cent., it of course crippled the means and weakened the influence of the landowners as much as it added to the powers of the moneyed interest which held securities over their estates. This soon became a matter of paramount importance. After a few severe struggles, the landowners in most places saw that they were overmatched, and that their burdened estates and declining rent-rolls were not equal to an encounter with the ready money of the capitalists, which that very change had so much enhanced in value and augmented in power. One by one the rural boroughs slipped out of the hands of the landed, and fell under the influence of the moneyed interest. At the same time one great colonial interest, that of the West Indies, was so entirely prostrated by the ruinous mea-

sure of the emancipation of the negroes, that its influence in parliament was practically rendered extinct. Thus two of the great producing interests in the state—those of corn and sugar—were materially weakened or nullified, at the very time when the power of their opponents, the moneyed aristocracy, was most augmented.

Experience, however, proved, on one important and decisive occasion, that even after the Reform Bill had become the law of the land, it was still possible, by a coalition of all the producing interests, to defeat the utmost efforts of the moneyed party, even when aided by the whole influence of government. On occasion of the memorable Whig budget of 1841, such a coalition took place, and the efforts of the free-traders were overthrown. A change of ministry was the consequence; but it soon appeared that nothing was gained by an alteration of rulers, when the elements in which political power resided, under the new constitution, remained unchanged.

Sir Robert Peel, and the leaders of the party which now succeeded to power, appear to have been guided by those views in the free-trade measures which they subsequently introduced. They regarded, and with justice, the Reform Bill as, in the language of the *Times*, “a great fact”—the settlement of the constitution upon a new basis—on foundations *non tangenda non movenda*, if we would shun the peril of repeated shocks to our institutions, and ultimately of a bloody revolution. Looking on the matter in this light, the next object was to scan the composition of the House of Commons, and see in what party and interest in the state a preponderance of power was now vested. They were not slow in discerning the fatal truth, that the Reform Bill had given a decided majority to the representatives of boroughs, and that a clear majority in these boroughs was, from the embarrassments which monetary change had produced on the landed proprietors, and the preponderance of votes which that bill had given to shopkeepers, vested in the moneyed or consuming interest. Such a state of things might be regretted, but still it existed; and it was the business of

practical statesmen to deal with things as they were, not to indulge in vain regrets on what they once were or might have been. It seemed impossible to carry on the government on any other footing than that of concession to the wishes and attention to the interests of the moneyed and mercantile classes, in whose hands supreme power, under the new constitution, was now practically vested. Whether any such views, supposing them well founded, could justify a statesman and a party, who had received office on a solemn appeal to the country, under the most solemn engagement to support the principles of protection, to repudiate those principles, and introduce the measures they were pledged to oppose, is a question on which, it is not difficult to see, but one opinion will be formed by future times.

Still, even when free-trade measures were resolved on by Sir R. Peel's government, it was a very doubtful matter, in the first instance, how to secure their entire success. The great coalition of the chief producing interests, which had proved fatal to the Whig administration by the election of 1841, might again be reorganised, and overthrow any government which attempted to renew the same projects. Ministers had been placed in office on the principles of protection—they were the watches, planted to decry the first approaches of the enemy, and repel his attacks. But the old Roman maxim, "*Divide et impera*," was then put in practice with fatal effect on the producing interests, and, in the end, on the general fortunes of the empire. The assault was in the first instance directed against the agricultural interest: the cry of "Cheap bread," ever all-powerful with the multitude, was raised to drown that of "Protection to native industry." The whole weight of government, which at once abandoned all its principles, was directed to support the free-trade assault, and beat down the protectionist opposition. The whole population in the towns—that is, the inhabitants of the places which, under the Reform Bill, returned two-thirds of the House of Commons—was roused almost to madness by the prospect of a great

reduction in the price of provisions. The master-manufacturers almost unanimously supported the same views, in the hope that the wages of labour and the cost of production would be in a similar way reduced, and that thus the foreign market for their produce would be extended. The West India interest, the colonial interest, the shipping interest, stood aloof, or gave only a lukewarm support to the protectionists, conceiving that it was merely an agricultural question, and that the time was far distant when there was any chance of their interests being brought into jeopardy. "*Cetera quis nescit?*" The corn-laws were repealed, agricultural protection was swept away, and England, where wheat cannot be raised at a profit when prices are below 50s., or, at the lowest, 45s. a quarter, was exposed to the direct competition of states possessing the means of raising it to an indefinite extent, where it can be produced and imported at a profit for in all 32s.

What subsequent events have abundantly verified, was at the time foreseen and foretold by the protectionists,—that when agricultural protection at home was withdrawn, it could not be maintained in the colonies, and that cheap prices must be rendered universal, as they had been established in the great article of human subsistence. This necessity was soon experienced. The West Indies were the first to be assailed. Undeterred by the evident ruin which a free competition with the slave-growing states could not fail to bring on British planters forced to work with free labourers—undismayed by the frightful injustice of first establishing slavery by law in the English colonies, and giving the utmost encouragement to negro importation, then forcibly emancipating the slaves on a compensation not on an average the fourth part of their value, and then sweeping away all fiscal protection, and exposing the English planters, who could not with their free labourers raise sugar below £10 a ton, to competition with slave states who could raise it for £4 a ton—that great work of fiscal iniquity and free-trade spoliation was perpetrated. The English landed interest resisted the

unjust measure; but it could hardly be expected that they were to be very enthusiastic in the cause. They had not forgotten their desertion in the hour of need by the West India planters, and the deferred punishment, as they conceived, dealt out to them in return, was not altogether displeasing. The shipping interest did little or nothing when either contest was going on; nay, they in general, and with fatal effect, supported free-trade principles thus far: they were delighted that the tempest had not as yet reached their doors, and flattered themselves none would be insane enough to attack the wooden walls of Old England, and hand us over, bereft of our ocean bulwarks, to the malice and jealousy of our enemies. They little knew the extent and insatiation of political fanaticism. They were only reserved, like Ulysses in the cave of Polyphemus, for the melancholy privilege of being last devoured. Each session of Parliament, since free trade was introduced, has been marked by the sacrifice of a fresh interest. The year 1846 witnessed the repeal of the corn laws; the year 1847 the equalisation, by a rapidly sliding scale, of the duties on English free-grown and foreign slave-raised sugar; and 1849 was immortalised by the destruction of the

Navigation Laws. The British shipowner, who pays £10 for wages on ships, is exposed to the direct competition of the foreign shipowner, who navigates his vessel for £6. "Perish the colonies," said Robespierre, "rather than one principle be abandoned." Fanaticism is the same in all ages and countries. The triumph of free trade is complete. A ruinous and suicidal principle has been carried out, in defiance alike of bitter experience and national safety. Each interest in the state has, since the great conservative party was broken up by Sir R. Peel's free-trade measures, looked on with indifference when its neighbour was destroyed; and to them may be applied with truth what the ancient annalist said of the enemies of Rome, "*Dum singuli pugnant, universi vincuntur.*"*

We say advisedly, each interest has looked on with indifference when its neighbour was *destroyed*. That this strong phrase is not misapplied to the effect of these measures in the West Indies, is too well known to require any illustration. Ruin, widespread and universal, has, we know by sad experience, overtaken, and is rapidly destroying these once splendid colonies. While we write these lines, a decisive proof has been judicially afforded of

* "While each separately fights, all are conquered."—TACITUS.

† Slavery value.	After Abolition.	After Abolition of Apprenticeship.	Since passing Sugar Bill of 1846.	Name of the Estate.
£	£	£	£	
120,000	60,000	45,000	5,000	Windsor Forest.
65,000	32,000	26,000	5,000	La Grange.
55,000	27,500	23,000	3,500	Belle Plaine.
80,000	30,000	20,000	6,000	Rabacca.
70,000	25,000	17,000	3,000	Sir W. South.
45,000	20,000	15,000	5,000	Richmond Hill.
435,000	194,500	146,000	27,500	
Slavery value,				£435,000
Estimated present value,				27,500
				Depreciation,
				£407,500
Or equal to 93½ per cent on original value.				

—IN RE CRUICKSHANKS, IN CHANCERY, *Times*, June 6th, 1849.

the frightful depreciation of property which has there taken place, from the acts of successive administrations acting on liberal principles, and yielding to popular outcries: the fall has amounted to *ninety-three per cent.* Beyond all doubt, since the new system began to be applied to the West India, property to the amount of *a hundred and twenty millions* has perished under its strokes. The French Convention never did anything more complete. Free-trade fanaticism may well glory in its triumphs; it is doubtful if they have any parallel in the annals of mankind.

We do not propose to resume the debate on the Navigation laws, of which the public have heard so much in this session of parliament. We are aware that their doom is sealed; and we accept the extinction of shipping protection as *un fait accompli*, from which we must set out in all future discussions on the national prospects and fortunes. But, in order to show how enormously perilous is the change thus made, and what strength of argument and arrays of facts free-trade fanaticism has had the merit of triumphing over, we cannot resist the temptation of transcribing into our pages the admirable letter of Mr. Young, the able and unflinching advocate of the shipping interest, to the Marquis of Lansdowne, after the late interesting debate on the subject in the House of Lords. We do so not merely from sincere respect for that gentleman's patriotic spirit and services, but because we do not know any document which, in so short a space, contains so interesting a statement of that leading fact on which the whole question hinges—viz. the progressive and rapid decline of British, and growth of foreign tonnage, with those countries with whom we have concluded reciprocity treaties: affording thus a foretaste of what we may expect now that we have established a reciprocity treaty, by the repeal of the Navigation Laws, with the whole world:—

“My Lord,—In the debate last night on the Navigation Laws, your Lordship said,—

‘The noble and learned Lord opposite has spoken contemptuously of statistics.

Let me remind that noble and learned Lord that if any statement founded on statistics remains unshaken, it is the statement that under reciprocity treaties now existing, by which this country enjoys no protection, she, nevertheless, monopolises the greater part of the commerce of the north of Europe.’

As an impartial statist, as well as a statesman, your Lordship will perhaps permit me to invite your attention to the following abstract from Parliamentary returns, respectfully trusting that, if the facts it discloses should be found irreconcilable with the opinions you have expressed, a sense of justice will induce your Lordship to correct the error:—

The reciprocity treaty with the United States was concluded in 1815.

The British inward entries from that country were—

	Tons.
In 1816	45,140
In 1824, reciprocity having been eight years in operation . . .	44,994

British tonnage having in } 146
that period decreased }

The inward entries of American tonnage were—

	Tons.
In 1816	91,914
In 1824	153,475

American tonnage having in } 61,561
that period increased }

During that period no reciprocity existed with the Baltic Powers; and

In 1815 the British entries from Prussia, Sweden, Denmark, and Norway were	Tons. 78,533
In 1824	129,895

British tonnage having in- } 51,362
creased }

In 1815 those Baltic entries were	319,181
In 1824	350,624

Baltic tonnage having in- } 31,443
creased }

Thus, from the peace in 1815 to 1824, when the “Reciprocity of Duties Act” passed, in the trade of the only country in the world with which Great Britain was in reciprocity, her tonnage declined 146 tons, and that of the foreign nation advanced 61,561 tons; while in the trade with the Baltic powers, with which no reciprocity existed, British tonnage advanced on its competitors in the proportion of 51,362 to 31,443 tons.

From 1824 the reciprocity principle was applied to the Baltic powers; and—

In 1824, the British entries being	Tons. 129,895
In 1846 they had declined to	88,894

Having diminished during } the period	41,001
While the Baltic tonnage, which in 1824 was	350,624
Had advanced in 1846 to	571,161

Showing an increase of } no less than	220,537
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And during this same period, the proportion of tonnage of the United States continued, under the operation of the same principle, steadily to advance, the British entries thence being—

In 1846	Tons. 205,123
And the American	435,399

Showing an excess of } American over British of	230,276
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I have (I hope not unfairly) introduced into this statement American tonnage, because it shows that while, in the period antecedent to general reciprocity, the adoption of the principle in the trade with that nation produced an actual decline of British navigation, while in the trade with the Baltic powers, which was free from that scourge, British navigation outstripped its competitor, it exhibits in a remarkable manner the reverse result, from the moment the principle was applied to the Baltic trade; while, above all, it completely negatives the statement of the greater part of the commerce of the north of Europe being monopolised by British ships, showing that in that commerce, in 1846, of an aggregate of 660,055 tons, British shipping had only 88,894 tons, while no less than 571,161 tons were monopolised by Baltic ships!"

It is evident, from this summary, that the decline of British and growth of foreign shipping will be so rapid, under the system of Free Trade in Shipping, that the time is not far distant when the foreign tonnage employed in conducting our trade will be superior in amount to the British. In all probability, in six or seven years that desirable consummation will be effected; and we shall enjoy the satisfaction of having purchased freights a farthing a pound cheaper, by the surrender of our national safety. It need hardly be said that, from the moment that the foreign tonnage employed in conducting our trade

exceeds the British, our independence as a nation is gone; because we have reared up, in favour of states who may any day become our enemies, a nursery of seamen superior to that which we possess ourselves. And every year, which increases the one and diminishes the other, brings us nearer the period when our ability to contend on our own element with other powers is to be at an end, and England is to undergo the fate of Athens after the catastrophe of Aigospotamos—that of being blockaded in our own harbours by the fleets of our enemies, and obliged to surrender at discretion on any terms they might think fit to impose.

But in truth, the operations of the free-traders will, to all appearance, terminate our independence, and compel us to sink into the ignoble neutrality which characterised the policy of Venice for the last two centuries of its independent existence, before the foreign seamen we have hatched in our bosom have time to be arrayed in a Leipzig of the deep against us. So rapid, *so fearfully rapid*, has been the increase in the importation of foreign grain since the repeal of the corn laws took place, and so large a portion of our national sustenance has already come to be derived from foreign countries, that it is evident, on the first rupture with the countries furnishing them, we should at once be starved into submission. The free-traders always told us, that a considerable importation of foreign grain would only take place when prices rose high; that it was a resource against seasons of scarcity only; and that when prices in England were low, it would cease or become trifling. Attend to the facts. Free trade in grain has been in operation just three years. We pass over the great importation of the year 1847, when under the influence of the panic, and high prices arising from the Irish famine, no less than 12,000,000 quarters of grain were imported in fifteen months, at a cost of £31,000,000, nearly the whole of which was paid in specie. Beyond all doubt, it was the great drain thus made to act upon our metallic resources—at the very time when the free-traders had, with consummate wisdom, established a *sliding paper circulation*, under which the bank-notes were to be *withdrawn* from

the public in proportion as the sovereigns were exported—which was the main cause of the dreadful commercial catastrophe which ensued, and from the effects of which, after two years of unexampled suffering, the nation has scarcely yet begun to recover. But what we wish to draw the public attention to is this. The greatest importation of foreign grain ever known, into the British Islands, before the corn laws were repealed, was in the year 1839, when, in consequence of three bad harvests in succession, 4,000,000 quarters in round numbers were imported. The average importation had been steadily diminishing before that time, since the commencement of the century: in the five years ending with 1835, it was only 381,000 quarters. But since the duties have become nominal, since the 1st February in this year, the importation has become so prodigious that it is going on at the rate of FIFTEEN MILLIONS of quarters a-year, or a full fourth of the national consumption, which is somewhat under sixty millions. This

is in the face of prices fallen to 44s. 9d. for the quarter of wheat, and 18s. the quarter of oats! We recommend the Table below, taken from the columns of that able free-trade journal, the *Times*—showing the amount of importation for the month ending April 5, 1849, when wheat was at 45s. a-quarter—to the consideration of those well-informed persons who expect that low prices will check, and at last stop importation. It shows decisively that even a very great reduction of prices has not that tendency in the slightest degree. The importation of grain and flour is going on steadily, under the present low prices, at the rate of about 15,000,000 quarters a-year.*

The reasons of this continued and increasing importation, notwithstanding the lowness of prices, is evident, and was fully explained by the protectionists before the repeal of the corn laws took place, though the free-traders, with their usual disregard of facts when subversive of a favourite theory, obstinately refused to credit

* QUANTITIES Imported into the United Kingdom in the month ending April 5, 1849:—				QUANTITIES charged with duty for Home Consumption in the United Kingdom in the month ending April 5, 1849:—			
Species of Corn, Grain, Meal, and Flour.	Imported from foreign countries.	The produce of, and imported from, British possessions out of Europe.	Total.	Species of Corn, Grain, Meal, and Flour.	Imported from foreign countries.	The produce of, and imported from, British possessions out of Europe.	Total.
	Qrs. Bush.	Qrs. Bls.	Qrs. Bush.		Qrs. Bush.	Qrs. Bls.	Qrs. Bush.
Wheat ..	535,015 2	..	535,015 2	Wheat ..	559,602 2	..	559,602 2
Barley ..	150,177 5	..	150,177 5	Barley ..	170,343 5	..	170,343 5
Oats ..	146,149 6	1 6	146,151 4	Oats ..	149,784 5	1 6	149,786 3
Rye ..	90,768 4	..	90,768 4	Rye ..	92,432 1	..	92,432 1
Pease ..	12,313 6	..	12,313 6	Pease ..	17,792 0	..	17,792 0
Beans ..	60,294 5	..	60,294 5	Beans ..	59,546 5	..	59,546 5
Maize or Indian corn	184,772 4	..	184,772 4	Maize or Indian corn	183,604 6	..	183,604 6
Buck-wheat	12 3	..	12 3	Buck-wheat	12 3	..	12 3
Bere or bigg	800 0	..	800 0	Bere or bigg	800 0	..	800 0
Total of corn and grain	1,110,304 3	1 6	1,110,306 1	Total of corn and grain	1,163,908 3	1 6	1,163,910 1
	Cwt. qrs. lb.	Cwt. q. lb.	Cwt. qrs. lb.		Cwt. qrs. lb.	Cwt. q. lb.	Cwt. qrs. lb.
Wheat meal or flour	307,617 0 7	753 3 11	308,370 3 18	Wheat meal or flour	353,799 1 3	2509 0 1	356,308 1 4
Barley meal	.. 2 0	..	.. 2 0	Barley meal	.. 2 8	..	.. 2 8
Oat meal ..	.. 2 0	..	.. 2 0	Oat meal ..	.. 2 8	..	.. 2 8
Rye meal ..	1,571 1 9	..	1,571 1 9	Rye meal ..	825 3 6	..	825 3 6
Pea meal ..	10 0 0	..	10 0 0	Pea meal ..	10 0 0	..	10 0 0
Indian meal	10,707 1 10	..	10,707 1 10	Indian Meal	10,671 1 7	..	10,671 1 7
Buck-wheat meal ..	80 0 0	..	80 0 0	Buck-wheat meal ..	80 0 0	..	80 0 0
Total of meal and flour	330,010 0 26	753 3 11	330,764 0 9	Total of meal and flour	365,412 3 24	2509 0 1	367,921 3 25

it. It is this. The price of wheat and other kinds of grain, in the grain-growing countries, especially Poland and America, is entirely regulated by its price in the British islands. They can raise grain in such quantities, and at such low rates, that everything depends on the price which it will fetch in the great market for that species of produce—the British empire. In Poland, the best wheat can be raised for 16s. a-quarter, and landed at any harbour in England at 25s. The Americans, out of the 250,000,000 quarters of bread stuffs which they raise annually, and which, if not exported, is in great part not worth above 10s. a-quarter, can afford, with a handsome profit to the exporting merchant, to send grain to England, however small its price may be in the British islands. However low it may be, it is much higher than with them—and therefore it is *always* worth their while to export it to the British market. If the price here is 40s., it will there be 28s. or 30s.; if 30s. here, it will not be more than 15s. or 20s. there. Thus the profit to be made by importation retains its proportion, whatever prices are in this country, and the motives to it are the same whatever the price is. It is as great when wheat is low as when it is high, except to the fortunate shippers, before the rise in the British islands was known on the banks of the Vistula or the shores of the Mississippi. Now that the duty on wheat is reduced to 1s. a-quarter, we may look for an annual importation of from 15,000,000 to 20,000,000 quarters—that is, from a fourth to a third of the annual subsistence, constantly, alike in seasons of plenty and of scarcity.

That the importation is steadily going on, appears by the following returns for the port of London alone, down to May, taken from the *Morning Post* of May 7:—

Entered for home consumption during the month ending—

	Wheat. qrs.	Flour. cwt.
February 5, . . .	442,389	478,815
March 5, . . .	405,685	355,462
April 5, . . .	559,602	356,308
May 5, . . .	383,395	243,154

Making a total
in four months, } 1,791,071 1,433,739

—equal, if we take $3\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. of flour to the qr. of wheat, to 2,200,700 qrs. of the latter. The importations of the first four months of the year are, therefore, nearly as great as they were during the whole of the preceding twelve months, the quantities duty paid in 1848 being, of wheat, 2,477,366 qrs., and of flour, 1,731,974 cwt.

The reason why young states, especially if they possess land eminently fitted for agricultural production, such as Poland and America, can thus permanently undersell older and longer established empires in the production of food, is simple, permanent, and of universal application, but nevertheless it is not generally understood or appreciated. It is commonly said that the cause is to be found in the superior weight of debts, public and private, in the old state. There can be no doubt that this cause has a considerable influence in producing the effect, but it is by no means the only or the principal one. The main cause is to be found in the superior *riches* of the old state, when compared with the young one, which makes money of less value, because it is more plentiful. The wants and necessities of an extended commerce, the accumulated savings of centuries of industry, at once require an extended circulation, and produce the wealth necessary to purchase it. The precious metals, and wealth of every sort, flow into the rich old state from the poor young one, for the same reason that corn, and wine, and oil, follow the same direction in obedience to the same impulse. That it is the superior riches, and not the debts or taxes, of England which render prices so high, comparatively speaking, in these islands, is decisively proved by the immense difference between the value of money, and the cost of living at the same time, in different parts of the same empire, subject to the same public and private burdens,—in London, for example, compared with Edinburgh, Aberdeen, and Lerwick. Every one knows that £1500 a-year will not go farther in the English metropolis than £1000 in the Scotch, or £750 in the ancient city of Aberdeen, or £500 in the capital of the Orkney islands. Whence this great difference in the same country, and at the same time?

Simply, because money is over plentiful in London, less so in Edinburgh, and much less so in Aberdeen or Lerwick. The same cause explains the different cost of agricultural production in England, Poland, the Ukraine, and America. It is the comparative poverty, the *scarcity of money*, in the latter countries which is the cause of the difference. Machinery, and the division of labour, almost omnipotent in reducing the cost of the production of manufactured articles, are comparatively impotent in affecting the cost of articles of rude or agricultural produce. England, under a real system of free trade, would undersell all the world in its manufactures, but be undersold by all the world in its agricultural productions. If the national debt was swept away, and the whole taxes of Great Britain removed, the cost of agricultural production would not be materially different from what it now is. We shall be able to raise grain as cheap as the serfs of Poland, or the peasants of the Ukraine, when we become as poor as they are, but *not till then*. Under the free-trade system, however, the period may arrive sooner than is generally suspected, and the importation of foreign grain be checked by the universal pauperism and grinding misery of the country.

Assuming it, then, as certain that, under the free-trade system, the importation of grain is to be constantly from a third to a fourth of the annual consumption, the two points to be considered are, How is the national *independence to be maintained*, or *incessant commercial crises averted*, under the new system? These are questions on which it will become every inha-

bitant of the British islands to ponder; for on them, not only the independence of his country, but the private fortune of himself and his children, is entirely dependent. If so large a portion as a third or a fourth of the annual subsistence is imported almost entirely from three countries, Russia, Prussia, and America, how are we to withstand the hostility of these states? Prussia, in the long run, is under the influence of Russia, and follows its system of policy. The nations on whom we depend for so large a part of our food are thus practically reduced to two, viz., Russia and America—what is to hinder them from coalescing to effect our ruin, as they practically did in 1800 and 1811, against the independence of England? Not a shot would require to be fired, not a loan contracted. The simple threat of closing their harbours would at once drive us to submission. Importing a third of our food from these two states, to what famine-price would the closing of their harbours speedily raise its cost! The failure of £15,000,000 worth of potatoes in 1847—scarcely a *twentieth* part of the annual agricultural produce of these islands, which is about £300,000,000,—raised the price of wheat, in 1848, from 60s. to 110s.—what would the sudden stoppage of a *third* do? Why, it would raise wheat to 150s. or 200s. a-quarter—in other words, to famine-prices—and inevitably induce general rebellion, and compel national submission. After the lapse of fifteen centuries, we should again realise, after similar Eastern triumphs, the mournful picture of the famine in Rome, in the lines of the poet Claudian,* from the stoppage of the

* "Advenio supplex, non ut proculect Araxen
Consul ovans, nostræ premant pharetra secures
Susa, nec ut rubris Aquilas figamus arenis.
Hæc nobis, hæc ante dabas. Nunc pabula tantum
Roma precor. Miserere tuæ pater optime gentis,
Extremam defenda famem—Satiavimus iram,
Si qua fuit. Lugenda Getis et flenda Suëvis
Hausimus: ipse meos exhorret Parthia casus.

Armato quondam populo, Patrumque vigebam
Consilia. Domui terras, urbesque revinxī
Legibus: ad solem victrix utrumque cucurri,
Nunc inhonorus egens perfert miserabile pacis
Supplicium, nulloque palam circumdatus hoste,

wanted supplies of grain from the two granaries of the empire, Egypt and Lybia, by the effect of the Gildonic war. But the knowledge of so terrible a catastrophe impending over the nation would probably prevent the collision. England would capitulate while yet it had some food left on the first summons from its imperious grain-producing masters.

But supposing such a decisive catastrophe were not to arise, at least for a considerable period, how are *commercial crises* to be prevented from continually recurring under the new policy? How is the commercial interest to be preserved from ruin—from the operation of the system which itself has established? This is a point of paramount interest, as it directly affects every fortune in the kingdom, the commercial in the first instance, but also the realised and landed in the last; but, nevertheless, it seems impossible to rouse the nation to a sense of its overwhelming importance and terrible consequences. Experience has now decisively proved that the corn-growing states, upon whom we most depend for our subsistence, will not take our manufactures to any extent, though they will gladly take our sovereigns or bullion to any imaginable amount. The reason is, they are poor states, who are neither rich enough to buy, nor civilised enough to have acquired a taste for our manufactured articles, but who have an insatiable thirst for our metallic riches, the last farthing of which they will drain away, in exchange for their rude produce. The dreadful monetary crises of 1839 and 1848, it is well known, were owing to the drain upon our metallic resources, produced by the great grain importations of those years, in the latter of which above £30,000,000 of gold, probably a half of the metallic circulation, was at once sent headlong out of the country. Now, if an importation of grain to a similar amount is to become *permanent*, and an export of the precious metals to a corresponding degree to go on year after year, how, in the name

of wonder, is a perpetual repetition of similar disasters to be prevented?

We could conceive, indeed, a system of paper currency which might in a great degree, if not altogether, prevent these terrible disasters. If the nation possessed a circulation of bank-notes capable of being *extended* in proportion as the metallic circulation was withdrawn by the exchanges of the commerce in grain, as was the law during the war, the industry of the country might be vivified and sustained during the absence of the precious metals, and their want be very little, if at all, experienced. But it is well known that not only is there no provision made by law, or the policy of government, for an *extension* of the paper circulation when the metallic currency is withdrawn, but the very reverse is done. There is a provision, and a most stringent and effectual one, made for the *contraction* of the currency at the very moment when its expansion is most required, and when the national industry is threatened with starvation in consequence of the vast and ceaseless abstraction of the precious metals which free trade in grain necessarily establishes. When free trade is sending gold headlong out of the country to buy food, Sir Robert Peel's law sends the bank-notes, public and private, back into the banker's coffers, and leaves the industry of the country without *either* of its necessary supports! Beyond all question, it is the double operation of free trade in sending the sovereigns in enormous quantities out of the country, and of the monetary laws, in contracting the circulation of paper in a similar degree, and at the same time, which has done all the mischief, and produced that widespread ruin which has now overtaken nearly all the interests—but most of all the *commercial* interests—in the state. That ruin is easily explained, when it is recollected what government has done by legislative enactment, on free-trade principles during the last five years.

1. They first, by the acts of 1844 and 1846, restricted the paper circu-

Obsessi discrimen habet—per singula letum
Impendit momenta mihi, dubitandaque pauci
Prescribant alimenta Dies."

—CLAUDIAN, *De Bello Gildonico*, 35—100.

lation of the whole empire, including Ireland, to £33,000,000 in round numbers. For every note issued, either by the bank of England or private banks, above that sum, they required these establishments to have sovereigns in their coffers.

2. Having thus restricted the currency, by which the industry of the country was to be paid and supplied, to an amount barely sufficient for its ordinary wants, they next proceeded to encourage to the greatest degree railway speculation, and pass bills through parliament requiring an extraordinary expenditure, in the next four years, of £333,000,000 sterling.

3. Having thus contracted the currency of the nation, and doubled its work, they next proceeded to introduce, in 1846 and the two following years, the free-trade system, under the operation of which our specie was sent out of the country in enormous quantities, in exchange for food, and by the operation of the law the paper proportionally contracted.*

4. When this extraordinary system of augmenting the work of the people, at the time the currency which was to sustain it was withdrawn, had produced its natural and unavoidable effects, and landed the nation, in October 1847, in such a state of embarrassment as rendered a suspension of the law unavoidable, and induced a commercial crisis of unexampled severity and duration, the authors of the monetary measures still clung to them as the sheet-anchor of the state, and still upheld them, although it is as certain as any proposition in Euclid, that, combined with a free trade in grain, they must produce a constant succession of similar catastrophes, until the nation, like a patient exhausted by repeated shocks of apoplexy, perishes under their effects.

It may be doubted whether the annals of the world can produce another example of insane and suicidal policy on so great a scale as has been exhibited by the government of England of late years, in its West India measures, and the simultaneous estab-

lishment of free trade and fettered currency, and a railway mania, in the heart of the empire.

The effect of these measures upon the internal state of the empire has been beyond all measure dreadful, and has far exceeded the worst predictions of the protectionists upon their inevitable effect. Proofs on this subject crowd in on every side, and all entirely corroborative of the prophecies of the protectionists, and subversive of all the prognostics of the free-traders. It was confidently asserted by them that their system would immensely increase our foreign trade, because it would enrich the foreign agriculturists from whom we purchased grain, and who would take our manufactures in exchange; and what has been the result, after free-trade principles have been in full operation for three years? Why, they have stood thus:—

	Imports, Market Value.	Exports, Declared Value. British and Irish produce.
1845,	£34,054,272	£60,111,091
1846,	89,251,433	57,796,875
1847,	117,047,220	59,971,166
1848,	92,660,609	53,090,011†

Thus, while there has been an enormous increase going on during the last three years in our imports, there has been nothing but a diminution at the same time taking place in our exports. The foreigners who sent us, in such prodigious quantities, their rude produce, would not take our manufactures in return. They would only take our gold. Hence our metallic treasures were hourly disappearing in exchange for the provisions which showered in upon us; and this was the precise time which the free-traders took to establish the monetary system which compelled the contraction of the paper circulation in direct proportion to that very disappearance. It is no wonder that our commercial interests were thrown into unparalleled embarrassments from such an absurd and monstrous system of legislation.

Observe, if the arguments and ex-

* In 1845, the Bank of England notes out with the public were about £23,000,000. Since the free trade began they have seldom been above £18,000,000 and at times as low as £16,800,000, and that at the very time when all the railways were going on.

† Newdegate's Letter to Mr. Labouchere, p. 12-13.

pectations of the free-traders had been well founded, the immense importation of provisions which took place in 1847 and 1848, in consequence of the failure of the potato crop in Ireland and the west of Scotland, should immediately have produced a vast rise in our exports. Was this the case? Quite the reverse; it was attended with a decline in them. The value of corn, meal, and flour imported in the following years stood thus:—

1845, . . .	£3,594,299
1846, . . .	8,870,202
1847, . . .	29,694,112
1848, . . .	12,457,857 *

Now, in the year 1847, though we imported nearly thirty millions' worth of grain, our exports were £1,200,000 less than in 1845, when we only received three millions and a half of subsistence from foreign states. Can there be a more decisive proof that the greatest possible addition to our importation of grain is not likely to be attended with any increase to our export of manufactures?

But if the great importation of grain which free-trade induces into the British empire is not attended with any increase of our exports, in the name of heaven, what good does it do? Feed the people cheap. But what do they gain by that, if their wages, and the profits of their employers, fall in the same or a greater proportion? That effect has already taken place, and to a most distressing extent. Wages of skilled operatives, such as colliers, iron-moulders, cotton-spinners, calico-printers, and the like, are now not more than *half* of what they were when the corn-laws were in operation. They are now receiving

2s. 6d. a-day where, before the change, they received 5s. Wheat has been forced down from 56s. to 44s.: that is somewhat above a fifth, but wages have fallen a half. The last state of those men is worse than the first. The unjust change for which they clamoured has proved ruinous to themselves.

The way in which this disastrous effect has taken place is this: In the first place, the *balance* of trade has turned so ruinously against us, from the effect of the free-trade measures, that the credit of the commercial classes has, under the operation of our monetary laws, been most seriously confused. It appears, from the accurate and laborious researches of Mr. Newdegate, that the balance of trade against Great Britain, during the last three years of free trade, has been no less than £54,000,000 sterling.† Now, woful experience has taught the English people that the turning of the balance of trade is a most formidable thing against a commercial nation, and that the practical experience of mankind, which has always regarded it as one of the greatest of calamities, is more to be regarded than the theory of Adam Smith, that it was a matter of no sort of consequence. When coupled with a sliding currency scale, which contracts the circulation of bank-notes in proportion as the specie is withdrawn, it is one of the most terrible calamities which can befall a commercial and manufacturing state. It is under this evil that the nation is now labouring: and it will continue to do so, till folly of conduct and error of opinion have been expiated or eradicated by suffering.

* Newdegate's *Better to Mr. Labouchere*, p. 17.

	† Total Imports.	Total Exports. Home and Colonial.	Balance of Freight carried by British Ships.	Balance of Trade against Britain.	
				Exports and Imports.	Deducting Freights.
1845	£84,054,272	£70,236,726	£12,979,089	£13,817,446	£838,357
1846	89,281,433	66,283,270	13,581,165	22,998,163	9,416,998
1847	117,047,229	70,329,671	18,817,742	46,717,558	27,899,816
1848	92,660,699	61,557,191	14,699,491	31,103,508	16,404,017
	£383,043,633	£268,406,878	£60,077,487	£114,636,675	£54,559,188

In the next place, the purchase of so very large a portion as a fourth of the annual subsistence—not from our own cultivators, who consume at an average five or six pounds a-head of our manufactures, but from foreign growers, who consume little or nothing—has had a most serious effect upon the home trade. The introduction of 12,000,000 or 13,000,000 quarters of grain a-year into our markets, from countries whose importation of our manufactures is almost equal to nothing, is a most dreadfully depressing circumstance to our manufacturers. It is destroying one set of customers, and that the very best we have—the home growers—without rearing up another to supply their place. It is exchanging the purchases by substantial yeomen, our own countrymen and neighbours, of our fabrics, for the abstraction by aliens and enemies of our money. It is the same thing as converting a customer into a pauper, dependent on our support. It was distinctly foretold by the protectionists, during the whole time the debate on the repeal of the corn laws was going forward, that this effect would take place: that the peasants of the Ukraine and the Vistula did not consume a hundredth part as much, per head, as those of East Lothian or Essex; and that to substitute the one for the other was to be penny wise and pound foolish. These predictions, however, were wholly disregarded; the thing was done; and now it is found that the result has been *much worse* than was anticipated—for not only has it gratuitously and unnecessarily crippled the means of a large part of the home consumers of our manufactures, but it has universally shaken and contracted credit, especially in the commercial districts, by the drain it has induced upon the precious metals. These evils, from the earliest times, have been felt by mercantile nations; but they were the result, in previous cases, of adverse circumstances or necessity. It was reserved for this age to introduce them voluntarily, and regard them as the last result of political wisdom.

In the third place, the reduction of prices, and diminution in the remuneration of industry, which has

taken place from the introduction of free trade, and the general admission of foreign produce and manufactures raised in countries where production is cheap, because money is scarce and taxes light, to compete with one where production is dear, because money is plentiful and taxes heavy, cannot of course fail to be attended—and that from the very outset—with the most disastrous effects upon the general interests of the empire, and especially such of them as are engaged in trade and manufactures. Suppose that, anterior to the monetary and free-trade changes intended to force down prices, the annual value of the industry of the country stood thus, which we believe to be very near the truth:—

Lands and minerals, . . .	£300,000,000
Manufactures and commerce of all sorts, . . .	200,000,000

Deduct taxes and local burdens, . . .	£80,000,000
Interest on mortgages, . . .	50,000,000
	130,000,000

Clear to national industry, £370,000,000

But if prices are forced down a half, which, at the very least, may be anticipated, and in fact has already taken place, from the *combined* effect of free trade and a restricted currency, estimating each at a fourth only, the account will stand thus,—

Land and minerals, . . .	£150,000,000
Manufactures, . . .	100,000,000
Total, . . .	£250,000,000

Deduct taxes and rates, . . .	£80,000,000
Interest of mortgages, . . .	50,000,000
	130,000,000

Clear to national industry, £120,000,000

Thus, by the operation of these changes, in money and commerce, which lower prices *a half*, the whole national income is reduced from £370,000,000 to £120,000,000, or *less than a third*. Such is the inevitable effect of a great reduction of prices, in a community of which the major and more important part is still engaged in the work of production; and such the illustration of the

truth of the Marquis of Granby's observation, that, under such a reduction, the whole producing classes must lose more than they can by possibility gain, because their loss is upon their *whole* income, their gain only upon that portion of their means—seldom more than a half—which is spent on the purchase of articles, the cost of which is affected by the fall of prices.

The most decisive proof of the universality and general sense of this reduction of income and general distress is to be found in the efforts which Mr. Cobden and the free-trade party are now making to effect a great reduction in the public expenditure. During the discussion on corn-law repeal, they told us that the change they advocated could make no sort of difference on the income of the producing and agricultural classes, and that it would produce an addition to the income of the trading classes of £100,000,000 a-year. Of course, the national and public resources were to be greatly benefited by the change; and it was under this belief adopted. Now, however, that the change has taken place, and its result has been found to be a universal embarrassment to all classes and interests, but especially to the commercial, they turn round and tell us that this effect is inevitable from the change of prices—that the halcyon days of high rents and profits are at an end, and that all that remains is for all classes to accommodate themselves the best way they can to the inevitable change. They propose to begin with Queen Victoria and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, from whom they propose to cut off £11,000,000 a-year of income. But they consider this perfectly safe, because, as the aspect of things, both abroad and in our colonial empire, is so singularly pacific, and peace and goodwill are so soon to prevail among men, they think it will be soon possible to disband our troops, sell our ships of war, and trust the stilling the passions and settling the disputes of nations and races to the great principles of justice and equity, which invariably regulate the proceedings of all popular and democratic communities. We say nothing of the probability of such a millennium soon arriving, or of the prognostics of its

approach, which passing and recent events in India, Canada, France, Germany, Hungary, Italy, Sicily, and Ireland, have afforded, or are affording. We refer to them only as giving the most decisive proof that the free-traders have now themselves become sensible that their measures have produced a general impoverishment of all classes, from the head of the state downwards, and that a great reduction of expenditure is unavoidable, if a general public and private bankruptcy would be averted.

In truth, the proofs of this general impoverishment are now so numerous and decisive, that they have brought conviction home to the minds of the most obdurate, and, with the exception of the free-trade leaders or agitators—whose fanaticism is, of course, fixed and incurable—have produced a general distrust of the new principles. A few facts will place them in the most striking light. The greatest number of emigrants who had previously sailed from the British shores was in 1839, when they reached 129,000. But in the year 1847, the sacred year of free trade and a fettered currency, they rose at once to 258,270. In 1848 they were 248,000. The number this year is understood to be still greater, and composed almost entirely, not of paupers—who, of course, cannot get away—but of the better sort of mechanics, tradesmen, and small farmers, who, under the new system, find their means of subsistence dried up. The poor-rate in England has now risen to £7,000,000 annually—as much in nominal amount as it was in 1834, when the new poor-law was introduced by the Whig government, and, if the change in the value of money is taken into account, half as much more. A *seventh* of the British empire are now supported in the two islands by the parish rates; and yet the demands on private charity are hourly increasing. Crime is universally and rapidly on the increase: in Ireland, where the commitments never before exceeded 21,000, they rose in 1848 to 39,000. In England, in the same year, they were 30,000; in Scotland, 4908; all a great increase over previous years. It is not surprising crime was so prolific in a country where, in the preceding year, at least

250,000 persons died of famine, in spite of the noble grant of £10,000,000 from the British treasury for their support. We extract from the *Standard of Freedom* the following summary of some of the social results which have followed the adoption of liberal principles:—

“**STATE OF ENGLAND.**—One man in every ten, according to Sir J. Graham, a short time ago was in receipt of parish relief in this country; but now, it appears, from a return up to June last, it is not 10 per cent., but 11 per cent. of the population who receive parochial relief; for the persons so relieved amount to 1,700,000 out of 15,000,000. £7,000,000 was raised annually for the relief of the poor in England, and £500,000 in Scotland; and, taking the amount collected for and raised in Ireland at £1,860,957, it makes a total of £9,460,957, as the sum levied annually in the British empire for the relief of the poor, or three times the cost of the civil government, independently of the cost of the army and navy. Besides the regular standing force, there is the casual poor, a kind of disposable force, moving about and exhausting every parish they go through. In 1815, there were 1,791 vagrants in one part of the metropolis, and, in 1828, in the same district in London, they had increased to 16,086. In 1832, the number was 35,600, which had increased, in 1847, to 41,743. Moreover, there is a certain district south of the Thames, in which, for the six months ending September, 1846, the number was 18,533, and which had increased, during the same six months in 1847, to 44,937. And, in the county of York, in one of the first unions in the West Riding, in 1836, one vagrant was relieved, and, in 1847, 1,161. This affords a pretty strong, dark, and gloomy picture of the state of destitution prevailing in this country.”—*Standard of Freedom.*

General as the distress is which under the combined operations of free trade and a fettered currency, has been brought upon the country, there is one circumstance of peculiar impor-

tance which has not hitherto, from the efforts of the free-traders to conceal it, met with the attention it deserves. This is the far greater amount of ruin and misery they have brought upon the commercial classes, who supported, than the agriculturists, who opposed them. The landed interest is only beginning to experience, in the present low prices, the depressing effects of free trade. The Irish famine has hitherto concealed or postponed them. London is suffering, but not so much as the provincial towns, from its being the great place where the realised wealth of the country is spent. But the whole commercial classes in the manufacturing towns have felt them for nearly two years in the utmost intensity. It is well known that, during that short period, *one-half* of the wealth realised, and in course of realisation, in Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, and Glasgow, has perished. There is no man practically acquainted with these cities who will dispute that fact. The poor-rates of Glasgow, which, five years ago, did not exceed £30,000 a-year for the parliamentary city, have now reached £200,000; viz.

Glasgow parish, .	£90,000
Barony, . . .	70,000
Gorbals, . . .	40,000

£200,000

The sales by shop-keepers in these towns have not, during three years, been a third of their average amount. All the witnesses examined before the Lords' committee on the public distress, describe this panic of autumn, 1847, as infinitely exceeding in duration and severity anything previously experienced; and the state of matters, and the intensity of the shock given to public credit, may be judged of by the following entries as to the state of the Bank of England in June 1845 and October 1847, when the law was suspended:—

JUNE, 1845.

Date.	ISSUE DEPARTMENT.		BANKING DEPARTMENT.	
	Notes Issued.	Gold and Silver Bullion.	Notes in Reserve.	Gold and Silver Coin.
June 7	£29,732,000	£15,732,000	£9,382,000	£779,000
— 14	29,917,000	15,917,000	9,854,000	696,000
— 21	30,051,000	16,051,000	9,837,000	587,000
— 28	30,047,000	16,047,000	9,717,000	554,000

OCTOBER, 1847.

Date.	BANKING DEPARTMENT.		ISSUE DEPARTMENT.	
	Notes Issued.	Gold and Silver Bullion.	Notes in Reserve.	Gold and Silver Coin.
Oct. 2	£22,121,000	£8,121,000	£3,409,000	£443,000
— 9	21,961,000	7,961,000	3,321,000	447,000
— 16	21,989,000	7,989,000	2,630,000	441,000
— 21	21,865,000	7,865,000	1,547,000	447,000
— 30	22,009,000	8,009,000	1,176,000	429,000

Commercial Crisis, 2d edition, 132–133.

Thus, such was the severity of the panic, and the contraction of the currency, consequent on the monetary laws and the operation of free trade in grain, that the nation was all but rendered bankrupt, and half its traders unquestionably were so, when there were still eight millions of sovereigns in the issue department of the bank which could not be touched, while the reserve of notes in the banking department had sunk from nearly £10,000,000, in 1845, to £1,000,000!

So portentous a state of things, fraught as it necessarily was with utter ruin to a great part of the best interests in the empire, was certainly not contemplated by the commercial classes, when they embarked in the crusade of free trade against the productive interests. It might have been long of coming on, and certainly would never have set in with half the severity which actually occurred, had it not been that, not content with the project of forcing down prices by means of the unrestricted admission of foreign produce, they at the same time sought to augment their own fortunes by restricting the currency. It was the *double project*, beyond all question, which proved their ruin. They began and flattered themselves they would play out successfully the game of "*beggar my neighbour*," but by pushing their measures too far, it turned into one of "*beggar ourselves*." It was the double strain of free trade and a fettered currency which brought such embarrassment on the commercial classes, as it was the double strain of the Spanish and Russian wars which proved the destruction of Napoleon. It would appear to be a general law of nature, that great measures of injustice cannot be carried into execution, either by communities or single

men, without vindicating the justice of the Divine administration, by bringing down upon themselves the very ruin which they have designed for others.

The free-traders say that there is no general reaction against their principles, and that the formation of a government on protectionist principles is at present impossible. We shall not inquire, and have not the means of knowing, whether or not this statement is well founded. We are willing to accept the statement as true, and we perceive a great social revolution, accompanied with infinite present suffering, but most important ultimate results, growing from their obstinate adherence to their principles in defiance of the lessons of experience. *The free-traders are with their own hands destroying the commercial classes, which had acquired an undue preponderance in the state.* They must work out their own punishment before they abjure their principles. Every day a free-trading merchant or shopkeeper is swept into the *Gazette*, and his family cast down to the humblest ranks in society. They go down like the Fifth Monarchy men when expelled the House of Commons by the bayonets of Cromwell, or the Girondists when led to the scaffold by the Jacobins, chanting hymns in honour of their principles when perishing from their effects:—

"They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And, like reapers, descend to the harvest of death."

But this constancy of individuals when suffering under the measures they themselves have introduced, however curious and respectable as a specimen of the unvarying effect of fanaticism, whether religious or social,

on the human mind, cannot permanently arrest the march of events; it cannot stop the effect of their own measures, any more than the courage of the Highlanders in 1745 could prevent the final extinction of the Jacobite cause. Let them adhere to free trade and a fettered currency as they like, the advocates of the new measures are daily and hourly losing their influence. Money constitutes the sinews of war not less in social than in national contests. No cause can be long victorious which is linked to that worst of allies, *INSOLVENCY*. In two years the mercantile classes have destroyed one-half of their own wealth; in two years more, one-half of what remains will be gone. Crippled, discredited, ruined, beat down by foreign competition, exhausted by the failure of domestic supplies, the once powerful mercantile body of England will be prostrate in the dust. All other classes, of course, will be suffering from their fall, but none in the same degree as themselves. It is not improbable that the land may regain its appropriate influence in the state, by the ruin which their own insane measures have brought upon its oppressors. No one will regret the lamentable consequences of such a change, already far advanced in its progress, more than ourselves, who have uniformly foretold its advent, and strenuously resisted the commercial and monetary changes which, amidst shouts of triumph from the whole Liberal party, were silently but certainly inducing these results.

Confounded at such a series of events, so widely different from what they anticipated and had predicted from their measures, the free-traders have no resource but to lay them all on two external causes, for which they are not, as they conceive, responsible: these causes are, the French and German revolutions, and the potato famine in Ireland.

That the revolutions on the continent of Europe have materially affected the market for the produce of British industry, in the countries where they have occurred, is indeed certain; but are the Liberals entitled to shake themselves free from the consequences of these convulsions? Have we not, for the last thirty years, been labouring incessantly to encourage and ex-

tend revolution in all the adjoining states? Did we not insidiously and basely support the revolutions in South America, and call a new world into existence to redress the balance of the old? Was not the result of that monstrous and iniquitous interference in support of the rebels in an allied state, to induce the dreadful monetary catastrophe of December, 1825, the severest, till that of 1847, ever experienced in modern Europe? Did we not, not merely instantly recognise the French revolutions of 1830 and 1848, but lend our powerful aid and countenance to extend the laudable example to the adjoining states? Did we not join with France to prevent the King of the Netherlands from regaining the command of Flanders in 1832, and blockade the Scheldt while Marshal Gerard bombarded Antwerp? Did we not conclude the Quadruple Alliance to effect the revolutionising of Spain and Portugal, and bathe both countries for four years with blood, to establish revolutionary queens on both the thrones in the Peninsula? Have we not intercepted the armament of the King of Naples against Sicily, by Admiral Parker's fleet, and aided the insurgents in that island with arms from the Tower? Did we not interfere to arrest the victorious columns of Radetsky at Turin, but never move a step to check Charles Albert on the Mincio? Did we not side with revolutionary Prussia against the Danes, and aid in launching Pío Nono into that frantic career which has spread such ruin through the Italian peninsula? Have we not all but lost the confidence of our old ally, Austria, from our notorious intrigues to encourage the furious divisions which have torn that noble empire? Nay, have we not been so enamoured of revolution, that we could not avoid showing a partiality for it in our own dominions—rewarding and encouraging O'Connell, and allowing monster meetings, till by the neglect of Irish industry we landed them in famine, and by the fanning of Irish passions brought them up to rebellion;—and establishing a constitution in Canada which gave a decided majority in parliament to an alien and rebel race, and, as a necessary consequence, giving the colonial administration to the very party

whom, ten years ago, the loyalists put down with true British spirit at the point of the bayonet? Al'this we have done, and have long been doing, with impunity; and now that the consequences of such multifarious sins have fallen upon us, in the suffering which revolution has at last brought upon the British empire, the Liberals turn round and seek to avoid the responsibility of the disasters produced by their internal policy, by throwing it on the external events which they themselves have induced.

Then as to the Irish famine of 1846, it is rather too much, after the lapse of three years, to go on ascribing the general distress of the empire to a partial failure of a particular crop, which, after all, did not exceed the loss of a twentieth part of the annual agricultural produce of the British islands. But if the free-traders' principles had been well founded, this failure in Ireland should have been the greatest possible blessing to their party in the state, because it immediately effected that transference of the purchase of a part of the national food from home to foreign cultivators, which is the very thing they hold out as such an advantage, and likely in an especial manner to enlarge the foreign market for our manufactures. It induced the importation of £30,000,000 worth of foreign grain in three months: that, on the principles of the free-traders, should have put all our manufacturers in activity, and placed the nation in the third heaven. Disguise it as you will, the Irish potato-rot was but an anticipation, somewhat more sudden than they expected, of the *free-trade* rot, which was held out as a certain panacea for all the national evils. And now, when free trade and a restricted currency have not proved quite so great a blessing as they anticipated, the free-traders turn round and lay it all on the substitution of foreign importation for domestic production in Ireland, when that very substitution is the thing they have, by abolishing the corn laws, laboured to effect over the whole empire.

Then as to the state of Ireland, which has at length reached the present unparalleled crisis of difficulty and suffering, the conduct of the Liberals has been, if possible, still more incon-

sistent and self-condemnatory. For half a century past, they have been incessantly declaiming on the mild, inoffensive, and industrious character of the Irish race; upon their inherent loyalty to the throne; and upon the enormous iniquity of British rule, which had brought the whole misfortunes under which they were labouring on that virtuous people. Nothing but equal privileges, Catholic emancipation, parliamentary reform, burgh reform, and influence at Dublin Castle, we were told, were required to set everything right, and render Ireland as peaceable and prosperous as any part of the British dominions. The conduct of James I. and Cromwell, in planting Saxon and Protestant colonies in Ulster, was in an essential manner held up to detestation as one of the chief causes of the social and religious divisions which had ever since distracted the country. Well, the Liberals have given all these things to the Irish. For twenty years the island has been governed entirely on these principles. They have got Catholic emancipation, a reduction of the Protestant church, national education, corporate reform, parliamentary reform, monster meetings, ceaseless agitation, and, in fact, all the objects for which, in common with the Liberal party in Great Britain, they have so long contended. And what has been the result? Is it that pauperism has disappeared, industry flourished, divisions died away, prosperity become general? So far from it, divisions never have been so bitter, dissension never so general, misery so grinding, suffering so universal, since the British standards, under Henry II., seven centuries ago, first approached their shores. A rebellion has broken out; anarchy and agitation, by turning the people aside from industry, have terminated in famine; and even the stream of English charity seems dried up, from the immensity of the suffering to be relieved, and the ingratitude with which it has heretofore been received. And what do the Liberals now do? Why, they put it all down to the score of the incurable indolence and heedlessness of the Celtic race, which nothing can eradicate, and cordially support Sir R. Peel's proposal to plant English

colonies in Connaught, *exactly similar to Cromwell's in Ulster*, so long the object of Liberal hatred and declamation! They tell us now that the native Irish are irreclaimable helots, hewers of wood and drawers of water, and incapable of improvement till directed by Saxon heads and supported by the produce of Saxon hands. They forget that it is these very helots whom they represented as such immaculate and valuable subjects, the victims of Saxon injustice and Ulster

misrule. They forget that English capitalists and farmers would long since have migrated to Ireland, and induced corn cultivation in its western and southern provinces, were it not that Liberal agitation kept the people in a state of menacing violence, and Liberal legislation took away all prospect of remunerating prices for their grain produce. And thus much for the Crowning of the Column of Free Trade, and Crushing of the Pedestal of the Nation.

POSTSCRIPT.

The discussion on the Canadian question, in the House of Lords, has had one good effect. It has elicited from Lord Lyndhurst a most powerful and able speech, in the best style of that great judge and distinguished statesman's oratory; and it has caused Lord Campbell to make an exhibition of spleen, ill-humour, and bad taste, which his warmest friends must have beheld with regret, and which was alone wanting to show the cogent effect which Lord Lyndhurst's speech had made on the house. Of the nature of Lord Campbell's attack on that able and venerable judge, second to none who ever sat in Westminster Hall for judicial power and forensic eloquence, some idea may be formed from the observations in reply of Lord Stanley:—

"I must say for myself, and I think I may say for the rest of the house, and not with the exception of noble lords on the opposite side of it, that they listened to that able, lucid, and powerful speech (Lord Lyndhurst's) with a feeling of anything but pain—a feeling of admiration at the power of language, the undiminished clearness of intellect—(cheers)—the conciseness and force with which my noble and learned friend grappled with the arguments before him, and which, while on the one hand they showed that age had in no degree impaired the vigour of that power, on the other added to the regret at the announcement he made of his intention so seldom to occupy the attention of the house. (Hear, hear.) But I should have thought that if there were one feeling it was impossible for any man to entertain after hearing that speech, it would be a feeling in any way akin to that which led the noble and

learned lord to have introduced his answer to that speech by any unworthy taunts. (Loud cheers.) His noble and learned friend's high position and great experience, his high character and eminent ability, might have secured him in the honoured decline of his course from any such unworthy taunts—(great cheering)—as the noble and learned lord has not thought it beneath him on such an occasion to address to such a man. (Renewed cheering.) If the noble and learned lord listened with pain to the able statement of my noble and learned friend, sure am I that there is no friend of the noble and learned lord who must not have listened with deeper pain to what fell from him on this occasion."—*Times*, 20th June 1849.

And of the feeling of the country on this uncalled-for and unprovoked attack, an estimate may be formed from the following passage of the *Times* on the subject:—"This debate has also recalled to the scene of his former triumphs the undiminished energy and vigorous eloquence of Lord Lyndhurst. That it supplied Lord Campbell with the opportunity of making a series of remarks in the worst possible taste on that aged and distinguished peer is, we suspect, a matter on which neither the learned lord nor any of his colleagues will be disposed to look back with satisfaction."—*Times*, 22d June 1849.

What Lord Campbell says of Lord Lyndhurst is, that he was once a Liberal and he has now become a Conservative: that the time was when he would have supported such a bill as that which the Canadian parliament tendered to Lord Elgin, and that now he opposes it. There is no doubt of

the fact: experience has taught him the errors of his early ways; he has not stood all day gazing at the east because the sun rose there in the morning—he has looked around him, and seen the consequences of those delusive visions in which, in common with most men of an ardent temperament, he early indulged. In doing so, he has made the same change as Pitt and Chatham, as Burke and Mackintosh, as Windham and Brougham, as Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey. There are men of a different stamp—men whom no experience can teach, and no facts wean from error—who retain in advanced life the prejudices and passions of their youth, and signalise declining years by increased personal ambition and augmented party spleen. Whatever Lord Lyndhurst may be, he is not one of them. He has not won his retiring allowance by a week's service in the Court of Chancery. He can look back on a life actively spent in the public service, and enjoy in his declining years the pleasing reflection, that the honours and fortune he has won, are but the just meed of a nation's gratitude for important public services long and admirably performed.

The Canadian question, itself, on which ministers so narrowly escaped shipwreck in the House of Peers (by a majority of THREE) appears to us to lie within a very small compass. Cordially disapproving as we do of the bill for indemnifying the rebels which the Canadian ministry introduced and the Canadian parliament

passed, we yet cannot see that any blame attaches to Lord Elgin personally for giving the consent of government to the bill. Be the bill good or bad, just or unjust, it had passed the legislature by a large majority, and Lord Elgin would not have been justified in withholding his consent, any more than Queen Victoria would have been in refusing to pass the Navigation Laws Bill. The passing of disagreeable and often unjust laws, by an adverse majority, is a great evil, no doubt; but it is an evil inherent in popular and responsible government, for which the Canadian loyalists equally with the Canadian rebels contended. Let our noble brethren in Canada reflect on this. The Conservatives of England have for long seen a series of measures pass the legislature, which they deem destructive to the best interests of their country; but they never talked of separating from their Liberal fellow-citizens on that account, or blamed the Queen because she affixed the royal assent to their bills. They are content to let time develop the consequences of these acts; and meanwhile they direct all their efforts to enlighten their countrymen on the subject, and, if possible, regain a preponderance in the legislature for their own party. The Canadian loyalists, second to none in the British empire in courage, energy, and public spirit, will doubtless see, when the heat of the contest is over, that it is by such conduct that they will best discharge their duty to their country.

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CHARLES LAMB.

To Charles Lamb shall be allotted—general assent has already assigned it to him, and we have no wish to dispute his claim—a quiet, quaint niche, apart to himself, in some odd nook or corner in the great temple of English literature. It shall be carved from the solid oak, and decorated with Gothic tracery; but where Madonnas and angels ordinarily appear, there shall be all manner of laughing cherubs—one amongst them disguised as a chimney-sweep—with abundance of sly and humorous devices. Some such niches or stalls may occasionally be seen in old cathedrals, sharing the eternity of the structure, and drawing the peculiar regard of the curious and loitering visitor. You are startled to find a merry device, and a wit by no means too reverential, side by side with the ideal forms of Catholic piety. You approach to examine the solemn-looking carving, and find, perhaps, a fox clothed in priestly raiment—teaching, in his own way, divers lessons of morality to the bears and geese. Such venerable and Gothic drollery suspends for a moment, but hardly mars, the serious and sedate feelings which the rest of the structure, and the other sculptured figures of the place, are designed to excite.

Some such peculiar place amongst our literary worthies seems, as we have said, to be assigned by general

consent to Charles Lamb, nor are we about to gainsay his right to this position. He has all the genius that could comport with oddity, and all the oddity that could amalgamate with genius. With a range of thought most singularly contracted, considering the times in which he lived, and the men by whom he was surrounded, he has contrived, by a charming subtlety of observation, and a most felicitous humour, to make us in love even with that contractedness itself, which in another would be despised; as evidencing a sluggishness and obtuseness of mind. Perhaps there are few writers who could be named, of these later days, on whose peculiar merits there is so little difference of opinion. As a poet, he was, at all events, inoffensive, and his mediocrity has been pardoned him in favour of that genius he displayed as the humorous and critical essayist. The publication of his letters, too, has materially added to his reputation, and confirmed him as a favourite with all to whom his lambent and playful wit had already made him known and esteemed. We are not aware, therefore, that we have anything to dispute, or essentially to modify, in the verdict passed by popular opinion on this writer. Yet something may remain to be said to assist in appreciating and discriminating his peculiar merits as

The Works of Charles Lamb.

Final Memorials of Charles Lamb. By THOMAS NOON TALFOURD.

a humorist—something to point out where praise is due, and something to draw the limits of that praise. Moreover, his biography, as presented to us by Mr. Talfourd, claims some notice; disclosing, as it does, one of the saddest tragedies, and one of the noblest acts of heroism, which ever afflicted and dignified the life of a man of letters. This biography is also written by one who is himself distinguished in the literary world, who was an intimate friend of Lamb, and personally acquainted with those literary characters by whom Lamb had surrounded himself, and who are here grouped around him. Upon the whole, therefore, the *Life and Writings of Elia*, though a subject which no longer wears the gloss of novelty, still invites and may repay attention.

We hardly know whether to regret it as a disadvantage to us, on the present occasion, that we never enjoyed the slightest acquaintance with Charles Lamb, or indeed with any of those literary friends amongst whom he lived. We never saw this bland humorist; we never heard that half-provoking, half-pleasing stutter, which awakened anticipation whilst it delayed enjoyment, and added zest to the witticism which it threatened to mar, and which it had held back, for a moment, only to project with the happier impetus. We never had before us, in bodily presence, that slight, black-coated figure, and those antique and curiously-gaitered legs, which, we have also been assured, contributed their part to the irresistible effect of his kindly humour. We never even knew those who had seen and talked with him. To us he is a purely historic figure. So, too, of his biographer—which argues ourselves to be sadly unknown—we have no other knowledge than what runs about bruited in the world; even his displays of eloquence, forensic or parliamentary, we have never had an opportunity of hearing; we know him only by his writings, and by that title we have often heard bestowed on him, the amiable author of *Ion*;—to which amiability we refer, because to this we must attribute, we suppose, a large portion of that too laudatory criticism which, in these volumes, he bestows so lavishly and diffusely. We cannot,

therefore, bring to our subject any of those vivid reminiscences, anecdotes, or details which personal acquaintance supplies. But, on the other hand, we have no bias whatever to contend against, whether of a friendly or hostile description, in respect of any of the literary characters whom we may have occasion to speak of. Had they all lived in the reign of good Queen Anne, they could not have been more remote from our personal sympathies or antipathies.

It is probably known to most of our readers that when, shortly after the decease of Charles Lamb, his letters were given to the world with some biographical notices, there were circumstances which imposed silence on certain passages of his life, and which obliged the editor to withhold a certain portion of the letters. That sister, in fact, was still alive whose lamentable history was so intimately blended with the career of Lamb, and an allusion to her unfortunate tragedy would have been cruel in any one, and in an intimate friend utterly impossible. Serjeant Talfourd had no other course than to leave the gap or hiatus in the biography, and cover it up and conceal it as well as might be, from the eyes of such readers as were not better informed from other sources. Upon the decease of that sister, there no longer existed any motive for this silence; and, indeed, shortly after this event, the whole narrative was revealed by a writer in the *British Quarterly Review*, who had himself waited till then before he permitted himself to disclose it, and by its disclosure do an act of justice to the moral character of Lamb. Mr. Talfourd was, therefore, called upon to complete his biographical notice, and also the publication of the letters. This he did in the two volumes entitled *Final Memorials*, &c.

As a separate and subsidiary publication became inevitable, and as probably the exigencies of the trade required that it should be of a certain bulk and substance, we suppose we must rather commiserate Mr. Talfourd than cast any blame upon him for the manifest difficulty he has had to fill these two volumes of *Final Memorials*. One of them would have been sufficient for all that he had to

communicate, or that it was wise to add. Many of the letters of Lamb here printed are such as he had very properly laid aside, in the first instance, not because they trenched upon too delicate ground, but because they were wholly uninteresting. He had very correctly said, in what, for distinction's sake, we will call *The Life*—"I have thought it better to omit much of this verbal criticism, which, not very interesting in itself, is unintelligible without a contemporary reference to the poems which are its subject."—(P. 12.) Now we cannot, of course, undertake to say that the letters given us here are precisely those which he speaks of as being wisely rejected on the former occasion, but we know that there was the same good reason for this rejection, for they are occupied with a verbal criticism utterly uninteresting. Surely what neither illustrates a man's life, nor adds a tittle to his literary reputation, ought not to be allowed to encumber for ever, as with a dead weight, the collected works of an author. The mischief is, that, if materials of this kind are once published, every succeeding editor finds it incumbent on him to reprint them, lest his edition should be thought less perfect than others, and thus there is no getting rid of the useless and burdensome increment. It is otherwise with another portion of these two volumes, the sketches of the contemporaries and friends of Lamb, which Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, or any future editor, can either retrench, omit, or enlarge, at his option.

In the next edition that is published of the works of Lamb, we hope the editor may be persuaded altogether to recast his materials. The biography should be kept apart, and not interspersed piecemeal amongst the letters. This is an arrangement, the most provoking and irritating to the reader that could have been devised. Let us have all the biography at once, and then sit down and enjoy the letters of Lamb. Why be incessantly bandied from the one to the other? Few of the letters need any explanation; if they do, the briefest note at the head or at the foot would be sufficient. Not to add, that, if it is wished to refer to any event in the biography,

one does not know where to look for it. And, *appropos* of this matter of reference, it may be just worth mentioning that the present volume is so divided into *Parts*, and the parts so pagged, that any reference to a passage by the number of the page is almost useless. The numbers recommence some half-dozen times in the course of the volume; so that if you are referred to page 50, you may find five of them—you may find page 50 five times over before you come to the right one. For which reason we shall dispense ourselves, in respect to this volume, with our usual punctuality of reference, for the reference must be laboriously minute, and even then will impose a troublesome search. In the mere and humble task of editing, the Sergeant has been by no means fortunate.

Lying about in such confusion as the fractions of the biography do at present, we shall perhaps be rendering a slight service if we bring together from the two different publications the leading events of the life of Lamb.

"Charles Lamb," says the first publication, "was born on the 18th February, 1775, in Crown-Office Row, in the Inner Temple, where he spent the first seven years of his life." At the age of seven he was presented to the school of Christ's Hospital, and there remained till his fifteenth year. His sweetness of disposition rendered him a general favourite. From one of his schoolfellows we have the following account of him:—"Lamb," says Mr. Le Grice, "was an amiable, gentle boy, very sensible, and keenly observing, indulged by his schoolfellows and by his master, on account of his infirmity of speech. His countenance was mild; his complexion clear brown, with an expression which might lead you to think that he was of Jewish descent. His eyes were not each of the same colour—one was hazel, the other had specks of gray in the iris, mingled as we see red spots in the bloodstone. His step was *plantigrade* (Mr. Le Grice must be a zoologist—Lamb would have smiled to hear himself so scientifically described), which made his walk slow and peculiar, adding to the staid appearance of his figure. I never heard his name mentioned without the

addition of Charles, although, as there was no other boy of the name of Lamb, the addition was unnecessary; but there was an implied kindness in it, and it was a proof that his gentle manner excited that kindness." Mr. Le Grice adds that, in the sketch Lamb gave in his *Recollections of Christ's Hospital*, he drew a faithful portrait of himself. "While others were all fire and play, he stole along with all the self-concentration of a young monk." He had, in fact, only passed from cloister to cloister, and, during the holidays, it was in the Temple that he found his home and his only place of recreation. This cloistering-in of his mind was the early and constant peculiarity of his life. He would have made an excellent monk: in those good old times, be it understood, when it was thought no great scandal if there was a well-supplied cellarage underneath the cloister.

After quitting Christ's Hospital, he was employed for some time in the South Sea House, but on the 5th April, 1792, obtained that appointment in the accountant's office in the East India Company which was his stay and support, in more senses than one, through life.

A little anecdote is here introduced, which strikes us as very characteristic. It reveals the humourist, ready to appreciate and promote a jest, even at his own expense, and at the easy sacrifice of his own dignity or self-respect; but it reveals something more and sadder; it seems to betray a broken, melancholy spirit, that was no longer disposed to contend for its claim to respect from others. "In the first year of his clerkship," says Mr. Le Grice, "Lamb spent the evening of the 5th November with some of his former schoolfellows, who, being amused with the particularly large and flapping brim of his round hat, pinned it up on the sides in the form of a cocked hat. Lamb made no alteration in it, but walked home in his usual sauntering gait towards the Temple. As he was going down Ludgate Hill, some gay young men, who seemed not to have passed the London Tavern without resting, exclaimed, 'The veritable Guy!—no man of straw!' and with this exclamation they took him up, making a chair with their

arms, carried him, seated him on a post in St. Paul's Churchyard, and there left him. This story Lamb told so seriously, that the truth of it was never doubted. He wore his three-cornered hat many evenings, and retained the name of Guy ever after. Like Nym, he quietly sympathised in the fun, and seemed to say, 'that was the humour of it.' Some one may suggest, that probably Lamb was himself in the same condition, on this 5th of November, as the young men "who had not passed the London Tavern without resting," and that therefore all peculiar significance of the anecdote, as it bears upon his character and disposition, is entirely lost. But Lamb relates the story himself, and afterwards, and when there is no question of sobriety, quietly acquiesces and participates in the absurd joke played upon himself.

At this time his most constant companion was one *Jem White*, who wrote some imaginary "Letters of John Falstaff." These letters Lamb went about all his life praising, and causing others to praise, but seems never to have found any one to share his admiration. As even Mr. Talfourd has not a good word to throw away upon the literary merits of Jem White, we may safely conclude that Lamb's friendship had in this instance quite overruled his critical judgment.

But the associate and friend who really exercised a permanent and formative influence upon his mind, was a man of a very different stamp—*Samuel Taylor Coleridge*. They had been schoolfellows at Christ's Hospital, and, though no particular intimacy existed at that time, the circumstance formed a foundation for a future friendship. "While Coleridge," writes Mr. Talfourd, "remained at the university, they met occasionally on his visits to London; and when he quitted it and came to town, full of mantling hopes and glorious schemes, Lamb became his admiring disciple. The scene of these happy meetings was a little public-house, called the *Salutation and Cat*, in the neighbourhood of Smithfield, where they used to sup, and remain long after they had 'heard the chimes at midnight.'"

These suppers at the *Salutation* and

Cat, in Smithfield, seem to carry back the imagination far beyond the period here alluded to; they seem to transport us to the times of Oliver Goldsmith, or to take us across the water into Germany, where poetry and philosophy may still occasionally find refuge in the beer-shop. They were always remembered by Lamb as the brightest spots of his life. "I think I hear you again," he says, writing to Coleridge. "I imagine to myself the little smoky room at the Salutation and Cat, where we sat together through the winter nights, beguiling the cares of life with poetry." And in another place he alludes to "those old suppers at our old inn—when life was fresh and topics exhaustless—and you first kindled in me, if not the power, yet the love of poetry, and beauty, and kindness." It was in these interviews that the project was started, we believe, of publishing a volume of poems, the joint production of the two friends.

But this pleasing project, and all the poetry of life, was for a time to give place, in the history of Lamb, to a domestic tragedy of the most afflictive nature. It is here that the *Final Memorials* take up the thread of the biography. It was on the 22d September 1796, that the terrible event took place which cast so perpetual a shade, and reflected also so constant an honour, on the life of Lamb. He was living at this time with his father, mother, and sister, in Lodgings in Little Queen Street, Holborn. After being engaged in his taskwork at the India House, he returned in the evening to amuse his father by playing cribbage. The old man had sunk into dotage and the miserable selfishness that so often attends on old age. If his son wished to discontinue for a time the game at cribbage, and turn to some other avocation, or the writing of a letter, he would pettishly exclaim,—"If you don't play cribbage, I don't see the use of your coming home at all." The mother also was an invalid, and Miss Lamb, we are told, was worn down to a state of extreme nervous misery, by attention to needlework by day, and to her mother by night, until the insanity which had been manifested more than once broke out into frenzy.

"It appeared," says the account extracted from the *Times*, (an account of the inquest, in which the names of the parties are suppressed,) "that while the family were preparing for dinner, the young lady seized a case-knife lying on the table, and in a menacing manner pursued a little girl, her apprentice, round the room. On the calls of her infirm mother to forbear, she renounced her first object, and with loud shrieks approached her parent. The child by her cries quickly brought up the landlord of the house, but too late. The dreadful scene presented to him the mother lifeless, pierced to the heart, on a chair, her daughter yet wildly standing over her with the fatal knife, and the old man, her father, weeping by her side, himself bleeding at the forehead from the effects of a severe blow he received from one of the forks she had been madly hurling about the room."

The following is the letter which Lamb wrote to Coleridge shortly after the event. From this it appears that it was he, and not the landlord, who took the knife from the hand of the lunatic.

"MY DEAREST FRIEND,—White, or some of my friends, or the public papers, by this time may have informed you of the terrible calamities that have fallen on our family. I will only give you the outlines. My poor, dear, dearest sister, in a fit of insanity, has been the death of her own mother. I was at hand only time enough to snatch the knife out of her grasp. She is at present in a madhouse, from whence I fear she must be removed to an hospital. God has preserved to me my senses. I eat, and drink, and sleep, and have my judgment, I believe, very sound. My poor father was slightly wounded, and I am left to take care of him and my aunt. Mr. Norris of the Blue-coat School has been very kind to us, and we have no other friend; but, thank God, I am very calm and composed, and able to do the best that remains to do. Write as religious a letter as possible, but no mention of what is gone and done with. With me 'the former things are passed away,' and I have something more to do than to feel.

"God Almighty have us all in his keeping!—C. LAMB.

"Mention nothing of poetry; I have destroyed every vestige of past vanities of that kind. Do as you please; but if you publish, publish mine (I give free leave) without name or initial, and never send me a book, I charge you.

"Your own judgment will convince you not to take any notice of this yet to your dear wife. You look after your family—I have my reason and strength left to take care of mine. I charge you, don't think of coming to see me—write. I will not see you if you come. God Almighty love you, and all of us.—C. LAMB."

Miss Lamb was of course placed in an asylum, where, however, she was in a short time restored to reason. And now occurred the act of life-long heroism on the part of the brother. As soon as she was recovered, he petitioned the authorities to resign her to his care; he pledged himself to be her guardian, her provider, her *keeper*, for all her days to come. He was at that time paying his addresses to a young lady, with what hopes, or with what degree of ardour, we are not informed. But marriage with her, or with any other, was now to be entirely renounced. He devoted his life, and all his love, to his unhappy sister, and to the last he fulfilled the obligation he had taken upon himself without a murmur, and without the least diminution of affection towards the object of it.

We have called it an act of heroism; we applaud it, and rejoice that it stands upon record a complete and accomplished act. There it stands, not only to relieve the character of Lamb from such littleness as it may have contracted from certain habits of intemperance, (of which perhaps more has been said than was necessary;) but it remains there as an enduring memorial, prompting, to all time, to the like acts of self-denying kindness, and unshaken generosity of purpose. But, admiring the act as we do, we must still be permitted to observe, that there was a degree of imprudence in it which fully justified other members of the family in their endeavours to dissuade Lamb from his resolution, and which would have justified

the authorities (whoever they were—and about this matter there seems a singular obscurity, and a suspicion is created that even in proceedings of this nature much is done carelessly, informally, uncertainly) in refusing to accede to his request. Miss Lamb had several relapses into temporary derangement; and, although she never committed, as far as we are informed, any acts of violence, this calmness of behaviour, in her seasons of mental aberration, could not have been calculated on. We confess we should have shrunk from the responsibility of advising the generous but perilous course which was adopted with so fortunate a result.

How sad and fearful a charge Lamb had entailed upon himself, let the following extract suffice to show. The subject is too painful to be longer dwelt upon than is necessary. "The constant impendency of this great sorrow saddened to 'the Lambs' even their holidays, as the journey which they both regarded as the relief and charm of the year, was frequently followed by a seizure; and, *when they ventured to take it, a strait-waistcoat, carefully packed up by Miss Lamb herself, was their constant companion.* Sad experience at last induced the abandonment of the annual excursion, and Lamb was contented with walks in and near London during the interval of labour. Miss Lamb experienced, and full well understood, premonitory symptoms of the attack, in restlessness, low fever, and the inability to sleep; and, as gently as possible, prepared her brother for the duty he must soon perform; and thus, unless he could stave off the terrible separation till Sunday, obliged him to ask leave of absence from the office as if for a day's pleasure—a bitter mockery! On one occasion, Mr. Charles Lloyd met them slowly pacing together a little footpath in Haxton Fields, *both weeping bitterly, and found, on joining them, that they were taking their solemn way to the accustomed asylum!*"*

It seems that a tendency to lunacy was hereditary in the family, and Charles Lamb himself had been for a short period deprived of his reason.

On this subject Mr. Talfourd makes the following excellent remark:—"The wonder is, that, amidst all the difficulties, the sorrows, and the excitements of his succeeding forty years, the malady never recurred. Perhaps the true cause of this remarkable exemption—an exemption the more remarkable when his afflictions are considered in association with one single frailty—will be found in the sudden claim made on his moral and intellectual nature by a terrible exigency, and by his generous answer to that claim; so that a life of self-sacrifice was rewarded by the preservation of unclouded reason."

We will not weaken so admirable a remark by repeating it in a worse phraseology of our own. We wish the Serjeant always wrote in the same clear, forcible, and unaffected manner. With respect to this seizure which Lamb, in an early part of his life, had experienced, there is a reference in one of his letters too curious to pass unnoticed. Writing to Coleridge, he says—"At some future time I will amuse you with an account, as full as my memory will permit, of the strange turns my frenzy took. I look back upon it at times with a gloomy kind of envy, for, while it lasted, I had many, many hours of pure happiness. Dream not, Coleridge, of having tasted all the grandeur and wildness of fancy till you have gone mad! All now seems to me rapid, or comparatively so."

The residue of Lamb's life is uneventful. The publication of a book—a journey into Cumberland—his final liberation from office, are the chief incidents. These it is not necessary to arrange in chronological order: they can be alluded to as occasion requires. But we will pursue a little further our notice of Mr. Talfourd's biographical labours, that we may clear our way as we proceed.

We have seen that Lamb, in the first agony of his grief, rudely threw aside his poetry, and his scheme of publishing conjointly with Coleridge. Poetry and schemes of publication are not, however, so easily dismissed. As his mind subsided into a calmer state, they were naturally resumed. The literary partnership was extended, and Lloyd was admitted to

associate his labours in the forthcoming volume. "At length," says Mr. Talfourd, "the small volume containing the poems of Coleridge, Lloyd, and Lamb, was published by Mr. Cottle at Bristol. It excited little attention." We do not wonder at this, if the lucubrations of Mr. Lloyd had any conspicuous place in the volume. How the other two poets—how Coleridge especially, could have consented to this literary partnership, with so singularly inept and absurd a writer, would be past explaining, if it were not for some hint that we receive that Charles Lloyd was the son of a wealthy banker, and might, therefore, be the fittest person to transact that part of the business which occurs between the author and the publisher. Here we have a striking instance of Mr. Talfourd's misplaced amiability of criticism. "Lloyd," he says, "wrote pleasing verses, and with great facility—a facility fatal to excellence; but his mind was chiefly remarkable for the fine power of analysis which distinguishes his 'London,' and other of his later compositions. In this power of discriminating and distinguishing—carried to a pitch almost of painfulness—Lloyd has scarcely been equalled; and his poems, though rugged in point of versification, will be found, by those who will read them with the calm attention they require, replete with critical and moral suggestions of the highest value." Very grateful to Mr. Serjeant Talfourd will any reader feel who shall be induced, by his recommendation, to peruse, or attempt to peruse, Mr. Lloyd's poem of "London!" We were. "Fine power of analysis!" Why, it is one stream of mud—of theologic mud. "Rugged in point of versification!" There is no trace of verse, and the style is an outlandish garb, such as no man has ever seen elsewhere, either in prose or verse. Poor Lloyd was a lunatic patient!—on him no one would be severe: but why should an intelligent Serjeant, unless prompted by a sly malice against all mankind, persuade us to read his execrable stuff? The following is a fair specimen of the drug, and is, indeed, taken as the book opened. We add the two last lines of the preceding stanza, to give all possible help to the elucidation.

tion of the one we quote. The italics are all Mr. Lloyd's:—

"If you affirm *grace irresistible*,
You must deny all liberty of will.

142.

"But you reply, *grace irresistible*
Our creed admits not. I am sorry for't.
Enough, or not enough, to bind the free will,
Grace must be. Not enough? The dose falls
short.
This is of *cause* the prime condition still
That it be *operative*. Yet divines exhort
Us to deem *grace sole source* of all salvation,
And if we're damned, blame *but its applica-
tion*."

But divinity of this kind, it may be said, though well calculated to display "the power of discriminating and distinguishing, carried to a pitch almost of painfulness," is not exactly favourable to flowing verse. Here is a specimen where a lady is the subject, and the verse should be smooth then, if ever.

"I well remember her years, five-and-twenty,
(Ah! now my muse has got into a gallop.)
Longer perhaps! But time sufficient, plenty
Of treasured offices of love to call up.
She was then, as I recollect, quite dainty,
And delicate, and seemed a fair envelope
Of Virgin sweetness and angelic goodness;
That fate should treat her with such reckless
rudeness!"

The poor man seems to have had not the least appreciation of the power of language, so as to distinguish between the ludicrous and the pathetic. He must have read "Hudibras" with tears, *not* of laughter, in his eyes, and hence drawn his notion of tenderness of diction as well as harmony of verse. The most surprising thing about Lloyd is, that such a man should have chosen for his literary task to translate—Alfieri! And although he has performed the task very far from well, he has accomplished it in a manner that could not have been anticipated from his original compositions.

After this specimen of Mr. Talfourd's laudatory criticism, we need not be astonished at any amount of eulogy he bestows on such names as Hazlitt and others, which really have a certain claim on the respect of all men. And yet, even after this, we felt some slight surprise at hearing Mr. Talfourd speak of "the splendid reputation" of Mr. Harrison Ainsworth!

Would Mr. Talfourd *have* such a reputation, if it were offered him? Would he not rather have remained in complete obscurity than be distinguished by such "splendours" as the authorship of *Jack Sheppard* would have invested him with? Why should he throw about this indiscriminate praise, and make his good word of no possible value? Splendid reputation! Can trash be anything but trash, because a multitude of the idle and the ignorant, whom it exactly suits, read and admire? By-and-by they grow ashamed of their idol, when they find they have him all to themselves, and that sensible people are smiling at their enthusiasm; they then discard him for some new, untried, and *unconvicted* favourite. Such is the natural history of these splendid reputations.

The second volume of the "Final Memorials" is in great part occupied with sketches of the literary friends and companions of Lamb. These Mr. Talfourd introduces by a somewhat bold parallel between the banquets at the lordly halls of Holland House and the suppers in the dark and elevated chambers in the Inner Temple, whither Lamb had removed. We are by no means scandalised at such a comparison. Wit may flow, and wisdom too, as freely in the garret as in the saloon. To eat off plate, to be served assiduously by liveried attendants, may not give any more real zest to colloquial pleasure, to good hearty talking, than to attack without ceremony "the cold beef flanked with heaps of smoking potatoes, which Becky has just brought in." Nor do we know that claret in the flagon of beautifully cut glass, may be a more potent inspiration of wit than "the foaming pots of porter from the best tap in Fleet Street." We are not at all astonished that such a parallel should be drawn; what surprises us is, that, being in the humour to draw such comparisons, the Sergeant could find only *one* place in all London which could be brought into this species of contrast, and of rivalry, with Holland House. "Two circles of rare social enjoyment, differing as widely as possible in all external circumstances—but *each superior in its kind to all others*, were at the same time generously opened to men of letters."

We, who have been admitted to neither, have perhaps no right to an opinion; but, judging by the bill of fare presented to us, we shrewdly suspect there were very many circles where we should have preferred the intellectual repast to that set out in Inner Temple Lane. We doubt not the Serjeant himself has assembled round his own table a society that we should greatly more have coveted the pleasure of joining. We have the name of Godwin, it is true, but Godwin never opened his mouth;—played whist all the evening. Had he not written his book? why should he talk? We have Hazlitt,—but by all accounts he was rarely in a tolerable humour, perpetually raving, with admirable consistency, in praise of republics and Buonaparte. Coleridge was too rarely a visitor to be counted in the list; and certain we are that we should have no delight in hearing Charles Lloyd “reason of fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute,” to Leigh Hunt. Some actors are named, of whose conversational powers we know nothing, and presume nothing very extraordinary. Lamb’s “burly jovial brother, the Ajax Telamon of clerks,” and a Captain Burney, of whom we are elsewhere told that he liked Shakspeare “because he was so much of a gentleman,” promise little on the score of intellectual conversation; neither should we be particularly anxious to sit opposite a certain M. B., of whom Lamb said, “M., if dirt were trumps, what hands you would hold!”

After this singular parallel, we are shown round a gallery of portraits. First we have George Dyer, who appears to be the counterpart of our old friend Dominie Sampson. But, indeed, we hold George Dyer to be a sort of myth, a fabulous person, the creation of Charles Lamb’s imagination, and imposed as a reality on his friends. Such an absurdity as he is here represented to be could not have been bred, could not have existed, in these times, and in London. If we are to credit the stories told of him, his walking in broad day into the canal at Islington was one of the wisest things he did, or could possibly have done. Lamb tells him, in the strictest confidence, that the “Wa-

verley Novels” are the works of Lord Castlereagh, just returned from the Congress of Sovereigns at Vienna! Off he runs, nor stops till he reaches Maida Hill, where he deposits his news in the ears of Leigh Hunt, who, “as a public man,” he thinks ought to be possessed of the great fact. At another time Lamb gravely inquires of him, “Whether it was true, as was commonly reported, that he was to be made a lord?” “Oh dear, no! Mr. Lamb,” he responds with great earnestness, “I could not think of such a thing: it is not true, I assure you.” “I thought not,” replies the wit, “and I contradict it wherever I go; but the government will not ask your consent—they may raise you to the peerage without your even knowing it.” “I hope not, Mr. Lamb; indeed, indeed, I hope not; it would not suit me at all,” repeats our modern Dominie, and goes away musing on the possibility of strange honours descending, whether he will or not, upon his brow. It goes to our heart to disturb a good story, but such a man as the George Dyer here represented never could have existed.

We have rather a long account of Godwin, with some remarks not very satisfactory upon his intellectual character. That Mr. Godwin was taciturn, that he conversed, when he did talk, upon trivial subjects, and in a small precise manner, and that he was especially fond of sleeping after dinner—all this we can easily understand. Mr. Godwin’s mental activity was absorbed in his authorship, and he was a very voluminous author. But we cannot so easily understand Mr. Talfourd’s explanations, nor why these habits should have any peculiar connexion with the intellectual qualities of the author of *Caleb Williams*, and a host of novels, as well as of the *Political Justice*, of the *Life of Chaucer*, and the *History of the Commonwealth*. Such habits are rather the result of a man’s temperament, and the manner of life which circumstances have thrown him into, than of his intellectual powers. Profound metaphysicians have been very vivacious talkers, and light and humorous writers very taciturn men. Mr. Talfourd finds that Godwin had no imagination, was all abstract reason, and thus accounts for his

having no desire to address his fellow-men but through the press. The passage is too long to quote, and would be very tedious. We must leave him in quiet possession of his own theory of the matter.

It was new to us, and may be to our readers, to hear that Godwin supported himself "by a shop in Skinner Street, where, under the auspices of 'Mr. J. Godwin & Co.,' the prettiest and wisest books for children issued, which old-fashioned parents presented to their children, without suspecting that the graceful lessons of piety and goodness which charmed away the selfishness of infancy, were published, and sometimes revised, and now and then written, by a philosopher whom they would scarcely venture to name!" We admire the good sense which induced him to adhere to so humble an occupation, if he found it needful for his support. But what follows is not quite so admirable. He was a great borrower; or, in the phrase of Mr. Talfourd, "he met the exigencies of business with the trusting simplicity which marked his course; he asked his friends for aid without scruple, considering that their means were justly the due of one who toiled in thought for their inward life, and had little time to provide for his own outward existence, and took their excuses when offered without doubt or offence." And then the Serjeant proceeds to relate, in a tone of the most touching simplicity, his own personal experience upon this matter. "The very next day after I had been honoured and delighted by an introduction to him at Lamb's chambers, I was made still more proud and happy by his appearance at my own on such an errand, which my poverty, not my will, rendered abortive. After some pleasant chat on indifferent matters, he carelessly observed that he had a little bill for £150 falling due on the morrow, *which he had forgotten till that morning*, and desired the loan of the necessary amount for a few weeks. At first, in eager hopes of being able thus to oblige one whom I regarded with admiration akin to awe, I began to consider whether it was possible for me to raise such a sum; but, alas! a moment's reflection sufficed to con-

vince me that the hope was vain, and I was obliged, with much confusion, to assure my distinguished visitor how glad I should have been to serve him, but that I was only just starting as a special pleader, was obliged to write for magazines to help me on, and had not such a sum in the world. 'Oh dear!' said the philosopher, 'I thought you were a young gentleman of fortune—don't mention it, don't mention it—I shall do very well elsewhere!' And then, in the most gracious manner, reverted to our former topics, and sat in my small room for half-an-hour, as if to convince me that my want of fortune made no difference in his esteem." How very gracious! The most shameless borrower coming to raise money from a young gentleman of fortune, to meet "a little bill which he had forgotten till that morning," would hardly, on finding his mistake, have made an abrupt departure. He would have coolly beat a retreat, as the philosopher did. We never hear, by the way, that he returned "to my small room" at any other time, for half-an-hour's chat. But how very interesting it is to see the learned Serjeant, whose briefs have made him acquainted with every trick and turn of commercial craft, retaining this sweet and pristine simplicity!

The Serjeant, however, has a style of narrative which, though on the surface it displays the most good-natured simplicity, slyly insinuates to the more intelligent reader that he sees quite as far as another, and is by no means the dupe of his own amiability. Thus, in his description of Coleridge, (which would be too long a subject to enter into minutely,) he has the following passage, (perhaps the best in the description,) which, while it seems to echo to the full the unstinted applause so common with the admirers of that singular man, gives a quiet intimation to the reader that he was not altogether so blind as some of those admirers. "If his entranced hearers often were unable to perceive the bearings of his argument—too mighty for any grasp but his own—and sometimes reaching beyond his own—they understood 'a beauty in the words, if not the words;' and a wisdom and a piety in the illustrations, even when

unable to connect them with the idea which he desired to illustrate." Mr. Talfourd reveals here, we suspect, the true secret of the charm which Coleridge exercised in conversation. His hearers never seemed to have carried away anything distinct or serviceable from his long discourses. They understood "a beauty in the words, if not the words;" they felt a charm like that of listening to music, and, when the voice ceased, there was perhaps as little distinct impression left, as if it had really been a beautiful symphony they had heard.

There is only one more in this gallery of portraits before which we shall pause, and that only for a moment, to present a last specimen of the critical manner of Mr. Talfourd. We are sorry the last should not be the best; and yet, as this sketch is a reprint, in an abridged form, of an essay affixed to the *Literary Remains of Hazlitt*, it may be considered as having received a more than usual share of the author's attention. It is thus that he analyses the mental constitution of one whom he appears to have studied and greatly admired—William Hazlitt. "He had as unquenchable a desire for truth as others have for wealth, or power, or fame: he pursued it with sturdy singleness of purpose, and enunciated it without favour or fear. But besides that love of truth, that sincerity in pursuing it, and that boldness in telling it, he had also a fervent aspiration after the beautiful, a vivid sense of pleasure, and an *intense consciousness of his own individual being*, which sometimes produced obstacles to the current of speculation, by which it was broken into dazzling eddies, or urged into devious windings. Acute, fervid, vigorous as his mind was, it wanted the *one great central power of imagination, which brings all the other faculties into harmonious action, multiplies them into each other, makes truth visible in the forms of beauty, and substitutes intellectual vision for proof*. Thus in him truth and beauty held divided empire. In him the spirit was willing but the flesh was strong, and when these contend it is not difficult to anticipate the result; 'for the power of beauty

shall sooner transform honesty from what it is into a bawd, than the person of honesty shall transform beauty into its likeness.' This 'sometime paradox' was visibly exemplified in Hazlitt's personal history, his conversation and his writings."*

Are we to gather from this most singular combination of words, that Hazlitt had a grain too much of sensuality in his composition, which diverted him from the search after truth? The expression, "the flesh was strong," and the quotation so curiously introduced from Shakspeare, seem to point this way. And then, again, are we to understand that this too much of sensuality was owing to a want of imagination?—that central power of imagination which is here described in a manner that no system of metaphysics we have studied enables us in the least to comprehend. We know something of Schelling's "intellectual tuition" transcending the ordinary scope of reason. Is this "intellectual vision, which the imagination substitutes for proof," of the same family? But indeed it would be idle insincerity to ask such questions. Sergeant Talfourd knows no more than we do what it means. The simple truth is, that here, as too frequently elsewhere, he aims at a certain subtlety of thought, and falls unfortunately upon no thought whatever—upon mere confusion of thought, which he attempts to hide by a quantity of somewhat faded phrase and rhetorical diction.

If we refer to the original essay itself, we shall not be aiding ourselves or Mr. Talfourd. The statement is fuller, and the confusion greater. In one point it relieves us—it relieves us entirely from the necessity of too deeply pondering the philosophic import of any phraseology our critic may adopt, for the phrase is changed merely to please the ear; and what at first has the air of definition proves to be merely a poetic colouring. He thus commences his essay: "As an author, Mr. Hazlitt may be contemplated principally in three aspects—as a moral and political reasoner, as an observer of character and manners, and as a critic in literature and paint-

ing. It is in the first character only that he should be followed with caution." In the two others he is, of course, to be followed implicitly. Why he was not equally perfect as a moral and political reasoner, Mr. Talfourd proceeds to explain. Mr. Hazlitt had "a passionate desire for truth," and also "earnest aspirations for the beautiful." Now, continues our critic, "the vivid sense of beauty may, indeed, have fit home in the breast of the searcher after truth, but then he must also be endowed with the highest of all human faculties—the great mediatory and interfusing power of imagination, which presides supreme over the mind, brings all its powers and impulses into harmonious action, and becomes itself the single organ of all. At its touch, truth becomes visible in the shape of beauty; the fairest of material things become the living symbols of airy thought, and the mind apprehends the *finest affinities of the world of sense and spirit* 'in clear dream and solemn vision.'" This last expression conveys, we presume, all the meaning, or no-meaning, of the phrase afterwards adopted—the "intellectual vision which it substitutes for truth." Both are mere jingle. The rest of the passage is much the same as it stands in the *Final Memorials*. Somehow or other Mr. Hazlitt is proved to have been defective as a reasoner, because he wanted imagination!—and imagination was wanted, not to enlarge his experience of mental phenomena, but to step between his love of truth and his sense of beauty. Did he ever divulge this discovery to his friend Hazlitt?—and how did the metaphysician receive it?

To one so generous towards others, it would be ungracious to use hard words. Indeed, to leave before an intelligent reader these specimens of "fine analysis," and "powers of discriminating and distinguishing," is quite severe enough punishment. We wish we could expunge them, with a host of similar ones, not only from our record, but from the works of the author himself.*

It is time that we turn from the biography to the writings of Charles

Lamb—to Elia, the gentle humorist: Not that Charles Lamb is exclusively the humorist: far from it. His verse is, at all events, sufficient to demonstrate a poetic sensibility, and his prose writings display a subtlety of analysis and a delicacy of perception which were not always enlisted in the service of mirth, but which were often displayed in some refined criticism, or keen observation upon men and manners. Still it is as a humorist that he has chiefly attracted the attention of the reading public, and obtained his popularity and literary status. But the coarser lineaments of the humorist are not to be found in him. His is a gentle, refined, and refining humour, which never trespasses upon delicacy; which does not excite that common and almost brutal laughter so easily raised at what are called the comic miseries of life—often no comedy to those who have to endure them. It is a humour which generally attains its end by investing what is lowly with an unexpected interest, not by degrading what is noble by allying it with mean and grotesque circumstance, (the miserable art of parody;) it is a humour, in short, which excites our laughter, not by stifling all reflection, but by awakening the mind to new trains of thought, and prompting to odd but kindly sympathies. It is a humour which a poet might indulge in, which a very nun might smile at, which a Fenelon would at times prepare himself mildly to admonish, but, on seeing from how clear a spirit it emanated, would, relaxing his brows again, let pass unproved.

There is a great rage at present for the comic; and, to do justice to our own times, we think it may be said that wit was never more abundant—and certainly, the pencil was never used with more genuine humour. But we cannot sympathise with, or much admire that class of writers who seem to make the comic their exclusive study, who peer into everything merely to find matter of jest in it. Everything is no more comic than everything is solemn, in this mingled world of ours. These men, reversing the puritanical extravagance, would

* The author of *Jon* ought not to be held in remembrance for any of these prosaic blunders he may have committed.

improve every incident into the occasion of a laugh. At length one extreme becomes as tedious as the other. We have, if we may trust to advertisements, for we never saw the production itself, a *Comic History of England!* and, amongst other editions of the learned commentator, *A Comic Blackstone!* We shall be threatened some day with a *Comic Encyclopedia*; or we shall have these comic gentry following the track round the whole world which Mrs. Somerville has lately taken, in her charming book on Physical Geography. They will go hopping and grinning after her, peeping down volcanoes, and punning upon coral reefs, and finding laughter in all things in this circumnavigable globe. Well, let them go grinning from pole to pole, and all along the tropics. We can wish them no worse punishment.

This exclusive cultivation of the comic must sadly depress the organ of veneration, and not at all foster any refined feelings of humanity. To him who is habitually in the mocking vein, it matters little what the subject, or who the sufferer, so that he has his jest. It is marvellous the utter recklessness to human feeling these light laughers attain to. Their seemingly sportive weapon, the "satiric thong" they so gaily use, is in harder hands than could be found anywhere else out of Smithfield. Nor is it quite idle to notice in what a direct barefaced manner these jesters appeal to the coarse untutored malice of our nature. If we were to analyse the jest, we should sometimes find that we had been laughing just as wisely as the little untaught urchin, who cannot hold his sides for "fun," if some infirm old woman, slipping upon the slide he has made, falls down upon the pavement. The jest only lasts while reflection is laid asleep.

In this, as we have already intimated, lies the difference between the crowd of jesters and Charles Lamb. We quit their uproarious laughter for his more quiet and pensive humour with somewhat the same feeling that we leave the noisy, though amusing, highway, for the cool landscape and the soft greensward. We reflect as we smile; the malice of our nature is rather laid to rest than called forth; a

kindly and forgiving temper is excited. We rise from his works, if not with any general truth more vividly impressed, yet prepared, by gentle and almost imperceptible touches, to be more social in our companionships, and warmer in our friendships.

Whether from mental indolence, or from that strong partiality he contracted towards familiar things, he lived, for a man of education and intelligence, in a singularly limited circle of thought. In the stirring times of the first French Revolution, we find him abstracting himself from the great drama before him, to bury himself in the gossip of *Burnet's History*. He writes to Manning—"I am reading *Burnet's Own Times*. Quite the prattle of age, and outlived importance. . . . Burnet's good old prattle I can bring present to my mind; I can make the Revolution present to me—the French Revolution, by a converse perversity in my nature, I fling as far from me." Science appears never to have interested him, and such topics as political economy may well be supposed to have been quite foreign to his nature. But even as a reader of poetry, his taste, or his partialities in his range of thought, limited him within a narrow circuit. He could make nothing of Goethe's *Faust*. Shelley was an unknown region to him, and the best of his productions never excited his attention. To Byron he was almost equally indifferent. From these he could turn to study George Withers! and find matter for applause in lines which needed, indeed, the recommendation of age to give them the least interest. His personal friendship for Wordsworth and Coleridge led him here out of that circle of old writers he delighted to dwell amongst; otherwise, we verily believe, he would have deserted them for Daniell and Quarles. But perhaps, to one of his mental constitution, it required a certain concentration to bring his powers into play; and we may owe to this exclusiveness of taste the admirable fragments of criticism he has given us on Shakspeare and the elder dramatists.

In forming our opinion, however, of the tastes and acquirements of Lamb, we must not forget that we are dealing with a humorist, and that his tea-

timony against himself cannot be always taken literally. On some occasions we shall find that he amused himself and his friends by a merry vein of self-disparagement; he would delight to exaggerate some deficiency, or perhaps some Cockney taste, in which, perhaps, he differed from others only in his boldness of avowal. He had not, by all accounts, what is called an ear for music; but we are not to put faith in certain witty descriptions he has given of his own obtuseness to all melodious sounds. We find him, in some of his letters, speaking of Braham with all the enthusiasm of a young haunter of operas. "I follow him about," he says, "like a dog." Nothing has given more scandal to some of the gentle admirers of Lamb, than to find him boldly avowing his preference of Fleet Street to the mountains of Cumberland. He claimed no love for the picturesque. Shops, and the throng of men, were not to be deserted for lakes and waterfalls. It was his to live in London, and, as a place to live in, there was no peculiarity of taste in preferring it to Cumberland; but when he really paid his visit to Coleridge at Keswick, he felt the charm fully as much as tourists who are accustomed to dwell, rather too loudly, upon their raptures. The letters he wrote, after this visit, from some of which we will quote, if our space permits us, describe very naturally, unaffectedly, and vividly, the impressions which are produced on a first acquaintance with mountainous scenery.

Indeed we may remark, that no man can properly enter into the character or the writings of a humorist, who is not prepared both to permit and to understand certain little departures from truth. We mean, that playing with the subject where our *convictions* are not intended to be seriously affected. Those who must see everything as true or false, and immediately approve or reject accordingly, who know nothing of that *punctum indifferens* on which the humorist, for a moment, takes his stand, had better leave him and his writings entirely alone. "I like a smuggler," says Charles Lamb, in one of his essays. Do you, thereupon, gravely object that a smuggler, living in

constant violation of the laws of the land, ought by no means to be an object of partiality with any respectable order-loving gentleman? Or do you nod assent and acquiesce in this approbation of the smuggler? You do neither one nor the other. You smile and read on. You know very well that Lamb has no design upon your serious convictions, has no wish whatever that you should like a smuggler; he merely gives expression to a partiality of his own, unreasonable if you will, but arising from certain elements in the smuggler's character, which just then are uppermost in his mind. A great deal of the art and tact of the humorist lies in bringing out little truths, and making them stand in the foreground, where greater truths usually take up their position. Thus, in one of Lamb's papers, he would prove that a convalescent was in a less enviable condition than a man downright ill. This is done by heightening the effect of a subordinate set of circumstances, and losing sight of facts of greater importance. No error of judgment can really be introduced by this sportive ratiocination, this mock logic, while it perhaps may be the means of disclosing many ingenious and subtle observations, to which, afterwards, you may, if you will, assign their just relative importance.

It would be a work of supererogation, even if space allowed us, to go critically over the whole writings of Lamb—his poems, his essays, and his letters. It is the last alone that we shall venture to pause upon, or from which we may hope to make any extract not already familiar to the reader. His poetry, indeed, cannot claim much critical attention. It is possible, here and there, to find an elegant verse, or a beautiful expression; there is a gentle, amiable, pleasing tone throughout it; but, upon the whole, it is without force, has nothing to recommend it of deep thought or strong passion. His tragedy of *John Woodville* is a tame imitation of the manner of the old dramatists—of their manner when engaged in their subordinate and preparatory scenes. For there is no attempt at tragic passion. We read the piece asking ourselves when the play is to begin, and while still asking

the question, find ourselves brought to its conclusion. If the poems are read by few, the *Essays of Elia* have been perused by all. Who is not familiar with what is now a historic fact—the discovery of roast pig in China? This, and many other touches of humour, it would be useless here to repeat. His letters, as being latest published, seem alone to call for any especial observations, and from these we shall cull a few extracts to enliven our own critical labours.

What first strikes a reader, on the perusal of the letters, is their remarkable similarity in style to the essays. Some of them, indeed, were afterwards converted into essays, and that more by adding to them than altering their structure. That style, which at first seems extremely artificial, was, in fact, natural in Lamb. He had formed for himself a manner, chiefly by the study of our classical essayists, and of still older writers, from which it would have been an effort in him to depart. With whatever ease, therefore, or rapidity, he may have written his letters, it was impossible that they should bear the impress of freedom. His style was essentially a lettered style, partaking little of the conversational tone of his own day. They could obtain the ease of finished compositions, not of genuine letters. For this, if for no other reason, they can never be brought into comparison with those charming spontaneous effusions of humour which flowed from Cowper, in his letters to his old friend Hill, and his cousin, Lady Hesketh. They are charming productions, however, and the best of his letters will take rank, we think, with the best of his essays, in the public estimation.

We must first quote from a letter to Manning, after his visits to the lakes, to rescue his character in the eyes of the lovers of the picturesque from the imputation of being utterly indifferent to the higher beauties of nature.

"Coleridge received us with all the hospitality in the world. He dwells upon a small hill by the side of Keswick, in a comfortable house, quite enveloped on all sides by a net of mountains: great floundering bears and monsters they seemed, all couchant and asleep. We got in in the evening, travelling in a post-chaise from Penrith, in the midst of a

gorgeous sunshine, which transmuted all the mountains into colours, purple, &c., &c. We thought we had got into fairy-land. But that went off (and it never came again; while we stayed we had no more fine sunsets), and we entered Coleridge's comfortable study just in the dusk, when the mountains were all dark with clouds on their heads. Such an impression I never received from objects of sight before, nor do I suppose that I can ever again. Glorious creatures, fine old fellows—Skiddaw, &c.—I never shall forget ye, how ye lay about that night like an entrenchment—gone to bed, as it seemed, for the night, but promising that ye were to be seen in the morning . . . We have clambered up to the top of Skiddaw; and I have waded up the bed of Lodore. In fine, I have satisfied myself that there is such a thing as tourists call *romantic*, which I very much suspected before; they make such a sputtering about it. . . . Oh! its fine black head, and the bleak air atop of it, with the prospects of mountains about and about, making you giddy. It was a day that will stand out like a mountain, I am sure, in my life."

Of Mr. Manning we are told little or nothing, though he seems to have been one of the very dearest friends of Lamb. His best letters are written to Manning—the drollest, and some of the most affecting. The following was written to dissuade him from some scheme of oriental travel. Manning was, at the time, at Paris:—

"Feb. 19, 1803.

"MY DEAR MANNING,—The general scope of your letter afforded no indications of insanity; but some particular points raised a scruple. For God's sake, don't think any more of 'Independent Tartary.' What are you to do among such Ethiopians? Read Sir John Mandeville's travels to cure you, or come over to England. There is a Tartar-man now exhibiting at Exeter Change. Come and talk with him, and hear what he says first. Indeed, he is no favourable specimen of his countrymen! Some say they are cannibals; and then conceive a Tartar fellow *eating* my friend, and adding the *cool malignity* of mustard and vinegar! I am afraid 'tis the reading of Chaucer has misled you; his foolish stories about Cambuscan, and the ring and the horse of brass. Believe me, there are no such things. These are all tales—a horse of brass never flew, and a king's daughter never talked with birds. The Tartars really are a cold, insipid,

smoutehy set. You'll be sadly moped (if you are not eaten) among them. Pray try and cure yourself. Shave yourself oftener. Eat no saffron; for saffron eaters contract a terrible Tartar-like yellow. Shave the upper lip. Go about like a European. Read no books of voyages (they are nothing but lies), only now and then a romance, to keep the fancy under. Above all, don't go to any sights of wild beasts. That has been your ruin."

And when Manning really departed on his voyage to China, he writes to him in the following mingled strains of humour and of feeling. Being obliged to omit a great deal, it would only be unsightly to mark every instance where a sentence has been dropt. The italics, we must remark, are not ours. If Lamb's, they show how naturally, even in writing to his most intimate friend, he fell into the feelings of the author:—

"May 10, 1806.

" Be sure, if you see any of those people whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders, that you make a draught of them. It will be very curious. Oh! Manning, I am serious to sinking almost, when I think that all those evenings which you have made so pleasant are gone, perhaps for ever. Four years, you talk of, may be ten—and you may come back and find such alterations! Some circumstance may grow up to you or to me, that may be a bar to the return of any such intimacy. I dare say all this is hum! and that all will come back; but, indeed, we die many deaths before we die, and I am almost sick to think that such a hold I have of you is gone."

"Dec. 5, 1806.

"Manning, your letter dated Hottentots, August the—what was it? came to hand. I can scarce hope that mine will have the same luck. China—Canton—bless us! how it strains the imagination, and makes it ache. It will be a point of conscience to send you none but bran-new news (the latest edition), which will but grow the better, like oranges, for a sea voyage. Oh that you should be so many hemispheres off—if I speak incorrectly you can correct me—why, the simplest death or marriage that takes place here must be important to you as news in the old Bastille."

He then tells him of the acceptance of his farce—*Mr. H.*; which farce, by the way, was produced, and failed,

Lamb turning against his own production, and joining the audience in hissing it off the stage. It certainly deserved its fate.

"Now, you'd like to know the subject. The title is, 'Mr. H.' No more; how simple, how taking! A great H sprawling over the play-bill, and attracting eyes at every corner. The story is, a coxcomb appearing at Bath, vastly rich—all the ladies dying for him—all bursting to know who he is; but he goes by no other name than Mr. H.—a curiosity like that of the dames of Strasburg about the man with the great nose. But I won't tell you any more about it. Yes, I will; but I can't give you any idea how I have done it. I'll just tell you that, after much vehement admiration, when his true name comes out, 'Hogsflesh,' all the women shun him, avoid him, and not one can be found to change her name for him; that's the idea—how flat it is here—but how whimsical in the farce! And only think how hard upon me it is, that the ship is despatched to-morrow, and my triumph cannot be ascertained till the Wednesday after. But all China will ring of it by-and-by. Do you find, in all this stuff I have written, anything like those feelings which one should send my old adventuring friend that is gone to wander among Tartars, and may never come again? I don't; but your going away, and all about you, is a threadbare topic. I have worn it out with thinking. It has come to me when I have been dull with anything, till my sadness has seemed more to have come from it than to have introduced it. I want you, you don't know how much; but if I had you here, in my European garret, we should but talk over such stuff as I have written.

"Good Heavens! what a bit only I've got left! How shall I squeeze all I know into this morsel! Coleridge is come home, and is going to turn lecturer on taste at the Royal Institution. How the paper grows less and less! In less than two minutes I shall cease to talk to you, and you may rave to the great Wall of China.—N.B. Is there such a wall? Is it as big as Old London Wall by Bedlam? Have you met with a friend of mine, named Ball, at Canton? If you are acquainted, remember me kindly to him."

But we should be driven into as hard straits as Lamb, at the close of his epistle, if we should attempt, in the small space that remains to us, to give any fair idea of the various "humours" and interests, of many kinds, of these letters. We pass at

once to those that illustrate the last important incident of his life, his retirement from office. It is thus he describes his manumission, and the sort of troubled delight it brought with it, to Wordsworth:—

"6th April, 1825.

"Here am I then, after thirty-three years' slavery, sitting in my own room, at eleven o'clock this finest of all April mornings, a freed man, with £441 a-year for the remainder of my life, live I as long as John Dennis, who outlived his annuity and starved at ninety.

"I came home FOR EVER on Tuesday of last week. The incomprehensibleness of my condition overwhelmed me. It was like passing from life into eternity. Every year to be as long as three; i. e., to have three times as much real time—time that is my own in it! I wandered about thinking I was happy, but feeling I was not. But that tumultuousness is passing off, and I begin to understand the nature of the gift."

And to Bernard Barton he writes:

"My spirits are so tumultuary with the novelty of my recent emancipation, that I have scarce steadiness of hand, much more of mind, to compose a letter. I am free, Bernard Barton—free as air!

"The little bird, that wings the sky,
Knows no such liberty."

I was set free on Tuesday in last week at four o'clock. I came home for ever!

"I have been describing my feelings, as well as I can, to Wordsworth, and care not to repeat. Take it briefly, that for a few days I was painfully oppressed by so mighty a change, but it is becoming daily more natural to me. I went and sat among them all, at my old thirty-three years' desk yester morning; and dence take me, if I had not yearnings at leaving all my old pen-and-ink fellows, merry sociable lads, at leaving them in the lurch—fag, fag, fag! The comparison of my own superior felicity gave me anything but pleasure.

"B. B., I would not serve another seven years for seven hundred thousand pounds! I have got £440 net for life, with a provision for Mary if she survives me. I will live another fifty years."

But to live without any steady compulsory occupation requires an apprenticeship as much as any other mode of life. An idle man ought to be born and bred to the profession. With Lamb, literature could be nothing but an amusement, and for a

mere amusement literature is far too laborious. It cannot, indeed, serve long as an amusement except when it is adopted also as a labour. He was destined, therefore, to make the humiliating discovery, which so many have made before him, that one may have too much time, as well as too little, at one's own disposal. Writing to the same Bernard Barton, a year, or two afterwards, he says:—

"What I can do, and over-do, is to walk; but deadly long are the days, these summer all-day days, with but a half-hour's candle-light and no fire-light. I do not write, tell your kind inquisitive Eliza, and can hardly read. 'Tis cold work authorship, without something to puff one into fashion. . . . I assure you *no work* is worse than *over-work*. The mind preys on itself, the most unwholesome food. I bragged, formerly, that I could not have too much time. I have a surfeit; with few years to come, the days are wearisome. But weariness is not eternal. Something will shine out to take the load off that crushes me, which is at present intolerable. I have killed an hour or two in this poor scrawl. Well; I shall write merrier anon. 'Tis the present copy of my countenance I send, and to complain is a little to alleviate."

He had taken a house at Enfield, but the cares of housekeeping were found to be burdensome to Miss Lamb, and they took up their abode as boarders in the house of a neighbour. To this circumstance he alludes in the following extract from a letter to Wordsworth, which is the last we shall make, and with which we shall bid farewell to our subject. It will be found to be not the least remarkable amongst the letters of Lamb, and contains one passage, we think, the boldest piece of extravagance that ever humorist ventured upon with success. It just escapes!—and, indeed, it rather takes away our breath at its boldness than prompts to merriment.

"January 2, 1831.

"And is it a year since we parted from you at the steps of Edmonton stage? There are not now the years that there used to be. The tale of the dwindled age of men, reported of successional mankind, is true of the same man only. We do not live a year in a year now. 'Tis a *punctum stans*. The seasons pass with indifference. Spring cheers not, nor winter heightens our gloom; autumn hath

foregone its moralities. Let the sullen nothing pass. Suffice it, that after sad spirits, prolonged through many of its months, we have cast our skins; have taken a farewell of the pompous, troublesome trifle, called housekeeping, and are settled down into poor boarders and lodgers at next door, the Baucis and Baucida of dull Enfield. Here we have nothing to do with our victuals but to eat them; with the garden but to see it grow; with the tax-gatherer but to hear him knock; with the maid but to hear her scolded. So it and lot, butcher, baker, are things unknown to us, save as spectators of the pageant. We are fed we know not how; quieted—confiding ravens. Yet in the self-condemned obliviousness, in the stagnation, so the molesting yearnings of life, not quite killed, rise, prompting me that there was a London, and that I was of that old Jerusalem. In dreams I am in Fleet Market, but I wake and cry to sleep again. I die hard, a stubborn Eloiisa in this detestable Paraclete. What have I gained by health? Intolerable dulness. What by early hours and moderate meals? A total blank. Oh! let no native Londoner imagine that health, and rest, and innocent occupation, interchange of converse sweet, and recreative study, can make the country anything better than altogether odious and detest-

able. *A garden was the primitive prison, till man, with Promethean felicity and boldness, luckily sinned himself out of it.*"

Any further summary than what we have already given, of the literary character of Lamb, would be only tedious. He is one who will be generally liked, who with a smaller class will be greatly admired, and who will never excite hostile criticism, unless his injudicious friends shall elevate him to a higher pedestal than is due to him, or than he is manifestly fit to occupy. Such is the cold and calm verdict with which criticism must dismiss him. But those who have thoroughly enjoyed the essays of Elia and the letters of Lamb, will feel a warmer, a more partial affection than Criticism knows well how to express: she becomes somewhat impatient of her own enforced gravity; she would willingly throw away those scales with which, like Justice, we suppose, she is symbolically supplied, and, embracing the man as he is, laugh and be pleased with the rest of the world, without further thought of the matter.

THE CARTONS.—PART XV.

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

"PLEASE, sir, be this note for you?" asked the waiter.

"For me—yes; it is my name."

I did not recognise the handwriting, and yet the note was from one whose writing I had often seen. But formerly the writing was cramped, stiff, perpendicular, (a feigned hand, though I guessed not it was feigned;) now it was hasty, irregular, impatient—scarce a letter formed, scarce a word that seemed finished—and yet strangely legible withal, as the handwriting of a bold man almost always is. I opened the note listlessly, and read—

"I have watched for you all the morning. I saw her go. Well!—I did not throw myself under the hoofs of her horses. I write this in a public-house, not far. Will you follow the bearer, and see once again the outcast whom all the rest of the world will shun?"

Though I did not recognise the hand, there could be no doubt who was the writer.

"The boy wants to know if there's an answer," said the waiter.

I nodded, took up my hat, and left the room. A ragged boy was standing in the yard, and scarcely six words passed between us, before I was following him through a narrow lane that faced the inn, and terminated in a turnstile. Here the boy paused, and, making me a sign to go on, went back his way whistling. I passed the turnstile, and found myself in a green field, with a row of stunted willows hanging over a narrow rill. I looked round, and saw Vivian (as I intend still to call him) half kneeling, and seemingly intent upon some object in the grass.

My eye followed his mechanically. A young unfledged bird, that had left the nest too soon, stood, all still and alone, on the bare short sward—its beak open as for food, its gaze fixed on us with a wistful stare. Methought there was something in the forlorn bird that softened me more to the for-

lorn youth, of whom it seemed a type.

"Now," said Vivian, speaking half to himself, half to me, "did the bird fall from the nest, or leave the nest at its own wild whim? The parent does not protect it. Mind, I say not it is the parent's fault—perhaps the fault is all with the wanderer. But, look you, though the parent is not here, the foe is!—yonder, see!"

And the young man pointed to a large brindled cat, that, kept back from its prey by our unwelcome neighbourhood, still remained watchful, a few paces off, stirring its tail gently backwards and forwards, and with that stealthy look in its round eyes, dulled by the sun—half fierce, half frightened—which belongs to its tribe, when man comes between the devourer and the victim.

"I do see," said I, "but a passing footstep has saved the bird!"

"Stop!" said Vivian, laying my hand on his own, and with his old bitter smile on his lip—"stop! do you think it mercy to save the bird? What from? and what for? From a natural enemy—from a short pang and a quick death? Fie!—is not that better than slow starvation? or, if you take more heed of it, than the prison-bars of a cage? You cannot restore the nest, you cannot recall the parent. Be wiser in your mercy: leave the bird to its gentlest fate!"

I looked hard on Vivian; the lip had lost the bitter smile. He rose and turned away. I sought to take up the poor bird, but it did not know its friends, and ran from me, chirping piteously—ran towards the very jaws of the grim enemy. I was only just in time to scare away the beast, which sprang up a tree, and glared down through the hanging boughs. Then I followed the bird, and, as I followed, I heard, not knowing at first whence the sound came, a short, quick, tremulous note. Was it near? was it far?—from the earth? in the sky? Poor parent-bird!—like parent-love, it

seemed now far and now near; now on earth, now in sky!

And at last, quick and sudden, as if born of the space, lo! the little wings hovered over me!

The young bird halted, and I also. "Come," said I, "ye have found each other at last—settle it between you." I went back to the outcast.

CHAPTER LXXXV.

PISISTRATUS.—How came you to know we had stayed in the town?

VIVIAN.—Do you think I could remain where you left me? I wandered out—wandered hither. Passing at dawn through yon streets, I saw the ostlers loitering by the gates of the yard, overheard them talk, and so knew you were all at the inn—all! (*He sighed heavily.*)

PISISTRATUS.—Your poor father is very ill! O cousin, how could you fling from you so much love!

VIVIAN.—Love!—his!—my father's!

PISISTRATUS.—Do you really not believe, then, that your father loved you?

VIVIAN.—If I had believed it, I had never left him! All the gold of the Indies had never bribed me to leave my mother!

PISISTRATUS.—This is indeed a strange misconception of yours. If

we can remove it, all may be well yet. Need there now be any secrets between us? (*persuasively.*) Sit down, and tell me all, cousin.

After some hesitation, Vivian complied; and by the clearing of his brow, and the very tone of his voice, I felt sure that he was no longer seeking to disguise the truth. But, as I afterwards learned the father's tale as well as now the son's, so, instead of repeating Vivian's words, which—not by design, but by the twist of a mind habitually wrong—distorted the facts, I will state what appears to me the real case, as between the parties so unhappily opposed. Reader, pardon me if the recital be tedious. And if thou thinkest that I bear not hard enough on the erring hero of the story, remember that he who recites judges as Austin's son must judge of Roland's.

CHAPTER LXXXVI.

VIVIAN.

AT THE ENTRANCE OF LIFE SITS—THE MOTHER.

It was during the war in Spain that a severe wound, and the fever which ensued, detained Roland at the house of a Spanish widow. His hostess had once been rich; but her fortune had been ruined in the general calamities of the country. She had an only daughter, who assisted to nurse and tend the wounded Englishman; and when the time approached for Roland's departure, the frank grief of the young Ramouna betrayed the impression that the guest had made upon her affections. Much of gratitude, and something, it might be, of an exquisite sense of honour, aided, in Roland's breast, the charm naturally produced by the beauty of his young nurse, and the knightly compassion he

felt for her ruined fortunes and desolate condition.

In one of those hasty impulses common to a generous nature—and which too often fatally vindicate the rank of Prudence amidst the tutelary Powers of Life—Roland committed the error of marriage with a girl of whose connexions he knew nothing, and of whose nature little more than its warm spontaneous susceptibility. In a few days subsequent to these rash nuptials, Roland rejoined the march of the army; nor was he able to return to Spain till after the crowning victory of Waterloo.

Maimed by the loss of a limb, and with the scars of many a noble wound still fresh, Roland then hastened to a

home the dreams of which had soothed the bed of pain, and now replaced the earlier visions of renown. During his absence a son had been born to him—a son whom he might rear to take the place he had left in his country's service; to renew, in some future fields, a career that had failed the romance of his own antique and chivalrous ambition. As soon as that news had reached him, his care had been to provide an English nurse for the infant—so that, with the first sounds of the mother's endearments, the child might yet hear a voice from the father's land. A female relation of Bol's had settled in Spain, and was induced to undertake this duty. Natural as this appointment was to a man so devotedly English, it displeased his wild and passionate Ramouna. She had that mother's jealousy, strongest in minds uneducated; she had also that peculiar pride which belongs to her country-people, of every rank and condition; the jealousy and the pride were both wounded by the sight of the English nurse at the child's cradle.

That Roland, on regaining his Spanish hearth, should be disappointed in his expectations of the happiness awaiting him there, was the inevitable condition of such a marriage; since, not the less for his military bluntness, Roland had that refinement of feeling, perhaps over-fastidious, which belongs to all natures essentially poetic; and as the first illusions of love died away, there could have been little indeed congenial to his stately temper in one divided from him by an utter absence of education, and by the strong but nameless distinctions of national views and manners. The disappointment probably, however, went deeper than that which usually attends an ill-assorted union; for, instead of bringing his wife to his old tower (an expatriation which she would doubtless have resisted to the utmost), he accepted, maimed as he was, not very long after his return to Spain, the offer of a military post under Ferdinand. The Cavalier doctrines and intense loyalty of Roland attached him, without reflec-

tion, to the service of a throne which the English arms had contributed to establish; while the extreme unpopularity of the Constitutional Party in Spain, and the stigma of irreligion fixed to it by the priests, aided to foster Roland's belief that he was supporting a beloved king against the professors of those revolutionary and Jacobinical doctrines, which to him were the very atheism of politics. The experience of a few years in the service of a bigot so contemptible as Ferdinand, whose highest object of patriotism was the restoration of the Inquisition, added another disappointment to those which had already embittered the life of a man who had seen in the grand hero of Cervantes no follies to satirise, but high virtues to imitate. Poor Quixote himself—he came mournfully back to his *La Mancha*, with no other reward for his knight-errantry than a decoration which he disdained to place beside his simple Waterloo medal, and a grade for which he would have blushed to resign his more modest, but more honourable English dignity.

But, still weaving hopes, the sanguine man returned to his Penates. His child now had grown from infancy into boyhood—the child would pass naturally into his care. Delightful occupation!—At the thought, Home smiled again.

Now, behold the most pernicious circumstance in this ill-omened connexion.

The father of Ramouna had been one of that strange and mysterious race which presents in Spain so many features distinct from the characteristics of its kindred tribes in more civilised lands. The *Gitáno*, or gipsy of Spain, is not the mere vagrant we see on our commons and roadsides. Retaining, indeed, much of his lawless principles and predatory inclinations, he lives often in towns, exercises various callings, and not unfrequently becomes rich. A wealthy *Gitáno* had married a Spanish woman;* Roland's wife had been the offspring of this marriage. The *Gitáno* had died while Ramouna was yet extremely young, and her childhood had

* A Spaniard very rarely indeed marries a *Gitána* or female gipsy. But occasionally (observes Mr. Borrow) a wealthy *Gitáno* marries a Spanish female.

been free from the influences of her paternal kindred. But, though her mother, retaining her own religion, had brought up Ramouna to the same faith, pure from the godless creed of the Gitanos—and, at her husband's death, had separated herself wholly from his tribe—still she had lost caste with her own kin and people. And while struggling to regain it, the fortune, which made her sole chance of success in that attempt, was swept away, so that she had remained apart and solitary, and could bring no friends to cheer the solitude of Ramouna during Roland's absence. But, while my uncle was still in the service of Ferdinand, the widow died; and then the only relatives who came round Ramouna were her father's kindred. They had not ventured to claim affinity while her mother lived; and they did so now, by attentions and caresses to her son. This opened to them at once Ramouna's heart and doors. Meanwhile, the English nurse—who, in spite of all that could render her abode odious to her, had, from strong love to her charge, stoutly maintained her post—died a few weeks after Ramouna's mother, and no healthful influence remained to counteract those baneful ones to which the heir of the honest old Caxtons was subjected. But Roland returned home in a humour to be pleased with all things. Joyously he clasped his wife to his breast, and thought, with self-reproach, that he had forborne too little, and exacted too much—he would be wiser now. Delightedly he acknowledged the beauty, the intelligence, and manly bearing of the boy, who played with his sword-knot, and ran off with his pistols as a prize.

The news of the Englishman's arrival at first kept the lawless kinsfolk from the house; but they were fond of the boy, and the boy of them, and interviews between him and these wild comrades, if stolen, were not less frequent. Gradually Roland's eyes became opened. As, in habitual intercourse, the boy abandoned the reserve which awe and cunning at first impose, Roland was inexpressibly shocked at the bold principles his son affected, and at his utter incapacity even to comprehend that plain honesty and that frank honour which, to the

English soldier, seemed ideas innate and heaven-planted. Soon afterwards, Roland found that a system of plunder was carried on in his household, and tracked it to the connivance of the wife and the agency of the son, for the benefit of lazy braves and dissolute vagrants. A more patient man than Roland might well have been exasperated—a more wary man confounded, by the discovery. He took the natural step—perhaps insisting on it too summarily—perhaps not allowing enough for the uncultured mind and lively passions of his wife: he ordered her instantly to prepare to accompany him from the place, and to give up all communication with her kindred.

A vehement refusal ensued; but Roland was not a man to give up such a point, and at length a false submission, and a feigned repentance soothed his resentment and obtained his pardon. They moved several miles from the place; but where they moved, there, some at least, and those the worst, of the baleful brood, stealthily followed. Whatever Ramouna's earlier love for Roland had been, it had evidently long ceased in the thorough want of sympathy between them, and in that absence which, if it renews a strong affection, destroys an affection already weakened. But the mother and son adored each other with all the strength of their strong, wild natures. Even under ordinary circumstances, the father's influence over a boy yet in childhood is exerted in vain, if the mother lend herself to baffle it. And in this miserable position, what chance had the blunt, stern, honest Roland (separated from his son during the most ductile years of infancy) against the ascendancy of a mother who humoured all the faults, and gratified all the wishes, of her darling?

In his despair, Roland let fall the threat that, if thus thwarted, it would become his duty to withdraw his son from the mother. This threat instantly hardened both hearts against him. The wife represented Roland to the boy as a tyrant, as an enemy—as one who had destroyed all the happiness they had before enjoyed in each other—as one whose severity showed that he hated his own child;

and the boy believed her. In his own house a firm union was formed against Roland, and protected by the cunning which is the force of the weak against the strong.

In spite of all, Roland could never forget the tenderness with which the young nurse had watched over the wounded man, nor the love—genuine for the hour, though not drawn from the feelings which withstand the wear and tear of life—that lips so beautiful had pledged him in the bygone days. These thoughts must have come perpetually between his feelings and his judgment, to embitter still more his position—to harass still more his heart. And if, by the strength of that sense of duty which made the force of his character, he could have strung himself to the fulfilment of the threat, humanity, at all events, compelled him to delay it—his wife promised to be again a mother. Blanche was born. How could he take the infant from the mother's breast, or abandon the daughter to the fatal influences from which only, by so violent an effort, he could free the son?

No wonder, poor Roland! that those deep furrows contracted thy bold front, and thy hair grew gray before its time!

Fortunately, perhaps, for all parties, Roland's wife died while Blanche was still an infant. She was taken ill of a fever—she died delirious, clasping her boy to her breast, and praying the saints to protect him from his cruel father. How often that deathbed haunted the son, and justified his belief that there was no parent's love in the heart which was now his sole shelter from the world, and the "pelting of its pitiless rain." Again I say, poor Roland!—for I know that, in that harsh, unloving disruption of such solemn ties, thy large generous heart forgot its wrongs; again didst thou see tender eyes bending over the wounded stranger—again hear low murmurs breathe the warm weakness which the women of the south deem it no shame to own. And now did it all end in those ravings of hate, and in that glazing gaze of terror!

CHAPTER LXXXVII.

THE PRECEPTOR.

Roland removed to France, and fixed his abode in the environs of Paris. He placed Blanche at a convent in the immediate neighbourhood, going to see her daily, and gave himself up to the education of his son. The boy was apt to learn; but to unlearn was here the arduous task—and for that task it would have needed either the passionless experience, the exquisite forbearance of a practised teacher, or the love, and confidence, and yielding heart of a believing pupil. Roland felt that he was not the man to be the teacher, and that his son's heart remained obstinately closed to him. He looked round, and found at the other side of Paris what seemed a suitable preceptor—a young Frenchman of some distinction in letters, more especially in science, with all a Frenchman's eloquence of talk, full of high-sounding sentiments, that pleased the romantic enthusiasm of the Captain; so Roland, with san-

guine hopes, confided his son to this man's care. The boy's natural quickness mastered readily all that pleased his taste; he learned to speak and write French with rare felicity and precision. His tenacious memory, and those flexible organs in which the talent for languages is placed, served, with the help of an English master, to revive his earlier knowledge of his father's tongue, and to enable him to speak it with fluent correctness—though there was always in his accent something which had struck me as strange; but, not suspecting it to be foreign, I had thought it a theatrical affectation. He did not go far into science—little farther, perhaps, than a smattering of French mathematics; but he acquired a remarkable facility and promptitude in calculation. He devoured eagerly the light reading thrown in his way, and picked up thence that kind of knowledge which novels and plays afford, for good or

evil, according as the novel or the play elevates the understanding and ennobles the passions, or merely corrupts the fancy, and lowers the standard of human nature. But of all that Roland desired him to be taught, the son remained as ignorant as before. Among the other misfortunes of this ominous marriage, Roland's wife had possessed all the superstitions of a Roman Catholic Spaniard, and with these the boy had unconsciously intermingled doctrines far more dreary, imbibed from the dark paganism of the Gitanos.

Roland had sought a Protestant for his son's tutor. The preceptor was nominally a Protestant—a biting derider of all superstitions indeed! He was such a Protestant as some defender of Voltaire's religion says the Great Wit would have been had he lived in a Protestant country. The Frenchman laughed the boy out of his superstitions, to leave behind them the sneering scepticism of the *Encyclopédie*, without those redeeming ethics on which all sects of philosophy are agreed, but which, unhappily, it requires a philosopher to comprehend.

This preceptor was doubtless not aware of the mischief he was doing; and for the rest, he taught his pupil after his own system—a mild and plausible one, very much like the system we at home are recommended to adopt—"Teach the understanding, all else will follow;" "Learn to read something, and it will all come right;" "Follow the bias of the pupil's mind; thus you develop genius, not thwart it." Mind, Understanding, Genius—fine things! But, to educate the whole man, you must educate something more than these. Not for want of mind, understanding, genius, have Borgias and Neros left their names as monuments of horror to mankind. Where, in all this teaching, was one lesson to warm the heart and guide the soul?

O mother mine! that the boy had stood by thy knee, and heard from thy lips, why life was given us, in what life shall end, and how heaven stands open to us night and day! O father mine! that thou hadst been his preceptor, not in book-learning, but the heart's simple wisdom! Oh! that he had learned from thee, in parables

closed with practice, the happiness of self-sacrifice, and how "good deeds should repair the bad!"

It was the misfortune of this boy, with his daring and his beauty, that there was in his exterior and his manner that which attracted indulgent interest, and a sort of compassionate admiration. The Frenchman liked him—believed his story—thought him ill-treated by that hard-visaged English soldier. All English people were so disagreeable, particularly English soldiers; and the Captain once mortally offended the Frenchman, by calling Vilainton *un grand homme*, and denying, with brutal indignation, that the English had poisoned Napoleon! So, instead of teaching the son to love and revere his father, the Frenchman shrugged his shoulders when the boy broke into some unfilial complaint, and at most said, "*Mais, cher enfant, ton père est Anglais—c'est tout dire.*" Meanwhile, as the child sprang rapidly into precocious youth, he was permitted a liberty in his hours of leisure, of which he availed himself with all the zest of his early habits and adventurous temper. He formed acquaintances among the loose young haunters of cafés, and spendthrifts of that capital—the wits! He became an excellent swordsman and pistol-shot—adroit in all games in which skill helps fortune. He learned betimes to furnish himself with money, by the cards and the billiard-balls.

But, delighted with the easy home he had obtained, he took care to school his features, and smooth his manner, in his father's visits—to make the most of what he had learned of less ignoble knowledge, and, with his characteristic imitativeness, to cite the finest sentiments he had found in his plays and novels. What father is not credulous? Roland believed, and wept tears of joy. And now he thought the time was come to take back the boy—to return with a worthy heir to the old Tower. He thanked and blest the tutor—he took the son. But, under pretence that he had yet some things to master, whether in book knowledge or manly accomplishments, the youth begged his father, at all events, not yet to return to England—to let him attend his tutor daily for some months. Roland

consented, moved from his old quarters, and took a lodging for both in the same suburb as that in which the teacher resided. But soon, when they were under one roof, the boy's habitual tastes, and his repugnance to all paternal authority, were betrayed. To do my unhappy cousin justice (such as that justice is), though he had the cunning for a short disguise, he had not the hypocrisy to maintain systematic deceit. He could play a part for a while, from an exulting joy in his own address; but he could not wear a mask with the patience of cold-blooded dissimulation. Why enter into painful details, so easily divined by the intelligent reader? The faults of the son were precisely those to which Roland would be least indulgent. To the ordinary scrapes of high-spirited boyhood, no father, I am sure, would have been more lenient; but to anything that

seemed low, petty—that grated on him as gentleman and soldier—there, not for worlds would I have braved the darkness of his frown, and the woe that spoke like scorn in his voice. And when, after all warning and prohibition were in vain, Roland found his son, in the middle of the night, in a resort of gamblers and sharpers, carrying all before him with his cue, in the full flush of triumph, and a great heap of five-franc pieces before him—you may conceive with what wrath the proud, hasty, passionate man, drove out, cane in hand, the obscene associates, flinging after them the son's ill-gotten gains; and with what resentful humiliation the son was compelled to follow the father home. Then Roland took the boy to England, but not to the old Tower; that hearth of his ancestors was still too sacred for the footsteps of the vagrant heir!

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

THE HEARTH WITHOUT TRUST, AND THE WORLD WITHOUT A GUIDE.

And then, vainly grasping at every argument his blunt sense could suggest—then talked Roland much and grandly of the duties men owed—even if they threw off all love to their father—still to their father's name; and then his pride, always so lively, grew irritable and harsh, and seemed, no doubt, to the perverted ears of the son, unlovely and unloving. And that pride, without serving one purpose of good, did yet more mischief; for the youth caught the disease, but in a wrong way. And he said to himself,—

"Ho! then my father is a great man, with all these ancestors and big words! And he has lands and a castle—and yet how miserably we live, and how he stints me! But if he has cause for pride in all these dead men, why, so have I. And are these lodgings, these appurtenances, fit for the 'gentleman' he says I am?"

Even in England, the gipsy blood broke out as before; and the youth found vagrant associates, heaven knows how or where; and strange-looking forms, gaudily shabby, and

disreputably smart, were seen lurking in the corner of the street, or peering in at the window, slinking off if they saw Roland—and Roland could not stoop to be a spy. And the son's heart grew harder and harder against his father, and his father's face now never smiled on him. Then bills came in, and duns knocked at the door. Bills and duns to a man who shrunk from the thought of a debt, as an ermine from a spot on its hide! And the son's short answer to remonstrance was,—“Am I not a gentleman?—these are the things gentlemen require.” Then perhaps Roland remembered the experiment of his French friend, and left his bureau unlocked, and said, “Ruin me if you will, but no debts. There is money in those drawers—they are unlocked.” That trust would for ever have cured of extravagance a youth with a high and delicate sense of honour: the pupil of the Gitanos did not understand the trust; he thought it conveyed a natural though ungracious permission to take out what he wanted—and he took! To Roland this seemed a theft, and a theft of the

coarsest kind: but when he so said, the son started indignant, and saw in that which had been so touching an appeal to his honour, but a trap to decoy him into disgrace. In short, neither could understand the other. Roland forbade his son to stir from the house; and the young man the same night let himself out, and stole forth into the wide world, to enjoy or defy it in his own wild way.

It would be tedious to follow him through his various adventures and experiments on fortune, (even if I knew them all, which I do not.) And now, putting altogether aside his right name, which he had voluntarily abandoned, and not embarrassing the reader with the earlier aliases assumed, I shall give to my unfortunate kinsman the name by which I first knew him, and continue to do so, until—heaven grant the time may come!—having first redeemed, he may reclaim, his own. It was in joining a set of strolling players that Vivian became acquainted with Peacock; and that worthy, who had many strings to his bow, soon grew aware of Vivian's extraordinary skill with the cue, and saw therein a better mode of making their joint fortunes than the boards of an itinerant Thespis furnished to either. Vivian listened to him, and it was while their intimacy was most fresh that I met them on the highroad. That chance meeting produced (if I may be allowed to believe his assurance) a strong, and, for the moment, a salutary effect upon Vivian. The comparative innocence and freshness of a boy's mind were new to him; the elastic healthful spirits with which those gifts were accompanied startled him, by the contrast to his own forced gaiety and secret gloom. And this boy was his own cousin!

Coming afterwards to London, he adventured inquiry at the hotel in the Strand at which I had given my address; learned where we were; and, passing one night in the street, saw my uncle at the window—to recognise and to fly from him. Having then some money at his disposal, he broke off abruptly from the set into which he had been thrown. He resolved to return to France—he would try for a more respectable mode of

existence. He had not found happiness in that liberty he had won, nor room for the ambition that began to gnaw him, in those pursuits from which his father had vainly warned him. His most reputable friend was his old tutor; he would go to him. He went; but the tutor was now married, and was himself a father, and that made a wonderful alteration in his practical ethics. It was no longer moral to aid the son in rebellion to his father. Vivian evinced his usual sarcastic haughtiness at the reception he met, and was requested civilly to leave the house. Then again he flung himself on his wits at Paris. But there were plenty of wits there sharper than his own. He got into some quarrel with the police—not indeed for any dishonest practices of his own, but from an unwary acquaintance with others less scrupulous, and deemed it prudent to quit France. Thus had I met him again, forlorn and ragged, in the streets of London.

Meanwhile Roland, after the first vain search, had yielded to the indignation and disgust that had long rankled within him. His son had thrown off his authority, because it preserved him from dishonour. His ideas of discipline were stern, and patience had been wellnigh crushed out of his heart. He thought he could bear to resign his son to his fate—to disown him, and to say, "I have no more a son." It was in this mood that he had first visited our house. But when, on that memorable night in which he had narrated to his thrilling listeners the dark tale of a fellow-sufferer's woe and crime—betraying in the tale, to my father's quick sympathy, his own sorrow and passion—it did not need much of his gentler brother's subtle art to learn or guess the whole, nor much of Austin's mild persuasion to convince Roland that he had not yet exhausted all efforts to track the wanderer and reclaim the erring child. Then he had gone to London—then he had sought every spot which the outcast would probably haunt—then had he saved and pinched from his own necessities, to have wherewithal to enter theatres and gaming-houses, and see the agencies of police; then had he seen the form for which he had

watched and pined, in the street below his window, and cried in a joyous delusion, "He repents!" One day a letter reached my uncle, through his banker's, from the French tutor, (who knew of no other means of tracing Roland but through the house by which his salary had been paid,) informing him of his son's visit. Roland started instantly for Paris. Arriving there, he could only learn of his son through the police, and from them only learn that he had been seen in the company of accomplished swindlers, who were already in the hands of justice; but that the youth himself, whom there

was nothing to criminate, had been suffered to quit Paris, and had taken, it was supposed, the road to England. Then at last the poor Captain's stout heart gave way. His son the companion of swindlers!—could he be sure that he was not their accomplice? If not yet, how small the step between companionship and participation! He took the child left him still from the convent, returned to England, and arrived there to be seized with fever and delirium—apparently on the same day (or a day before that on which) the son had dropped shelterless and penniless on the stones of London.

CHAPTER LXXXIX.

THE ATTEMPT TO BUILD A TEMPLE TO FORTUNE OUT OF THE RUINS OF HOME.

"But," said Vivian, pursuing his tale, "but when you came to my aid, not knowing me—when you relieved me—when from your own lips, for the first time, I heard words that praised me, and for qualities that implied I might yet be 'worth much'—Ah! (he added mournfully,) I remember the very words—a new light broke upon me—struggling and dim, but light still. The ambition with which I had sought the truckling Frenchman revived, and took worthier and more definite form. I would lift myself above the mire, make a name, rise in life."

Vivian's head drooped, but he raised it quickly, and laughed—his low mocking laugh. What follows of his tale may be told succinctly. Retaining his bitter feelings towards his father, he resolved to continue his incognito—he gave himself a name likely to mislead conjecture, if I conversed of him to my family, since he knew that Roland was aware that a Colonel Vivian had been afflicted by a runaway son—and, indeed, the talk upon that subject had first put the notion of flight into his own head. He caught at the idea of becoming known to Trevanion; but he saw reasons to forbid his being indebted to me for the introduction—to forbid my knowing where he was: sooner or later, that knowledge could scarcely fail to end in the discovery of his real name. Fortunately, as he deemed, for the plans he

began to meditate, we were all leaving London—he should have the stage to himself. And then boldly he resolved upon what he regarded as the master scheme of life—viz., to obtain a small pecuniary independence, and to emancipate himself formally and entirely from his father's control. Aware of poor Roland's chivalrous reverence for his name, firmly persuaded that Roland had no love for the son, but only the dread that the son might disgrace him, he determined to avail himself of his father's prejudices, in order to effect his purpose.

He wrote a short letter to Roland, (that letter which had given the poor man so sanguine a joy—that letter after reading which he had said to Blanche, "Pray for me,") stating simply, that he wished to see his father; and naming a tavern in the city for the meeting.

The interview took place. And when Roland, love and forgiveness in his heart—but (who shall blame him?) dignity on his brow, and rebuke in his eye—approached, ready at a word to fling himself on the boy's breast, Vivian, seeing only the outer signs, and interpreting them by his own sentiments—recoiled; folded his arms on his bosom, and said coldly, "Spare me reproach, sir—it is unavailing. I seek you only to propose that you shall save your name, and resign your son."

Then, intent perhaps but to gain

his object, the unhappy youth declared his fixed determination never to live with his father, never to acquiesce in his authority, resolutely to pursue his own career, whatever that career might be, explaining none of the circumstances that appeared most in his disfavour—rather, perhaps, thinking that, the worse his father judged of him, the more chance he had to achieve his purpose. "All I ask of you," he said, "is this: Give me the least you can afford to preserve me from the temptation to rob, or the necessity to starve; and I, in my turn, promise never to molest you in life—never to degrade you in my death; whatever my misdeeds, they will never reflect on yourself, for you shall never recognize the misdoer! The name you prize so highly shall be spared." Sickened and revolted, Roland attempted no argument—there was that in the son's cold manner which shut out hope, and against which his pride rose indignant. A meeker man might have remonstrated, implored, and wept—that was not in Roland's nature. He had but the choice of three evils, to say to his son: "Fool, I command thee to follow me;" or say, "Wretch, since thou wouldst cast me off as a stranger, as a stranger I say to thee—Go, starve or rob, as thou wilt!" or lastly, to bow his proud head, stunned by the blow, and say, "Thou refusest me the obedience of the son, thou demandest to be as the dead to me. I can control thee not from vice, I can guide thee not to virtue. Thou wouldst sell me the name I have inherited stainless, and have as stainless borne. Be it so!—Name thy price!"

And something like this last was the father's choice.

He listened, and was long silent; and then he said slowly, "Pause before you decide."

"I have paused long—my decision is made! this is the last time we

meet. I see before me now the way to fortune, fairly, honourably; you can aid me in it only in the way I have said. Reject me now, and the option may never come again to either!"

And then Roland said to himself, "I have spared and saved for this son; what care I for aught else than enough to live without debt, creep into a corner, and await the grave? And the more I can give why the better chance that he will abjure the vile associate and the desperate course." And so, out of that small income, Roland surrendered to the rebel child more than the half.

Vivian was not aware of his father's fortune—he did not suppose the sum of two hundred pounds a-year was an allowance so disproportioned to Roland's means—yet when it was named, even he was struck by the generosity of one to whom he himself had given the right to say, "I take thee at thy word; just enough not to starve!"

But then that hateful cynicism which, caught from bad men and evil books, he called "knowledge of the world," made him think, "it is not for me, it is only for his name;" and he said aloud, "I accept these terms, sir; here is the address of a solicitor with whom yours can settle them. Farewell for ever."

At those last words Roland started, and stretched out his arms vaguely, like a blind man. But Vivian had already thrown open the window, (the room was on the ground floor) and sprang upon the sill. "Farewell," he repeated: "tell the world I am dead."

He leapt into the street, and the father drew in the outstretched arms, smote his heart, and said—"Well, then, my task in the world of man is over! I will back to the old ruin—the wreck to the wrecks—and the sight of tombs I have at least rescued from dishonour shall comfort me for all!"

CHAPTER XC.

THE RESULTS—PERVERTED AMBITION—SELFISH PASSION—THE INTELLECT DISTORTED BY THE CROOKEDNESS OF THE HEART.

Vivian's schemes thus prospered. He had an income that permitted him the outward appearances of a gentleman—an independence modest indeed, but independence still. We were all gone from London. One

letter to me, with the postmark of the town near which Colonel Vivian lived, sufficed to confirm my belief in his parentage, and in his return to his friends. He then presented himself to Trevanion as the young man whose pen I had employed in the member's service; and knowing that I had never mentioned his name to Trevanion—for without Vivian's permission I should not, considering his apparent trust in me, have deemed myself authorised to do so—he took that of Gower, which he selected haphazard from an old Court Guide, as having the advantage in common with most names borne by the higher nobility of England, viz., of not being confined, as the ancient names of untitled gentlemen usually are, to the members of a single family. And when, with his usual adaptability and suppleness, he had contrived to lay aside, or smooth over, whatever in his manners would be calculated to displease Trevanion, and had succeeded in exciting the interest which that generous statesman always conceived for ability, he owned candidly, one day, in the presence of Lady Ellinor—for his experience had taught him the comparative ease with which the sympathy of woman is enlisted in anything that appeals to the imagination, or seems out of the ordinary beat of life—that he had reasons for concealing his connexions for the present—that he had cause to believe I suspected what they were, and, from mistaken regard for his welfare, might acquaint his relations with his whereabouts. He therefore begged Trevanion, if the latter had occasion to write to me, not to mention him. This promise Trevanion gave, though reluctantly; for the confidence volunteered to him seemed to exact the promise; but as he detested mystery of all kinds, the avowal might have been fatal to any farther acquaintance; and under auspices so doubtful, there would have been no chance of his obtaining that intimacy in Trevanion's house which he desired to establish, but for an accident which at once opened that house to him almost as a home.

Vivian had always treasured a lock of his mother's hair, cut off on her deathbed; and when he was at his French tutor's, his first pocket money

had been devoted to the purchase of a locket, on which he had caused to be inscribed his own name and his mother's. Through all his wanderings he had worn this relic; and in the direst pangs of want, no hunger had been keen enough to induce him to part with it. Now, one morning the ribbon that suspended the locket gave way, and his eye resting on the names inscribed on the gold, he thought, in his own vague sense of right, imperfect as it was, that his compact with his father obliged him to have the names erased. He took it to a jeweller in Piccadilly for that purpose, and gave the requisite order, not taking notice of a lady in the further part of the shop. The locket was still on the counter after Vivian had left, when the lady coming forward observed it, and saw the names on the surface. She had been struck by the peculiar tone of the voice, which she had heard before; and that very day Mr. Gower received a note from Lady Ellinor Trevanion, requesting to see him. Much wondering, he went. Presenting him, with the locket, she said, smiling, "There is only one gentleman in the world who calls himself *De Caxton*, unless it be his son. Ah! I see now why you wished to conceal yourself from my friend Pisistratus. But how is this? can you have any difference with your father? Confide in me, or it is my duty to write to him."

Even Vivian's powers of dissimulation abandoned him, thus taken by surprise. He saw no alternative but to trust Lady Ellinor with his secret, and implore her to respect it. And then he spoke bitterly of his father's dislike to him, and his own resolution to prove the injustice of that dislike by the position he would himself establish in the world. At present, his father believed him dead, and, perhaps was not ill-pleased to think so. He would not dispel that belief till he could redeem any boyish errors, and force his family to be proud to acknowledge him.

Though Lady Ellinor was slow to believe that Roland could dislike his son, she could yet readily believe that he was harsh and choleric, with a soldier's high notions of discipline; the young man's story moved her, his determina-

tion pleased her own high spirit ;—always with a touch of romance in her, and always sympathising with each desire of ambition—she entered into Vivian's aspirations with an alacrity that surprised himself. She was charmed with the idea of ministering to the son's fortunes, and ultimately reconciling him to the father,—through her own agency ;—it would atone for any fault of which Roland could accuse herself in the old time.

She undertook to impart the secret to Trevanion, for she would have no secret from him, and to secure his acquiescence in its concealment from all others.

And here I must a little digress from the chronological course of my explanatory narrative, to inform the reader that, when Lady Ellinor had her interview with Roland, she had been repelled by the sternness of his manner from divulging Vivian's secret. But on her first attempt to sound or conciliate him, she had begun with some eulogies on Trevanion's new friend and assistant, Mr Gower, and had awakened Roland's suspicions of that person's identity with his son—suspicions which had given him a terrible interest in our joint deliverance of Miss Trevanion. But so heroically had the poor soldier sought to resist his own fears, that on the way he shrank to put to me the questions that might paralyse the energies which, whatever the answer, were then so much needed. "For," said he to my father, "I felt the blood surging to my temples ; and if I had said to Pisistratus, 'Describe this man,' and by his description I had recognised my son, and dreaded lest I might be too late to arrest him from so treacherous a crime, my brain would have given way ;—and so I did not dare !"

I return to the thread of my story. From the time that Vivian confided in Lady Ellinor, the way was cleared to his most ambitious hopes ; and though his acquisitions were not sufficiently scholastic and various to permit Trevanion to select him as a secretary, yet, short of sleeping at the house, he was little less intimate there than I had been.

Among Vivian's schemes of advancement, that of winning the hand

and heart of the great heiress had not been one of the least sanguine. This hope was annulled when, not long after his intimacy at her father's house, she became engaged to young Lord Castleton. But he could not see Miss Trevanion with impunity—(alas ! who, with a heart yet free, could be insensible to attractions so winning ?) He permitted the love—such love as his wild, half-educated, half-savage nature, acknowledged—to creep into his soul—to master it ; but he felt no hope, cherished no scheme while the young lord lived. With the death of her betrothed, Fanny was free ; then he began to hope—not yet to scheme. Accidentally he encountered Peacock. Partly from the levity that accompanied a false good nature that was constitutional with him, partly from a vague idea that the man might be useful, Vivian established his quondam associate in the service of Trevanion. Peacock soon gained the secret of Vivian's love for Fanny, and, dazzled by the advantages that a marriage with Miss Trevanion would confer on his patron, and might reflect on himself, and delighted at an occasion to exercise his dramatic accomplishments on the stage of real life, he soon practised the lesson that the theatres had taught him—viz : to make a sub-intrigue between maid and valet serve the schemes and insure the success of the lover. If Vivian had some opportunities to imply his admiration, Miss Trevanion gave him none to plead his cause. But the softness of her nature, and that graceful kindness which surrounded her like an atmosphere, emanating unconsciously from a girl's harmless desire to please, tended to deceive him. His own personal gifts were so rare, and, in his wandering life, the effect they had produced had so increased his reliance on them, that he thought he wanted but the fair opportunity to woo in order to win. In this state of mental intoxication, Trevanion, having provided for his Scotch secretary, took him to Lord N——'s. His hostess was one of those middle-aged ladies of fashion, who like to patronise and bring forward young men, accepting gratitude for condescension, as a homage to beauty. She was struck by

Vivian's exterior, and that 'picturesque' in look and in manner which belonged to him. Naturally garrulous and indiscreet, she was unreserved to a pupil whom she conceived the whim to make '*au fait* to society.' Thus she talked to him, among other topics in fashion, of Miss Trevanion, and expressed her belief that the present Lord Castleton had always admired her; but it was only on his accession to the marquise that he had made up his mind to marry, or, from his knowledge of Lady Ellinor's ambition, thought that the Marquis of Castleton might achieve the prize which would have been refused to Sir Sedley Beaudesert. Then, to corroborate the predictions she hazarded, she repeated, perhaps with exaggeration, some passages from Lord Castleton's replies to her own suggestions on the subject. Vivian's alarm became fatally excited; unregulated passions easily obscured a reason so long perverted, and a conscience so habitually dulled. There is an instinct in all intense affection, (whether it be corrupt or pure,) that usually makes its jealousy prophetic. Thus, from the first, out of all the brilliant idlers round Fanny Trevanion, my jealousy had pre-eminently fastened on Sir Sedley Beaudesert, though, to all seeming, without a cause. From the same instinct, Vivian had conceived the same vague jealousy—a jealousy, in his instance coupled with a deep dislike to his supposed rival, who had wounded his self-love. For the marquis, though to be haughty or ill-bred was impossible to the blandness of his nature, had never shown to Vivian the genial courtesies he had lavished upon me, and kept politely aloof from his acquaintance—while Vivian's personal vanity had been wounded by that drawing-room effect, which the proverbial winner of all hearts produced without an effort—an effect that threw into the shade the youth, and the beauty (more striking, but infinitely less prepossessing) of the adventurous rival. Thus animosity to Lord Castleton conspired with Vivian's passion for Fanny, to rouse all that was worst by nature and by rearing, in this audacious and turbulent spirit.

His confidant, Peacock, suggested

from his stage experience the outlines of a plot, to which Vivian's astuter intellect instantly gave tangibility and colouring. Peacock had already found Miss Trevanion's waiting-woman ripe for any measure that might secure himself as her husband, and a provision for life as a reward. Two or three letters between them settled the preliminary engagements. A friend of the ex-comedian's had lately taken an inn on the North road, and might be relied upon. At that inn it was settled that Vivian should meet Miss Trevanion, whom Peacock, by the aid of the abigail, engaged to lure there. The sole difficulty that then remained would, to most men, have seemed the greatest—viz., the consent of Miss Trevanion to a Scotch marriage. But Vivian hoped all things from his own eloquence, art, and passion; and by an inconsistency, however strange, still not unnatural in the twists of so crooked an intellect, he thought that, by insisting on the intention of her parents to sacrifice her youth to the very man of whose attractions he was most jealous—by the picture of disparity of years, by the caricature of his rival's foibles and frivolities, by the commonplaces of "beauty bartered for ambition," &c., he might enlist her fears of the alternative on the side of the choice urged upon her. The plan proceeded, the time came: Peacock pretended the excuse of a sick relation to leave Trevanion; and Vivian, a day before, on pretence of visiting the picturesque scenes in the neighbourhood, obtained leave of absence. Thus the plot went on to its catastrophe.

"And I need not ask," said I, trying in vain to conceal my indignation, "how Miss Trevanion received your monstrous proposition!"

Vivian's pale cheek grew paler, but he made no reply.

"And if we had not arrived, what would you have done? Oh, dare you look into the gulph of infamy you have escaped!"

"I cannot, and I will not bear this!" exclaimed Vivian, starting up. "I have laid my heart bare before you, and it is ungenerous and unmanly thus to press upon its wounds. You can moralise, you can speak coldly—but I—I loved!"

"And do you think," I burst forth—"do you think that I did not love too!—love longer than you have done; better than you have done; gone through sharper struggles, darker days, more sleepless nights than you, —and yet—"

Vivian caught hold of me.

"Hush!" he cried; "is this indeed true! I thought you might have had some faint and fleeting fancy for Miss Trevanion, but that you curbed and conquered it at once. Oh no; it was impossible to have loved really, and to have surrendered all chance as you did!—have left the house, have fled from her presence! No—no, that was not love!"

"It *was* love! and I pray Heaven to grant that, one day, you may know how little your affection sprang from those feelings which make true love sublime as honour, and meek as is religion! Oh cousin, cousin!—with those rare gifts, what you might have been! what, if you will pass through repentance, and cling to atonement—what, I dare hope, you may yet be! Talk not now of your love; I talk not of mine! Love is a thing gone from the lives of both. Go back to

earlier thoughts, to heavier wrongs!—your father—that noble heart which you have so wantonly lacerated, that much-enduring love which you have so little comprehended!"

Then with all the warmth of emotion I hurried on—showed him the true nature of honour and of Roland (for the names were one!)—showed him the watch, the hope, the manly anguish I had witnessed, and wept—I, not his son—to see; showed him the poverty and privation to which the father, even at the last, had condemned himself, so that the son might have no excuse for the sins that *Went* whispers to the weak. This, and much more, and I suppose with the pathos that belongs to all earnestness, I enforced, sentence after sentence—yielding to no interruption, over-mastering all dissent; driving in the truth, nail after nail, as it were, into the obdurate heart, that I constrained and grappled to. And at last, the dark, bitter, cynical nature gave way, and the young man fell sobbing at my feet, and cried aloud, "Spare me, spare me!—I see it all now! Wretch that I have been!"

CHAPTER XCI.

On leaving Vivian, I did not presume to promise him Roland's immediate pardon. I did not urge him to attempt to see his father. I felt the time was not come for either pardon or interview. I contented myself with the victory I had already gained. I judged it right that thought, solitude, and suffering should imprint more deeply the lesson, and prepare the way to the steadfast resolution of reform. I left him seated by the stream, and with the promise to inform him at the small hostelry, where he took up his lodging, how Roland struggled through his illness.

On returning to the inn, I was uneasy to see how long a time had elapsed since I had left my uncle. But on coming into his room, to my surprise and relief I found him up and dressed, and with a serene though fatigued expression of countenance. He asked me no questions where I had been—perhaps from sympathy

with my feelings in parting with Miss Trevanion—perhaps from conjecture that the indulgence of those feelings had not wholly engrossed my time.

But he said simply, "I, think I understood from you that you had sent for Austin—is it so?"

"Yes, sir; but I named *****, as the nearest point to the Tower, for the place of meeting."

"Then let us go hence forthwith—nay, I shall be better for the change. And here, there must be curiosity, conjecture—torture!" said he, locking his hands tightly together. "Order the horses at once!"

I left the room, accordingly; and while they were getting ready the horses, I ran to the place where I had left Vivian. He was still there, in the same attitude, covering his face with his hands, as if to shut out the sun. I told him hastily of Roland's improvement, of our approaching departure, and asked him an address in

London at which I could find him. He gave me as his direction the same lodging at which I had so often visited him. "If there be no vacancy there for me," said he, "I shall leave word

where I am to be found. But I would gladly be where I was, before—" He did not finish the sentence. I pressed his hand and left him.

CHAPTER XCII.

Some days have elapsed; we are in London; my father with us; and Roland has permitted Austin to tell me his tale, and received through Austin all that Vivian's narrative to me suggested, whether in extenuation of the past, or in hope of redemption in the future. And Austin has inexpressibly soothed his brother. And Roland's ordinary roughness has gone, and his looks are meek, and his voice low. But he talks little, and smiles never. He asks me no questions; does not to me name his son, nor recur to the voyage to Australia, nor ask 'why it is put off,' nor interest himself as before in preparations for it—he has no heart for anything.

The voyage is put off till the next vessel sails, and I have seen Vivian twice or thrice, and the result of the interviews has disappointed and depressed me. It seems to me that much of the previous effect I had produced is already obliterated. At the very sight of the great Babel—the evidence of the ease, the luxury, the wealth, the pomp, the strife, the penury, the famine, and the rage, which the focus of civilisation, in the disparities of old societies, inevitably gathers together—the fierce combative disposition seemed to awaken again; the perverted ambition, the hostility to the world; the wrath, the scorn; the war with man, and the rebellious murmur against Heaven. There was still the one redeeming point of repentance for his wrongs to his father—his heart was still softened there; and, attendant on that softness, I hailed a principle more like that of honour than I had yet recognised in Vivian. He cancelled the agreement which had assured him of a provision at the cost of his father's comforts. "At least, there," he said, "I will injure him no more!"

But while, on this point, repentance seemed genuine, it was not so with regard to his conduct towards Miss

Trevanion. His gipsy nurture, his loose associates, his extravagant French romances, his theatrical mode of looking upon love intrigues and stage plots, seemed all to rise between his intelligence and the due sense of the fraud and treachery he had practised. He seemed to feel more shame at the exposure than at the guilt; more despair at the failure of success than gratitude at escape from crime. In a word, the nature of a whole life was not to be remodelled at once—at least by an artificer so unskilled as I.

After one of these interviews, I stole into the room where Austin sat with Roland, and, watching a seasonable moment when Roland, shaking off a reverie, opened his Bible, and sat down to it, with each muscle in his face set, as I had seen it before, into iron resolution, I beckoned my father from the room.

PISISTRATUS.—I have again seen my cousin. I cannot make the way I wish. My dear father, you must see him.

MR. CAXTON.—I!—yes, assuredly, if I can be of any service. But will he listen to me?

PISISTRATUS.—I think so. A young man will often respect in his elder, what he will resent as a presumption in his contemporary.

MR. CAXTON.—It may be so: (*then, more thoughtfully,*) but you describe this strange boy's mind as a wreck!—in what part of the mouldering timbers can I fix the grappling-hook? Here, it seems that most of the supports on which we can best rely, when we would save another, fail us. Religion, honour, the associations of childhood, the bonds of home, filial obedience—even the intelligence of self-interest, in the philosophical sense of the word. And I, too!—a mere book-man! My dear son!—I despair!

PISISTRATUS.—No, you do not despair—no, you must succeed; for, if you do not, what is to become of

Uncle Roland? Do you not see his heart is fast breaking?

MR. CAXTON.—Get me my hat; I will go. I will save this Ishmael—I will not leave him till he is saved!

PISISTRATUS (*some minutes after, as they were walking towards Vivian's lodgings.*)—You ask me what support you are to cling to! A strong and a good one, sir.

MR. CAXTON.—Ay, what is that?

PISISTRATUS.—Affection! There is a nature capable of strong affection at the core of this wild heart! He could love his mother; tears gush to his eyes at her name—he would have starved rather than part with the memorial of that love. It was his belief in his father's indifference or dislike that hardened and imbruted him—it is only when he hears how that father loved him, that I now melt his pride and curb his passions. You have affection to deal with—do you despair now?

My father turned on me those eyes so inexpressibly benign and mild, and replied softly, "No!"

We reached the house; and my father said, as we knocked at the door, "If he is at home, leave me. This is a hard study to which you have set me; I must work at it alone." Vivian was at home, and the door closed on his visitor. My father stayed some hours.

On returning home, to my great surprise I found Trevanion with my uncle. He had found us out—no easy matter, I should think. But a good impulse in Trevanion was not of that feeble kind which turns home at the sight of a difficulty. He had come to London on purpose to see and to thank us.

I did not think there had been so much of delicacy—of what I may call the "beauty of kindness,"—in a man whom incessant business had rendered ordinarily blunt and abrupt. I hardly recognised the impatient Trevanion in the soothing, tender, subtle respect that rather implied than spoke gratitude, and sought to insinuate what he owed to the unhappy father, without touching on his wrongs from the son. But of this kindness—which showed how Trevanion's high nature of gentleman raised him aloof from that

coarseness of thought which those absorbed wholly in practical affairs often contract—of this kindness, so noble and so touching, Roland seemed scarcely aware. He sat by the embers of the neglected fire, his hands grasping the arms of his elbow-chair, his head drooping on his bosom; and only by a deep hectic flush on his dark cheek could you have seen that he distinguished between an ordinary visitor and the man whose child he had helped to save. This minister of state—this high member of the elect, at whose gift are places, peerages, gold sticks, and ribbons—has nothing at his command for the bruised spirit of the half-pay soldier. Before that poverty, that grief, and that pride, the King's Counsellor was powerless. Only when Trevanion rose to depart, something like a sense of the soothing intention which the visit implied seemed to rouse the repose of the old man, and to break the ice at its surface; for he followed Trevanion to the door, took both his hands, pressed them, then turned away, and resumed his seat. Trevanion beckoned to me, and I followed him down stairs, and into a little parlour which was unoccupied.

After some remarks upon Roland, full of deep and considerate feeling, and one quick, hurried reference to the son—to the effect that his guilty attempt would never be known by the world—Trevanion then addressed himself to me with a warmth and urgency that took me by surprise. "After what has passed," he exclaimed, "I cannot suffer you to leave England thus. Let me not feel with you, as with your uncle, that there is nothing by which I can repay—no, I will not so put it. Stay and serve your country at home: it is my prayer—it is Ellenor's. Out of all at my disposal, it will go hard but what I shall find something to suit you." And then, hurrying on, Trevanion spoke flatteringly of my pretensions, in right of birth and capabilities, to honourable employment, and placed before me a picture of public life—its prizes and distinctions—which, for the moment at least, made my heart beat loud and my breath come quick. But still, even then, I felt (was it an unreasonable pride?) that there was something

that jarred, something that humbled, in the thought of holding all my fortunes as a dependency on the father of the woman I loved, but might not aspire to;—something even of personal degradation in the mere feeling that I was thus to be repaid for a service, and recompensed for a loss. But these were not reasons I could advance; and, indeed, so for the time did Trevanion's generosity and eloquence overpower me, that I could only falter out my thanks, and my

promise that I would consider and let him know.

With that promise he was forced to content himself; he told me to direct to him at his favourite country-seat, whither he was going that day, and so left me. I looked round the humble parlour of the mean lodging-house, and Trevanion's words came again before me like a flash of golden light. I stole into the open air, and wandered through the crowded streets, agitated and disturbed.

CHAPTER XCIII.

Several days elapsed—and of each day my father spent a considerable part at Vivian's lodgings. But he maintained a reserve as to his success, begged me not to question him, and to refrain also for the present from visiting my cousin. My uncle guessed or knew his brother's mission; for I observed that, whenever Austin went noiseless away, his eye brightened, and the colour rose in a hectic flush to his cheek. At last my father came to me one morning, his carpet-bag in his hand, and said, "I am going away for a week or two. Keep Roland company till I return."

"Going with him?"

"With him."

"That is a good sign."

"I hope so; that is all I can say now."

The week had not quite passed when I received from my father the letter I am about to place before the reader; and you may judge how earnestly his soul must have been in the task it had volunteered, if you observe how little, comparatively speaking, the letter contains of the subtleties and pedantries (may the last word be pardoned, for it is scarcely a just one) which ordinarily left my father a scholar even in the midst of his emotions. He seemed here to have abandoned his books, to have put the human heart before the eyes of his pupil, and said, "Read, and unlearn!"

TO PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

"MY DEAR SON,—It were needless to tell you all the earlier difficulties

I have had to encounter with my charge, nor to repeat all the means which, acting on your suggestion, (a correct one,) I have employed to arouse feelings long dormant and confused, and allay others, long prematurely active, and terribly distinct. The evil was simply this: here was the intelligence of a man in all that is evil—and the ignorance of an infant in all that is good. In matters merely wordly, what wonderful acumen! in the plain principles of right and wrong, what gross and stolid obtuseness! At one time, I am straining all my poor wit to grapple in an encounter on the knottiest mysteries of social life; at another, I am guiding reluctant fingers over the horn-book of the most obvious morals. Here hieroglyphics, and there pot-hooks! But as long as there is affection in a man, why, there is Nature to begin with! To get rid of all the rubbish laid upon her, clear back the way to that Nature, and start afresh—that is one's only chance.

"Well, by degrees I won my way, waiting patiently till the bosom, pleased with the relief, disgorged itself of all 'its perilous stuff,'—not chiding—not even remonstrating, seeming almost to sympathise, till I got him Socratically to disprove himself. When I saw that he no longer feared me—that my company had become a relief to him—I proposed an excursion, and did not tell him whither.

"Avoiding as much as possible the main north road, (for I did not wish, as you may suppose, to set fire to a train of associations that might blow

us up to the dog-star,) and, where that avoidance was not possible, travelling by night, I got him into the neighbourhood of the old Tower. I would not admit him under its roof. But you know the little inn, three miles off the trout stream?—we made our abode there.

“Well, I have taken him into the village, preserving his incognito. I have entered with him into cottages, and turned the talk upon Roland. You know how your uncle is adored; you know what anecdotes of his bold, warm-hearted youth once, and now of his kind and charitable age, would spring up from the garrulous lips of gratitude! I made him see with his own eyes, hear with his own ears, how all who knew Roland loved and honoured him—except his son. Then I took him round the ruins—(still not suffering him to enter the house,) for those ruins are the key to Roland’s character—seeing them, one sees the pathos in his poor foible of family pride. There, you distinguish it from the insolent boasts of the prosperous, and feel that it is little more than the pious reverence to the dead—‘the tender culture of the tomb.’ We sat down on heaps of mouldering stone, and it was there that I explained to him what Roland was in youth, and what he had dreamed that a son would be to him. I showed him the graves of his ancestors, and explained to him why they were sacred in Roland’s eyes! I had gained a great way, when he longed to enter the home that should have been his; and I could make him pause of his own accord, and say, ‘No, I must first be worthy of it.’ Then you would have smiled—sly satirist that you are—to have heard me impressing upon this acute, sharp-witted youth, all that we plain folk understand by the name of HOME—its perfect trust and truth, its simple holiness, its exquisite happiness—being to the world what conscience is to the human mind. And after that, I brought in his sister, whom till then he had scarcely named—for whom he scarcely seemed to care—brought her in to aid the father, and endear the home. ‘And you know,’ said I, ‘that if Roland were to die, it would be a brother’s duty to supply his place; to shield her

innocence—to protect her name! A good name is something, then. Your father was not so wrong to prize it. You would like yours to be that which your sister would be proud to own!’

“While we were talking, Blanche suddenly came to the spot, and rushed to my arms. She looked on him as a stranger; but I saw his knees tremble. And then she was about to put her hand in his—but I drew her back. Was I cruel? He thought so. But when I dismissed her, I replied to his reproach, ‘Your sister is a part of Home. If you think yourself worthy of either, go and claim both; I will not object.’—‘She has my mother’s eyes,’ said he, and walked away. I left him to muse amidst the ruins, while I went in to see your poor mother, and relieve her fears about Roland, and make her understand why I could not yet return home.

“This brief sight of his sister has sunk deep into him. But I now approach what seems to me the great difficulty of the whole. He is fully anxious to redeem his name—to regain his home. So far so well. But he cannot yet see ambition, except with hard, worldly eyes. He still fancies that all he has to do is to get money and power, and some of those empty prizes in the Great Lottery, which we often win more easily by our sins than our virtues. (Here follows a long passage from Seneca, omitted as superfluous.) He does not yet even understand me—or, if he does, he fancies me a mere bookworm indeed, when I imply that he might be poor, and obscure, at the bottom of fortune’s wheel, and yet be one we should be proud of! He supposes that, to redeem his name, he has only got to lacker it. Don’t think me merely the fond father, when I add my hope that I shall use you to advantage here. I mean to talk to him to-morrow, as we return to London, of you, and of your ambition; you shall hear the result.

“At this moment, (it is past midnight,) I hear his step in the room above me. The window-sash aloft opens—for the third time; would to Heaven he could read the true astrology of the stars! There they are—bright, luminous, benignant. And I seeking to chain this wander-

ing comet into the harmonies of heaven! Better task than that of astrologers, and astronomers to boot! Who among them can 'loosen the band of Orion'?—but who amongst us may not be permitted by God to have sway over the action and orbit of the human soul?

"Your ever affectionate father,
A. C."

Two days after the receipt of this letter, came the following; and though I would fain suppress those references to myself which must be ascribed to a father's partiality, yet it is so needful to retain them in connexion with Vivian, that I have no choice but to leave the tender flatteries to the indulgence of the kind.

"MY DEAR SON,—I was not too sanguine as to the effect that your simple story would produce upon your cousin. Without implying any contrast to his own conduct, I described that scene in which you threw yourself upon our sympathy, in the struggle between love and duty, and asked for our counsel and support; when Roland gave you his blunt advice to tell all to Trevanion; and when, amidst such sorrow as the heart in youth seems scarcely large enough to hold, you caught at truth impulsively, and the truth bore you safe from the shipwreck. I recounted your silent and manly struggles—your resolution not to suffer the egotism of passion to unfit you for the aims and ends of that spiritual probation which we call LIFE. I showed you as you were, still thoughtful for us, interested in our interests—smiling on us, that we might not guess that you wept in secret! Oh, my son—my son! do not think that, in those times, I did not feel and pray for you! And while he was melted by my own emotion, I turned from your love to your ambition. I made him see that you, too, had known the restlessness which belongs to young ardent natures; that you, too, had your dreams of fortune, and aspirations for success. But I painted that ambition in its true colours: it was not the desire of a selfish intellect, to be in yourself a somebody—a something—raised a step or two in the social ladder, for the pleas-

ure of looking down on those at the foot, but the warmer yearning of a generous heart; your ambition was to repair your father's losses—minister to your father's very foible, in his idle desire of fame—supply to your uncle what he had lost in his natural heir—link your success to useful objects, your interests to those of your kind, your reward to the proud and grateful smiles of those you loved. That was thine ambition, O my tender Anachronism! And when, as I closed the sketch, I said, 'Pardon me: you know not what delight a father feels, when, while sending a son away from him into the world, he can speak and think thus of him! But this, you see, is not your kind of ambition. Let us talk of making money, and driving a coach-and-four through this villanous world,'—your cousin sank into a profound reverie, and when he woke from it, it was like the waking of the earth after a night in spring—the bare trees had put forth buds!

"And, some time after, he startled me by a prayer that I would permit him, with his father's consent, to accompany you to Australia. The only answer I have given him as yet, has been in the form of a question: 'Ask yourself if I ought?' I cannot wish Pisistratus to be other than he is; and unless you agree with him in all his principles and objects, ought I to incur the risk that you should give him your knowledge of the world, and inoculate him with your ambition?" He was struck, and had the candour to attempt no reply.

"Now, Pisistratus, the doubt I expressed to him is the doubt I feel. For, indeed, it is only by home-truths, not refining arguments, that I can deal with this unscholastic Scythian, who, fresh from the Steppes, comes to puzzle me in the Portico.

"On the one hand, what is to become of him in the Old World? At his age, and with his energies, it would be impossible to cage him with us in the Cumberland ruins; weariness and discontent would undo all we could do. He has no resource in books—and I fear never will have! But to send him forth into one of the overcrowded professions—to place him amidst all those 'disparities of social life,' on the rough stones of

which he is perpetually grinding his heart—turn him adrift amongst all the temptations to which he is most prone—this is a trial which, I fear, will be too sharp for a conversion so incomplete. In the New World, no doubt his energies would find a safer field; and even the adventurous and desultory habits of his childhood might there be put to healthful account. Those complaints of the disparities of the civilised world, find, I suspect, an easier if a bluffer reply from the political economist than the Stoic philosopher. ‘You don’t like them, you find it hard to submit to them,’ says the political economist; ‘but they are the laws of a civilised state, and you can’t alter them. Wiser men than you have tried to alter them, and never succeeded, though they turned the earth topsy-turvy! Very well; but the world is wide—go into a state that is not so civilised. The disparities of the Old World vanish amidst the New! Emigration is the reply of Nature to the rebellious cry against Art.’ Thus would say the political economist: and, alas, even in your case, my son, I found no reply to the reasonings! I acknowledge, then, that Australia might open the best safety-valve to your cousin’s discontent and desires; but I acknowledge also a counter-truth, which is this—‘It is not permitted to an honest man to corrupt himself for the sake of others.’ That is almost the only maxim of Jean Jacques to which I can cheerfully subscribe! Do you feel quite strong enough to resist all the influences which a companionship of this kind may subject you to—strong enough to bear his burden as well as your own—strong enough, also—ay, and alert and vigilant enough—to prevent those influences harming the others, whom you have undertaken to guide, and whose lots are confided to you? Pause well, and consider maturely, for this must not depend upon a generous impulse. I think that your cousin would now pass under your charge, with a sincere desire for reform; but between sincere desire and steadfast performance there is a long and dreary interval—even to the best of us. Were it not for Roland, and had I one grain less confidence in you, I could not

entertain the thought of laying on your young shoulders so great a responsibility. But every new responsibility to an earnest nature is a new prop to virtue;—and all I now ask of you is—to remember that it is a solemn and serious charge, not to be undertaken without the most deliberate gauge and measure of the strength with which it is to be borne.

“In two days we shall be in London.—Yours, my Anachronism, anxiously and fondly,

A. C.”

I was in my own room while I read this letter, and I had just finished it when, as I looked up, I saw Roland standing opposite to me. “It is from Austin,” said he; then he paused a moment, and added in a tone that seemed quite humble, “May I see it?—and dare I?” I placed the letter in his hands, and retired a few paces, that he might not think I watched his countenance while he read it. And I was only aware that he had come to the end by a heavy, anxious, but not despondent sigh. Then I turned, and our eyes met, and there was something in Roland’s look, inquiring—and as it were imploring. I interpreted it at once.

“Oh, yes, uncle,” I said, smiling; “I have reflected, and I have no fear of the result. Before my father wrote, what he now suggests had become my secret wish. As for our other companions, their simple natures would defy all such sophistries as—but he is already half cured of those. Let him come with me, and when he returns he shall be worthy of a place in your heart, beside his sister Blanche. I feel, I promise it—do not fear for me! Such a charge will be a talisman to myself. I will shun every error that I might otherwise commit, so that he may have no example to entice him to err.”

I know that in youth, and the superstition of first love, we are credulously inclined to believe that love, and the possession of the beloved, are the only happiness. But when my uncle folded me in his arms, and called me the hope of his age, and stay of his house—the music of my father’s praise still ringing on my heart—I do affirm that I knew a greater and a

prouder bliss than if Trevanion had placed Fanny's hand in mine, and said, "She is yours."

And now the die was cast—the decision made. It was with no regret that I wrote to Trevanion to decline his offers. Nor was the sacrifice so great—even putting aside the natural pride which had before inclined to it—as it may seem to some; for, restless though I was, I had laboured to constrain myself to other views of life than those which close the vistas of ambition with images of the terrestrial deities—Power and Rank. Had I not been behind the scenes, noted all of joy and of peace that the pursuit of power had cost Trevanion, and seen how little of happiness rank gave even to one of the polished habits and graceful attributes of Lord Castleton? Yet each nature seemed fitted so well—the first for power, the last for rank! It is marvellous with what liberality Providence atones for the partial dispensations of Fortune. Independence, or the vigorous pursuit of it; affection, with its hopes and its rewards; a life only rendered by art

more susceptible to nature—in which the physical enjoyments are pure and healthful—in which the moral faculties expand harmoniously with the intellectual—and the heart is at peace with the mind: is this a mean lot for ambition to desire—and is it so far out of human reach? "Know thyself," said the old philosophy. "Improve thyself," saith the new. The great object of the Sojourner in Time is not to waste all his passions and gifts on the things external that he must leave behind—that which he cultivates within is all that he can carry into the Eternal Progress. We are here but as schoolboys, whose life begins where school ends; and the battles we fought with our rivals, and the toys that we shared with our playmates, and the names that we carved, high or low, on the wall, above our desks—will they so much bestead us hereafter? As new facts crowd upon us, can they more than pass through the memory with a smile or a sigh? Look back to thy school days, and answer.

CHAPTER XCIV.

Two weeks, since the date of the preceding chapter, have passed; we have slept our last, for long years to come, on the English soil. It is night; and Vivian has been admitted to an interview with his father. They have been together alone an hour and more, and I and my father will not disturb them. But the clock strikes—the hour is late—the ship sails to-night—we should be on board. And as we two stand below, the door opens in the room above, and a heavy step descends the stairs; the father is leaning on the son's arm. You should see how timidly the songuides the halting step. And now, as the light gleams on their faces, there are tears on Vivian's cheek; but the face of Roland seems calm and happy. Happy! when about to be separated, perhaps for ever, from his son? Yes, happy! because he has found a son for the first time; and is not thinking of years and absence, and the chance of death—but thankful for the Divine mercy, and cherishing celestial hope. If ye wonder why Roland is happy in

such an hour, how vainly have I sought to make him breathe, and live, and move before you!

We are on board; our luggage all went first. I had had time, with the help of a carpenter, to knock up cabins for Vivian, Guy Bolding, and myself in the hold. For, thinking we could not too soon lay aside the pretensions of Europe—"de-fine-gentlemanise" ourselves, as Trevanion recommended—we had engaged steerage passage, to the great humouring of our finances. We had, too, the luxury to be by ourselves; and our own Cumberland folks were round us, as our friends and servants both.

We are on board, and have looked our last on those we are to leave, and we stand on deck leaning on each other. We are on board, and the lights, near and far, shine from the vast city; and the stars are on high, bright and clear, as for the first mariners of old. Strange noises, rough voices, and crackling cords, and here

and there the sobs of women, mingling with the oaths of men. Now the swing and heave of the vessel—the dreary sense of exile that comes when the ship fairly moves over the waters. And still we stood, and looked, and listened; silent, and leaning on each other.

Night deepened, the city vanished—not a gleam from its myriad lights! The river widened and widened. How cold comes the wind!—is that a gale

from the sea? The stars grow faint—the moon has sunk. And now, how desolate look the waters in the comfortless gray of dawn! Then we shivered and looked at each other, and muttered something that was not the thought deepest at our hearts, and crept into our berths—feeling sure it was not for sleep. And sleep came on us soft and kind. The ocean lulled the exiles as on a mother's breast.

JONATHAN IN AFRICA.

A NEW school of novelists is evidently springing up on the western shores of the Atlantic. The pioneers are already in the field—and the main body, we suppose, will shortly follow. The style of these innovators seems a compound imitation of *Gulliver*, *Munchausen*, *The Arabian Nights*, and *Robinson Crusoe*; the ingredients being mixed in capricious proportions, well stirred, seasoned with Yankee bulls and scraps of sea-slang, and served hot—sometimes plain, at others with a *hors d'œuvre* of puffs. We know not how such queer ragouts affect the public palate; but we are inclined to prefer dishes of an older fashion. Mr. Herman Melville, of New York and the Pacific Ocean, common sailor, first introduced the new-fangled kickshaw. This young gentleman has most completely disappointed us. Two or three years ago, he published two small volumes of sea-faring adventure and island-rambles, of which we thought more highly than of any first appearance of the kind we for a long time had witnessed. In the pages of *Maga*, where praise is never lightly or lavishly bestowed, we said as much; and were glad to hope that Typee, and Omoo were but an earnest of even better things. And, therefore, sadly were we disgusted on perusal of a rubbishy rhapsody, entitled *Mardi*, and a *Voyage Thither*. We sat down to it with glee and self-gratulation, and through about half a volume we got on plea-

santly enough. The author was afloat; and although we found little that would bear comparison with the fine vein of nautical fun and characteristic delineation which we had enjoyed on board the *Little Jule*, and afterwards at Tahiti, yet there was interest—strong interest at times; and a scene on board a deserted vessel was particularly exciting,—replete with power of a peculiar and uncommon kind. But this proved a mere flash in the pan—the ascent of the rocket which was soon to fall as a stick. An outlandish young female, one Miss Yillah, makes her first appearance: Taji, the hero and narrator of the yarn, reaches a cluster of fabulous islands, where the jealous queen Hautia opens a floral correspondence with him: where the plumed and turbaned Yoomy sings indifferent doggerel; and Philosopher Babbalanja unceasingly doth prose: and the Begum of Pimminee holds drawing-rooms, which are attended by the Fanfums, and the Diddledees, and the Fiddlefies, and a host of other insular magnates, with names equally elegant, euphonious, and significant. Why, what trash is all this!—mingled, too, with attempts at a Rabelaisian vein, and with strainings at smartness—the style of the whole being affected, pedantic, and wearisome exceedingly. We are reminded, by certain parts of *Mardi*, of Foote's nonsense about the nameless lady who “went into the garden to

Kaloolah, or Journeyings to the Djébel Kumri: an Autobiography of Jonathan Romer. Edited by W. S. MAYO, M. D. London: 1849.

cut a cabbage-leaf to make an apple-pie;" and at whose wedding the Jobbies, and the Picinnies, and the Great Panjandrum, danced till the gunpowder ran out at their boot-heels. Foote wrote his absurd paragraph, we believe, to try a friend's memory; Mr. Melville has evidently written his unintelligible novel to try the public's patience. Of three things we are certain, namely, that the Panjandrum story is quite as easy to understand as *Mardi*; that it is much more diverting; and, the chief advantage of all, an infinite deal shorter.

Mardi, which we dismissed from our mind when we closed it with a yawn a day or two after its publication, has been recalled to our memory by another book, also proceeding from America, although published in London; and which, like Mr. Melville's romance, blends the real and the possible with the ideal and the fantastic. *Kaloolah* (Heaven help these Yankee nomenclators) professes to be the autobiography of Jonathan Romer, a young Nantucket sailor, to whose narrative, during his absence in the interior of Africa, one of his countrymen, Dr. W. S. Mayo, obligingly acts as editor. Most readers will probably be of opinion that the American M.D. might claim a nearer interest in the literary bantling—the first-born, we apprehend, of his own pen and imagination. But our business is with the book, and not with the author, whose name, whether Romer or Mayo, is as yet unknown to fame, but who need not despair of achieving reputation. *Kaloolah* combines with certain faults, which may presently be indicated, some very excellent qualities, and has several chapters, whereof any one contains more real good stuff, and ingenuity, and amusement, than the whole of the second and third volumes of *Mardi*, reduced to a concentrated essence. Besides, it is manifest that the two books must be viewed and judged differently—one as a first, and by no means unpromising attempt; the other, as the backsliding performance of a man who has proved himself capable of far better things.

Before commencing his own story, young Jonathan Romer introduces us to his ancestors, and asserts his right to a life of adventure. "Descended

on both sides of the house from some of the earliest settlers of Nantucket, and more or less intimately related to the Coffins, the Folgers, the Macys, and the Starbucks of that adventurous population, it would seem that I had a natural right to a roving disposition, and to a life of peril, privation and vicissitude. Nearly all the male members of my family, for several generations, have been followers of the sea: some of them in the calm and peaceful employment of the merchant-service; others, and by far the greater number, in the more dangerous pursuit of the ocean monster." After relating some of the feats of his family, and glancing at his own childhood, which gave early indications of the bold and restless spirit that animated him at a mature period, Jonathan presents himself to his readers at the age of eighteen—a stalwart stripling and idle student; the best rider, shot, swimmer, and leaper for many miles around, with little taste for books, and a very decided one for rambling in the woods with rifle and rod. At this time the academy, of which he had for four years been avunculate, is nearly broken up by what is called "a revival of religion;" in other words, a violent fit of fanatical enthusiasm, provoked and fed by Baptist and Methodist preachers. Pupils and teachers alike go mad with fervent zeal, classes are at an end, unceasing prayer is substituted for study, and Jonathan, who is one of the few unregenerated, walks into the forest and knocks the head off a partridge with a rifle-ball. The bird is picked up, and the excellence of the aim applauded by an old trapper and hunter, Joe Downs by name, well known along the shores of the Rackett and Grass Rivers, in the northern and uninhabited part of the state of New York. Joe is not the wild, semi-Indian trapper of the south and west, whom Sealsfield and Ruxton have so graphically sketched; there is as much difference between the two characters as between a sailor in the coasting trade and a Pacific Ocean beach-comber. There is nothing of the half-horse, half-alligator style about Joe, whose manner is so mild, and his coat so decent, that he has been taken for a country parson. He despises the Redskins, sets no value on their scalps,

and would not shed their blood, except in self-defence. How he had once been thus compelled to do so, he relates to Jonathan in the course of their first conversation.

"It was the way towards Tupper's lake. There had been a light fall of snow, and I was scouting round, when I happened to make a circumbendibus, and came across my own track, and there I saw the marks of an Indian's foot right on my trail. Thinks I, that is kind of queer; the fellow must have been following me; howsomever I'll try him, and make sure; so I made another large circle, and again struck my own track, and there was the tarnal Indian's foot again. Says I, this won't do; I must find out what this customer wants, and how he'll have it. So I stopped short, and soon got sight of him; he knew that I saw him, so he came along up, in the most friendly manner you can think. But I didn't like his looks; he was altogether too darned glad to see me. He had no gun, but he had an almighty long-handled tomahawk, and a lot of skins and real traps. Thinks I, may be, old fellow, your gun has burst, or you've pawned it for rum, and you can't raise skins enough to redeem it, and you want mine, and perhaps you'll get it.

"At last I grew kind of nervous; I knew the fellow would hatchet me if I gave him a chance, and yet I didn't want to shoot him right down just on suspicion. But I thought, if I let him cut my throat first, it would be too late to shoot him afterwards. So I concluded that the best way would be to give him a chance to play his hand; and if so be he'd lead the wrong card, why I should have a right to take the trick. Just then, at the right time, a partridge flew into a clump that stood five or six rods off. So I kind of manoeuvred round a little. I drew out my ramrod, as if to feel whether the ball in my rifle was well down; but instead of returning it again, I kept it in my hand, and, without letting the vagabond see me, I got out a handful of powder. I then sauntered off to the bush, shot the partridge, and in an instant passed my hand over the muzzle of my rifle, and dropped the powder in. I picked up the bird, and then just took and run my ramrod right down upon the powder. Now, he thought, was his chance before I loaded my gun again. He came towards me with his hatchet in his hand. I saw that he was determined to act wicked, and began to back off; he still came on. I lowered my rifle, and told him to keep away. He raised his tomahawk, gave one yell, and

bounded right at me. When he was just about three or four feet from the muzzle, I fired. You never see a fellow jump so. He kicked his heels up in the air, and came down plump on his head, dead as Julius Cæsar. He never winked; the ramrod—a good, hard, tough piece of hickory—had gone clean through him, and stuck out about two feet from his back. Sarved him right; didn't it?"

The old trapper urges Jonathan to accompany him on an expedition into the woods, promising, as an inducement, to put him "right alongside the biggest catamount he has ever seen," and to let him fight it out, with rifle, hatchet, and knife, without making or meddling in the contest. He also pledges himself to show him a fish-pond, "where the youngest infants, of a genteel pickerel to family, weigh at least three pounds." Such inducements are irresistible. Jonathan packs up a brace of blankets and his shooting and fishing fixings, and goes off in the canoe with Joe Downs on a pleasant up-stream cruise, enlivened by a succession of beautiful scenery, and by the varied and original conversation of his companion. On their way they fell in with a party of Indians, amongst them one Blacksnake, a brother of the gentleman whom Joe had spitted on his ramrod. He suspects Joe of having shot his kinsman, and Joe strongly suspects him of having already attempted to revenge his death.

"I was leaning out of the second story doorway of Jones's shop one day," said Joe, "looking across the river, when, whizz, a rifle bullet came and buried itself in the doorpost. I hain't the least doubt that that very identical Blacksnake sent it. Thank God, his aim was not as his will! He's a bad chap. Why, I really believe it was he who murdered my old friend Dan White the trapper. If I only knew it was the fact, I wish I may be stuck, forked end uppermost, in a coon hole, if I wouldn't send a ball through his painted old braincase, this 'ere very identical minute. Darn your skin!" energetically growled Joe, shaking his fist at the distant canoe."

It would have saved Mr. Downs some trouble and suffering if he had yielded to the impulse, and expended half-an-ounce of lead upon Blacksnake, who, about a week later, sneaks up, with two companions, to

the trapper's pine-log fire, and shoots the unfortunate Joe, but is shot down himself, the very next moment, by Jonathan Romer, whose double barrel settles two of the murderers, and then descends with crushing force upon the cranium of the third. Joe not being dead, although very badly wounded, his young companion conveys him to a cave, whose hidden entrance the trapper had revealed to him the previous day, and there tends him till he is able to bear removal. With his committal to the hands of a village surgeon, Mr. Romer's backwoods adventures terminate, a source of regret to the reader, since they are more lively and attractive than some subsequent portions of the book, evidently deemed by the author more interesting and important, and therefore dwelt upon at greater length. Indeed it is our opinion that the author of *Kaloolah* is mistaken, as young authors constantly are, in the real scope and nature of his own abilities, and that he would shine much more in a novel of backwoods life, or nautical adventure, than in the mixed style he has selected for his first attempt, which is a sort of mosaic, distinguished rather for variety and vividness of colour than for harmony and regularity of design.

Jonathan reaches home in time to receive the last adieu of his mother, a worthy but eccentric old lady, who had fitted out her son, on his departure for school, with a winding-sheet, amongst other necessities, that he might be buried decently should he die far from his friends, and that he might be reminded of his mortality as often as he emptied his trunk. It was a curious conceit, but, as Jonathan observes, she was from Nantucket, and they are all queer people there, and filial affection induced him long to preserve the shroud. Mrs. Romer dead, her son applies to the study of surgery, gets himself into trouble by a body-snatching exploit, has to levant to New York, and there, finding he is still in danger from the friends of the disinterred corpse, who have set the police upon his track, ships himself on board the fine foretopsail schooner, "*Lively Anne*," bound for the Western Islands, and commanded by Captain Coffin, an old

shipmate of his father's. In this smart little craft, he sees some country and more water, until, upon the voyage from the Azores to Malaga, a white squall or a waterspout—which of the two he could never ascertain—capsizes the schooner and dashes him senseless down the hatchway, whence he was just emerging, in alarm at the sudden uproar on deck. On recovering himself, he finds the vessel dismasted, the deck swept of all its fixtures, and the captain and crew missing. Doubtless they had been hurled into the waves by the same terrible force that had shattered the bulwarks and carried away boats, casks, and galley. The horizon was now clear, not a sail was in sight, and Jonathan Romer was alone on a helpless wreck in the middle of the wide ocean. But he was a man of resource and mettle, whom it was hard to discourage or intimidate; and finding the schooner made no water, he righted her as well as he could, and resigned himself to float at the will of the wind until he should meet a rescuing sail. This did not occur for some weeks, during which he floated past Teneriffe in the night, within hail of fishermen, who would not approach him for fear of the quarantine laws. At last, sitting over his solitary dinner, he perceived a ship heading up for the schooner.

"As she came on, I had full time to note all her beautiful proportions. She was small, apparently not above 300 tons, and had a peculiarly trim and clipper-like look. Her bright copper, flashing occasionally in the sunlight, showed that she was in light sailing trim; whilst from the cut of her sails, the symmetrical arrangement of her spars and rigging, and her quarter-boats, I concluded she must be a man-of-war. Passing me about half a mile astern, she stood on for a little distance, then, hoisting the bilious-looking flag of Spain, she tacked and ran for me, backing her main-topsail within twenty yards of my larboard beam. Her quarter-boat was immediately lowered, and half-a-dozen fellows in red caps and flannel shirts, jumped into it, followed by an officer in a blue velvet jacket, with a strip of gold lace upon his shoulders, and a broad-brimmed straw hat upon his head. I ran below, stuffed all the money that I had in gold—about a thousand dollars—into my pockets, and got

upon deck again just as the boat touched the side."

The precaution was a good one: the saucy Bonito, Pedro Garbez master, was bound from Cuba to the coast of Africa, with a cut-throat crew and an empty slave-deck. Owing to an accident, she had sailed without a surgeon, and Romer was well received and treated, so soon as his profession was known. When he discovered the ship's character, he would gladly have left her, but means were wanting, for the Bonito loved not intercourse with passing craft, and touched nowhere until she reached her destination—Cabenda Bay, on the western coast of Africa. There being no slaves at Cabenda, it was resolved to run a few miles up the Congo river.

"We at length reached Loonbee, and anchored off the town, which is the chief market or slave-depot for Embomma. It consists of about a hundred huts of palm-leaves, with two or three block-houses, where the slaves are confined. About two hundred slaves were already collected, and more were on their way down the river, and from different towns in the interior. After presents for the King of Embomma, and for the Mafooka (a sort of chief of the board of slave-trade,) and other officials, had been made, and a deal of brandy drunk, we landed, and in company with several Fukas, or native merchants, and two or three Portuguese, went to take a look at the slaves. Each dealer paraded his gang for inspection, and loudly dilated upon their respective qualities. They were all entirely naked, and of all ages, sexes, and conditions, and all had an air of stolid indifference, varied only in some of them by an expression of surprise and fear at sight of the white men."

In one of these unfortunate groups of dingy humanity, Romer was struck by the appearance of a young girl, whose features widely differed from the usual African stamp, and whose complexion amongst a white population, would not have been deemed too dark for a brunette. Her gracefully curling hair contrasted with the woolly polls of her companions; her eyes were large and expressive, and her form elegant, but then emaciated by fatigue and ill-treatment. This is Kaloolah. On inquiry of the slave-dealer, a great burly negro, wielding

a long thong of plaited buffalo hide, Romer learned that she is of a far distant nation called the Gerboo Blanda, who dwell in stone houses on an extensive plain. The slave-dealer knows them only by report, and Kaloolah and her brother, who is near at hand, are the first specimens he has seen of this remote tribe. He had bought her two months' journey off, and then she had already come a long distance. And now that he had got them to the coast, he esteems them of small value compared to the full-blooded blacks; for Kaloolah has pined herself away to a shadow, and her brother, Enphadde, is bent upon suicide, and cannot be trusted with unfettered hands; so that for thirty dollars Romer buys them both. The Bonito having been driven out to sea by the approach of a British cruiser, he passes some days on shore with his new purchases; during which time, with a rapidity bordering on the miraculous, he acquires sufficient of their language, and they of his, to carry on a sort of piebald conversation, to learn the history of these pale Africans, and some particulars of their mysterious country.

"The Gerboo Blanda, I found, was a name given to their country by the Jagas, that its true name was Framazugda, and that the people were called Framazugs. That it was situated at a great distance in the interior, in a direction west by north, and that it was surrounded by negro and savage nations, through whom a trade was carried on with people at the north-west and east, none of whom, however, were ever seen at Framazugda, as the trade had to pass through a number of hands. Enphadde represented the country to be of considerable extent, consisting mostly of a lofty plateau or elevated plain, and exceedingly populous, containing numerous large cities, surrounded by high walls, and filled with houses of stone. Several large streams and lakes watered the soil, which, according to his account, was closely cultivated, and produced in abundance the greatest variety of trees, fruits, flowers, and grain. Over this country ruled Selha Shounsé, the father of Enphadde and Kaloolah, as king. It was in going from the capital to one of the royal gardens that their escort was attacked by a party of blacks from the lowlands, the attendants killed or dispersed, and the young prince and princess carried off."

Thirty dollars could hardly be deemed a heavy price for the son and daughter of the great Shounsé, and Jonathan was well pleased with his bargain, although it was not yet clear how he should realise a profit; but meanwhile it was something to be the proprietor of their royal highnesses of Framazugda; something too to gaze into Kaloolah's bright black eyes, and listen to her dulcet tones, as she warbled one of her country's ditties about the Fultul, a sweet-scented lily flourishing beside the rivulets of her native mountains. The verses, by the bye, are not to be commended in Mr. Romer's version; they perhaps sounded better in the original Framazug, and when issuing from the sweet lips of Kaloolah.

Instead of a week, the Bonito was a month absent, having been caught in a calm. Captain Pedro Garbez promised the Virgin Mary the value of a young negro in wax-lights for a capful of wind, but in vain; and he was fain to tear the hair from his head with impatience. Meanwhile Jonathan had caught a fever in the swamps of Congo, and Kaloolah had made his chicken-broth, and tended him tenderly, and restored him to health, although he was still so altered in appearance that Garbez knew him not when he mounted the side of the slaver. All speed was now made to buy and ship a cargo. The account of the latter process is interesting, and, we have no doubt, perfectly authentic; for although the author of *Kaloolah* has chosen to interlard, and perhaps deteriorate his book by strange stories of imaginary countries, animals, flowers, &c., it is not difficult to distinguish between his fact and his fiction, and to recognise the internal evidence of veracity and personal observation. A short extract may here with propriety be made, for the benefit of anti-slavery philanthropists.

"The first slaves that came on board were taken below the berth-deck, and arranged upon a temporary slave-deck placed over the water-casks, and at a distance of not more than three feet and a half from the deck overhead. . . . The slaves were arranged in four ranks. When lying down, the heads of the two outer ranks touched the sides of the ship,

their feet pointing inboard or athwart the vessel. They, of course, occupied a space fore and aft the ship, of about six feet on either side, or twelve feet of the whole breadth. At the feet of the outside rank came the heads of the inner row. They took up a space of six feet more on either side, or together twelve feet. There was still left a space running up and down the centre of the deck, two or three feet in breadth; along this were stretched single slaves, between the feet of the two inner rows, so that, when all were lying down, almost every square foot of the deck was covered with a mass of human flesh. Not the slightest space was allowed between the individuals of the ranks, but the whole were packed as closely as they could be, each slave having just room enough to stretch himself out flat upon his back and no more. In this way about two hundred and fifty were crowded upon the slave-deck, and as many more upon the berth-deck. Horrible as this may seem, it was nothing compared to the 'packing' generally practised by slavers. Captain Garbez boasted that he had tried both systems, tight packing and loose packing, thoroughly, and found the latter the best.

"If you call this loose packing," I replied, "have the goodness to explain what you mean by tight packing?"

"Why, tight packing consists in making a row sit with their legs stretched apart, and then another row is placed between their legs, and so on, until the whole deck is filled. In the one case each slave has as much room as he can cover lying; in the other only as much room as he can occupy sitting. With tight packing this craft ought to stow fifteen hundred."

The Bonito was not above three hundred tons. Such are the blessings for which the negroes are indebted to the tender-mercied emancipators who have ruined our West Indian colonies.

"When it comes to closing the hatches," (in the event of a gale) said Captain Pedro, "it is all up with the voyage. You can hardly save enough to pay expenses. They die like leeches in a thunderstorm. I was once in a little schooner with three hundred on board, and we were obliged to lie-to for three days. It was the worst sea I ever saw, and came near swamping us several times. We lost two hundred and fifty slaves in that gale. We couldn't get at the dead ones to throw them overboard very handily, and so those that didn't die from want of air were killed by the rolling and tumbling about of the corpses. Of

the living ones some had their limbs broken, and every one had the flesh of his leg worn to the bone, by the shackle irons.

"Good God! and you still pursue the horrible trade?"

"Certainly; why not? Despite of accidents the trade is profitable, and, for the cruelty of it, no one is to blame except the English. Were it not for them, large and roomy vessels would be employed, and it would be an object to bring the slaves over with every comfort, and in as good condition as possible. Now, every consideration must be sacrificed to the one great object—escape from capture by the British cruisers."

"I had no wish to reply to the captain's argument. One might as well reply to a defense of blasphemy or murder. Giddy, faint, and sick, I turned with loathing from the fiends in human guise, and sought the more genial companionship of the inmates of my state-room."

These were Kaloolah and Enphadde. To conceal the beauty of the former, perilous amidst the lawless crew of the slaver, Jonathan had marked her face with caustic, producing black spots which had the appearance of disease. This temporary disfigurement secured her from licentious outrage, but not from harsh treatment. Monte, second captain of the *Bonito*, was an ex-pirate, whose vessel had been destroyed by Yankee cruisers. To spite Romer, whom he detested as an American, he threatened to send Kaloolah and her brother amongst the slaves, and took every opportunity of abusing them. Chapter xxi. passes wholly on board the slaver, and is excellent of its kind. The *Bonito* is chased by a man-of-war, but escapes. At daybreak, whilst lying in his berth, Romer hears a bustle on deck, followed by shrill cries and plunges in the water. The following is good:—

"I jumped from my berth and stepped out upon deck. A dense fog brooded upon the surface of the ocean, and closely enveloped the ship—standing up on either side, like huge perpendicular walls of granite, and leaving a comparatively clear space—the area of the deck and the height of the maintopmast cross-trees. Inboard, the sight ranged nearly free fore-and-aft the ship, but seaward no eye could penetrate, more than a yard or two, the solid-looking barrier of vapour. A man standing on the taff-

rail might have seen the catheads the whole length of the deck, whilst at the same time, behind him, the end of the spanker boom, projecting over the water, was lost in the mist. I looked up at the perpendicular walls and the lofty arch overhead with feelings of awe, and, I may add, fear. Cursed, indeed, must be our craft, when the genius of the mist so carefully avoided the pollution of actual contact. His rolling legions were close around us, but vapoury horse and misty foot shrank back affrighted from the horrors of our blood-stained decks."

The phenomenon was doubtless attributable to the hot air generated in the crowded 'tween-decks. The cries and plashings that had startled Jonathan were soon explained. Virulent ophthalmia raged on board, and Monte was drowning the blind, whose value of course departed with their eyesight. A blind slave was "an encumbrance, an unsaleable article, a useless expense. Pitch him overboard! Twenty-five to-day, and a dozen more to-morrow!" But retribution was at hand, threatened, at least, by a British brig-of-war, which appeared when the fog cleared, at about a mile and a half to windward. During the chase, Monte, casually jostled by Kaloolah, struck her to the deck, and a furious scuffle ensued between him and Jonathan, who at last, seeing some of the crew approaching, knife in hand, leaped overboard, dragging his antagonist with him, and followed by Enphadde and Kaloolah. After a deep dive, during which Monte's tenacious grasp was at last relaxed, the intrepid Jonathan regained the surface, where he and his friends and enemy easily supported themselves till picked up by the brig. The swift slaver escaped. Monte was put in irons, Romer and his Framazugdan friends were made much of by Captain Halsey and the officers of her Majesty's brig *Flyaway*, and landed in the picturesque but pestilential shores of Sierra Leone. Then Kaloolah and her brother propose to seek their way homewards, and Jonathan takes ship for Liverpool. Previously to his departure, there are some love passages between the Yankee and the Princess of Framazugda. These are not particularly successful. Sentiment is not Dr. Mayo's forte: he is much happier in scenes of bustle

and adventure — when urging his weary dromedary across boundless tracts of sand, or waging deadly combat with the fierce inmates of African jungles. His book will delight Mr. Van Amburgh. There is a duel between a lion and a boa that we make no doubt of seeing dramatised at Astley's, as soon as a serpent can be tamed sufficiently for the performance. That Dr. Mayo's lions are of the very first magnitude, the following description shows:—"His body was hardly less in size than that of a dray-horse; his paw as large as the foot of an elephant; while his head! — what can be said of such a head? Concentrate the fury, the power, the capacity, and the disposition for evil of a dozen thunderstorms into a round globe about two feet in diameter, and one would then be able to get an idea of the terrible expression of that head and face, enveloped and set off as it was by the dark framework of bristling mane!" This pleasing quadruped, disturbed in its forest solitude by the advent of Jonathan and the fair Kaloolah, who have wandered, lover-like, to some distance from their bivouac, at once prepares to breakfast upon them. Jonathan had imprudently laid down his gun to pluck wild honeysuckles for his mistress, when the lion, stepping in, cuts him off from his weapon. Suddenly "the light figure of Kaloolah rushed past me: 'Fly, fly, Jon'than!' she wildly exclaimed, as she dashed forward directly towards the lion. Quick as thought, I divined her purpose, and sprang after her, grasping her dress, and pulling her forcibly back, almost from within those formidable jaws. The astonished animal gave several jumps sideways and backwards, and stopped, crouching to the ground, and growling and lashing his sides with renewed fury. It was clearly taken aback by our unexpected charge upon him, but yet was not to be frightened into abandoning his prey. His mouth was made up for us, and there could be no doubt, if his motions were a little slow, that he considered us as good as gorged." Pulling back Kaloolah, and drawing his knife, Romer awaits, with desperate determination, the monster's terrible onslaught, when an unexpected ally arrives to the

rescue. "It seemed as if one of the gigantic creepers I have mentioned had suddenly quitted the canopy above, and, endowed with life and a huge pair of widely distended jaws, had darted with the rapidity of lightning upon the crouching beast. There was a tremendous shaking of the tree-tops, and a confused wrestling and jumping and whirling over and about, amid a cloud of upturned roots and earth and leaves, accompanied with the most terrific roars and groans. As I looked again, vision grew more distinct. An immense body, gleaming with purple, green, and gold, appeared convoluted around the majestic branches overhead, and, stretching down, was turned two or three times around the struggling lion, whose head and neck were almost concealed from sight within the cavity of a pair of jaws still more capacious than his own." A full-grown boa, whose length is estimated by Mr. Romer at about a hundred feet, (much less than many he subsequently saw, but still "a very respectable-sized snake,") had dropped a few fathoms of coil from the gigantic tree around which he was twined, and enveloped the lion, who soon was crushed to death in the scaly embrace. Jonathan makes no doubt that the serpent was about to swallow his victim whole, according to the custom of his kind; and it is certainly to be regretted that the entreaties of Kaloolah, combined with the "strong sickly odour" diffused by the boa, prevented his remaining to witness a process of deglutition which, considering the dimensions of the morsel to be swallowed, could not have been otherwise than curious.

Wrecked a second time, Romer again reaches the coast of Africa, in company with an old sailor named Jack Thompson. They fall into the hands of the Bedouins, and suffer much ill treatment, an account of which, and of various adventures and escapes, occupy many chapters, and would have borne a little curtailment. Romer is wandering about with a tribe, upon whom he has passed himself off as an Arab from a distant region, when he is compelled to join in an attack on a caravan. Kaloolah is amongst the prisoners. She has been captured by a party of slave-

hunters, and is on her way to Morocco, where her master hopes her beauty will fetch a good price from the Emperor Muley Abderrahman. In the partition of the spoil, she falls to the share of an old Arab, who is ill satisfied with the acquisition. "He was extremely chagrined at the turn of fortune which threatened to throw into the wrangling elements of his domestic felicity a feminine superfluity—or, as he expressed it, 'another tongue in his tent.'"

"'Bismillah!' he exclaimed; 'God is great, but this is a small thing! She is not a man; she is not a black—she cannot work; but won't she eat and talk! They all eat and talk. I take a ~~clab~~ sometimes, and knock them down; beat them; break their bones; but they still eat and talk! God's will be done! but it is too much to put such a thing upon me for my share! She is good for nothing: I cannot sell her.'"

The grumbling old Bedouin did sell her, however, to Jonathan, for three or four cotton shirts. Flight now becomes necessary, for Hassan, son of the chief of the tribe, seeks Jonathan's life, and Mrs. Ali, the chief's wife, persecutes him with her misplaced affection, and is spiteful to Kaloolah, whom she looks upon as the chief obstacle to its requital. Upon this head our Yankee is rather good: "Respect for the sex," he says, "and a sentiment of gentlemanly delicacy, which the reader will appreciate, prevents me from dwelling upon the story at length. It was wrong, undoubtedly, in Sefiora to love any other than her old, rugose-faced, white-bearded husband; but it is not for me to blame her. One thing, however, in her conduct can hardly be excused. True, I might have treated her affection with more tenderness; I might have nursed the gentle flowers of passion, instead of turning away from their fragrance; I might have responded to that 'yearning of the soul for sympathy'—have relieved, with the food of love, 'the mighty hunger of the heart;' but all this, and more that I might have done, but did not do, gave her no right to throw stones at Kaloolah." To avoid the pelting and other disagreeables, the lovers take themselves off in the night-time, mounted on *heiries*—camels of a pecu-

liar breed and excellence, famed in the desert for endurance and speed. On their road they pick up, in a Moorish village, an Irish renegade; at some salt-works, they find Jack Thompson working as a slave; and soon afterwards their party is increased to five persons, by the addition of Hassan, a runaway negro. With this motley tail, Mr. Romer pushes on in the direction of Framazugda. Here the editor very judiciously epitomises six long chapters in as many pages; and, immediately after this compressed portion, there begins what may be strictly termed the fabulous, or almost the supernatural part of the book. Previously to this there have been not a few rather startling incidents, but now the author throws the rein on the neck of his imagination, and scours away into the realms of the extravagant; still striving, however, by circumstantial detail, to give an appearance of probability to his astounding and ingenious inventions. Some of the descriptions of scenery and savage life in the wilderness are vivid and striking, and show power which might be better applied. Of the fabulous animals, the following account of an amiable reptile, peculiar to central Africa, will serve as a sufficient specimen of Yankee natural history:—

"It is an amphibious polypus. If the reader will conceive a large cart-wheel, the *hub* will represent the body of the animal, and the spokes the long arms, about the size and shape of a full-grown kangaroo's tail, and twenty in number, that project from it. When the animal moves upon land, it stiffens these radii, and rolls over upon the points like a wheel without a felloe. These arms have also the capability of a lateral prehensile contraction in curves, perpendicular to its plane of revolution, and enable the animal to grasp its prey, and draw it into its voracious mouth. It attacks the largest animals, and even man itself; but, if dangerous upon land, it is still more formidable in the water, where it has been known to attack and kill an alligator. This horrible monster is known by the name of the Sempersough or 'snake-star,' and is more dreaded than any other animal of Framazugda, inasmuch as the natives have no way of destroying it, except by catching it when young, in cane traps sunk in the water, and baited with hippopotamus cubs (!) Fortunately it is not

very prolific; and its increase is further prevented by the furious contests that these animals have among themselves. Sometimes twenty or thirty will grasp each other with their long arms, and twist themselves up into a hard and intricate knot. In this situation they remain, hugging and gnawing each other to death; and never relaxing their grasp until their arms are so firmly intertwined that, when life is extinct, and the huge mass floats, they cannot be separated. The natives now draw the ball ashore, cut it up with axes, and make it into a compost for their land." (!)

Is Dr. Mayo addicted to heavy suppers? We can just fancy an unfortunate individual, after a midnight meal on a shield of brawn and a Brobdignagian crab, which he has omitted to qualify by a subsequent series of stiff tumbler, sinking into an uneasy slumber, and being rolled over by such an incubus as this vivacious waggon-wheel. Doubtless there is a possibility of a man dieting himself into this style of writing, whereof a short specimen may excite a smile, but whose frequent recurrence is necessarily wearisome, and which obviously escapes criticism. But the author of *Kaloolah* is not contented with brute monstrosities. He chronicles reports that reach his hero's ears, of nations of human monsters, with teeth filed to a sharp point (no uncommon practice amongst certain negro tribes,) with tusks projecting like those of a wild boar, and with pendant lips that continually drop blood. All this is childish enough; but Jack Thompson, who is a dry dog, caps these astounding fictions with a cannibal yarn from the Southern Hemisphere.

"'I've been among the New Zealanders,' quoth Jack, 'and there they use each other for fresh grub, as regular as boiled duff in a man-of-war's mess. They used to eat their fathers and mothers, when they got too old to take care of themselves; but now they've got to be more civilised, and so they only eat ricketty children, and slaves, and enemies taken in battle.'

"'A decided instance of the progress of improvement, and march of mind,' said I.

"'Well, I believe that is what the missionaries call it,' replied Jack; but it's a bad thing for the old folks. They don't take to the new fashion—they are

in favour of the good old custom. I never see'd the thing myself; but Bill Brown, a messmate of mine once, told me that, when he was at the Bay of Islands, he see'd a great many poor old souls going about with tears in their eyes, trying to get somebody to eat them. One of them came off to the ship, and told them that he couldn't find rest in the stomachs of any of his kindred, and wanted to know if the crew wouldn't take him in. The skipper told him he was on monstrous short allowance, but he couldn't accommodate him. The poor old fellow, Bill said, looked as though his heart would break. There were plenty of sharks round the ship, and the skipper advised him to jump overboard; but he couldn't bear the idea of being eaten raw.'

The great audacity of Dr. Mayo's fictions preclude surprise at the boldness of his tropes and similes. The tails of his lions lash the ground "with a sound like the falling of clods upon a coffin;" their roar is like the boom of a thirty-two pounder, shaking the trees, and rattling the boulders in the bed of the river. Of course, allowance must be made for the vein of humorous rhodomontade peculiar to certain American writers, and into which Dr. Mayo sometimes unconsciously glides, and, at others, voluntarily indulges. His description of the conjuring tricks of the Framazugdan jugglers comes under the latter head.

"Some of them were truly wonderful, as, for instance, turning a man into a tree bearing fruit, and with monkeys skipping about in the branches; and another case, where the chief juggler apparently swallowed five men, ten boys, and a jackass, threw them all up again, turned himself inside out, blew himself up like a balloon, and exploding with a loud report, disappeared in a puff of luminous vapour. I could not but admire the skill with which the tricks were performed, although I was too much of a Yankee to be much astonished at anything in the *Hey, Presto!* line."

A countryman of Mr. Jefferson Davis is not expected to feel surprise at anything in the way of sleight of hand, or "double shuffle;" and there was probably nothing more startling to the senses in the evaporation of King Shounsé's conjuror, than in the natural self-extinction of the Mississippian debt. It is only a pity that Jonathan Romer did not carry his

smart fellow-citizen to the country of the *Pholdefoos*, a class of enthusiasts who devote their lives to a search for the germs of moral, religious, and political truth. Mr. Davis would have felt rather out of his element at first, but could not have failed ultimately to have benefited by his sojourn amongst these singular savages.

On coming in sight of her father's capital, Kaloolah is overcome with emotion, and sinks weeping into her brother's arms. "I felt," says Jonathan, "that this was a situation in which even the most sympathising lover would be *de trop*. There were thronging associations which I could not share, vibrating memories to which my voice was not attuned, bonds of affection which all-powerful love might transcend, and even disrupt, but whose precise nature it could not assume. There are some lovers who are jealous of such things—fellows who like to wholly monopolise a woman, and who are constantly on the watch, seizing and appropriating her every look, thought, and feeling, with somewhat of the same notion of an exclusive right, as that with which they pocket a tooth-pick. I am not of that turn. The female heart is as curiously and as variously stocked as a country dry-goods store. A man may be perhaps allowed to select out, for his own exclusive use, some of the heavier articles, such as sheetings, shirtings, flannels, trace-chains, hobby-horses, and goose-yokes; but that is no reason why the neighbours should be at once cut off from their accustomed supply of small-wares."

We venture to calculate that it takes a full-blooded Yankee to write in this strain, which reminds us, remotely, it is true, of some of Mr. Samuel Slick's eccentric fancies. Dr. Mayo has considerable versatility of pen; he dashes at everything, from the ultra-grotesque to the hyper-sentimental, from the wildest fable to the most substantial matter-of-fact; and if not particularly successful in some styles, in others he really makes what schoolboys call "a very good offer."

But the taste of the day is by no means for extravaganza travels, after the fashion of Gulliver, but without the brilliant and searching satire that lurks in Lilliput and Laputa. Mr. Herman Melville might have known that much; although we have heard say that certain keen critics have caught glimpses in his *Mardi* of a hidden meaning—one, however, which the most penetrating have hitherto been unable to unravel. We advise Dr. Mayo to start afresh, with a better scheme. Instead of torturing his inventive faculties to produce rotatory dragons, wingless birds, (propelled through the air by valves in their heads,) and countries where courtiers, like Auriol in the ring at Frahcon's, do public homage by standing on their hands; let him seek his inspiration in real life, as it exists in the wilder regions of the vast continent of which he is a native. A man who has strayed so far, and seen so much, can hardly be at a loss. The slaver's surgeon, the inmate of the Bedouin's tent, the bold explorer of the deadly swamps of Congo, had surely rambled nearer home before a restless fancy lured him to such distant and dangerous latitudes. Or are we too bold in assuming that the wilds and forests of Western America have echoed to the crack of his rifle, and that the West Indian seas have borne the furrow of his vessel's prow? It is in such scenes we would gladly find him, when next he risks himself in print: beneath the shade of the live oak or on the rolling prairie, or where the black flag, with the skeleton emblem, floats from the masthead. He has worked out his crotchet of an imaginary white nation in the heart of Africa, carrying it through with laborious minuteness, and with results hardly equal to the pains bestowed: let him now turn from the ideal to the real, and may our next meeting be on the Spanish main under rover's bunting, or west of the clearings, where the bison roams and the Redskin prowls, and the stragglers from civilisation have but begun to show themselves.

THE GREEN HAND.*

A "SHORT" YARN.—PART III.

THE evening after that in which the commander of the Gloucester Indianan introduced his adventures, nearly the same party met on the poop to hear them continued.

"Well then," began Captain Collins, leaning back against a stanchion of the quarter-rail, with folded arms, legs crossed, and his eyes fixed on the weather leech of the mizen-topsail to collect his thoughts;—"well then, try to fancy the Seringapatam in chase of the Gloucester; and if I *do* use a few extra sea-terms, I consider the ladies good enough sailors for them already. At any rate, just throw a glance aloft now and then, and our good old lady will explain herself; to her own sex, she's as good as a dictionary without words!

The second day out we had the wind more from seaward, which broke up the haze into bales of cloud, and away they went rolling in for the Bay of Biscay; with a longer wave and darker water, and the big old Indianan surged over it as easily as might be, the blue breeze gushing right into her main-tack through the heave of the following seas, and the tail of the trade-wind flying high above her trucks in shreds and patches. Things got more ship-shape on deck; anchor-flukes brought in-board on the head-rail, and cables stowed away—the very best sign you can have of being clear of the land. The first officer, as they called him, was a good-looking fellow, that thought no small-beer of himself, with his glossy blue jacket and Company's buttons, white trowsers, and a gold thread round his cap: he had it stuck askew to show how his hair was brushed, and changed his boots every time he came on deck. Still he looked like a sailor, if but for the East India brown on his face, and there was no mistake about his knowing how to set a sail, trim yards, or put the ship about; so that the stiff old skipper left a great deal to him, besides trusting in him

for a first-rate navigator that had learned headwork at a naval school. The crew were to be seen all mustering before tea-time in the dog-watch, with their feet just seen under the foot mat of the fore-course, like actors behind a playhouse curtain: men that I warrant you had seen every country under heaven amongst them, as private as possible, and ready to enjoy their pots of tea upon the forecastle, as well as their talk.

The old judge evidently fought shy of company, and perhaps meant to have his own mess-table under the poop as long as the voyage lasted: scarcely any of the ladies had apparently got their sea-qualms over yet, and, for all I knew, *she* might not be on board at all; or, if she were, her father seemed quite Turk enough to keep her boxed up with jalousie-blinds, Calcutta fashion, and give her a walk in the middle watch, with the poop tabooed till morning! The jolly, red-faced indigo-planter was the only one that tried to get up anything like spirit at the table; indeed, he would have scraped acquaintance with me if I had been in a mood for it: all I did was to say 'Yes' and 'No,' and to take wine with him. "Poor fellow!" said he, turning to three or four of the cadets, that stuck by him like pilot-fish to an old shark, "he's thinking of his mother at home, I daresay." The fools thought this was meant as a joke, and began to laugh. "Why, you unfledged griffins you," said the planter, "what d'ye see to nicker at, like so many jackals in a trap? D'ye suppose one thinks the less of a man for having a heart to be sick in, as well as a stomach—eh?" "Oh, don't speak of it, Mr. Rollock!" said one. "Come, come, old boy!" said another, with a white mustache on his lip, "'twon't do for you to go the sentimental, you know!" "Capsize my main-spanker, 'tis too funny, though!" put in a fellow who wore a glazed hat on deck,

* See No. CCCCL., March 1849.

and put down all the ropes with numbers on paper, as soon as he had done being sick. The planter leant back in his chair, looked at them coolly, and burst out a-laughing. "Catch me ever 'going home' again!" said he. "Of all the absurd occasions for impudence with the egg-shell on its head coming out, hang me if these fifteen thousand miles of infernal sea-water ain't the worst! India for ever!—that's the place to try a man! He's either sobered or gets room to work there; and just wait, my fine fellows, till I see you on the Custom-house *Bunda* at Bombay, or setting off up country—you're all of you the very food for *sircars* and *coolies*! That quiet lad there, now, soft as he looks,—I can tell by his eye he won't be long a griff—He'll do something! I tell you what, as soon as he's tasted a mango-fish, he'll *understand* the country! Why, sir!" said he again, smacking his lips, "'tis worth the voyage of itself—you begin a new existence, so to speak! I'll be bound all this lot o' water don't contain one single mango-fish! Remember, boys, I promised you all a regular blow-out of mango-fish, and *florian* with bread-sauce, whenever you can get across to Chuckbully Factory!" "Blow good breeze, then; blow away the main jib!" said the nautical young gentleman; "I'll join you, old fellow!" "Not the best way to bring it about, though!" said the indigo-planter, good-naturedly, not knowing but there *was* such a sail on the ship.

The yellow setting sun was striking over the starboard quarter-boat, and the Bay of Biscay lay broad down to leeward for a view—a couple of large craft, with all studding-sails set before the wind, making for land, far enough off to bring their canvass in a piece, and begin to look blue with the air—one like a milk-woman with pithers and a hoop; the other like a girl carrying a big bucketful of water, and leaning the opposite way to steady herself. There was one far to north-east, too, no more than a white speck in the gray sky; and the land-cloud went up over it into so many sea-lions' heads, all looking out of their manes. The children clapped their hands and laughed; and the ladies talked about the vessels,

and thought they saw land—Spain or the Pyrenees, perhaps. However, it wasn't long before my American friend Snout caught sight of me in the midst of his meditations, as he turned bolt round on his toes to hurry aft again. "The fact is, mister," said he, "I'm riled a little at the 'tarnation pride of you Britishers. There now," said he, pointing at the blaze of the sun to westward, with his chin, "there's a consolation! I calculate the sun's just over Noo-York, which I expect to give you old country folks considerable pain!"

"No doubt!" said I, with a sigh, "one can't help thinking of a banker run off with ever so much English gold!" "You're a sensible chap, you are. It's a right-down asylum for oppressed Europeans, that can't be denied." "And Africans too," I put in. "Indy, now," said he, "I reckon there's a sight of dollars made in that country—you don't s'pose I'm goin' out there for nothing? We'll just take it out o' your hands yet, mister. I don't ought to let you into the scheme till I know you better, you see; but I expect to want a sort o' company got up before we land. There's one of your nabobs, now, came into the ship at Portsmouth with a whole tail of niggers-dressed-up —." "And a lady with him, I think?" said I, as coolly as I could. —"I'll somehow open on that chap about British tyranny, I guess, after gettin' a little knowledge out of him. We'd just *rise* the niggers, if they had *not* such a right-down curious *my-thullogy*—but I tell you now, mister, that's one of the very p'int I expect to meet. Miss'naries won't do it so slick off in two thousand years, I kinder think, as this indentical specoolation will in *ten*,—besides payin' like Peruvian mines, which the miss'nary line don't. I'm a regoolar Down-easter, ye see—kinder piercin' into a subject, like our nation in gin'ral—and the whull schim hangs together a little, I calculate, mister?" "So I should think, Mr. Snout, indeed," I said. Here the American gave another chuckle, and turned to again on his walk, double quick, till you'd have thought the whole length of the poop shook; when who should I see with the

tail of my eye, but my friend the Kit-magar salaaming to Mr. Snout, by the break of the quarter-deck. The Yankee seemed rather taken aback at first, and didn't know what to make of him. "S'laam, sah'b," said the dark servant, with an impudent look, and loud enough for me to hear, as I stepped from aft—"Judge sahib i-send genteeman salaam—say too much hivvy boot he got—all same as *Illimphant*! S'pose master not so much loud walk, *this side*?" "Well," broke out the American, looking at the Bengalee's flat turban and mustache, as if he were too great a curiosity to be angry with, then, turning on his heel to proceed with his walk, "Now, mister," said he to me, "that's what I call an incalculable impudent black—but he's the first I ever saw with hair on his lip, it's a fact!" "Master not *mind*?" said the Kit-magar, raising his key next time Mr. Snout wheeled round. "Judge sahib burra burra buhadoorkea!—ver' great man!" "D—— niggur!" said Mr. Snout, tramping away aft; "there's your British regoolations, I say, young man! niggurs bääing on the quarter-deck, and free born citizens put off it!" "*Bhote khoob*, mistree!" squeaked out the native again; "burra judge sahib not i-sleep apter he dine?—veri well—I tell the sahib, passiger mistree moor stamp-i-stamp all the moor I can say!" So off he went to report in the poop-cabin. A little after, up shot a head wrapped in a yellow bandanna, just on the level of the poop-deck, looking through the breast-rail; and the next thing I saw was the great East Indian himself, with a broad-flapped Manilla hat over this top-gear, and a red-flowered dressing-gown, standing beside the binnacle with Captain Williamson. "What the duce, Captain Williamson!" said the judge, with an angry glance up to the poop, "cannot I close my eyelids after dinner for one instant—in my own private apartments, sir—for this hideous noise! Who the duce is that person there—eh, eh?" "He's an American gentleman, I believe, Sir Charles," replied the captain. "Believe, sir!" said the judge, "you ought to *know* every individual, I think. Captain Williamson, whom you admitted into

this vessel! I expressly stipulated for quiet, sir—I understood that no suspicious or exceptionable persons should travel in the same conveyance with *my* suwarry. I'd have taken the whole ship, sir!" "I've no more to do than tell him the regulations aboard, Sir Charles," said the captain, "and the annoyance will cease." "Tell him, indeed!" said the judge, a little more good-humouredly, "why, captain, the man looks like a sea-pirate! You should have taken only such raw griffins as that young lad on the other side. Ho, kitmagar!" "Maharaj?" said the footman bowing down to the deck. "*Slippers lao*?" "Jee, khodabund," answered the native, and immediately after he reappeared from the round-house door, with a pair of turned-up yellow slippers. "Take them up with my salaam to that gentleman there," said Sir Charles, in Hindostanee, "and ask him to use them." "Hullo!" sung out Mr. Snout, on being hove-to by the kitmagar, with one hand on his breast and the other holding the slippers, "this won't do! You'd better not *rile* me again, you cussed niggur you—out o' my way!" There they went at it along the poop together, Mr. Snout striding right forward with his long legs, and the kitmagar hopping backward out of his way, as he tried to make himself understood; till, all at once, the poor fellow lost his balance at the ladder-head, and over he went with a smash fit to have broken his neck, if the captain's broad back hadn't fortunately been there to receive it. The rage of Sir Charles at this was quite beyond joking; nothing else would satisfy him but the unlucky Yankee's being shoved off the poop by main force, and taken below—the one stamping and roaring like an old buffalo, and the other testifying against all "aristocratycal tyranny."

At eight bells, again, I found it a fine breezy night, the two upper mates walking the weather quarter-deck in blue-water style, six steps and a look to windward, then a wheel round, and, now and then, a glance into the binnacle. I went aft and leant over the Seringapatam's lee quarter, looking at the white backwash running aft from her bows, in

green sparks, into the smooth along-side, and the surge coming round her counter to meet it. Everything was set aloft that could draw, even to a starboard main-topmast-stunsail; the high Indianman being lighter than if homeward-bound, and the breeze strong abeam, she had a good heel-over to port: but she went easily through the water, and it was only at the other side you heard it rattling both ways along the bends. The shadow of her went far to leeward, except where a gleam came on the top of a wave or two between the sails and under their foot. Just below the sheer of the hull aft it was as dark as night, though now and then the light from a port struck on it and went in again; but every time she sank, the bright of her wake from astern swelled up away round the counter, with its black side as smooth as a looking-glass. I kept peering into it, and expecting to see my own face, while all the time I was very naturally thinking of one quite different, and felt uneasy till I should actually see her. "Confound it!" I thought, "were it only a house, one might walk round and round it till he found out the window!" I fancied her bewitching face through the garden door, as clearly as if I saw it in the dark head of the swell; but I'd have given more only to hear that imp of a cockatoo scream once—whereas there was nothing but the water working up into the rudder case; the pintles creaking, and the tiller-ropes cheeping as they traversed; and the long welter of the sea when the ship eased down, with the surgeon and his friends walking about and laughing up to windward. From that, again, I ran on putting things together, till, in fact, Jacobs's notion of a shipwreck seemed by far the best. No doubt Jacobs and Westwood, with a few others, would be saved, while I didn't even object much to the old nabob himself, for respectability's sake, and to spare crape. But, by Jove, wouldn't one bring him to his bearings soon enough there! Every sailor gets hold of this notion some night-watch or other, leaning over the side, with pretty creatures aboard he can scarce speak to otherwise; and I was coiling it down so fast myself, at the

moment, that I had just begun to pitch into the nabob about our all being Adam's sons and daughters, under a knot of green palm-trees, at the door of a wooden house, half thatched with leaves, when I was brought up with a round turn by seeing a light shining through the hazy bull's-eye in the deck where I stood. No doubt the sweet girl I had been thinking of was actually there, and going to bed! I stretched over the quarter, but the heavy mouldings were in the way of seeing more than the green bars of the after window—all turned edgeway to the water, where the gallery hung out like a corner turret from the ship's side. Now and then, however, when she careened a little more than ordinary, and the smooth lee swell went heaping up opposite, I could notice the light through the venetians from the state-room come out upon the dark water in broad bright lines, like the grate across a fire, then disappearing in a ripple, till it was gone again, or somebody's shadow moved inside. It was the only lighted window in the gallery, and I looked every time it came as if I could see in; when at last, you may fancy my satisfaction, as, all of a sudden, one long slow heave-over of the ship showed me the whole bright opening of the port, squared out of her shadow, where it shone upon the glassy round of the swell. 'Twas as plain as from a mirror in a closet,—the lighted gallery window with its frame swung in, a bit of the deck-roof I was standing on, and two female figures at the window—mere dark shapes against the lamp. I almost started back at the notion of their seeing me but away lengthened the light on the breast of the swell, and it sank slowly down into a black hollow, as the Indianman eased up to windward. Minute by minute, quite breathless, did I watch for such another chance; but next time she leant over as much, the port had been closed, and all was dark; although those few moments were enough to send the heart into my mouth with sheer delight. The figure I had seen holding with one hand by the portsill, and apparently keeping up her dress with the other, as if she were looking down steadily on the heave of the sea below—it

couldn't be mistaken. The line of her head, neck, and shoulders, came out more certain than if they hadn't been filled up with nothing but a black shadow; it was just Lota Hyde's, as she sat in the ball-room amongst the crowd, I'd have bet the Victory to a bumboat on it: only her hair hung loose on one side, while the girl behind seemed to be dressing the other, for it was turned back, so that I saw clear past her cheek and neck to where the lamp was, and her ear gleamed to the light. For one moment nothing could be plainer, than the glimpse old Davy Jones gave me by one of his tricks; but the old fellow was quite as decorous in his way as a chamber-blind, and swallowed his pretty little bit of blab as quickly as if it had been a mermaid caught at her morning toilet. Whenever I found there was to be no more of it for the night, the best thing to calm one's feelings was to light a cigar and walk out the watch; but I took care it should rather be over the nabob's head than his daughter's, and went up to the weather side, where there was nobody else by this time, wishing her the sweetest of dreams, and not doubting I should see her next day.

I daresay I should have walked out the first watch, and the second too, if Westwood hadn't come up beside me before he turned in.

"Why, you look like the officer of the watch, Ned!" said my friend, after taking a glance round at the night. "Yes—what?—a—a—I don't think so," stammered I, not knowing what he said, or at least the meaning of it, though certainly it was not so deep. "I hope not though, Tom!" said I again, "'tis the very thing I don't want to look like!" "You seem bent on keeping it up, and coming the innocent, at any rate," said he; "I really didn't know you the first time I saw you in the cuddy." "Why, man, you never saw our theatricals in the dear old Iris, on the African station! I was our best female actor of tragedy there, and *did* Desdemona so well that the black cook who stood for Othello actually cried. He said, 'Nobody but 'ee dibble himself go for smudder missee Dasedmoner!'" "I daresay," said Westwood; "but what is the need for it *now*, even if you could

serve as a blind for me?" "My dear fellow," said I, "not at all—you've kept it up very well so far—just go on." "Keep it up, Ned?" inquired he, "what do you mean? I've done nothing except keep quiet, from mere want of spirits." "So much the better," I said; "I never saw a man look more like a prophet in the wilderness; it doesn't cost you the least trouble—why you'd have done for Hamlet in the Iris, if for nothing else! After all, though, a missionary don't wear blue pilot-cloth trousers, nor tie his neckerchief as you do, Tom. You must bend a white neckcloth to-morrow morning! I'm quite serious, Westwood, I assure you," continued I. "Just think of the suspicious look of two navy men being aboard an *Indian*, nobody knows how! Why, the first frigate we speak, or port we touch at, they'd hand one or both of us over at once—which I, for my part, shouldn't at all like!" "Indeed, Collins," said Tom, turning round, "I really cannot understand *why* you went out in her! It distresses me to think that here you've got yourself into this scrape on my account! At least you'll put back in the first home-bound ship we—"

"Oh!" exclaimed I, blushing a little in the dark though, both at Westwood's simplicity and my not wishing to tell him my secret yet—"I am tired of shore—I *want* to see India again—I'm thinking of going into the *army*, curse it!" "The *army*, indeed!" said Westwood, laughing for the first time, "and you midshipman all over. No—no—that won't do! I see your drift, you can't deceive *me*! You're a true friend, Ned, to stand by an old schoolmate so!" "No, Tom," said I; "'tis yourself has too kind a heart, and more of a sailor's, all fair and above-board, than I can manage! I *won't* humbug you, at any rate—I tell you I've got a scheme of my own, and you'll know more of it soon." Tom whistled; however I went on to tell him, "The long and the short of it is, Westwood, you'll bring both of us by the head if you don't keep up the missionary." "Missionary!" repeated he; "you don't mean to say you and Neville intended all that long toggery you supplied my kit with, for me to sail under *missionary*

colours? I tell you what, Ned, it's not a character I like to cut jokes upon, much less to sham!" "Jokes!" said I; "there's no joking about it; 'tis serious enough." Why," said Westwood, "now I know the reason of a person like a clergyman sighting me through his spectacles for half an hour together, these two evenings below! This very afternoon he called me his brother, and began asking me all manner of questions which I could no more answer than the cook's mate." "Clergyman be hanged!" said I, "you must steer clear of him, Tom—take care you don't bowse up your jib too much within hail of him! Mind, I gave your name, both to the head-steward and the skipper, as the Reverend Mr. Thomas, going back to Bombay." "The devil you did!" "Why there was nothing else for it, Westwood," I said, "when you were beyond thinking for yourself. All you've got to do with that solemn chap in the spectacles, is just to look as wise as possible, and let him know you belong to the Church. And as for shamming, you needn't sham a bit—take to it, my dear fellow, if that will do you good!" I said this in joke, but Westwood seemed to ponder on it for a minute or two. "Indeed, Collins," said he gravely, "I do think you're right. What do we sailors do, but give up everything in life for a mere school-boy notion, and keep turning up salt water for years together like the old monks did the ground; only they grew corn and apples for their pains, and we have nothing but ever so many dull watches and wild cruises ashore to remember! How many sailors have turned preachers and missionaries, just because something, by accident, as it were, taught them to put to account what you can't help feeling now and then in the very look of the sea. What does it mean in the Scriptures, Ned, about 'seeing the wonders of the Lord in the deep?'" As Westwood said this, both of us stopped on the taffrail, and, somehow or other, a touch of I didn't well know *what* went through me. I held my breath, with his hand on my arm, just at the sight I had seen a thousand times—the white wake running broad away astern, with a mark in the middle as if it had been torn, on to the green yeast of the waves, then

right to their black crests plunging in the dark. It was midnight ahead, and the clouds risen aloft over where I had been looking half an hour before; but the long ragged split to westward was opened up, and a clear glaring glance of the sky, as pale as death, shot through it on the horizon. "I can't be sorry for having gone to sea," said Westwood again; "but isn't it a better thing to leave home and friends, as those men do, for the sake of carrying the gospel to the heathen?" As soon as we wheeled round, with the ship before us, leaning over and mounting to the heave, and her spread of canvass looming out on the dark, my thoughts righted. "Well," said I, "it may be all very well for some—every one to his rope; but, for my part, I think if a man hadn't been made for the sea, he couldn't have built a ship, and where would your missionaries be *then*? You're older than I am, Westwood, or I'd say you let some of your notions run away with you, like a Yankee ship with her short-handed crew!" "Oh, Ned," said he, "of all places in the world for one's actions coming back on him the sea is the worst, especially when you're an idler, and have nothing to do but count the sails, or listen to the passengers' feet on deck. These two days, now, I've thought more than I ever did in my life. I can't get that man's death out of my head; every time the sea flashes round me as I come from below, I think of him—it seems to me he is lying yet by the side of the Channel. I can't help having the notion he perhaps *fired in the air*." "'Twas a base lie!" said I; "if he weren't *there*, you wouldn't be here, I can tell you, Westwood." "I don't know how I shall ever drag through this voyage," continued he. "If there were a French gunboat to cut out to-morrow morning, or if we were only to have a calm some day in sight of a Spanish slaver,—'tis nothing but a jogging old Indianman though! I shall never more see the flag over my head with pride—every prospect I had was in the service!"

Next morning was fine, and promised to be hot; the ship still with a sidewind from near south-west, which 'twas easy to see had slackened since midnight with a pour of rain, the

sails being all wet, and coats hung to dry in the fore-rigging; she was going little more than five or six knots headway. The water was bluer, lifting in long waves, scarce a speck of foam except about the ship; but instead of having broke up with the sun, or sunk below the level, the long white clouds were risen high to leeward, wandering away at the top and facing us steady below out of the sky, a pretty sure sign they had more to do. However, the Indianman was all alive from stem to stern: decks drying as clean as a table; hens and ducks clucking in the coops at their food; pigs grunting; stewards and cabin-boys going fore and aft, below and above, and the men from aloft coming slowly down for breakfast, with an eye into the galley funnel. Most of the passengers were upon deck, in knots all along the poop-nettings to look out for Corvo and Flores, the westernmost of the Azores, which we had passed before daybreak.

"I say, Fawd!" said the warlike cadet with the mustache, all of a sudden yawning and stretching himself, as if he'd been struck with the thing himself. "Cussed dull this vessel already, ain't it?" "Blast me, no, you fellow!" said Ford, the nautical man—"that's because you're not interested in the ocean—the sea—as I am! You should study the *craft*, Bob, my boy! I'll teach you to go aloft. I only wish it would blow harder—not a mere capful of wind, you know, but a tempest!" "By Jove! Fawd," said the other, "*how we shall* enjoy India—even that breakfast with old Rollock! By the bye, ain't breakfast ready yet?" These two fellows, for my part, I took for a joint-model, just trying to hit a mid-helm betwixt them, else I couldn't have got through it: accordingly they both patronised me. "Haw, Cawllins!" said one, nodding to me. "Is that you, my boy?" said the other; "now you're a fellow *never* would make a sailor!" "I daresay not," I said, gravely, "if they have all to commence as horse-marines." "Now, such ignorance!" said Ford; "marines don't ride horses, Collins, you fellow!—how d'you think they could be *fed* at sea—eh?"

"Well—now—that didn't occur to me!" said I, in the cadet key. "Fawd, my boy, you—demmee—you know too much—you're quite a sea-cook!" "Oh, now! But I'm afraid, Winterton, I never shall land ashore in India—I *am* tempted to go into the navy instead." "I say, Mr. Ford," put in a fat unlicked cub of a tea-middy, grinning as he listened, "I've put you up to a few *rises* aboard, but I don't think I told you we've got a dozen or so of *donkeys** below in the steerage?" "Donkeys!—no?" said the griffin. "Yes," replied the midshipman; "they kick like blazes, though, if they get loose in a gale—why mine, now, would knock a hole through the side in no time—I'll show you them for a glass of grog, Mr. Ford." "Done!" and away they went. "That fool, Fawd, you know, Cawllins, makes one sick with his stuff: I declare he chews little bits of tobacco in our room till he vomits as much as before," said Winterton. "I tell you what, Cawllins, you're a sensible man—I'll let you into a secret! What do you think—there's the deucedest pretty girl in the vessel, we've none of us seen except myself; I caught a sight of her this very mawning. She don't visit the cuddy at all; papa's proud, you pusseeve—a nabob, in short!" "Oh, dear!" said I. "Yes, I do assure you, quite a bew-ty! What's to be done?—we absolutely must meet her—eh, Cawllins?" Here I mused a bit. "Oh!" said I, looking up again, "shall we send a deputation, do you think?" "Or get up a ball, Cawllins!—Hallo, what's this?" said he, leaning over the breast-rail to look at a stout lady who was lugging a chubby little boy of three or four, half-dressed, up the poop-stair, while her careful husband and a couple of daughters blocked it up above. "See, Tommy, dear!" said she, "look at the *land*—the nice land, you know, Tommy." "Come away, my love," said her spouse, "else you won't see it." Tommy, however, hung back manfully. "Tommy don't want wook at *yand*," sang out he, kicking the deck; "it all such 'mell of a sheep, ma; me wook at 'at man wis *gate feel*. Fare other *feel*, man? Oh, fat

* See slang for sailors' chests.

a ugwy man!" The honest tar at the wheel pulled up his shirt, and looked terribly cut at this plain remark on his phiz, which certainly wasn't the most beautiful; meanwhile he had the leech of the main to' gallant sail shaking. "Mind your helm, there," sung out the second mate from the capstan. "My good man," said the lady, "will you be so kind as to show us the land?" "Ay, ay, sir," growled he, putting up his weather spokes; "sorry I can't, ma'am—please not to speak to the man at the wheel." Jacobs was coiling down the ropes on a carronade close by, and stepped forward: "Beg your ladyship's pardon," said he, "but if ye'll give me charge o' the youngster till you goes on the poop—why, I've got a babby at home myself." The stout lady handed him over, and Jacobs managed the little chap wonderfully. This was the first time Tommy had been on deck since leaving home, and he couldn't see over the high bulwarks, so he fancied it was a house he was in. "Oh, suts big tees, man!" shouted he, clapping his hands as soon as he noticed the sails and rigging aloft; "suts warge birds in a tees!" "Ay, ay, my little man," answered Jacobs, "that's the wonderfowl tree! Did ye ever hear Jack and the Bean-stalk, Tommy?" "Oh, 'ess, to be soo, man!" said Tommy, scornfully, as if he should think he had. "Well, little un," said Jacobs, "that's it, ye see. It grows up every night afore Jack's door—and them's Jack an' his brothers a-comin' down out on the wonderfowl country aloft, with fruits in their hands." The little fellow was delighted, and for going aloft at once. "Ye must wait a bit, Tommy, my lad, till you're bigger," said Jacobs; "here I'll show you the country, though;" so he lifted the boy up to let him see the bright blue sea lying high away round the sky. In place of crying, as he would have done otherwise, Tommy stared with pleasure, and finished by vowing to get as soon big as possible, Jacobs advising him to eat always as hard as he had been doing hitherto.

This morning the breakfast party was in high spirits: Mr. Finch, the chief officer, rigged up to the nines in white trowsers and Company's

jacket, laying himself out to please the young ladies, with whom he began to be a regular hero. He was as blustering as a young lion, and as salt-tongued as a Channel pilot to the men; but with the ladies, on the poop or in the cabin, he was always twisting his sea-talk into fine language, like what you see in books, as if the real thing weren't good enough. He rubbed his hands at hearing the mate on deck singing out over the sky-light to trim yards, and gave a look along to the captain. "You must understand, ladies," said the mate, "this is what we mariners call the 'ladies' wind!" "Oh delightful!" "Oh so nice!" "You sailors are so polite!" exclaimed the young ladies—"then does it actually belong to us?" "Why it's a Trade wind, Miss Fortescue!" said Ford, the nautical cadet, venturing to put in a word; but the ladies paid no attention to him, and the chief mate gave him a look of contempt. "You see, ladies, the reason is," said the mate, in a flourishing way, "because it's so regular, and as gentle as—as—why it wafts your bark into the region of, you see—the—" "The 'Doldrums,'" put in the third mate, who was a brinier individual by far, and a true seaman, but wished to pay his compliments too, between his mouthfuls. "At any rate," Finch went on, "it's congenial, I may say, to the feelings of the fair—you need never touch her braces from one day to another. I just wish, Miss Fortescue, you'd allow me the felicity of letting you see how to put the ship about!" "A soldier might put her in stays, miss," said the third mate again, encouragingly, "and out of 'em again; she's a remarkable easy craft, owing to her—" "Confound it! Mr. Rickett," said the first mate, turning round to his unlucky inferior, "you're a sight too coarse for talking to ladies. Well the captain didn't hear you!" Rickett looked dumbfounded, not knowing what was wrong; the old ladies frowned; the young ones either blushed or put their handkerchiefs to their mouths, and some took the occasion for walking off.

The weather began to have a different turn already by the time we got up—the clouds banking to lee-

ward, the sea dusky under them, and the air-line between rather bluish. Two or three lazy gulls in our wake began to look alive, and show themselves, and a whole black shoal of porpoises went tumbling and rolling across the bows for half an hour, till down they dived of a sudden, head-foremost, one after another in the same spot, like so many sheep through a gap.

My gentleman-mate was to be seen everywhere about the decks, and active enough, I must say: the next minute he was amongst two or three young ladies aft, as polite as a dancing-master, showing them everything in board and out, as if nobody knew it except himself. Here a young girl, one of Master Tommy's sisters, came skipping aft, half in a fright. "Oh, Miss Fortescue!" cried she, "just think!—I peeped over into a nasty black hole there, with a ladder in it, and saw ever so many common sailors hung up in bags from the ceiling. Oh, what do you think, one of them actually kissed his hand to me!" "Only one of the watch below awake, Miss," said the mate; "impertinent swab!—I only wish I knew which it was." "Poor fellows!" said the young ladies; "pray don't be harsh to them—but what have they been doing?" "Oh, nothing," said he, with a laugh, "but swing in their hammocks since eight bells." "Then are they so lazy as to dislike getting up to such delightful-looking occupations?" "Why, ma'am," said the mate, staring a little, "they've been on deck last night two watches, of four hours each, I must say that for them." "Dear me!" broke out the ladies; and on this the chief officer took occasion to launch out again concerning "the weary vigils," as he called them, "which we mariners have to keep, far distant from land, without a smile from the eyes of the fair to bless us! But, however, the very thought of it gives courage to the sailor's manly heart, to disregard the billows' fearful rage, and reef topsails in the tempest's angry height!" Thought I, "he'd much better do it before." However, the young ladies didn't seem to see that, evidently looking upon the mate as the very pink of seamen; and he actually set a second lower stud-sail,

to show them how fast she could walk.

"D'ye know, sir," put in the third mate, coming from forward, "I'm in doubt its going to be rather a sneezer, sir, if ye look round the larboard stun-s'ls." Sure enough, if our fine gentleman had had time, amidst his politeness, just to cast an eye beyond his spread of cloth, he would have noticed the clouds gathered all in a lump to north-eastward, one shooting into another—the breast of them lowering down to the horizon, and getting the same colour as the waves, till it bulked out bodily in the middle. You'd have fancied the belly of it scarce half a mile off from the white yard-arms, and the hollow of it twenty—coming as stealthily as a ghost, that walks without feet after you, its face to yours, and the skirt of its winding-sheet in "kingdom come" all the while. I went up on the poop, and away behind the spanker I could see the sun gleam for one minute right on the eye of a stray cloud risen to north-west, with two short streaks of red, purple, and yellow together—what is called a "wind-gall;" then it was gone. The American was talking away with jovial old Rollock and Ford, who began to look wise, and think there was mischief brewing in the weather. "Mind your helm there, sirrah!" sung out the mate, walking aft to the wheel, as every thing aloft fluttered. "She won't lie her course, sir!" said the man. "All aback for'ud!" hailed the men at work on the bowsprit; and hard at it went all hands, trimming yards over and over again; the wind freshening fast, stun-sails flapping, booms bending, and the whole spread of canvass in a cumber, to teach the mate not to be in such a hurry with his infernal merchantman's side-wings next time. The last stun-sail he hauled down caught full aback before the wheel could keep her away quick enough; the sheet of it hitched foul at the boom-end, and crack through went the boom itself, with a smash that made the ladies think it a case of shipwreck commencing. The loose scud was flying fast out from behind the top of the clouds, and spreading away overhead, as if it would catch us on the other side; while the clouds themselves broke up

slowly to both hands, and the north-east breeze came sweeping along right into the three topsails, the wind one way and the sea another. As she rounded away steadying before it, you felt the masts shake in her till the topsails blew out full; she gave one sudden bolt up with her stern, like an old jackass striking behind, which capsized three or four passengers in a heap; and next minute she was surging along through the wide heave of the water as gallantly as heart could wish, driving a wave under her bows that swung back under the fore-chains on both sides, with two boys running up the rigging far aloft on each mast to stow the royals. The next thing I looked at was poor Ford's nautical hat lifting alongside on the top of a wave, as if it were being handed up to him; but no sooner seen, than it was down in the hollow a quarter of a mile off, a couple of white gulls making snatches at it and one another, and hanging over it again with a doubtful sort of a scream. Still the wind was as yet nothing to speak of when once aft; the sea was getting up slowly, and the Indianan's easy roll over it made every one cheerful, in spite of the shifts they were put to for getting below. When the bell struck for dinner, the sun was pretty clear, away on our starboard bow; the waves to south westward glittered as they rose; one side of the ship shone bright to the leech of the main-topgallant-sail, and we left the second mate hauling down the jibs for want of use for them.

The splendid pace she went at was plain, below in the cuddy, to everybody; you felt her shoving the long seas aside with the force of a thousand horses in one, then sweep they came after her, her stern lifted, she rolled round, and made a floating rush ahead. In the middle of it all, something darkened the half-open skylight, where I perceived the Scotch second-mate's twisted nose and red whiskers, as he squinted down with one eye aloft, and disappeared again; after which I heard them clue up to'gallantsails. Still she was driving through it rather too bodily to let the seas rise under her; you *heard* the wind hum off the main-top-sail, and sing through betwixt it and the main-course, the scud flying

over the skysail-mast truck, which I could see from below. The second mate looked in once more, caught the first officer's eye with a glance aloft, and the gallant mate left attending to the ladies to go on deck. Down went the skylight frame, and somebody carefully threw a tarpaulin over it, so that there was only the light from the port-windows, by which a dozen faces turned still whiter.

The moment I shoved my head out of the booby-hatch, I saw it was like to turn out a regular gale from nor'-east. Both courses brailed close up, and blowing out like rows of big-bladders; the three topsail-yards down on the caps to reef, their canvass swelling and thundering on the stays like so many mad elephants breaking loose; the wild sky ahead of us staring right through in triumph, as it were, and the wind roaring from aft in her bare rigging; while a crowd of men in each top were laying out along the foot-ropes to both yard-arms. Below, they were singing out at the reef-tackles, the idlers tailing on behind from the cook to the cabin-boys, a mate to each gang, and the first officer with his hands to his mouth before the wheel, shouting "Bear a hand!—d'ye hear!—two reefs!" It did one's heart good, and I entered into the spirit of it, almost forgiving Finch his fine puppy lingo, when I saw him take it so coolly, standing like a seaman, and sending his bull's voice right up with the wind into the bellies of the topsails—so I e'en fell to myself, and dragged with the steward upon the mizen reef-tackle till it was chock up. There we were, running dead before it, the huge waves swelling long and dark after us out of the mist, then the tops of them scattered into spray; the glaring white yards swayed slowly over aloft, each dotted with ten or a dozen sturdy figures, that leant over with the reef-points in their hands, waiting till the men at the *earings* gave the word; and Jacobs's face, as he looked round to do so—hanging on heaven knows what at one of the ends—was as distinct as possible against the gray scud miles off, and sixty feet above the water. A middy, without his cap, and his hair blowing out, stood holding on in the main-top to quicken them; the first mate waved

his hand for the helmsman to "luff a little." The ship's head was rounding slowly up as she rose on a big blue swell, that caught a wild gleam on it from westward, when I happened to glance towards the wheel. I could scarcely trust my eyes—in fact it had never been less in my mind since coming aboard than at that very point—but outside one of the round-house doors, which was half open, a few feet from the bulwark I leant over—of all moments in the day, *there* stood Lota Hyde herself at last! Speak of faces!—why, I hadn't even power to turn farther round, and if I was half out of breath before, what with the wind and with pulling my share, I was breathless now—all my notions of her never came up to the look of her face at that instant! She just half stopped, as it were, at sight of the state of things, her hands letting go of the large shawl, and her hair streaming from under a straw hat tied down with a ribbon—her lips parted betwixt dread and bewilderment, and her eyes wandering round till they settled a-gazing straight at the scene ahead, in pure delight. I actually looked away aloft from her again, to catch what it was she seemed to see that could be so beautiful!—the second reef just made fast, men crowding in to run down and hoist away with the rest, till, as they tailed along decks, the three shortened topsails rose faster up against the scud, and their hearty roaring chorus was as loud as the gale. "Keep her away, my lad!" said the mate, with another wave of his hand; the topsails swelled fair before it, and the Indiaman gave a plunge right through the next sea, rising easily to it, heave after heave. The setting sun struck two or three misty spokes of his wheel through a cloud, that made a big wave here and there glitter; the ship's white yards caught some of it, and a row of broad backs, with their feet stretching the foot-rope as they stowed the foresail, shone bright out, red, blue, and striped, upon the hollow of the yellow fore-topsail, in the midst of the gale; while just under the bowsprit you saw her black figure-head, with his white turban, and his hand to his breast, giving a cool salaam now and then to the spray from her bows. At that moment, though, Lota Hyde's eye was

the brightest thing I could find—all the blue gone out of the waves was in it. As for her seeing myself, I hadn't had space to think of it yet, when all of a sudden I noticed her glance light for the first time, as it were, on the mate, who was standing all the while with his back to her, on the same plank of the quarter deck. "Down main-course!" he sung out, putting one hand in his jacket-pocket; "down both tacks—that's it, my men—down with it!"—and out it flapped, snapping fiercely as they dragged it by main force into the bulwark-cleets, till it swelled steady above the main stay, and the old ship sprang forward faster than before, with a wild wash of the Atlantic past her sides. "Another hand to the wheel, here!" said the first officer. He took a look aloft, leaning to the rise of her bows, then to windward as she rolled; everything looked trim and weatherly, so he stepped to the binnacle, where the lamp was ready lighted, and it just struck me what a smart, good-looking fellow the mate was, with his sun-burnt face; and when he went to work, straight-forward, no notion of showing off. "Confound it, though!" thought I of a sudden, seeing *her* eyes fixed on him again, and then to seaward. "Mr. Macleod," said he to the second mate, "send below the watch, if you please. This breeze is first-rate, though!" When he turned round, he noticed Miss Hyde, started, and took off his cap with a fine bow. "I beg pardon, ma'am," said he, "a trifle of wind we have! I hope, Miss Hyde, it hasn't troubled you in the round-house?" What Miss Hyde might have said I don't know, but her shawl caught a gust out of the spanker, though she was in the lee of the high poop; it blew over her head, and then loose—I sprang forward—but the mate had hold of it, and put it over her again. The young lady smiled politely to the mate, and gave a cold glance of surprise, as I thought, at me. I felt, that moment, I could have knocked the mate down and died happy. "Why, sir," said he, with a cool half sneer, "I fancied none of you gentlemen would have favoured us this capful of wind—plenty of air there is on deck, though." It just flashed through my mind what sort of rig I was in—I

looked over my infernal 'long shore toggery, and no wonder she didn't recollect me at all. "Curse this confounded folly!" muttered I, and made a dart to run up the poop-steps, where the breeze took me slap aback, just as the judge himself opened the larboard door. "Why, Violet!" exclaimed he, surprised at seeing his daughter, "are you exposing yourself to this disagreeable—I declare a perfect storm?" "But see, papa!" said she, taking hold of his arm, "how changed the sea is!—and the ship!—just look where the sun was!" "Get in—get in, do!" kept on her father; "you can see all that again in some finer place; you should have had a servant with you, at least, Violet." "I shall come out oftener than I thought, papa, I can tell you!" said she, in an arch sort of way, before she disappeared. The mate touched his cap to the judge, who asked where the captain was. "Gad, sir, said the judge crossly, "the floor resembles an earthquake—every piece of furniture swings, sir; 'tis well enough for sleeping, but my family find it impossible to dine. If this *oolta-poolta* continues in my apartments, I must speak to Captain Williamson about it! He must manage to get into some other part of the sea, where it is less rough," saying which he swayed himself in and shut the door. I still kept thinking and picturing *her* face—Lota Hyde's—when she noticed the mate. After all, any one that knew tack from bowline might reef topsails in a fair wind; but a girl like *that* would make more count of a man knowing how to manage wind and sea, than of the Duke on his horse at Waterloo beating Bonaparte; and as for talk, he would jaw away the whole voyage, no doubt, about moonlight and the ocean, and your genteel fancy mariners! "By George, though!" thought I, "if the mate's a better man than me, hang me—it's all right; but burn my wig if I don't go and turn a Hindoo fakeer, with my one arm stuck up in the air till I die! Go it, old lady!" said I, as I glanced over the side before going below for the night, "roll away, only shake something or other to do out of the pace you're going at!"

The next morning, when Westwood and I went on deck, there was still a

long sea running after us. However, by noon the sun came sifting through aloft, the breeze got warm, the decks were dry as a bone, and one just saw the large dark-blue swells lift up alongside with a shower of spray, between the seams of the bulwarks. By six o'clock, again, it was got pretty dusk ahead, and I strolled forward right to the heel of the bowsprit, with Westwood, looking down through her head-boards into the heap of white foam that washed up among the woodwork every time she plunged. One knot of the men were sitting with their legs over the break of the topgallant forecandle, swinging as she rolled—laughing, roaring, and singing as loud as they could bawl, since the wind carried it all forward out of the officers' hearing. I was rather surprised to see and hear that Jacobs's friends, Bill Dykes and Tom, were there: the rogues were taking back their savage to the Andaman Isles again, I suppose. "Well, my lads," said Tom, a regular sample of the man-o'-war's-man: "this is what I calls balling' it off! That mate knows how to make her go, any how!" "We'll soon be into tropical regents, I consider!" remarked Bill, who made a point of never using sea-phrases except ashore, when he came out double salt, to make up for his gentility afloat. "Hum," grumbled a big ugly fellow, the same so flattered at the wheel by little Tommy, "I doesn't like your fair winds! I'll tell you what, mates, we'll be havin' it puff more from east'ard ere third watch." "What's the odds, Harry, old ship?" said Tom, "a fair wind still!" "I say, my lads," exclaimed Tom again, looking along toward the poop, "yonder's the old nabooob squinting out of the round-house doors!—what's he after now, I wonder?" On stooping down, accordingly, I could see the judge's face with the binnacle-light shining on it, as he swayed to and fro in the doorway, seemingly in a passion at something or other. "Why," said Bill, "I consider he can't altogether circumstand the shindy as this here roll kicks up inside of his blessed paliss!" "Nabob, does ye call him!" said Harry, sulkily, "I'll tell you what, 'mates, he ben't nothin' but a reg'lar bloody ould

tyrant! T'other mornin' there, I just chances to brush against him as I kiles up a rope, says he '*Fellow!*' an' says he to the skipper, 'I'd take it kind,' says he, 'if ye'd horder them commin sailors for to pay more contention alongside o' my legs, Captin Willumsen!' Why, do the old beggar not think as a feller ben't a *man* as well as hisself, with his *commin sailors*, an' be blowed to him!" "Well though, Harry, old ship," said Tom, "an't that dauter of his'n a jewel! I say, 'mates, she's all rounded into the head, and a clear run from aft, like a corvette model! My eye, that hair of hers is worth gold; I'd go down on the deck to please her, d'ye see!" "No doubt," says Bill, "she's what I call a exact sparkler!" "Well, I doesn't know," said Harry. "Last vy'ge but one we'd got one aboard, a'most beautifuller—half as high again, and twice her beam—I'm not sure but *she*—" "All my eye, messmates!" broke in Tom; "that one were built for *stowing*, ye see, bo', like yer cargo lumpers. Now, this here young gal minds me o' no other blessed thing but the Nymph corvette's figure-head—and that warn't her match, neither! She don't look down upon a sailor, I can tell ye; there I see her t'other morning-watch a talkin' to Jacobs yonder, as pleasant and cheery as—Hullo, there's the captain comed out o' the nabob's cabin, and speaking with the mate by the compass,—blessed if they an't going to alter her course!"

"Send aft here to the braces!" sung out the first officer to the boat-swain. "Blow me, shipmates, that's yeer nabob now, I'll bet a week's grog," growled Harry; "ship's course as fair as a handspike through a grummet; couldn't bring the wind more aft; b—t my eyes, the sea's comin' to be bought and sold!" Whatever it might be *for*, in came the starboard yardarms till she lay over a little; down studding and top-gallant sails, as neither of them could stand it except from aft; and off went the old ship rising high athwart the seas, her head sou'-south-east, and one streak of broken yellow light, low down to westward on her lee quarter. It was beginning to blow harder, too, and by eight bells it was "Reef top-

sails, single reef!" The waves played slap on her weather side, the heavy sprays came showering over her bulwarks forward, and the fore-castle planks were far from being so comfortable for a snooze as the night before. As soon as the wheel was relieved, and the other watch below, the "ugly man" and his companions returned. "Mates," said he, solemnly, planting his back against the bitta, "I've sailed this five-and-twenty year before the mast, an' I never yet seed the likes o' *that*! Take my say for it, we're on a wind now, but afore next mornin' we'll be close-hauled, beating up against it." "Well," said another, "she leaks a deal in the eyes of her below; in that case, Harry, *your* watch as slings in the fore-peak 'll be all adfoat by that time." "What day did this here craft sail on, I asks?" said the sailmaker gravely. "Why, a Thursday night, old ship," replied several eagerly. "No," went on the sailmaker; "you counts sea-fashion, shipmates; but till ye're clear o' the pilot, ye know, its land fashion ye ought for to go by. 'Twas a *Friday* by that 'ere said reckoning, shipmates." "No! so it was though," said the rest—"it don't *look* well." "Howsomedever I'm not goin' to come for to go and be a croaker," continued the sailmaker in a voice like a ghost's. "Well, luck or no luck, 'mates," grumbled big Harry, "if so be them larboard bowlines is hauled taut by the morning watch, blow me if I don't be up-sides with that 'ere bloody ould nabob—that's all."

Next morning, after all, it was easy to feel the ship had really been hauled close on a wind. When we went up, the weather was clearing, though with a strongish gale from eastward, a heavy sea running, on which the Indiaman strained and creaked as she rose, rolling slowly to windward with her three double-reefed topsails strained full, then pitched head into it, as a cloud of foam and spray flew over her weather bow. It was quite early, the decks lately washed down, and the Indian judge walking the weather quarterdeck as grave and comfortable as if it was all right. The captain was with him, and two mates to leeward. "Sail O!" hailed a man on the fore-

yard. "Where away?" sung out the mate of the watch. "Broad abeam!" The captain went up to the poop, and I stood on the foremost carronade near the main rigging, where I could just see her now and then white against the blue haze between the hollows of the waves, as the Indiaman lifted. "There she is!" said I, thinking it was Westwood that stopped behind me; it was the judge, however, and as soon as I got down he stepped up, holding on with one hand to a back-stay. The ship was rising after a pitch, every bulkhead and timber in her creaking, when all of a sudden I felt by my feet what all sailors feel the same way—she was coming up in the wind too fast to mount with the next wave, and a regular *comber* it was going to be. I looked to the wheel—there was big Harry himself with a grin on his face, and his eye on Sir Charles, as he coolly gave her half a weather-spoke more, and then whirled it back again to meet her. "For heaven's sake, look out, sir!" exclaimed I. "Why so I do," said the judge, rather good-naturedly. "Zounds! what's—?" You felt the whole ship stop creaking for a moment as she hung with the last wave—"Hold on!" shouted a mid—she gave a dull quiver from stem to stern, and I fairly pulled the judge close into the bulwark, just as smash, like thunder, came a tremendous green sea over us, three in one, washing down into the lee scuppers. The old gentleman staggered up, dripping like a poodle, and unable to see—one heard the water trickling through the skylights, and stepping away down stairs like a fellow with iron heels; while there was the sailor at the wheel grinding down his spokes in right earnest, looking aloft at the shaking foretop-sail, and the Indiaman seemingly doubtful whether to fall off or broach-to. Up she rose again, however, and drove round with her Turk-head in the air, then dip through the spray as gallantly as ever. "Send that lubber from the wheel, Mr. Macleod!" said the captain angrily, when he came down, "he nearly broached the ship to just now!" The "ugly man" put on a double-gloomy face, and grumbled something about "her steering wild;" but the knowing squint he

gave to Jacobs, who relieved him, was enough to show me he was one of the best helmsmen aboard. As for the judge, he hadn't the least notion it was anything more than a natural mischance, owing to exposing himself. He eyed the bulwark as if he couldn't understand how any wave was able to rise over it, while the captain was apologising, and hoping he wouldn't be the worse. "Eh, young gentleman!" said Sir Charles of a sudden, turning round to me, after a glance from the weather side to the lee one, "now I observe the circumstances, the probability is I should have had myself severely injured on the opposite side there, had it not been for your presence of mind, sir—eh?" Here I made a bow, and looked as modest as I could. "I perceive you are wet, young gentleman," said he again; "you'd better change your clothes, eh?" "Thank you, sir!" I said, and as he walked off quite drenched to his cabin, with the captain, I heard him remark it was "wonderfully intelligent in a mere griffin."

However, the wind soon got down to a fine top-gallant breeze; less of a sea on, the clouds sunk in a long gray bank to leeward, and the strange sail plain abeam of us—a large ship steering seemingly more off the wind than the Seringapatam, with top-gallant-sails set—you could just see the heads of her courses, and her black lower-yards, when both of us rose together. Our first officer was all alive at the sight; the reefs were out of our top-sails already, and he soon had us ploughing along under ordinary canvass, though still hugging the wind. In a short time the stranger appeared to take the challenge, for he slanted his yards, clapped on royals, and hauled down a stunsail, heading our course, till he was one body of white cloth on the horizon. For a while we seemed to gain on her; but after dinner, there was the other ship's hull up on our lee-bow, rising her white streak out of the water steadily, and just lifting at times on the long blue seas: she was fore-reaching on us, as plain as could be. The mate gave a stamp on the deck, and kept her away a little to set a stunstail. "Why," said I to Westwood, "he'll fall to leeward of himself!" "She's too much by the head,

Collins," said Westwood; "that's it!" "Hasn't he the sense to take the fore-course off her?" said I, "instead of packing more on! Why, that craft weathers on us like a schooner—I wish you and I had the Indiaman for an hour or two, Tom!" It wasn't an hour before we could see the very waves splashing up under her black weather-side, and over her high bows, as she slanted right through it and rose to windward again, standing up to cross our course—a fine frigate-built Indiaman, sharper stemmed than her kind in ordinary, and square in her spread; one yardarm just looking over the other as they ranged aloft, and all signs of a weatherly craft. "That's the Duke o' Bedford!" said a sailor at the braces to his companions, "all oak planks, and not a splinter of teak in *her*! No chance!" Out flew the British colours from her mizen-peak, and next the Company's striped ensign at her fore-royal-mast head, as a signal to speak. However, the Seringapatam only answered by showing her colours, and held on. All of a sudden the other Indiaman was seen slowly falling off before the wind, as if in scorn at such rude manners, and sure of passing us if she chose. For a moment the red sunset glanced through betwixt all three of her masts, every rope as fine as wire; then the canvass swung broad against it, blood-red from the sun, and she showed us her quarter-gallery, with a glimpse of her stern-windows glittering,—you even made out the crowd of passengers and soldiers on her poop, and a man or two going up her rigging. The sea beyond her lay as blue as blue could be, what with the crimson streak that came zig-zag on both sides of her shadow, and gleamed along the smooth troughs, taking a crest or two to dance on by the way; and what with the rough of it near hand, where the tops of the dark waves ran hither and thither in broad white flakes, we surging heavily over them.

In a few minutes more the sun was not only down, but the clouds banked up to westward, of a deep purple; and almost at once you saw nothing of the other ship, except when a stray streak somehow or other caught her rising, or her mast-heads came across a pale line in the clouds. The breeze

got pleasanter as the night went on, and the Seringapatam rattled away in fine style, careening to it by herself.

Well, you know, nothing could be better for a good understanding and high spirits amongst us than a fast course, fine weather, and entering the tropics. As for the tropics, if you have only a roomy ship and a good run of wind, as we had, in those latitudes everything outside of you seems almost to have double the stuff in it that air and water have in other places; while *inside* of one, again, one felt twice the life he had before, and everybody else came out *newer* a good deal than on the par-lour rug at home. As the days got each hotter than the last, and the sea bluer and bluer, we began to think better of the heavy old Seringapatam's pace, teak though she was, and her sole good point right before the wind. Every night she lighted her binnacle sooner, till deuce the bit of twilight there was, and the dark sky came down on us like the extinguisher over a candle. However, the looks of things round and aloft made full amends for it, as long as we held the "Trades;" old Neptune shifting his scenes there so quickly, that nobody missed getting weather and air, more than he could help, were it only a sight of how the Indiaman got on, without trouble to any living soul save the man at the wheel, as one long, big, bright wave shoved her to another, and the slower they rose the more business she seemed to do of herself. By the time they had furbished her up at their leisure the Seringapatam had a queer Eastern style, too, throughout; with her grass mattings and husky *coir* chafing-gear, the yellow varnish about her, and her three topsails of country-canvass, cut narrow towards the head—bamboo stunn-sail booms, and spare bits of bamboo always ready for everything; besides the bilious-like gold-coloured patches here and there in the rest of her sails, and the outlandish figure-head, that made you sometimes think there might be twenty thousand of them under the bows, dancing away with her like Juggernaut's travelling pagoda. The decks were lively enough to look at; the men working quietly by twos and threes about the bulwarks all day

long, and pairs of them to be made out at different points aloft, yarning away comfortably together, as the one passed the ball for the other's serving-mallet, with now a glance at the horizon, and now a grin at the passengers below, or a cautious squint at the top of the mate's cap. White awnings triced over poop and quarter-deck, the cover of the waist hammock-netting clean scrubbed, and the big shady main-course half brailed-up, rustling and bulging above the boats and booms amidships; every hatch-way and door with a round funnel of a wind-sail swelling into it, and their bellies moving like so many boa-constrictors come down from aloft, and going in to catch cadets. You saw the bright white sky dazzling along under the awning-cheeks, that glared on it like snow; and the open quarter-deck ports let in so many squares of shifting blue light, with a draught of air into the 'hot carronade' muzzles, that seemed to gasp for it with their red tompons stuck out like tongues. The very look of the lifting blue water on the shady side was refreshing, and the brighter the light got, it grew the darker blue. You listened for every cool splash of it on the 'bends, and every rustle of the canvass aloft; and instead of thinking, as the landsmen did, of green leaves and a lazy nook for shelter, why, to my fancy there's a deuced sight more satisfaction in good dark blue, with a spray over the cat-head to show you're going, and with somewhat to go for! For want of better, one would have given his ears to jump in head-foremost, and have a first-rate bathe—the very sea itself kept rising up alongside to make an easy dive for one, and sinking into little round troughs again, where the surges would have sprinkled over your head. Now and then a bigger wave than ordinary would go swelling up, and out sprang a whole glittering shower of flying-fish, freckling the dark side with drops, and went flittering over into the next, or skimming the crests out of sight into a hollow. The writers and cadets were in high feather at knowing they were in the same latitude as India, and appeared in all sorts of straw hats, white trousers, and white jackets. Ford had left off talk-

ing of going aloft for a while, to flourish about his swimming—when he looked over with the surgeon into the smooth of a hollow, and saw something big and green, like an immense cucumber, floating along within a fathom or two of the ship, deep down in the blue water. While the griffin asked what it was, a little ripple broke above, a wet black horn came right out of it, and two devilish round eyes glared up at us ahead of it, as we leant over the quarter, set wide in a broad black snout, shaped like a gravedigger's shovel; then it sank away into the next wave. Ford shivered, in spite of the heat. "The devil?" inquired one of the writers, coolly, to the surgeon. "Not just him," said the Scotchman; "it's only the first shark!"

The young ladies, in their white dresses, now made you think of angels gliding about: as to the only one I had an eye for, by this time it wasn't of not seeing her often enough I had to complain, as she seemed to delight in nothing else but being somewhere or other upon deck; first one part of the ship, then another, as if to see how different the look-out could be made, or to watch something in the waves or the horizon. Instead of sitting with a needle or a book, like the rest, with the corner of one eye toward the gentlemen, or talking and giggling away at no allowance, she would be noticing a man aloft as if she were there herself, or trying to see past a sail, as if she fancied there was something strange on the other side of it. The rest of the girls appeared shy of her at first, no doubt an account of the Judge's separate quarters and his grandee style; next they made acquaintance, she speaking and smiling just as if she had known them before; then, again, most of them seemingly got jealous because the cadets squinted after her; while old Rollock said Miss Hyde would be the beauty on Chowringee Gourse, and the first officer was eternally pointing out things to her, like a showman at a fair. However, she seemed not to mind it at all, either way: those that did talk to her would scarce hear her answer ere they lost her, and there she was, looking quietly down by herself into the ripples alongside;

a minute after she would be half-playing with little Tommy, and making companions of Tommy's young sisters, to see the sheep, the pigs, and the cow, or feed the poultry. As for the handsome "first officer," when he caught occasion for his politeness, she took it graciously enough, and listened to all he said; till, of a sudden, a smile would break over her face, and she seemed to me to put him off as easy as a duchess—on the score, it might be, of the Judge's looking for her off the poop, or something else of the kind. 'Twas the more curious how much at home she seemed amongst the men at work, when she chanced to go "forward" with Tommy and his sisters, as they skipped hither and thither: the rough blue-shirted fellows took the quids out of their cheeks as soon as they saw the party coming from aft, and began to smirk, shoving the tar-buckets and ropes aside. One forenoon, an old lady under the poop awning, where she and her daughter were sewing together at a bright strip of needlework, asked me to hold her woollen yarns for her as she balled them off—being the red coat for a sepoy killing a tiger, which her daughter was making in yellow. I couldn't well refuse, seeing that amongst the ladies I was reckoned a mild, quiet young man. Even in these days, I must say I had a good deal of that look, and at home they used always to call me "quiet Ned." My mother, good soul, never would believe I broke windows, killed cats, or fought, and the mystery to her always is *why* the neighbours had a spite at me; for if I had been a wild boy, she said, or as noisy as little Brown next door, why she wouldn't have objected to my going to sea!—that noisy little Brown, by the bye, is a fat banker. So in I had to stick my thumbs at arms-length, and stoop down to the old lady, the more with a will since I guessed what they were talking of. "Well though, Kate," continued the old lady, winding away at the thread, "you cannot deny her to be a charming creature, my love?" "Oh, if you mean *pretty*," said the girl, "I don't *want* to deny it—not I, ma'am!—why should I, indeed?" "Pity she's a little light-headed," said her mother in a musing way. "Affected,

you mean, mother!" said Miss Fortescue, "and haughty." "Do you know, Kate," replied the old lady, sighing, "I fear she'll soon go in India!" "Go?" said the daughter sharply. "Yes; she won't stand the hot season as I did—these flighty girls never do. Poor thing! she certainly hasn't *your* stamina now, my love!" Here Miss Fortescue bit her lip, tossed her head, and was saying that wasn't what she cared about, though in fact she looked ready to cry; when just at the moment I saw Lota Hyde herself half above the little gallery stair, gazing straight at me, for the first time, too; a curious kind of half-smile on her face, as I stood with my paws out, the old lady jerking the yarn off my wrists, and I staring right over her big bonnet at the sky astern of the awning, pretending not to listen. All at once my mouth fell, and before she could turn her face away from the funny countenance I no doubt put on, I saw her cheek rosy and her eyes sparkle with laughter, instead of seeming like one to die soon. For my part I couldn't stand it at all, so I just bolted sheer round and made three strides to the poop ladder, as dignified as was possible with ever so many plies of red yarn foul of my wrists, and a big red ball hopping after me when I'd vanished, like a fellow running from a hot shot! I daresay they thought on the poop I'd had a stroke of the sun on my brain; but till next day I kept clear of the passengers, and took to swigging off stiff nor'-westers of grog, as long as Westwood would let me.

Next evening, when the cuddy dinner was scarce over, I went up to the poop, where there was no one to be seen; the sun just setting on our star-board-quarter in a golden blaze that stretched overhead, with flakes of it melting, as 'twere, all over the sky to port, and dropping in it, like threads of oil in water; the ship with a light breeze aft, and stunsails packed large upon her, running almost due for the Line. The waves to westward were like liquid light, and the eddies round our counter came glittering out, the whole spread of her mizen and main canvases shining like gold cloth against the fore: then 'twas but the royals and skysails brighter than ever, as the big round sun dipped down with a

red streak or two, and the red water-line, against his hot old face. Every blue surge between had a clear green edge about its crest, the hollows turning themselves inside out from deep purple into bright blue, and outside in again,—and the whole rim of the sea grew out cool and clear away from the ship's taffrail. A pair of sharp-headed dolphins that had kept alongside for the last few minutes, swimming near the surface, turned tail round, the moment I put my nose over the bulwark, and shot off like two streaks of a rainbow after the flying-fish. I was just wondering where Lota Hyde could be, this time, when on a sudden I observed little Tommy poke his curly head out of the booby-hatch, peeping cautiously round; seeing nobody, however, save the man at the wheel, who was looking over his shoulder at the sun, the small rogue made a bolt out of the companion, and scampered aft under the awning to the Judge's starboard door, with nothing on but his night-shirt. There he commenced kicking and shoving with his bare feet and arms, till the door flew open, and over went Tommy on his nose, singing out in fine style. The next thing I heard was a laugh like the sound of a silver bell; and just as the boy's sister ran up in a fright lest he had gone overboard, Violet Hyde came out leading the little chap wrapped in a long shawl that trailed astern of him, herself with a straw bonnet barely thrown upon her head. "Tommy says you put him to bed too soon, Jane!" said she smiling. "Iss!" said Master Thomas, stoutly, "go 'way, Dzane!" "You hadn't bid me good-night—wasn't that it, Tom? But oh! *what* a sea!" exclaimed she, catching sight of it under the awning. The little fellow wanted to see it too, so the young lady lifted him up in her arms, no small weight I dare say, and they both looked over the bulwark: the whole sky far out of the awning to westward being spotted with orange scales, turning almost scarlet, faster than the dusk from both ends could close in; the clear greenish tint of it above the openings of the canvass, going up into fathomless blue overhead, the horizon purple, and one or two still, black clouds tipped with vermillion against the far

sky—while the Indiaman stole along, scarce plashing under her bands. Every now and then you heard a whizz and a flutter, as the flying-fish broke out of a bigger surge, sometimes just missing the ship's side: at last two or three fell over the mizen-chains, and pop came one all of a sudden right into the white breast of Miss Hyde's dress inside her scarf, where only the wings kept it from disappearing. She started, Jane screamed, but the little boy coolly pulled it out, commencing to overhaul it in great delight. "Oh fat a funny ickoo bird!" shouted he, "it's fell down out of 'ese t'ees!" looking aloft. "No, no," said Miss Hyde, laughing as she drew her shoulders together with a shiver, "birds' noses don't drop water! 'Twill die if you don't put it in again, Tommy—'tis a fish!" "A fish!" said he, opening his eyes wider, and smacking his lips, "yes, Tommy eat it for my beakfast!" However the young lady took it out of his hand and dropped it overboard; on which the small ogre went off rather discontented, and kissed her more as a favour than otherwise. It was almost dark already, the water shining up in the ship's wake, and the stars coming out aloft; so I was left wondering at the impudence of flying fish, and the blessings of being a little fat imp in a frock and trousers, compared with this puzzle of a "traverse," betwixt being a third lieutenant and hailing for a "griffin."

The night following, after a sultry hot day, the wind had varied a good deal, and the ship was running almost close-hauled on a warm south-easterly breeze, and somewhat of a swell in the water. Early in the first watch there was a heavy shower, after which I went on deck, leaving Westwood at his book. The half-moon was just getting down to leeward, clear of a ragged dark cloud, and a long space of faint white light, spread away on the horizon, behind the sheets of the sails hauled aft; so that you just saw a sort of a glimmer under them, on the black heave of the swell between. Every time she rolled to leeward on it, a gleam of the moonshine slipped inside the shadow of her high bulwarks, from one wet carronade to another, and went

glistening over the moist decks, and among the boats and booms, that looked like some big brute or other lying stretched out on his paws, till you saw the men's faces on the fore-castle as if they were so many mutineers skulking in the dark before they rushed aft: then up she righted again, and all was dark inboard. The awnings were off, and the gruff third mate creaking slowly to and fro in his soaked shoes; the Judge stood talking with the captain before one of the round-house doors; directly after I noticed a young lady's figure in a white dress close by the mizen-rigging, apparently intent on the sea to leeward. "Well, now or never!" thought I, stepping over in the shadow of the main-sheet. I heard her draw a long breath: and then, without turning her head at the sound of my foot, "I wonder if there is anything so strange in India," exclaimed she; "is there now?" "No, by —, no, madam!" said I, starting, and watching as the huge cloud grew darker, with a rusty stain in it, while three or four broad-backed swells, one beyond the other, rose up black against the setting moon, as if they'd plunge right into her. Miss Hyde turned round, with one hand on the bulwark to steady herself, and half looked at me. "I thought—" said she; "where is papa?" — "I thought my father—" I begged pardon for intruding, but next minute she appeared to have forgotten it, and said in a musing sort of a way, partly to herself, partly to me—"I seem to remember it all—as if I just saw that black wave—and—that monstrous cloud over again! Oh! really that is the very same top it had then—see!" "Yes," said I, leaning forward, with a notion I had seen it before, though heaven knew when. "Did you ever read about Columbus and Vasco di Gama?" asked she, though directly afterwards her features broke into a laughing smile as she caught sight of mine—at the thought, I suppose, of my ridiculous figure the last time she saw me. "No, never," said I; "but look to windward, ma'am; 'tis coming on a squall again. For heaven's sake, Miss Hyde, go in! We're to have another shower, and that pretty thick. I wonder the mate don't stow the royals." "What do you mean?" said

she, turning. "Why are you alarmed, sir? I see nothing particular." The sea was coming over, in a smooth, round-backed swell, out of a dirty, thick jumble of a sky, with a pitch-black line behind—what Ford would have called "wild" by daylight; but the young lady's eye naturally saw no more in it than a dark night. Here the Judge came over from the binnacle, giving me a nod, as much as to say he recollected me. "I am afraid, sir," said I, "if you don't make haste, you'll get wet." "How!" said Sir Charles, "'tis an exceedingly pleasant night, I think, after such a deuced hot day. They don't know how to cool rooms here—this perpetual wood retains heat till midnight, sir! That detestable pitch precludes walking—the sea absolutely glares like tin. Why do you suppose so now—eh, young gentleman?" said he again, turning back, all of a sudden, with his daughter on his arm. "Why—why—why, Sir Charles," said I, hesitating between sham innocence and scarce knowing what reason to give; "why, I just think—that is to say, it's my feeling, you see." "Ah, ah, I do see," replied the Judge, good-humouredly; "but you shouldn't ape the sailor, my good fellow, as I fancy you do a little. I don't particularly admire the class, but they always have grounds for what they say in their profession, frequently even acute. At your aunt's, Lady Somers's, now, Violet, who was naturally so surrounded by naval officers, what I had to object to was, not their want of intelligence, but their forwardness. Eh! eh! who—what is that?" exclaimed he suddenly, looking straight up into the dark, as five or six large drops fell on his face out of it. All at once you heard a long sigh, as it were, in the canvass aloft, a clap like two or three carronades fired off, as all the sails together went in to the masts—then a hum in the air far and near—and whish! rush! came the rain in sheets and bucketfuls off the edge of a cloud over our very heads, plashing and washing about the deck with coils of rope; ship rolling without a breath of wind in her sails; sails flapping out and in; the rain pouring down ten times faster than the scupper-holes would let it out, and smoking gray in

the dark hollow of the swells, that sank under the force of it. The first officer came on deck, roaring in the hubbub to clue up and furl the royals before the wind came again. It got pitch-dark, you couldn't see your hand before you, and we had all lost mark of each other, as the men came shoving in between us. However I knew whereabouts Miss Hyde was, so I felt along the larboard rigging till I found a backstay clasped in her hands, and the soaked sleeve of her muslin dress, while she leant back on a carronade, to keep from being jerked down in the water that rushed up over her feet with every roll, full of ropes and a capstan bar or two. Without saying a word, I took up Lota in my arms, and carried her aft in spite of the roll and confusion, steering for the glimmer of the binnacle, till I got her inside one of their own cabins, where there was a lamp swinging about, and laid her on a sofa. I felt somehow or other, as I went, that the sweet creature hadn't fainted, though all the while as still as death; accordingly I made off again at once to find the Judge, who, no doubt, was calling for his daughter, with a poor chance of being heard. In a minute or two more the rain was over; it was light enough to make out the horizon, as the belt of foam came broadening out of it; the ship gave two or three wild bounds, the wheel jolting and creaking: up swelled the black waves again over one side, the topsails flapped full as the squall rushed roaring into them, and away she rose; then tore into it like a scared horse, shaking her head and throwing the snow-white foam into her forechains. 'Twas as much as three men could do to grind down her wheel, leaning and grinning to it; you saw just the Indianman herself, scarce so far forward as the booms, and the broad swell mounting with her out of the dark, as she slowly squared yards before it, taking in to gallant sails while she did so, with her topsail-yards lowered on the caps. However, the look of it was worse than its force, else the swell wouldn't have risen so fast, as every sailor knew; and by two bells of the mid-watch she was bowling under all, as easy as before, the mate of the watch setting a stunsail.

When I went down, shaking myself like a Newfoundland, Westwood was swinging in his cot with a book turned to the lamp, reading *Don Quixote* in Spanish. "Bless me, Ned!" said he, "you seem to like it! paying fair and weathering it too!" "Only a little adventure, Westwood!" said I, laughing. "Why, here have I been enjoying better adventures than we seem likely to have," said he, "without stirring a hand, except for the wild swings you gave me from deck. Here's *Don Quixote*—" "Don Quixote be hanged!" said I: "I'd rather wear ship in a gale, myself, than all the humbug that never happened—out of an infernal play-book. What's the use of thinking you see service, when you don't? After all, you couldn't expect much till we've crossed the Line—nothing like the tropics, or the Cape, for thickening a plot, Tom. Then there's the Mozambique, you know!" "Well, we'll see," said Westwood, lazily, and half asleep.

The whole next day would have been weary enough in itself, as not a single glimpse of the fair Lota could I catch; and the weather, between the little puffs of air and squalls we had, was fit to have melted poor Ford to the bone, but for the rain. However, that day was sufficient, by fits and starts, to bring us up to the Line; and, before crossing it, which we did by six o'clock in one of the black squalls, half of the passengers had been pretty well ducked by Neptune and his gang, besides. Rare fun we had of it for three or four hours on end; the cadets and writers showing fight in a body, the Yankee being regularly keelhauled, tarred, and feathered, though I believe he had crossed the Line twice by land; while the Scotch surgeon was found out, in spite of his caution, never to have been lower than the West Indies—so he got double ration. A word to Jacobs took Westwood Scot-free; but, for my own part, wishing of course to blind the officers, I let the men stick the tar-brush in my mouth the first word I spoke, and was shaved like the mischief, not to speak of plumping afterwards behind the studding-sail curtain into three feet water, where I absolutely saved Ford from drowning, he being as sick as a dog.

Late at night, the breeze held and freshened; and, being Saturday night, the gentlemen in the cuddy kept it uproariously after their troubles, drinking and singing songs, Tom Little's and your sentimental affairs; till, being a bit flushed myself, I was on the point of giving them one of Dibdin's, when I thought better of it, and went on deck instead. The mate was there, however, and his red-whiskered Scotch sub with the twisted snout, leaning on the capstan with their noses together. The night was dark, and the ship made a good noise through the water; so "hang it!" thought I, "somehow or other I'll have out a stave of 'Black-eyed Susan' at the top of my pipe, though overboard I go for it!" There was an old spare topsail-yard slung alongside to larboard, as far as the quarter-boat, and I went up to the poop to get over and sit on it; especially when I found Ford's friend, the fat midshipman, was in the boat itself, "caulking"* his watch out, as he did every night in a fresh place. I was no sooner there, again, than I saw a light in the aftermost gallery window, and took it in my head if I sung *there*, why, in place of being afraid there was some one under her casement, that and the wind and water together would put her to sleep, if she was the worse of last night—in fact I may say I was a little "*slewed*"† at the time. How to get there, though, was the matter, it being rather nice practice to sling over an Indianman's quarter-gallery, bulging out from her steep counter: accordingly, first I took the end of a coil round the mizzen-shrouds, and made a bowline-knot to creep down the stern-mouldings with, and then swing free by help of a guide-line to boot. Just before letting go of the taffrail, another fancy struck me, to hitch the guide-line to the trigger of the life-buoy that hung ready for use; not that I'd the notion of saving myself if I went overboard, but just because of the good joke of a fellow slipping his own life-buoy, and then cruising away with a light at his mast-head back to the Line. 'Twas

curious—but when I was "two or three cloths in the wind," far from growing stupid, I used always to get a sort of cunning that would have made me try and cheat a purser; so away I lowered myself till the rope was taut, when I slipped easy enough round the counter, below the window. Every time she rolled, out I swung, and in again, till I steadied with my feet, slacking off the other line from one hand. Then I began to give voice like old Boreas himself, with a sort of a notion, at each shove I got, how I was rocking the Indianman like a big cradle, as Jacobs did his baby. All at once, I felt the rope was giving off the belaying-pin, till I came down with a jolt under the window below; only singing the louder, as it was half open, and I could just look in. With every wash of the waves, the water, a couple of fathoms under my feet, blazed up like fire, and the wake ran boiling out from the black stern by the rudder, like the iron out of a furnace: now and then there came a sulky flare of dumb lightning to leeward, and showed the black swell out of the dark for miles. I fancied I didn't care for the water; but I began to think 'twas rather uncomfortable the notion of sousing into such an infernally flame-looking stream: I was actually in a fright at being boiled, and not able to swim. So I dropped chorus to haul myself up; when of a sudden, by the lamp inside the stateroom, I saw Winterton and Ford come reeling in, one after the other, as drunk as lords. Winterton swayed about quietly on his legs for a minute, and then looked gravely at Ford, as if he'd got a dreadful secret to make known. "Ford!" said he. "Ay," said Ford, feeling to haul off his trousers,—"*ay—avast you—blub-lub-lubber!*" "I say, Ford!" said the cadet again, in a melancholy way, fit to melt a marlinespike, and then fell to cry—Ford all the time pulling off his trousers, with a cigar in his mouth, till he got on a chest, and contrived to flounder into his cot with his coat on. After that he stretched over to put the lamp out, carefully enough; but he let fall his cigar, and one leg

* Sleeping on deck.

† Anglicè—not sober.

of his nankeen trousers hung out of the cot, just scraping the deck every time he swung. I watched, accordingly, holding on by the sill, till I saw a spark catch in the stuff—and there it was, swinging slowly away in the dark, with a fiery ring creeping round the leg of the trousers, ready to blow into a flame as soon as it had a clear swing. No doubt the fool would come down safe enough himself with his cot; but I knew Winterton kept powder in the cabin sufficient to blow up the deck above, where that sweet girl was sleeping at the moment. "Confound it!" I thought, quite cooled by the sight, "the sooner I get on deck the better!" However, you may fancy my thoughts when I heard men at the taffrail, hauling on the spanker-boom guys, so I held on till they'd go forward again: suddenly the mate's voice sung out to know "what lubber had belayed the slack of a topsail-clue-line *here*?" Down I went with the word, as the rope was thrown off, with just time to save myself by a clutch of the port-sill at arm's-length—where, heaven knew, I couldn't keep long. The mate looked over and caught sight of my face, by a flicker of the summer lightning, as I was slipping down: I gave him one curse as loud as I could hail, and let go the moulding—"Man overboard!" shouted he, and the men after him: however I wasn't altogether overboard yet, for I felt the other part of the rope bring me up with a jerk and a swing right under the quarter-boat, where I clung like a cat. How to get on deck again, without being seen, was the question, and anxious enough I was at thought of the burning train inside; when out jumped some one over my head: I heard a splash in the water, and saw a fellow's face go sinking into the bright wake astern, while the boat itself was coming down

over me from the davits. I still had the guide-line from the life-buoy round my wrist, and one moment's thought was enough to make me give it a furious tug, when away I sprang clear into the eddies. The first thing I saw at coming up was the ships' lighted stern-windows driving to leeward, then the life-buoy flaring and dipping on a swell, and a bare head, with two hands, sinking a few feet off. I made for him at once, and held him up by the hair as I struck out for the buoy. A couple of minutes after, the men in the boat had hold of us and it; the ship came sheering round to the wind, and we were very shortly aboard again. "Confound it, Simm, what took you overboard, man?" asked the mid in the boat at his dripping messmate, the fat reefer. "Oh, bother!" said he, "if you must know—why, I mistook the quarter-boats; I thought 'twas the *other* I was in, when you kicked up that shindy! Now I remember, though, there was too much rain in it for comfort!" "Well, youngster," said Tom, the man-o'-war'sman, "this here gentleman saved your life, anyhow!" "Why, mate," whispered Bill, "'tis the wery same greenhorn we pucked so to-day! Didn't he jump sharp over, too?" "Pull! for your lives, my lads!" said I, looking up at Ford's window; and the moment we got on deck, below I ran into the state-room, and cut Ford down by the heels, with the tinder hanging from him, and one leg of his trousers half gone. As for the poor reefer, a pretty blowing up he got; the men swore I had jumped overboard after him, and the mate would have it that, instead of sleeping, he wanted to get into the Judge's cabins; especially when next day Sir Charles was in a rage at his daughter being disturbed by some sailor or other singing outside.

FOR THE LAST PAGE OF "OUR ALBUM."

At length our pens must find repose!
With verse, or with poetic prose,
 Filled is each nook;
And these poor little rhymes must close
 Our pleasant book!

Its every page is filled at last!
When on these leaves my eyes I cast,
 Dull thoughts to cheer,
How many memories of the past
 Seem written here!

Those who behold a river run
Bright glittering in the noonday sun,
 See not its source;
And few can know whence has begun
 Its giddy course!

And thus the feelings that gave rise
To many a verse that meets their eyes
 How few can tell!
Yet for those feelings gone, I prize
 And love it well!

Some stanzas were composed to grace
An hour of pleasure,—some to chase
 Sad care away;
And some to help on time's slow pace
 Which would delay!

In some, we trace affection's tone
To friends then kind,—now colder grown
 By force or art;
In some, the shade of hopes, now gone,
 Then, next the heart!

Such fancies with each line I weave,
And thus our book I cannot leave
 Without a sigh!
Fond recollections make me grieve
 To lay it by!

How other hands, perchance, than mine,
A fairer wreath for it might twine,
 'Twere vain to tell;
I can but say, in one brief line,
 Dear Book, Farewell!

THE INSURRECTION IN BADEN.

(TO THE EDITOR OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.)

SIR,—I chanced to be at Heidelberg at the outbreak of the late revolutionary movement, and remained there, or in the neighbourhood, during its entire duration. It occurs to me that a brief narrative of the leading events of that period of confusion and anarchy, from the pen of one who was not only an eye-witness of all that passed, but who, from long residence in this part of Germany, has a pretty intimate acquaintance with the real condition and feelings of the people, may prove suitable to the pages, and not uninteresting to the readers, of *Blackwood's Magazine*.

At a public meeting held at Offenburg, in the duchy of Baden, on the 13th of May 1849, and which was attended by many of the most violent members of the German republican party, it was resolved that the constitution voted by the national assembly at Frankfort should be acknowledged; that Brentano and Peter should be charged with the formation of a new ministry; that Struve, and all other political offenders, should be forthwith set at liberty; that the selection of officers for the army should be left to the choice of the privates; and lastly, that the movement in the Palatinate (Rhenish Bavaria) should be fully supported by the government of Baden.

For the information of those who have not closely followed the late course of events in Germany, it may be necessary to mention, that early in the month of May a revolutionary movement, the avowed object of which was to force the King to acknowledge the constitution drawn up by the parliament at Frankfort, had broken out in Rhenish Bavaria. A provisional government had been formed, the public money seized, forced contributions levied, and the entire Palatinate declared independent of Bavaria. The leaders of the insurrection had been joined by a portion of discontented military; and, in an incredibly short space of time, the whole province, with the exception of the fortresses of

Germersheim and Landau, had fallen into their hands.

Although the declared motive of the Offenburg assembly was to support this movement, and thus oblige the reigning princes to bow to the decrees of the central parliament, there is little doubt that a long-formed and widely-extended conspiracy existed, the object of which was to proclaim a republic throughout Germany. The meeting in question was attended by upwards of twenty thousand persons, many of whom were soldiers, seduced by promises of increased pay, and of the future right to elect their officers. Money was plentifully distributed; and towards evening the mob, mad with drink and excitement, returned, howling revolutionary songs, to their homes. At the very time this was going on, a mutiny in the garrison of Rastadt had placed that fortress in the power of about four thousand soldiers, many of them raw recruits. This extraordinary event, apparently the result of a drunken quarrel, was shrewdly suspected to be part of a deep-laid scheme for supporting the movement, which was expected to follow the next day's meeting at Offenburg. If such were the hopes of the leaders, they were not disappointed; the train was laid, and wanted but a spark to fire it. The result of the Offenburg meeting was known at Carlsruhe by six o'clock in the evening of the day of its occurrence; and on the same evening, some riotous soldiers having been placed in confinement, their comrades insisted on their release. In vain did the officers, headed by Prince Frederick, (the Grand-duke's second son,) endeavour to appease them: they were grossly insulted, and the prince received a sabre cut on the head. It is thought by many persons that if, at this time, energetic measures had been taken, the whole movement might have been crushed.

But with citizens timid or lukewarm, and soldiers the greater number of whom were in open mutiny, it

is difficult to say where the repressive power was to have been found. Be this as it may, the barracks were demolished, the stores broken open and robbed; and by eleven o'clock that night the ducal family, and as many of the ministers and attendants as could find the means of evasion, were in full flight. With arms supplied by the plunder of the barracks, the mob next attacked the arsenal, which was under the protection of the national guard. A squadron of dragoons who came to assist the latter were fired on by both parties, and the captain, a promising young officer, was killed on the spot. The dragoons, seeing their efforts to support the citizens thus misinterpreted, retired, and left the arsenal to its fate.

Early next morning, a provisional government, headed by Brentano and Fickler, was proclaimed, to which all people were summoned to swear obedience; and, absurdly enough, the very men, soldiers and citizens, who the day before had, with the acquiescence of the duke, taken an oath of allegiance to the empire, now swore to be faithful to the new order of things. The news of the outbreak spread like wildfire. It was received with particular exultation in the towns of Mannheim and Heidelberg; in the latter of which a very republican spirit prevailed, and where, at the first call, the national guard assembled, eager to display their valor—in words. It was not long before their mettle was put to the proof. The Duke, who had taken refuge in the fortress of Gernersheim, had been escorted in his flight by about three hundred dragoons, with sixteen pieces of artillery. These brave fellows, who had remained faithful to their sovereign, attempted, after leaving him in safety, to make their way to Frankfurt. As every inch of the country they had to traverse was in open revolt, the circumstance was soon known at Heidelberg, where, late in the evening, the tocsin rang, to summon the peasants from the neighbouring villages, and the *général* beat through the streets to call the citizens to arms, in order that parties might be sent out to intercept the soldiers. It would be difficult to describe the panic that prevailed in Heidelberg at the first

sound of this terrible drum. The most ridiculous and contradictory reports were circulated. That some great danger was at hand, all agreed; and the story generally credited was, that the peasants of the Odenwald were coming down, ten thousand strong, to plunder the town. When the real cause of the disturbance was discovered, it may be doubted whether, to many, the case appeared much mended; for, besides the disinclination a set of peaceable tradesmen might feel to attack a body of dragoons, backed by sixteen pieces of artillery, many of those who were summoned from their beds were secretly opposed to the cause they were called upon to serve. But there was no remedy; and, amidst the tears and shrieks of women, the ringing of bells, and beating of drums, the first detachment marched off. No sooner did they arrive at the supposed scene of action, than, seized with a sudden panic, caused by a row of trees which, in the dark, they mistook for the enemy in battle array, they faced about, and fairly ran for it till they found themselves once more in Heidelberg.

The consequences were more serious to some of the members of a second party, despatched to Ladenburg. In the middle of the night, the sentry posted on the bridge mistook the trotting of some stray donkey for a charge of dragoons, and firing his rifle, without farther deliberation he threw himself over the bridge, breaking a thigh and a couple of ribs in the fall. The others stood their ground; but it is well known that several of the party were laid up next day with *nerven feber*, (a sort of low typhus,) brought on by the fear and agitation they had undergone.

These facts are merely mentioned to show that, had the government, at the commencement of the outbreak, made the slightest show of firmness, they would not have met with the resistance which they afterwards found.

The dragoons, after dodging about for two days and nights, worn out with fatigue and hunger, at length allowed themselves to be captured near the frontiers of Würtemberg. It seems that the soldiers positively refused to make use of their arms after the Duke's flight, which, indeed, is

the only way of accounting for three hundred mounted dragoons, with sixteen pieces of artillery fully supplied with ammunition, falling into the hands of as many peasants, who would undoubtedly have fled at the first shot fired.

Whilst these events passed, the reins of government at Carlsruhe had been seized by Brentano, Peter, Fickler, and Goegg—the latter a convicted felon. Struve and Blind, condemned to eight years' imprisonment for their rebellion the year before, were released, and, with their friends, took a prominent part in the formation of the new ministry. The war department was given to a Lieutenant Eichfeld, who, by the way, had some time previously quitted the service, on account of a duel in which he displayed the white feather. His first measure was to order the whole body of soldiers, now entirely deprived of their officers, to select others from the ranks. The choice was just what might have been expected; and instances occurred in which recruits of three weeks' standing passed at once to the rank of captain and major. All discipline was soon at an end. The army, consisting of 17,000 men, was placed under the command of Lieutenant Sigel, a young man of twenty-two, whose sole claims to preferment seem to have been, that he was compromised in Struve's abortive attempt at Friburg, and had since contributed a number of articles, violently abusive of the government, to some low revolutionary newspapers. Head-quarters were established at Heidelberg, where Sigel, accompanied by Eichfeld, arrived on the 19th of May.

The pecuniary affairs of the insurgents were in the most flourishing condition. Seven millions of florins (about £560,000) were found in the war-chest, besides two and a half millions of paper-money, and large sums belonging to other departments of the ministry. Their stock of arms consisted of seventy thousand muskets, without reckoning those of the national guard and military. Thus equipped and supplied, they would have been able, with a little drill, and if properly commanded, to make a long stand against the regular forces sent against them. By this time, too, the

country was fast filling with political refugees of all shades of opinion. Italians, Swiss, Poles, and French were daily pouring in; and the well-known Metternich, of Mayence celebrity, who had not been heard of since his flight from the barricades at Frankfort, again turned up as commander of a free corps. A sketch of his costume will give a pretty fair idea of that adopted by all those who wished to distinguish themselves as ultra-liberals. He wore a white broad-brimmed felt-hat, turned up on one side, with a large red feather; a blue *kittel* or smock-frock; a long cavalry sabre swung from his belt, in which were stuck a pair of ponderous horse pistols; troopers' boots, reaching to the middle of the thigh, were garnished with enormous spurs, and across his breast flamed a crimson scarf, the badge of the red republican.

In order to extend the revolt, and to place Baden in a state of defence before the governments should recover from their panic, the most energetic measures were taken. A decree was issued for arming the whole male population, from eighteen to thirty years of age; and as in many instances the peasantry proved refractory, a tax of fifty florins per day was laid on all recusants, who, when discovered, were taken by force to join the army. Raveaux, Trutschler, Erbe, and Fröbel, the latter that friend of Robert Blum, who so narrowly escaped the cord when his companion was shot,—made their appearance at Carlsruhe. They issued a violent proclamation against the King of Prussia, and, the better to disguise their real object, called on all Germany to arm in defence of the parliament at Frankfort, and the provisional government of Baden. Every artifice, no matter how disreputable, that could serve the cause, was unscrupulously resorted to. It was officially announced that Würtemberg and Hesse-Darmstadt were only waiting a favourable opportunity to join the movement; and to further this object, a public meeting (which it was hoped would bring forth the same fruits at Darmstadt, as that of Offenburg had produced at Carlsruhe) was called by the radicals of the Odenwald. It took place at Laudenbach, a village

situated about three miles within the Hessian frontier, and was attended by upwards of six thousand armed peasants, and by three or four thousand of the Baden free corps. The authorities were, however, on the alert; and after a fruitless summons to the insurgents to quit the territory, the military were called out. Before orders to fire were given, the civil commissary, desirous to avoid effusion of blood, advanced alone towards the crowd, endeavouring to persuade them to retire peaceably. He was barbarously murdered; and the sight of his dead body so incensed the Hessian soldiers, that they rushed forward without waiting for the word of command, and with one volley put the whole mob of insurgents to flight.

The spirit displayed on this occasion probably saved the country from a bloody civil war; for had the revolutionary movements passed the frontiers of Baden at that moment the flame would doubtless have spread to Würtemberg, and thence not improbably to the whole of Germany, with the exception perhaps of Prussia.

To counteract the very unsatisfactory effect of the meeting at Laudenbach, it was resolved by a council held at Carlsruhe, that a bold stroke should be struck. The Hessians, hitherto unsupported by other troops, could not command anything like the numerical force of Baden, and Sigel received orders to cross the frontier with all his disposable troops. Four battalions of the line, with about six thousand volunteers, were reviewed at Heidelberg before taking the field. They were indeed a motley crew! The soldiers, who had helped themselves from the stores at Carlsruhe to whatever best suited their fancy, appeared on parade equipped accordingly. Shako, helmets, caps, greatcoats, frocks, full-dress and undress uniforms, all figured in the same ranks. The so-called officers, in particular, cut a pitiful figure. If the smart uniform and epaulette could have disguised the clownish recruit, who had perhaps figured but a few weeks in the ranks, the license of his conduct would soon have betrayed him; for officers and privates, arm in arm, and excessively drunk, might constantly be seen reel-

ing through the streets. The free corps, unwilling to be outdone by the regulars, indulged in all sorts of theatrical dresses, yellow and red boots being in great favour; whilst one fellow, claiming no lower rank than that of colonel, actually rode about in a blouse and white cotton drawers, with Hessian boots and large gold tassels.

As it was strongly suspected that the soldiers placed little confidence in their new leaders, and the free corps, many of whom were serving against their own wishes, seemed equally unwilling to risk their lives under such commanders as Metternich and Bönin, (a watchmaker from Wiesbaden,) all sorts of artifices were resorted to, to encourage both regulars and irregulars. Their whole force might amount to thirty thousand men; but, by marches and counter-marches, similar to those by which, in a theatre, a few dozen of soldiers are made to represent thousands, they so dazzled the eyes of the ignorant, that it was believed their army numbered nearly a hundred thousand men. The cavalry in particular, which were quartered in Heidelberg, were marched out and in again five times in as many days—at each appearance being hailed as a fresh regiment. Soothsayers and prophets were also consulted, and interpreted divers passages in holy writ as foretelling the defeat of the Prussians, and the success of the "Army of Freedom." But the trick which no doubt, had the greatest influence on the minds of the poor duped people was a forged declaration, purporting to be one put forth by the Hessian troops, professing their intention of throwing down their arms on the approach of their "German brothers."

On the 28th of May, the insurgents, ten thousand in number, crossed the frontier of Hesse-Darmstadt. The Hessians, with three battalions of infantry, a couple of six-pounders, and a squadron of light cavalry, waited their approach; and having withdrawn their outposts, (a movement interpreted into a flight by the opposite party,) they suddenly opened a severe fire on the advancing columns—driving them back to Weinheim, with a loss of upwards of fifty

killed and wounded. The affair commenced at four o'clock in the afternoon, and by ten at night the whole insurgent force arrived pell-mell at Heidelberg. Officers and dragoons led the van, followed by artillery, infantry, baggage-waggons, and free corps, mingled together in the utmost disorder. They had run from Weinheim, a distance of twelve miles, in three hours—driven by their fears only; for the Hessians, too weak to take advantage of their victory, and content with driving them from their own territory, waited reinforcements before attempting farther hostilities.

This check was a sad damper to the ardour of the insurgents. It was necessary to find some one on whom to fix the blame; and as the dragoons were known to be unfavourable to the new order of things, the official account of the affair stated that the enemy would have been thoroughly beaten, had the cavalry charged when ordered so to do.

This was the only action fought under Sigel's generalship—as a specimen of which it may be mentioned that the *band* of the guards was sent into action at the head of the regiment, and lost five men by the first volley fired. Whatever the reason, Sigel was removed from his functions next day, and Eichfeld, disgusted with such an opening to the campaign, changed his place of minister of war for a colonelcy in the Guards; and, pocketing a month's pay, took himself quietly off, and has never been heard of since.

As it was now evident there could be no hopes of the Hessians joining the movement, the tactics were changed, and the most violent abuse was lavished on them by the organs of the provisional government. The vilest calumnies were resorted to, to exasperate the Baden troops against them, such as that they tortured and massacred their prisoners, &c.

Sigel had succeeded Eichfeld as minister of war; and as it was tolerably clear that they possessed no general fit to lead their army to the field, Meiroslawski was invited to take the command. A large sum of money was sent to him in Paris, and, while waiting his arrival, it was determined to act strictly on the defensive. With

this object the whole line of the Neckar, from Mannheim to Eberbach and Mosbach, was strongly fortified; and the regular troops were withdrawn from Rastadt, and concentrated on the Hessian frontier.

At length the Polish adventurer, whose arrival had been so impatiently expected, made his appearance at Heidelberg. Meiroslawski, a native of the grand-duchy of Posen, began his career as a cadet in the Prussian service. In the Polish revolution of 1832 he played an active part, and was deeply implicated in the plot concocted at Cracow in 1846, which brought such dreadful calamities on the unfortunate inhabitants of Galicia. For the second time he took refuge in France, and only returned to his native country, to join the outbreak at Posen in 1848. There he contrived to get himself into a Prussian prison, from which, however, he was after a time released. He next led the ranks of the Sicilian insurgents; and on the submission of the island to the Neapolitan troops, had scarcely time to gain his old asylum, France, before he was called on to aid the revolutionists of Baden. He is a man of about forty years of age, of middle height, slightly built, and, so long as he is on foot, of military carriage and appearance; but seen on horseback, riding like a postilion rather than a soldier, the effect is not so good. His eyes are large and expressive, his nose aquiline, and the lower part of his face covered with a large sandy beard, which descends to the middle of his breast. Sixty of the Duke's horses, left in the stables at Carlsruhe, were sent to mount him and his aides-de-camp. Poles, Swiss, desperadoes of every description, received commissions, and were attached to the staff, the members of which, when assembled, were not unlike a group of masqueraders. Accidents, such as stumbling over their own sabres or their comrades' spurs, were of common occurrence. Sometimes a horse and his rider would be seen rolling over together; for, excepting one gentleman, whose rank I could not learn, but who had figured as rider at an equestrian circus that had attended the fair, none of the party looked as if they had ever mounted a horse before.

The first step taken by the government, after Meiroslawski's arrival, was to make a formal treaty of alliance with the provisional government of Rhenish Bavaria, in pursuance of one of whose provisions a plentiful supply of artillery was sent from the fortress of Rastadt, to furnish the army in that part of the country. That the two governments were in constant communication with Ledru Rollin and his friends, is now an authenticated fact, as well as that their chief hopes of success were built on the assistance they expected to receive from Paris. So confidently did they anticipate the overthrow, by the Montagne party, of the present order of things in France, that on the very morning the attempt took place in Paris, placards were posted up in Carlsruhe, Mannheim, and Heidelberg, announcing that the citadel of Strasburg was in the hands of the democrats, who were hastening with a hundred thousand men to the assistance of their friends in Baden.

Until the arrival of Meiroslawski, Brentano had refused to put in execution the rigorous measures urged on him by Struve and his party; but things were now conducted differently. Numbers of persons were cast into prison without any formal accusation. One clergyman in particular, thrown into a miserable dungeon, and kept for weeks in solitary confinement, entirely lost his senses, and, on the arrival of his liberators, the Prussians, had to be taken to a lunatic asylum, where he still remains. The whole country was declared to be under martial law, and notice was given that anybody expressing dissatisfaction with the government would be severely punished. No person whom the malice or ignorance of the mob might choose to consider a spy was safe: many of the principal shops in the towns were closed, the proprietors having sent off or concealed their goods, and fled the country. Persons known to be inimical to the government were punished for their opinions by contributions being levied on their property, or soldiers billeted in their houses. Count Obendorf, who has a chateau in the vicinity of Heidelberg, had no less than seven hundred and twenty men quartered on him at one

time. Complaint was unavailing: tyranny and terrorism reigned throughout the land.

In order to give the semblance of legality to their proceedings, the elections for a new chamber commenced. It will readily be imagined that none but the friends of those in power presented themselves as candidates: the deputies were therefore, without exception, the intimates or supporters of Brentano & Co. The first act of the new assembly was to dissolve the *Landes-ausschuss*, or provisional government, as being too numerous a body to act with the required vigour; and a dictatorial triumvirate, composed of Brentano, Peter, and Goegg, was appointed in its stead.

By this time serious dissensions had broken out among the leading members of the democratic party. Brentano had quarrelled with Struve, who was resolved on nothing less than the proclamation of the red republic. Finding his friends at Carlsruhe opposed to this attempt, he called a public meeting at Mannheim. Here again his efforts were unsuccessful, the soldiers especially being opposed to his doctrines. As the Würtemberg deputies had always figured among the most violent of the left, or republican party, at Frankfort, and late events had given rise to the idea that the people of that country were disposed to support the movement in Baden, Fickler was sent to Stuttgart, with a considerable sum of money to corrupt the soldiers; and in full expectation of the success of his mission, billets were made out for three thousand men, who, it was stated, were to arrive in the evening at Heidelberg. Disappointment ensued. The Würtembergers, satisfied with having forced from their king a promise to accept the constitution in support of which the Badenians professed to be fighting, were not inclined to bring further trouble and confusion into their country, and Fickler was thrown into prison. This untoward event, had the Baden revolution lasted much longer, was to have produced a terrible war between the two countries. The Würtemberg minister, however, laughed at the insurgent government's absurd and impotent threats, and Fickler still remains in confinement.

The first week after Meiroslawski's arrival was taken up with preparations for opening the campaign on a grand scale. Upwards of fifty thousand men were collected on the Hessian frontiers, from which side it was expected that the enemy would make their attack. At the same time, the Hessians having been reinforced by troops from Mecklenburg, Nassau, Hesse-Cassel, and Prussia, prepared to take the field in earnest. Whilst the first division of the army, under the command of the Prince of Prussia and General Hirschfeld, entered the Palatinate between Kreutznach and Saarbrücken, and advanced to the relief of Germersheim and Landau; Meiroslawski was held in check by continual feints, made along the whole line of the Neckar. On the 15th of June, a battalion of Mecklenburgers, with a squadron of Hessian light cavalry, and a couple of guns, advanced from Weinheim as far as Ladenburg. The village was taken at the point of the bayonet; but, ignorant of the immense force of the insurgents, or perhaps from undervaluing their courage, the troops allowed themselves to be almost surrounded by the enemy. With great difficulty they succeeded in regaining their old position; while the major who commanded the party, and ten privates, were left in the hands of the rebels. The loss on both sides was considerable, but was in some degree compensated to the Imperial troops, by two companies of the Baden Guards passing over to them. This slight success was boasted of by Meiroslawski as a splendid victory, in the following bulletin:—

“HEADQUARTERS, HEIDELBERG,
“16th June, 1849.

“Our operations against the advancing enemy have been crowned with success. Yesterday, our brave army was simultaneously attacked on all sides.

“In Rhenish Bavaria the Prussians were driven back with great loss. At Ladenburg, Colonel Sigel engaged the enemy, who had advanced in front; while a column, under the command of the valiant Oborski, attacked them in the rear. The enemy was defeated on all points, and driven back in the greatest confusion.

“It is only to be regretted that want of cavalry prevented our following and completely annihilating them.

“Many prisoners were made, and their loss in arms, ammunition, and baggage,

all of which fell into our hands, was considerable.

“Inhabitants of Heidelberg, fear nothing for the future. Continue to provide the intrepid army under my command with necessaries for continuing the campaign so gloriously commenced, and I will answer for the result. Strict obedience to my orders is all I require from you, to prevent the enemy from overrunning the country.

“In commemoration of the victory of yesterday, so gloriously obtained, the town of Heidelberg will be illuminated. The lights will be left burning till day-break, and the beer-houses will remain open the whole night.

“(Signed) LOUIS MEIROSŁAWSKI,
“General-in-Chief of the Army.”

This bombastic effusion was followed by several others equally false and ridiculous. The Prussians had advanced as far as Ludwigshafen, opposite Mannheim, without encountering any serious resistance. The insurgent army in the Pfalz, numbering about twelve thousand men, under the command of the Polish General Sznayda, had abandoned their intrenchments almost without striking a blow, and, with the provisional government, fled to Knielingen, from whence they crossed the Rhine into Baden. The only serious impediment encountered by the Prussians was at Ludwigshafen, which suffered immense damage from the heavy and constant bombardment kept up from batteries erected at the opposite town of Mannheim. The railway station was burned to the ground, and the value of property destroyed in the store-houses alone has been calculated at two millions of florins, (£170,000.) On the 17th, Landau and Germersheim were relieved; and the Prince of Prussia, with his whole force concentrated before the latter fortress, prepared to cross the Rhine under the protection of its guns.

Having thus fully accomplished the first part of his arduous undertaking, by re-establishing order in the Pfalz, the Prince of Prussia prepared to effect a junction with the second and third divisions of the army, under the command of General Von Gröben, and Peucker, the former of whom had again advanced to Ladenburg, on the right bank of the Neckar. Meiroslawski, in the mean time, remained totally inactive from the 15th to the 20th inst.

Upwards of fifty thousand men had been reviewed by him in Heidelberg and its vicinity; besides this, the twelve thousand Bavarian insurgents, under the command of Sznayda, were in the neighbourhood of Bruchsal; and with such a force, anything like a determined resistance would have compelled the Prussians to purchase victory by a heavy loss. Whatever may be his reputation for talent, Meiroslawski showed but little skill as a general during his short command in Baden. Instead of opposing the crossing of the Rhine by the Prussians, which, with so large a force, and fifty-four pieces of well-served artillery, he might easily have done, the Prince of Prussia, with a division of fifteen thousand men, was allowed to obtain a secure footing in his rear, almost unopposed.

From this moment the position of the insurgents became critical in the extreme. The line of the Neckar was occupied on the right bank by the second and third divisions of the army, comprising upwards of thirty thousand men. Although hitherto held in check by the strong entrenchments that had been thrown up, they might still advance in front; whilst the high road to Rastadt was effectually cut off by the Prince of Prussia, whose headquarters were now at Phillipsburg.

The Rhine had been crossed by the Prussians on the 20th, and on the evening of that day Meiroslawski, for the first time, showed a disposition to move from his comfortable quarters at the Prince Carl hotel in Heidelberg. Collecting all his force, (with the exception of three or four thousand men, who were left in the intrenchments before Ladenburg and on the line of the Neckar,) he left Heidelberg "to drive the Prussians," as he announced, "into the Rhine," and effect a junction with Sznayda's corps in the neighbourhood of Carlsruhe. The plan was a bold one; but Meiroslawski ought to have known better than to attempt its execution with the undisciplined force he commanded. He, however, appears to have entertained no doubt of the result; for the commissariat, baggage, and even the military chest were sent forward, he himself following in a carriage and four.

Early on the morning of the 21st the

action commenced, and Meiroslawski found to his cost that six thousand well-disciplined Prussians were more than a match for his whole army. At ten o'clock on the same morning a proclamation was issued at Heidelberg by Struve, stating "that the Prussians were beaten on all points, that their retreat to the Rhine was cut off, and that ten thousand prisoners would be sent to Heidelberg in the evening." The loss on the side of the "Army of Freedom" was eight slightly hurt, and two severely wounded—no killed!

In spite of the obvious absurdity of this proclamation, most of the townspeople believed it; and it was not till two o'clock in the afternoon that their eyes were opened to the deception practised on them, by the arrival of between thirty and forty cart-loads of wounded insurgents. Before nightfall, upwards of three hundred suffering wretches filled the hospitals. Crowds of fugitives flocked into the town, and every appearance of discipline was at an end. It seems that, on the approach of the enemy, the Prussian advanced guard, composed of one battalion only, retired till they drew the insurgents into the very centre of their line, which lay concealed in the neighbourhood of Wagheusel. This movement was interpreted into a flight by Meiroslawski; a halt was called; and whilst he was refreshing himself at a roadside inn, and his troops were in imagination swallowing dozens of Prussians with every fresh glass of beer, they suddenly found themselves almost surrounded by the royal forces. At the very first volley fired by the Prussians, many of the Baden heroes threw down their arms, and took to their heels; the artillery and baggage waggons, which were most unaccountably in advance, faced about, and drove through the ranks at full speed, overthrowing and crushing whole companies of insurgents. The panic soon became general: dragoons, infantry, baggage-waggons, and artillery, got mingled together in the most inextricable confusion, and those who could, fled to the woods for safety. The approach of night prevented the Prince of Prussia from following up his victory, but he established his headquarters at Langenbrucken, within nine miles of the town.

Whilst the hopes of the insurgents received a deathblow in this quarter, General Peucker had pushed with his division through the Odenwald, and, after some insignificant skirmishing at Hirschhorn, crossed the Neckar in the vicinity of Zwingenberg, with the intention of advancing on Sinsheim, and cutting off the retreat of the rebels in that direction. Von Gröben, who, on account of the bridges at Ladenburg, Mannheim, and Heidelberg, being undermined, was unwilling to cross the Neckar, sent a small reconnoitring party over the hills, and, to the great consternation of the inhabitants, the Prussians suddenly made their appearance on the heights above the village of Neuenheim, thus commanding the town of Heidelberg. Four hundred of the foreign legion immediately sallied over the bridge, and, posting themselves in some houses on that side of the river, kept up a desperate firing, though the enemy were too far above their heads for their bullets to take effect. The Prussians for some time looked on with indifference, but, before retiring, they gave the insurgents a taste of what their newly-invented * *zund-nadel* muskets could accomplish. Out of four shots fired, at a distance of full fifteen hundred yards, two took effect; the one killing an insurgent on the bridge, and the other wounding one of the free corps in the town.

To return to Meiroslawski's army. After those who had been fortunate enough to reach Heidelberg had taken a few hours' rest and refreshment, the entire mass moved off in the direction of Sinsheim, their only hope of escape being to pass that town before the arrival of General Peucker's division. Thousands had thrown away their arms and fled; and most of the soldiers, anxious to escape another collision with the Prussians, threw off their uniforms and concealed themselves in

the woods. One-half of the rebels were disbanded, or had been taken prisoners; and Meiroslawski, with the remnant, made all speed to quit the town. Every horse in the neighbourhood was put into requisition to aid them in their flight, and the whole gang of civil authorities, headed by Struve and his wife in a carriage, (well filled with plunder,) followed the great body of fugitives. The intrenchments at Ladenburg, &c., were abandoned, and by 7 o'clock on the evening of the 22d, the town of Heidelberg was once more left to the peaceable possession of its terrified inhabitants. The foreign legion, composed of Poles, Italians, Swiss, French—in short, the refuse of all nations—were the last to leave; nor did they do so, till they had helped themselves to whatever they could conveniently carry off: indeed, the near vicinity of the Prussians alone prevented the complete plunder of the town. During the night, the better disposed citizens removed the powder that undermined the bridge, and a deputation was sent to inform General Von Gröben that he could advance without impediment. At 4 o'clock on the morning of the 23d, to the great joy of every respectable inhabitant of Heidelberg, he made his entry into the town. Mannheim had also been taken possession of without firing a shot, and the communication between the first and second divisions of the royal army was now open.

After leaving Heidelberg, Meiroslawski succeeded in once more uniting about fifteen thousand of the fugitives under his banner. General Peucker's attempt to intercept him at Sinsheim had failed, the insurgent general having reached it two hours before him. Taking to the hills, he got out in rear of the Prince of Prussia's division, and joined his force to that of Sznayda, which was before Carlsruhe. Robbery

* The advantage of this new invention (of which the Prussians have now 50,000 in use) are the increased rapidity of loading, extent of range, and precision of aim. A thoroughly drilled soldier can fire from eight to ten rounds in a minute, whilst with a common percussion gun three times is considered good practice. Neither ramrod nor cap is required; the cartridge, which is placed in the gun by opening the breech, contains a fulminating powder, which is pierced by the simple action of pulling the trigger; and the charge of powder being ignited in front, instead of from behind, (as in the common musket,) the entire force of powder is exploded at once. The barrels are rifled, and *spitz* or pointed bullets are used.

and plunder marked the entire line of march. Wine and provisions that could not be carried off, were wantonly destroyed, and the inhabitants of the villages traversed by this undisciplined hoide, will long have reason to remember the passage of the self-styled "Army of Freedom."

At Upsdal, Darlach, and Bruchsal, the rebels made a more energetic resistance than they had yet done; and it was not without a hard struggle, and great loss on both sides, that the Prince of Prussia, at the head of the three divisions of his army, (now united, and numbering upwards of forty thousand men,) entered Carlsruhe on the 25th of June. On the approach of the Prussians, the provisional government, the members of the chamber, and the civil authorities of every description, having emptied the treasury, and carried off all the public money on which they could lay their hands, made their escape to join the remains of the Rump parliament, who, since they had been kicked out of Würtemberg, had established themselves at Freiburg.

After a rest of two days in the capital of Baden, the Prussian army was again put in motion to attack the insurgents, now strongly intrenched along the valley of the Murg, the narrowest part of the duchy. Owing to the numerous and well-served artillery of the insurgents, it was not without severe fighting, and great sacrifice of life, that they were driven from their positions. Another disorderly flight succeeded; and by the 30th of the month, the Prussians were in quiet possession of Baden-Baden, Oos, Offenburg, and Kehl, besides having completely surrounded Rastadt, and cut off every hope of retreat from that fortress. The remainder of Meïroslawski's force was entirely dispersed, the greater number being captured, or escaping in small parties into France or Switzerland. A few hundreds only remained in Freiburg, under the command of Sigel. Meïroslawski took refuge in Basle, having held the command of the Baden forces exactly three weeks; and Brentano, after having remained just long enough to be abused and threatened by his own party, made his escape with most of the other revolutionary leaders into

Switzerland, from which he issued the following justification of his conduct. As the document contains a tolerably faithful sketch of the revolution, with the opinion of one who may certainly be considered as an unprejudiced judge, we give it in full:—

"TO THE PEOPLE OF BADEN.

"Fellow-citizens! Before leaving the town of Freiburg and the duchy of Baden, on the night of the 28th June, I informed the president of the constitutional assembly that it was my intention to justify my conduct towards the people of Baden, but not towards an assembly that had treated me with outrage. If I did not do this at the time I left the country for which I have acted all through with a clear conscience, and from which I was driven by a tyrannical and selfish party, it was because I wished to see what this party would say against the absent. To-day I have seen their accusation, and no longer delay my defence, in order that you may judge whether I have merited the title of traitor; or whether the people's cause—the cause of freedom, for which your sons, your brothers, have bled—can prosper in the hands of men who only seek to hide personal cowardice by barbarity, mental incapacity by lies, and low selfishness by hypocrisy.

"Fellow-citizens! Since the month of February I have strained every nerve in the cause of freedom. Since the month of February, I have sacrificed my own affairs to the defence of persecuted republicans. I have willingly stood up for all who claimed my assistance; and let any say if I have been reimbursed one kreutzer of the hundreds I have expended. Fellow-citizens! I am loath to call to mind the sacrifices I have made; but a handful of men are shameless enough to call me traitor; a handful of men, partly those in whose defence I disinterestedly strained every nerve, would have me brought to 'well-deserved punishment:' these men, whose sole merit consists in tending to bring discredit on freedom's cause, through their incapacity, barbarity, and terrorism; and whose unheard-of extravagance has brought us to the brink of ruin.

"I did not return home after Fickler's trial. The exertion I had used in his defence had injured my health, and I went for medical advice to Baden-Baden. On the 14th of May, I was fetched from my bed; but in spite of bodily weakness, I was unwilling to remain behind. I wished to see the cause of freedom free from all dirty machinations. I wished to prevent the holy

cause from falling into disrepute through disgraceful traffic; I wished to keep order, and to protect life and property. For some time I was enabled to effect this: I endeavoured to prevent injustice of all kinds, and in every place, and whenever I was called on; I strove to protect the innocent against force, and to prove that even the complete overthrow of the government could be accomplished without allowing anarchy to reign in its stead.

"Fellow-citizens! However my conduct as a revolutionist may be judged, I have a clear conscience. Not a deed of injustice can be laid at my door: not a kreutzer of your money have I allowed to be squandered, not a heller has gone into my pocket! But this I must say, you will be astonished, if ever you see the accounts, to find how your money has been wasted, and how few there were who sacrificed anything to the holy cause of the people, and how many took care to be well paid out of the national coffers for every service rendered.

"No sooner had the revolution broken out than hundreds of adventurers swarmed into the land, with boasts of having suffered in freedom's cause: they claimed their reward in hard cash from your coffers. There was no crossing the streets of Carlsruhe for the crowds of uniformed, sabre-carrying clerks; and whilst this herd of idlers revelled on your money, your half-famished sons were exposing their breasts to the bullets of the enemy in freedom's cause. But whoever set himself to oppose this order of things was proclaimed to be a mean and narrow-minded citizen; whoever showed a disinclination to persecute his political adversary *à la Windischgrätz*, was a *réactionnaire* or a traitor.

"At the head of this party was Struve, the man whose part I took before the tribunal at Freiburg—not as a legal adviser, but as a friend; the man whose absurd plan for giving the ministers salaries of six thousand florins; of sending ambassadors to Rome and Venice, and agents to St. Petersburg and Hungary, I overruled; the man whose endeavour to give every situation to which a good salary was attached to foreign adventurers, was effectually opposed by me. This man, despised for his personal cowardice, whose dismissal from the provisional government was demanded by the entire army—this man, instead of supporting and strengthening the government as he promised, tried, because his ambitious views found no encouragement, and with the assistance of foreign adventurers, to overthrow me; and when I showed him the force that was drawn

up ready to oppose him, he took refuge in base lies, and had not even sufficient courage to go home, till I, whom he had just tried to overthrow, protected him with my own body to his house.

"The people had chosen between us, for at the elections he had been first thrown out, and he only obtained three thousand votes as a substitute, whilst I had been elected by seven thousand voices.

"I had placed all my hopes in the Constitutional Assembly. I thought that men elected by the free choice of the people would duly support my honest endeavours. I was mistaken. An assembly, the majority of whose members were mere ranters, totally incapable of fulfilling the task imposed on them, and who sought to conceal their ignorance by proposing revolutionary measures—which were carried one day, to be revoked as impracticable the next—was the result of the election. That I should prove a thorn in the sides of such men was clear; and as it was not in their power to get rid of me, they sought to make me a powerless tool, by creating a three-headed dictatorship, with the evident intention of making use of my name, whilst holding me in check by the other two dictators. Although such a situation might be undignified, still, from love of the cause, I determined to accept it. I scarcely ever saw my colleagues in Carlsruhe, as they found it more agreeable to run after the army. No reports from the seat of war ever reached me; and yet the assembly demanded from me, as being the only one present, accounts of what I had received no report of. All responsibility was thrown on my shoulders. If the minister of war neglected to supply the army with arms or ammunition, the fault was mine; if the minister of finance wanted money, I was to blame; and if the army was beaten, my want of energy was the cause of it!

"Thus was I abandoned at Carlsruhe in the last most dangerous days, and left with a set of deputies who, for the most part, had not even sufficient courage to sleep in the capital. My co-dictators found it more convenient to play the easier part of mock heroes with the army. Thousands can bear witness that I shrunk from no work, however trivial; but I can prove to most of these pot-valiant heroes, that they put off the most urgent motions as 'not pressing,' whilst they clung to others that were of no importance, merely because they carried them out of all danger at the national expense.

"In Offenburg we were joined by the newly-elected member Gustavus Struve, who immediately demanded my dismissal

from the government. On being told that this was impossible, he next wished me to be taken from the dictatorship, and to be given one of the minister's places. He talked of the want of energy displayed by the government, called it little better than treason, and tried to learn from my friends what plans I intended to adopt. He demanded that the fugitives from the Pfalz should be placed in office, though, God knows, we owed them nothing. Indignant at such conduct, I took no part in the secret counsel held at Freiburg, although I informed several of the deputies of my intention to resign, unless I received full satisfaction for the machinations of Struve.

"The first public meeting of the assembly took place on the evening of the 28th June, when Struve brought forward the following motion:—

"That every effort at negotiation with the enemy be considered and punished as high treason.' Considering what had before taken place, I could not do less than oppose the motion, which I did on the grounds that, as such negotiations could only proceed from the government, the motion was tantamount to a vote of want of confidence. In spite of this declaration on my part, the motion was carried by twenty-eight against fifteen votes, and the contest between Struve and Brentano was decided in favour of the former. Although some few of the deputies declared their vote not to imply want of confidence, the assembly did not, in that capacity, express such an opinion. If they did, I call on them to produce the notes of such a resolution having been carried; and if they fail to do so, I brand them with the name of infamous liars. After this, I did what all honourable men would have done—I resigned. Who, I ask, was to prevent my doing so; and why am I to be branded with the name of traitor? I laugh those fools to scorn who imagine they could prevent freedom of action in a man who, having been shamefully ill-used, chose to withdraw from public life.

"I do not fear inquiry, and demand from the national assembly that the result of their investigation be made public, as it can only terminate in victory for me and destruction to my adversaries. Why did this same assembly keep secret the fact that, on the 28th of June, they decided to send me a deputation the next morning, in order to beg I would remain in power—I the traitor, I who was to be brought to 'well-merited punishment!' It was easy to foresee the personal danger I was exposed to if I refused, and I therefore preferred

seeking quiet and repose in Switzerland, to enjoying the rage of freedom emitted under Struve's dictatorship in Baden.

"I am to be called to account! My acts are open to the world. No money ever came under my superintendence—this was taken care of by men who had been employed in the department for years. My salary as head of the government was three florins per day, and I have paid all travelling expenses out of my own pocket. But if those are to be called to account who had charge of the public money, and became my enemies because I would not have it squandered, then, people of Baden! you will open your eyes with astonishment; then, brave combatants, you will learn that, whilst you fasted, others feasted!

"The people of Baden will not be thankful for a 'Struve government,' but they will have to support it; and over the grave of freedom, over the graves of their children, will they learn to know those who were their friends and those who only sought for self-aggrandisement and tyranny!

"And when the time comes that the people are in want of me again, my ear will not be deaf to the call! But I will never serve a government of tyrants, who can only keep in power by adopting measures that we have learned to despise, as worthy of a Windischgrätz or a Wrangel!

"Fellow-citizens! I have not entered into details. I have only drawn a general sketch, which it will require time to fill up. Accused of treason by the princes, accused of treason by the deputies of Freiburg, I leave you to decide whether I have merited the title.

*"Feuerthalen bei Schaffhausen,
1 July, 1849."*

"LOUIS BRENTANO."

At this time of writing, Rastadt still remains in possession of two or three thousand insurgents; but, almost without provisions, and deprived of all hopes of assistance, the fortress may be daily expected to surrender. Such is the termination of an insurrection of seven weeks' duration, which is calculated to have cost the country thirty millions of florins and four thousand lives. There is no denying that, at one time, it assumed a most formidable aspect; and had the people of Würtemberg given it the support its leaders confidently expected from them, it might, aided by the discontent that undoubtedly prevails in many other parts of Germany, long

have baffled the efforts of Prussia to put it down. Yet there are few persons, even among those who witnessed the outbreak from its commencement, who can tell what was the object of its promoters, unless plunder and personal aggrandisement be assigned as their incentives. Their professed motive was to support the union of Germany in one empire; but as the Grand-duke of Baden had already taken the oath to obey and defend the constitution framed at Frankfort, there was not the slightest pretext for upsetting his government. It is certain that the republicans played a most active part in the affair—their intention no doubt being, as soon as they found themselves victorious under the banner of the empire, to hoist a democratic flag of their own. Many who were not inclined to go so far, joined them upon doubts of the fair intentions of the Germanic princes towards their subjects. Some were perhaps glad of any sort of change, other turbulent

spirits were anxious for a row, but, from first to last, none seem to have had any clearly defined object, or anything to offer in extenuation of such waste of blood and treasure. The next striking circumstance is the evident incapacity of the chiefs, civil and military. Throughout the affair, we do not see one proof of superior talent, or a single act of daring courage. The only useful reflection it affords is one that is perhaps worthy the attention of the rulers of Germany. Last year, Struve's attempt to revolutionise the country was principally supported by ignorant peasants, mad students, and a few ultra-liberals and republicans, and it was in a great measure put down by the soldiers of Baden. This year, a great proportion of the citizens in the principal towns were openly in favour of the movement, and nearly the whole Baden army joined the revolt.

HEIDELBERG, 15th July, 1849.

LAMARTINE'S REVOLUTION OF 1848.

So completely was the ordinary framework of European society broken up in France by the Revolution of 1789, that the leaders of every great political movement, since that time, have sprung from an entirely different class of society from what they were before that event. The old territorial noblesse no longer appear as the leaders in action, or the rulers of thought. The time has gone by when an Admiral de Coligny, or a Henry of Béarn, stood forth as the chiefs of the reformed movement; a Duc d'Orleans no longer heads the defection of the nobles from the throne, or a Mirabeau rouse a resistance to the mandates of the sovereign. Not only the powers of the sword, not only the political lead of the people, but the direction of their thoughts, has passed from the old nobility. The confiscation of their property has destroyed their consequence, the dispersion of their families ruined their influence. Neither collectively nor individually can they now lead the people. The revolution of 1830, begun by Thiers and the writers in the *National* newspaper, was carried out by Lafitte the great banker. That of 1848, springing from the columns of the *Réforme* and the *Démocratie Pacifique*, soon fell under the lead of M. Marrast the journalist, and M. Lamartine the romancer and poet. And now the latter of these authors has come forth, not only as the leader but as the historian of the movement. Like Cæsar, he appears as the annalist of his own exploits: like him, he no doubt flatters himself he can say, "I came, I saw, I conquered."

The reason is, that mankind cannot exist even for a day but under the lead of a few. Self-government is the dream of the enthusiast, the vision of the inexperienced: oligarchy is the history of man. In vain are institutions popularised, nobles destroyed, masses elevated, education diffused, self-government established: all that will not alter the character of man; it will not qualify the multitude for self-direction; it will not obviate that first of necessities to mankind—the

necessity of being governed. What is the first act of every assembly of men associated together for any purpose, social, political, or charitable? To nominate a committee by whom their common affairs are to be regulated. What is the first act of that committee? To nominate a sub-committee of two or three, in whom the direction of affairs is practically to be vested. Begin, if you please, with universal suffrage: call six millions of electors to the poll, as in France at this time, or four millions, as in America—the sway of two or three, ultimately of one, is not the less inevitable. Not only does the huge mass ultimately fall under the direction of one or two leading characters, but from the very first it is swayed by their impulsion. The millions repeat the thoughts of two or three journals, they elaborate the ideas of two or three men. What is the origin of the whole free-trade principles which have totally altered the policy, and probably shortened the existence, of the British empire? The ideas of Adam Smith, nurtured in the solitude of Kirkcaldy. Would you learn what are the opinions generally prevalent in the urban circles in England, in whom political power is practically vested, on Wednesday or Thursday? Read the leading articles of the *Times* on Monday or Tuesday. The more men are educated, the more that instruction is diffused, the more widely that journals are read, the more vehement the political excitement that prevails, the more is the sway of this oligarchy established, for the greater is the aptitude of the general mind to receive the impulse communicated to it by the leaders of thought. The nation, in such circumstances, becomes a vast electric-machine, which vibrates with the slightest movement of the central battery.

Lamartine, as an author, can never be mentioned without the highest respect. The impress of genius is to be seen in all his works: nature has marked him for one of the leaders of thought. A mind naturally ardent and enthusiastic, has been nurtured

by travel, enriched by reflection, chastened by suffering. His descriptive powers are of the very highest order. We have already done justice, and not more than justice, to the extreme beauty of his descriptions of Oriental scenery.* They are the finest in the French, second to none in the English language. His mind is essentially poetical. Many of his effusions in verse are touching and beautiful, though they do not possess the exquisite grace and delicate expression of Beranger. But his prose is poetry itself: so deeply is his mind imbued with poetical images—so sensitive is his taste to the grand and the beautiful—so enthusiastic is his admiration of the elevated, whether in nature or art, that he cannot treat even an ordinary subject without tinging it with the colours of romance.

From this peculiar texture of Lamartine's mind arises both the excellences and defects of his historical compositions. He has all the romantic and poetical, but few of the intellectual qualities of an historian. Eminently dramatic in his description of event, powerful in the delineation of character, elevated in feeling, generous in sentiment, lofty in speculation—he is yet destitute of the sober judgment and rational views which are the only solid foundation for either general utility or durable fame in historical composition. He has the conceptions of genius and the fire of poetry in his narrative, but little good sense, and still less of practical acquaintance with mankind. That is his great defect, and it is a defect so serious that it will probably, in the end, deprive his historical works of the place in general estimation to which, from the beauty of their composition and the rich veins of romance with which they abound, they are justly entitled. These imaginative qualities are invaluable additions to the sterling qualities of truth, judgment, and trust-worthiness; but they can never supply their place. They are the colouring of history; they give infinite grace to its composition; they deck it out with all the charms of light and shade; but they can never make up for the want of

accurate drawing from nature, and a faithful delineation of objects as they really exist in the world around us. Nay, an undue preponderance of the imaginative qualities in an historian, if not accompanied by a scrupulous regard to truth, tends rather to lessen the weight due to his narrative, by inspiring a constant dread that he is either passing off imaginary scenes for real events, or colouring reality so highly that it is little better than fiction. This is more especially the case with a writer such as Lamartine, whose thoughts are so vivid and style so poetical, that, even when he is describing events in themselves perfectly true, his narrative is so embellished that it assumes the character of romance, and is distrusted from a suspicion that it is a mere creation of the imagination.

In addition to this, there is a capital deficiency in Lamartine's historical works, for which no qualities of style or power of composition, how brilliant soever, can compensate; and which, if not supplied in some future editions, will go far to deprive them of all credit or authority with future times. This is the *entire want of all authorities or references*, either at the bottom of the page or at the end of the work. In the eight volumes of the *History of the Girondists*, and the four on the *Revolution of 1848*, now before us, we do not recollect ever having met with a single reference or foot-note containing a quotation from any state paper, speech, or official document. It is impossible to over-estimate the magnitude of this defect; and it is astonishing how so able and well-informed a writer as Lamartine should have fallen into it. Does he suppose that the world are to take everything he says off his hand, without reference or examination; or imagine that the brilliant and attractive graces of his style do not increase the necessity for such authorities, from the constant suspicion they beget that they have been drawn from the store of his imagination, not the archives of history? No brilliancy of description, no richness of colouring, no amount of dramatic power, can make up for a want of the one thing needful—

* See *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. lvi., p. 657.

trust in the TRUTH of the narrative. Observe children: every one knows how passionately fond they are of having stories told them, and how much they prefer them to any of the ordinary pastimes suited to their years. How often, however, do you hear them say, *But is it all true?* It is by making them believe that fiction is the narrative of real event that the principal interest is communicated to the story. Where the annals of event are coloured as Lamartine knows how to colour them, they become more attractive than any romance. The great success of his *History of the Girondists*, and of Macaulay's *History of England*, is a sufficient proof of this. But still the question will recur to men and women, as well as children—"But is it all true?" And truth in his hands wears so much the air of romance, that he would do well, by all possible adjuncts, to convey the impression that it is in every respect founded in reality. ✕

There is no work which has been published in France, of late years, which has met with anything like the success which his *History of the Girondists* has had. We have heard that fifty thousand copies of it were sold in the first year. Beyond all doubt, it had a material effect in producing the Revolution of 1848, and precipitating Louis Philippe from the throne. It was thus popular, from the same cause which attracts boys to narratives of shipwrecks, or crowds to representations of woe on the theatre—deep interest in tragic events. He represented the heroes of the first great convulsion in such attractive colours, that men, and still more women, were not only fascinated by the narrative and deeply interested in the characters, but inspired by a desire to plunge into similar scenes of excitement themselves—just as boys become sailors from reading terrific tales of shipwreck, or soldiers, from stories of perils in the deadly breach. In his hands, vice equally with virtue, weakness with resolution, became attractive. He communicated the deepest interest to Robespierre himself, who is the real hero of his story, as Satan is of the *Paradise Lost*. He drew no veil over the weakness, the irresolu-

tion, the personal ambition of the Girondists, so fatal in their consequences to the cause of freedom in France, and through it to that of liberty over the whole world; but he contrived to make them interesting notwithstanding their faults—nay, in consequence of those very faults. He borrowed from romance, where it has been long understood and successfully practised, especially in France, the dangerous secret of making characters of *imperfect goodness* the real heroes of his tale. He knew that none of the leading characters at Paris were Sir Charles Grandisons; and he knew that, if they had been so, their adventures would have excited, comparatively speaking, very little interest. But he knew that many of them were political Lovelaces; and he knew well that it is by such characters that in public, equally as private life, the weakness of the world is fascinated, and their feelings enchained. And it is in the deep interest which his genius has communicated to really worthless characters, and the brilliant colours in which he has clothed the most sinister and selfish enterprises, that the real danger of his work consists, and the secret of the terrible consequences with which its publication was followed is to be found.

In truth, however, the real cause of those terrible consequences lies deeper, and a fault of a more fundamental kind than any glossing over the frailties of historical characters has at once rendered his work so popular and its consequences so tremendous. Rely upon it, truth and reason, all-powerful and even victorious in the end, are never a match for sophistry and passion in the outset. When you hear of a philosophical historical work going through half-a-dozen editions in six months, or selling fifty thousand copies in a year, you may be sure that there is a large intermixture of error, misrepresentation, and one-sidedness in its composition. The cause is, that truth and reason are in general distasteful in the outset to the human mind; and it is by slow degrees, and the force of experience alone, that their ascendancy is established. What attracts, in the first instance, in thought, independent of the charms of eloquence and the graces

of composition—which of course are indispensable to great success—is *coincidence with the tendency and aspirations of general thought*. But so prone to error and delusion is the human mind, from its inherent character and original texture, that it is a hundred to one that general thought at any one time, especially if it is one of considerable excitement or vehement feeling, is founded in error. And thus it often happens, that the works which have the most unbounded success at their first publication, and for a considerable time after, are precisely those which contain the largest portion of error, and are likely, when reduced into practice, to have the most fatal effects upon the best interests of the species. Witness the works of Rousseau and Voltaire in France, to whose influence the first revolution is mainly to be ascribed; those of Lamartine, Victor Hugo, and Eugene Sue, who have been chiefly instrumental in bringing about the still more widespread convulsions of our times.

The fundamental principle of Lamartine's political philosophy, and which we regard as his grand error, and the cause at once of his success in the outset and his failure in the end, is the principle of the general innocence and perfectibility of human nature. It is this principle, so directly repugnant to the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, that it may be regarded as literally speaking the "banner-cry of hell," which is at the bottom of the whole revolutionary maxims; and it is so flattering to the hopes, and agreeable to the weakness of human nature, that it can scarcely ever fail, when brought forward with earnestness and enforced by eloquence, to captivate the great majority of mankind. Rousseau proclaimed it in the loudest terms in all his works; it was the great secret of his success. According to him, man was born innocent, and with dispositions only to virtue: all his vices arose from the absurdity of the teachers who tortured his youth, all his sufferings from the tyranny of the rulers who oppressed his manhood. Lamartine, taught by the crimes, persuaded by the sufferings of the first Revolution, has modified this principle without abandoning its main doctrines, and thus succeeded in ren-

dering it more practically dangerous, because less repugnant to the common sense and general experience of mankind. His principle is, that *démagogie* is always selfish and dangerous; *démocratie* always safe and elevating. The ascendency of a few ambitious or worthless leaders precipitates the masses, when they first rise against their oppressors, into acts of violence, which throw a stain upon the cause of freedom, and often retard for a season its advance. But that advance is inevitable: it is only suspended for a time by the reaction against bloodshed; and in the progressive elevation of the millions of mankind to general intelligence, and the direction of affairs, he sees the practical development of the doctrines of the gospel, and the only secure foundation for general felicity. He is no friend to the extreme doctrines of the Socialists and Communists, and is a staunch supporter of the rights of property—and the most important of all rights, those of marriage and family. But he sees in the sway of the multitude the only real basis of general happiness, and the only security against the inroads of selfishness; and he regards the advances towards this grand consummation as being certain and irresistible as the advance of the tide upon the sand, or the progress from night to morning. In this way he hopes to reconcile the grand doctrine of human perfectibility with the universal failure of all attempts at its practical establishment; and continues to dream of the irresistible and blessed march of democracy, while recounting alike the weakness of the Girondists, and the crimes of the Jacobins—the woful result of the Revolution of 1789—and the still more rapid and signal failure of that which convulsed the world sixty years afterwards.

The simple answer to all these absurdities and errors, productive of such disastrous consequences when reduced into practice, is this—"The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked."—"There is none that doeth good, no, not one." It is from this *universal* and inevitable tendency to wickedness, that the practical impossibility of establishing democratic institutions, without utter ruin to the best interests of society,

arises. You seek in vain to escape from the consequences of this universal corruption, by committing power to a multitude of individuals, or extinguishing the government of a few in the sway of numbers. The multitude are themselves as bad by nature as the few, and, for the discharge of the political duties with which they are intrusted, incomparably worse; for, in their case, numbers annihilate responsibility without conferring wisdom, and the contagion of common opinions inflames passion without strengthening reason. In the government of a few, capacity is generally looked for, because it is felt to be beneficial by the depositaries of power; but in that of numbers it is as commonly rejected, because it excites general jealousy, without the prospect of individual benefit. Democratic communities are ruined, no one knows how, or by whom. It is impossible to find any one who is responsible for whatever is done. The ostensible leaders are driven forward by an unseen power, which they are incapable alike of regulating or withstanding: the real leaders—the directors of thought—are unseen and irresponsible. If disasters occur, they ascribe them to the incapacity of the statesmen at the head of affairs: they relieve themselves of responsibility, by alleging, with truth, the irresistible influence of an unknown power. No one is trained to the duties of statesmanship, because no one knows who is to be a statesman. Ignorance, presumption, and ambition, generally mount to the head of affairs: the wheel of fortune, or the favour of a multitude incapable of judging of the subject, determines everything. The only effectual security against spoliation by the rulers of men, the dread of being spoliated themselves, is lost when these rulers are men who are not worth spoliating. Durable interest in the fortunes of the community is no longer felt, when durable tenure of power is known to be impossible. The only motive which remains is, that of making the most of a tenure of power which is universally known to be as short-lived as it

is precarious; and prolonging it as long as possible, by bending, in every instance, to the passions or fantasies of the multitude, nominally vested with supreme power, really entirely guided by a few insolvent and ambitious demagogues—

“Ces petits souverains qu’il fait pour un
année.
Voyant d’un temps si court leur puissance
bornée,
Des plus heureux desseins font avorter le
fruit.
De peur de le laisser à celui qui le suit;
Comme ils ont peu de part aux biens dont
ils ordonnent,
Dans le champs du public largement ils
moissonnent;
Assurés que chacun leur pardonne aisément,
Espérant à son tour un pareil traitement;
Le pire des états, c’est l’état populaire.”

Lamartine, regarding the march of democracy as universal and inevitable, is noways disconcerted by the uniform failure of all attempts in old communities to establish it, or the dreadful catastrophes to which they have invariably led. These are merely the breaking of the waves of the advancing tide; but the rise of the flood is not the less progressive and inevitable. He would do well to consider, however, whether there is not a limit to human suffering; whether successive generations will consent to immolate themselves and their children for no other motive than that of advancing an abstract principle, or vindicating privileges for the people fatal to their best interests; and whether resisted attempts and failures at the establishment of republican institutions, will not, in the end, lead to a *lasting* apathy and despair in the public mind. Certain it is, that this was the fate of popular institutions in Greece, in Rome and modern Italy: all of which fell under the yoke of servitude, from a settled conviction, founded on experience, that anything was preferable to the tempests of anarchy. Symptoms, and those too of the most unequivocal kind, may be observed of a similar disposition in the great majority, at least of the rural population, both in France and England. The election of Prince Louis Napoleon by four millions out of six millions of electors,

in the former country—the quiet despair with which measures of the most ruinous kind to general industry are submitted to in the latter, are so many proofs of this disposition. The bayonets of Changarnier, the devastating measures of free trade and a restricted currency, are submitted to in both countries, because anything is better than shaking the foundations of government.

In treating of the causes which have led to the revolution of 1848, Lamartine imputes a great deal too much, in our estimation, to individual men or shades of opinion, and too little to general causes, and the ruinous effects of the first great convulsion. He ascribes it to the personal unpopularity of M. Guizot, the selfish and corrupt system of government which the king had established, and the discontent at the national risks incurred by France for the interests only of the Orleans dynasty, in the Montpensier alliance. This tendency arises partly from the constitution of Lamartine's mind, which is poetical and dramatic rather than philosophical; and partly from the disinclination felt by all intelligent liberal writers to ascribe the failure of their measures to their natural and inevitable effects, rather than the errors or crimes of individual men. In this respect, doubtless, he is more consistent and intelligible than M. Thiers, who, in his *History of the French Revolution*, ascribes the whole calamities which occurred to the *inevitable march of events* in such convulsions—forgetting that he could not in any other way so severely condemn his own principles, and that it is little for the interest of men to embrace a cause which, in that view, necessarily and inevitably leads to ruin. Lamartine, in running into the opposite extreme, and ascribing everything to the misconduct and errors of individual men, is more consistent, because he saves the principle. But he is not the less in error. The general discontent to which he ascribes so much, the universal selfishness and corruption which he justly considers as so alarming, were themselves the result of previous events: they were the effects, not the causes, of political change. And without disputing the influence, to a certain extent, of the individual men

to whose agency he ascribes everything, it may safely be affirmed that there are four causes of paramount importance which occurred in bringing about the late French revolution; and which will for a very long period, perhaps for ever, prevent the establishment of anything like real freedom in that country.

The first of these is the universal disruption of all the old bonds of society, which took place in the first Revolution, and the general fretting against all restraint, human or divine, which arose from the ruin of religion and confusion of morals which then took place. These evils have only been partially remedied by the re-establishment of the Christian faith over the whole realm, and the sway which it has undoubtedly acquired in the rural districts. The active and energetic inhabitants of the great towns still continue influenced by the Revolutionary passions, the strongest of which is the thirst for present enjoyment, and the impatience of any restraint, whether from the influence of conscience or the authority of law. This distinctly appears from the licentious style of the novels, which have now for a quarter of a century issued from the press of Paris, and which is in general such that, though very frequently read in England, it is very seldom, especially by women, that this reading is admitted. The drama, that mirror of the public mind, is another indication of the general prevalence of the same licentious feeling: it is for the most part such, that few even of the least tight-laced English ladies can sit out the representation. The irreligion, or rather *general oblivion of religion*, which commonly prevails in the towns, is a part, though doubtless a most important part, of this universal disposition: Christianity is abjured or forgotten, not because it is disbelieved, but because it is disagreeable. Men do not give themselves the trouble to inquire whether it is true or false; they simply give it the go-by, and pass quietly on the other side, because it imposes a restraint, to them insupportable, on their passions. Dispositions of this sort are the true feeders of revolution, because they generate at once its convulsions in like manner, as passions which re-

quire gratification, poverty which demands food, and activity which pines for employment. Foreign war or domestic convulsion are the only alternatives which, in such a state of society, remain to government. Napoleon tried the first, and he brought the Cossacks to Paris; Louis Philippe strove to become the Napoleon of peace, but he succeeded only in being the pioneer of revolution.

The great and durable interests of society, which the indulgence of such passions inevitably ruins, are the barrier which, in ordinary circumstances, is opposed to these disorders; and it is this influence which has so long prevented any serious outbreak of anarchy in Great Britain. But the immense extent of the confiscation of landed property during the first revolution, and the total ruin of commercial and movable wealth, from the events of the maritime war, and the effects of the enormous issue of assignats, has prevented the construction of this barrier in anything like sufficient strength to withstand the forces which pressed against it. Nine-tenths of the realised wealth of the country was destroyed during the convulsion; what remained was for the most part concentrated in the hands of a few bankers and moneyed men, who aimed at cheapening everything, and depressing industry, in order to augment the value of their metallic riches. The influence of the natural leaders of the producing class, the great proprietors of land, was at an end, for they were almost all destroyed. The six millions of separate landed proprietors, who had come in their place, had scarcely any influence in the state; for the great majority of them were too poor to pay 200 francs a-year (£8) direct taxes—the necessary condition towards an admission into the electoral body—and as individuals they were in too humble circumstances to have any influence in the state. The returns of the "*Impôt foncière*," or land-tax, showed that above four millions of this immense body had properties varying from £2 to £10 a-year each—not more than is enjoyed by an Irish bogtrotter. In these circumstances, not only was the steadying influence of property in general unfelt in the state, but the property which

did make itself felt was of a disturbing rather than a pacifying tendency; for it was that of bankers and money-lenders, whose interests, being those of consumers, not producers, went to support measures calculated to depress industry rather than elevate it, and thereby augment rather than diminish the distress which, from these causes, soon came to press so severely upon the urban population.

These causes were the necessary results of the dreadful waste of property, and ruin of industry, which had taken place during the first Revolution. The multitude of little proprietors with which France was overspread, could furnish nothing to the metropolis but an endless succession of robust hands to compete with its industry, and starving mouths to share its resources. What could the six millions of French landowners, the majority of them at the plough, afford to lay aside for the luxuries of Paris? Nothing. You might as well expect the West-End shopkeepers of London to be sustained by the starving western Highlanders of Scotland, or the famished crowds of Irish cottars. The natural flow of the wealth of the land to the capital of the kingdom, which invariably sets in when agricultural property is unequally distributed, and a considerable part of it is vested in the hands of territorial magnates, was at once stopped when it became divided among a multitude of persons, not one of whom could afford to travel ten miles from home, or to buy anything but a rustic dress and a blouse to cover it. At least sixty millions sterling, out of the eighty millions which constitute the net territorial produce of France, was turned aside from Paris, and spent entirely in the purchase of the coarsest manufactures or rude subsistence in the provinces. The metropolis came to depend mainly on the expenditure of foreigners, or of the civil and military employés of government. This woful defalcation in its resources occurred at a time, too, when the influx of needy adventurers from the country was daily increasing, from the impossibility of earning a livelihood, amidst the desperate competition of its squalid landowners, and the decline of agriculture, which necessarily resulted from their inability to

adopt any of its improvements. Thus the condition of the working classes in Paris went on getting constantly worse during the whole reign of Louis Philippe; and it was only in consequence of the vast influx of foreigners, which the maintenance of peace and the attractions of the court occasioned, that they were not reduced many years before to the despair and misery which at once occasioned and followed the last revolution.

Amidst a population excited to discontent by these causes, another circumstance has operated with peculiar force, which we do not recollect to have seen hitherto noticed in disquisitions on this subject—this is the prodigious number of *natural children* and foundlings at Paris. It is well known that ever since the close of the first Revolution the number of illegitimate births in Paris has borne a very great proportion to the legitimate; they are generally as 10,000 to 18,000 or 19,000. For a long time past every third child seen in the streets of Paris has been a bastard. Hitherto this important feature of society has been considered with reference to the state of morality in regard to the relation of the sexes which it indicates; but attend to its social and political effects. These bastards do not always remain children; they grow up to be men and women. The foundlings of Paris, already sufficiently numerous, are swelled by a vast concourse of a similar class over all France, who flock, when they have the means of transport, to the capital as the common sewer of the commonwealth. There are at present about 1,050,000 souls in the French metropolis. Suppose that a third of these are natural children, there are then 350,000 persons, most of them foundlings of illegitimate birth, in that capital. Taking a fourth of them as capable of bearing arms, we have 85,000 *bastards constantly ready to fight in Paris*.

Consider only the inevitable results of such a state of things in an old and luxurious metropolis, teeming with indigence, abounding with temptation, overflowing with stimulants to the passions. The *enfant trouvé* of Paris, when grown up, becomes a

gamin de Paris, just as naturally and inevitably as a chrysalis becomes a butterfly. He has obtained enough of instruction to enable him to imbibe temptation, and not enough to enable him to combat it. He has in general received the rudiments of education: he can read the novels of Victor Hugo, Eugene Sue, and George Sand; he can study daily the *Réforme* or *National*, or *Démocratie Pacifique*. He looks upon political strife as a game at hazard, in which the winning party obtain wealth and honour, mistresses, fortunes, and enjoyments. As to religion, he has never heard of it, except as a curious relic of the olden time, sometimes very effective on the opera stage; as to industry, he knows not what it is; as to self-control, he regards it as downright folly where self-indulgence is practicable. The most powerful restraints on the passions of men—parents, children, property—are to him unknown. He knows not to whom he owes his birth; his offspring are as strange to him as his parents, for they, like him, are consigned to the Foundling Hospital: he has nothing in the world he can call his own, except a pair of stout arms to aid in the formation of barricades, and a dauntless heart ready at any moment to accept the hazard of death or pleasure. Hanging midway, as it were, between the past and the future, he has inherited nothing from the former but its vices, he will transmit nothing to the latter but its passions. Whoever considers the inevitable results of eighty or ninety thousand men in the prime of life actuated by these dispositions, associating with an equal number of women of the same class, affected by the same misfortune in their birth, and influenced by the same passions, constantly existing in a state of indigence and destitution in the heart of Paris, will have no difficulty in accounting for the extraordinary difficulty which, for the last half century, has been experienced in governing France, and will probably despair of ever succeeding in it by force of arms.

We hear nothing of these facts from Lamartine, whose mind is essentially dramatic, and who represents revolutions, as he evidently considers them,

as the work of individual men working upon the inevitable march of society towards extreme republican institutions. He gives us no statistics; he never refers to general causes, except the universal progress towards democracy, which he regards as irresistible. Least of all is he alive to the ruinous effects of the first great disruption of the bonds of society which naturally followed the Revolution of 1789, or disposed to regard the subsequent convulsions, as what they really are—the inevitable result and just punishment of the enormous sins of the Revolution. And—markworthy circumstance!—these consequences are the obvious result of the great crimes committed in its course; the confiscation of property which it occasioned, the overthrow of religion and morals with which it was attended. They have fallen with peculiar severity upon Paris, the centre of the revolutionary faction, and the focus from which all its iniquities emanated, and where the blood of its noblest victims were shed. And if revolutions such as we have witnessed or read of in that country are indeed inevitable, and part of the mysterious system of Providence in the regulation of human affairs, we can regard them as nothing but a realisation of that general tendency to evil which is so clearly foretold in prophecy, and indications of the advent of those disastrous times which are to be closed by the second coming of the Messiah.

We have all heard of the mingled treachery and irresolution—treachery in the national guard, irresolution in the royal family—which brought about the revolution which Lamartine has so eloquently described. It is evident, even from his account—which, it may be supposed, is not unduly hostile to the popular side—that it was the bar-sinister in its birth which proved fatal, in the decisive moment, to the throne of the Barri-cades; and that the revolution might with ease have been suppressed, if any other power had been called to combat it but that which owed its existence to a similar convulsion.

"The King was lost in thought, while the tocsin was sounding, on the means by which it might yet be possible to calm the people, and restrain the revolution, in which he persisted in seeing

nothing but a riot. The abdication of his external-political system, personified in M. Guizot, M. Duchatel, and the majority of the Chambers entirely devoted to his interests, appeared to him to amount to more than the renunciation of his crown; it was the abandonment of his thoughts, of his wisdom, of the prestige of his infallibility in the eyes of Europe, of his family, of his people. To yield a throne to adverse fortune, is little to a great mind. To yield his renown and authority to triumphant adverse opinion and implacable history, is the most painful effort which can be required of a man, for it at once destroys and humbles him. But the King was not one of those hardy characters who enjoy, with *sang froid*, the destruction of a people for the gratification of their pride. He had read much of history, acted much in troubled times, reflected much. He could not conceal from himself, that a dynasty which should reconquer Paris by means of grape-shot and bombs would be for ever besieged by the horror of the people. His field of battle had always been opinion. It was on it that he wished to act; he hoped to regain it by timely concessions. Only, like a prudent economist, he higgled with opinion, like a Jewish pawnbroker, in the hopes of purchasing it at the smallest possible sacrifice of his system and dignity. He flattered himself he had several steps of popularity to descend before quitting the throne."—(Vol. i., p. 102.)

The immediate cause of the overthrow of the throne, it is well known, was the fatal order which the delusion of M. Thiers, when called to the ministry, extorted from the weakness of the King, to stop firing—to cease resistance—to succumb to the assailants. Marshal Bugeaud was perfectly firm; the troops were steady, ample military force was at their command; everything promised decisive success to vigorous operations. Marshal Bugeaud's plan was of the simplest but most efficacious kind.

"Marshal Bugeaud, with his military instinct, matured by experience and the habit of handling troops, knew that *immobility* is the ruin of the morale of soldiers. He changed in a moment the plan of operations submitted to him. He instantly called around him the officers commanding corps. The one was Tiburie Sebastiana, brother of the marshal of the same name, a calm and faithful officer; the other, General Bedeau, whose name, made illustrious by his exploits in Africa, carried respect with it, to his com-

panions in arms in Paris. He ordered them to form two columns of 8500 men each, and to advance into the centre of Paris—the one by the streets which traverse it from the Boulevards to the Hôtel de Ville, the other by streets which cross it from the quays. Each of the columns had artillery, and their instructions were, to carry, in their advance, all the barricades, to destroy these fortresses of the insurrection, to cannonade the masses, and concentrate their columns on the Hôtel de Ville, the decisive point of the day. General Lamoricière was to command a reserve of 9000 men, stationed around the palace.”—(Vol. i, pp. 136, 137.)

The despair of the troops when compelled to retire before a tumultuous mob—to confess defeat in their own capital, and in the face of Europe, is thus described :—

“At daybreak the two columns of troops set out on their march; their progress was, every ten minutes, reported by staff-officers in disguise. *They experienced no serious resistance on their way to the Hôtel de Ville*; the crowd opened as they advanced, with cries of ‘*Vive la Reforme*.’ they trampled under foot, without firing a shot, the beginnings of the barricades. Nevertheless, the uncertainty of what was passing in the Tuileries paralysed the arms in the hands of the soldiers. The Marshal, at length constrained by the reiterated orders of the King, sent orders to his lieutenants to make the troops fall back. Marshal Bedeau, upon this, made his battalions retire. Some soldiers threw their muskets on the ground, as a sign of despair or fraternisation. Their return across Paris had the appearance of a defection, or of the advanced guard of the revolution marching on the Tuileries. The troops, already vanquished by these orders, took up their position, *untouched but powerless*, on the Place de la Concorde, in the Champs Elysées, in the Rue de Rivoli. The French troops, when disgraced, are no longer an army. They felt in their hearts the bitterness of that retreat; they feel it still.”—(Vol. i., p. 139.)

But it was soon found that these disgraceful concessions to mob violence would avail nothing; that M. Thiers and M. Odillon Barrot were alike unequal to stemming the torrent which they had put in motion; and that the King, as a reward for his humane order to the troops not to fire upon the people, was to be called on to abdicate! In the disgraceful scene

of pusillanimity and weakness which ensued, we regret to say the princes of the royal family, and especially the Duke de Montpensier, evinced as much cowardice as the princesses did courage;—exemplifying thus again what Napoleon said of the Bourbons in 1815, that there was only one man in the family, and that man was a woman. The decisive moment is thus described with dramatic power, but, we have no doubt, historic truth, by M. Lamartine :—

“M. Girardin, in a few brief and sad words, which abridged minutes and cut short objections, said to the King with mournful respect, that changes of ministry were no longer in season; that the moment was sweeping away the throne with the councils, and that there was but one word suitable to the urgency of the occasion, and that word was ‘*abdication*.’

“The King was in one of those moments when truth strikes without offending. Nevertheless, he let fall, upon hearing these words, from his hands the pen with which he was arranging the names of the new ministry. He was desirous of discussing the question. M. Girardin, pitiless as evidence, pressing as time, would not even admit of discussion. ‘Sire!’ said he, ‘the abdication of the king, or the abdication of the monarchy—there is the alternative. Circumstances will not admit even of a minute to find a third issue from the straits in which we are placed.’ While he thus spoke, M. Girardin placed before the King the draft of a proclamation which he had prepared and he wished to have printed. That proclamation, concise as a fact, consisted only of four lines, calculated to attract the eyes of the people.

The abdication of the King.

The regency of the Duchess of Orleans.

The dissolution of the Chamber of Deputies.

A general amnesty.

“The King hesitated. *The Duke de Montpensier his son*, carried away, doubtless, by the energetic expression in the physiognomy, gestulations, and words of M. Girardin, pressed his father with more vehemence than rank, age, and misfortunes should have permitted to the respect of a son. *The pen was presented, and the crown torn from the monarch by an impatience which could not wait for his full and free conviction.* The rudeness of fortune towards the King was forgotten in the precipitance of the council. On the other hand, blood was beginning to flow, the throne was gliding away. The lives

even of the King and his family might be endangered. Everything can be explained by the solicitude and the tenderness of the councillors. History should ever take the version which least humiliates and bruises least the human heart."—(Vol. i., p. 127.)

Observe the poetic justice of this consummation. The member of his family, who at the decisive moment failed in his duty, and compelled his infirm and gray-haired father to abdicate, was the Duc DE MONTPENSIER—the very prince for whose elevation he had perilled the English alliance, violated his plighted word, endangered the peace of Europe! The heir-presumptive of the crown of Spain was the first to shake the crown of France from his father's head! Vanquished by his personal fears, unworthy of his high rank and higher prospects, a disgrace to his country, he evinced, what is rare in France in any station, not merely moral, but physical pusillanimity. To this end have the intrigues of the Orleans family, from Egalité downwards, ultimately tended. They have not only lost the crown, to win which they forgot their allegiance and violated their oaths, but they have lost it with dishonour and disgrace: they are not only exiles, but they are despised exiles. Such have been the fruits of the Orleans intrigues to gain the crown of France.

As a bright contrast to this woful exhibition, we gladly translate M. Lamartine's account of the memorable scene in the chambers, where the Duchess of Orleans nobly contended with an infuriated and bloodthirsty rabble for the crown, now devolved to her son by his grandfather's abdication. Had such spirited devotion been found in her husband's family, they might have transmitted the honours they had won in the Orleans dynasty.

"The great door opposite the tribune, on a level with the most elevated benches in the hall, opened; a woman appeared dressed in mourning: it was the Duchess of Orleans. Her veil, half raised on her hat, allowed her countenance to be seen, bearing the marks of an emotion and sadness which heightened the interest of youth and beauty. Her pale cheeks bore the traces of the tears of the widow, the anxieties of the mother. No man

could look on those features without emotion. At their aspect, all resentment against the monarchy fled from the mind. The blue eyes of the princess wandered over the scene, with which she had been a moment dazzled, as if to implore aid by her looks. Her slender but elegant form bowed at the applause which saluted her. A slight colour—the dawn of hope amidst ruin—of joy amidst sorrow—suffused her cheeks. A smile of gratitude beamed through her tears. She felt herself surrounded by friends. With one hand she held the young king, who stumbled on the steps, with the other the young Duke of Chartres; infants to whom the catastrophe which destroyed them was a subject of amusement. They were both clothed in short black dresses. A white shirt-collar was turned over their dresses, as in the portraits by Vandyke of the children of Charles I.

"The Duke of Nemours walked beside the princess, faithful to the memory of his brother in his nephews; a protector who would ere long stand in need of protection himself. The figure of that prince, ennobled by misfortune, breathed the courageous but modest satisfaction of a duty discharged at the hazard of his life. Some generals in uniform, and officers of the national guard, followed her steps. She bowed with timid grace to the assembly, and sat down motionless at the foot of the tribune, an innocent accused person before a tribunal without appeal, which was about to judge the cause of royalty. At that moment, that cause was gained in the eyes and hearts of all."—(Vol. i. p. 177.)

But it was all in vain. The mob on the outside broke into the assembly. The national guard, as usual, failed at the decisive moment, and royalty was lost.

"An unwonted noise was heard at the door on the left of the tribune. Unknown persons, *national guards* with arms in their hands, common people in their working-dresses, break open the door, overthrow the officers who surround the tribune, invade the assembly, and, with loud cries, demand the Duke of Nemours. Some deputies rose from their seats to make a rampart with their bodies around the princess. M. Mauguin calmly urged them to retire. General Oudinot addressed them with martial indignation. Finding words unavailing, he hastily traversed the crowd to demand the support of the national guard. He represented to them the inviolability of the assembly, and the respect due to a princess and a woman insulted amidst French bayonets.

The national guards heard him, feigned to be indignant, but *slowly took up their arms, and ended by doing nothing.*"—(Vol. i. p. 180.)

In justice to Lamartine also, we must give an abstract of his animated and eloquent account of the most honourable event in his life, and one which should cover a multitude of sins—the moment when he singly contended with the maddened rabble who had triumphed over the throne, and, by the mere force of moral courage and eloquent expression, defeated the Red Republicans, who were desirous to hoist the *drapeau rouge*, the well-known signal of bloodshed and devastation :—

"In this moment of popular frenzy, Lamartine succeeded in calming the people by a sort of patriotic hymn on their victory—so sudden, so complete, so unlooked-for even by the most ardent friends of liberty. He called God to witness the admirable humanity and religious moderation which the people had hitherto shown alike in the combat and their triumph. He placed prominently forward that sublime instinct which, the evening before, had thrown them, when still armed, but already disciplined and obedient, into the arms of a few men who had submitted themselves to calumny, exhaustion, and death, for the safety of all. 'That,' said Lamartine, 'was what the sun beheld yesterday, and what would he shine upon to-day? He would behold a people the more furious that there were no longer any enemies to combat; distrusting the men whom but yesterday it had intrusted with the lead,—constraining them in their liberty, insulting them in their dignity, disavowing their authority, substituting a revolution of vengeance and punishment for one of unanimity and fraternity, and commanding the government to hoist, in token of concord, the standard of a combat to the death between the citizens of the same country! That red flag, which was sometimes raised as the standard against our enemies when blood was flowing, should be furled after the combat, in token of reconciliation and peace. I would rather see the black flag which they hoist sometimes in a besieged town as a symbol of death, to designate to the bombs the edifices consecrated to humanity, and which even the balls of the enemy respect. Do you wish, then, that the symbol of your republic should be more menacing and more sinister than the colours of a besieged city?' 'No no!' cried some of the crowd, 'Lamartine is

right; let us not keep that standard, the symbol of terror, for our citizens.' 'Yes, yes!' cried others, 'it is ours—it is that of the people—it is that with which we have conquered. Why should we not keep, after the conflict, the colours which we have stained with our blood?'—'Citizens!' said Lamartine, after having exhausted every argument calculated to affect the imagination of the people, 'you may do violence to the government: you may command it to change the colours of the nation and the colours of France. If you are so ill advised and so obstinate in error as to impose on it a republic of party and flag of terror, the government is as decided as myself to die rather than dishonour itself by obeying you: for myself, my hand shall never sign that decree: I will resist even to the death that symbol of blood; and you should repudiate it as well as I; for the red flag which you bring us has never gone beyond the Champ de Mars, dragged red in the blood of the people in '91 and '93; but the tricolor flag has made the tour of the world, with the name, the glory, and the liberty of our country.' At these words, Lamartine, interrupted by the unanimous cries of enthusiasm, fell from the chair which served for his tribune, into the arms stretched out on all sides to receive him. The cause of the new republic was triumphant over the bloody recollections which they wished to substitute for it. The hideous crowd which filled the hall retired, amidst cries of '*Vive Lamartine!*'—'*Vive le Drapeau Tricolor!*'

"The danger, however, was not over. The crowd which had been carried away by his words was met by another crowd which had not hitherto been able to penetrate into the hall, and which was more vehement in words and gesticulations. Menacing expressions, ardent vociferations, cries of suffocation, threatening gestures, discharges of firearms on the stair, tatters of a red flag waved by naked arms above the sea of heads, rendered this one of the most frightful scenes of the Revolution. 'Down with Lamartine! Death to Lamartine! no Temporising,—the Decree, the Decree, or the Government of Traitors to the lamp-post!' exclaimed the assailants. These cries neither caused Lamartine to hesitate, to retire, nor to turn pale. At the sight of him the fury of the assailants, instead of being appeased, increased tenfold. Muskets were directed at his head, the nearest brandished bayonets in his face, and a savage group of twenty, with brutal drunken visages, charged forward with their heads down, as if to break through with an enormous battering-ram the circle which

surrounded him. The foremost appeared bereft of reason. Naked sabres reached the head of the orator, whose hand was slightly wounded. The critical moment had arrived; nothing was yet decided. Hazard determined which should prevail. Lamartine expected momentarily to be thrown down and trampled under foot. At that instant one of the populace sprang from the crowd, a ball discharged from below grazed his face and stained it with blood; while it still flowed, he stretched out his arms to Lamartine—"Let me see him, let me touch him," said he, "let me kiss his hand!" Listen to him, oh, my citizens! follow his counsels: you shall strike me before touching him. I will die a thousand times to preserve that good citizen for my country.' With these words he precipitated himself into his arms, and held him convulsively embraced. The people were moved at this scene; and a hundred voices again exclaimed '*Vive le Gouvernement Provisoire!—Vive Lamartine!*'" —(Vol. i. pp. 393, 402.)

We purposely close our account of Lamartine's personal career with this splendid passage in his life. His subsequent conduct, it is well known, has ill accorded with this beginning. His popularity in Paris fell as rapidly as it had risen; and on occasion of the terrible revolt of June, 1848, he retired from the government, with all his colleagues, from acknowledged inability to meet the crisis which had arisen. We have heard different accounts of the real causes of his mysterious alliance with his former opponent, and the head of the Red Republicans, M. Ledru Rollin, to which this fall was owing. Some of these stories are little to his credit. We forbear to mention them, lest we should unwittingly disseminate falsehood in regard to a man of undoubted genius and great acquirements. Perhaps, in some future "Confidences," he may be able to explain much which undoubtedly at present stands in need of explanation. We gladly leave this dubious subject, to give a place to his dramatic account of the dreadful conflict in June, in the streets of Paris, which is the more entitled to credit, as he was an eyewitness of several of its most terrible scenes:—

"Assemblages of eight or ten thousand persons were already formed on the Place of the Pantheon to attack the Luxembourg. M. Arago harangued them and persuaded them to disperse; but it was

only to meet again in the quarters adjoining the Seine, in the Faubourg St. Antoine, and on the Boulevards. At the sight of them the faubourgs turned out—the streets were filled—the *Ateliers Nationaux* turned out their hordes—the populace, excited by some chief, began to raise barricades. These chiefs were, for the most part, brigadiers of the national workshops, the pillars of sedition and of the clubs, irritated at the disbanding of their corps, the wages of which, passing through their hands, had been applied, it is said, to paying the Revolution. From the barriers of Charenton, Fontainebleau, and Menilmontant, to the heart of Paris, the entire capital was in the hands of a few thousand men. The *rappel* called to their standards 200,000 National Guards, ten times sufficient to overthrow those assemblages of the seditious, and to destroy their fortifications. But it must be said, to the disgrace of that day, and for the instruction of posterity, that the National Guard at that decisive moment *did not answer in a body to the appeal of the government*. Their tardiness, their disinclination, their inertness, left the streets in some quarters open to sedition. They looked on with calm eyes on the erection of thousands of barricades, which they had afterwards to reconquer with torrents of blood. Soon the government quitted the Luxembourg and took refuge in the National Assembly, where, at the headquarters of General Cavaignac, was established the supreme council of the nation.

"Government had reckoned on the support of the National Guard; but the incessant beating of the *rappel* failed in bringing it forth to its standards. In several quarters they were imprisoned by the insurgents. In fine, be it tardiness, or be it fatality, the army was far from responding in a body to the imminence and universality of the peril. Its numerical weakness aggravated the danger. General Lamoricière, invincible, though soon besieged by 200,000 men, occupied the whole extent from the Rue du Temple to the Madeleine, from the Rue de Clichy to the Louvre—constantly on horseback, ever foremost in fire, he had two horses shot under him—his countenance black with powder, his forehead running down with sweat, his voice hoarse with giving the word of command, but his eye serene and calm as a soldier in his native element, he restored spirit to his men, confidence to the National Guards. His reports to government breathed the intrepidity of his soul, but he made no concealment of the imminence of the danger and the insufficiency of the troops at his disposal. He painted the immense multitude of the assailants and the

vast network of barricades which stretched between the Bastille and the Chateau d'Eau, between the barriers and the Boulevard. Incessantly he implored reinforcements, which the government as continually summoned to its support by the telegraph, and officers specially despatched. At length the National Guards of the neighbourhood of Paris began to arrive, and, ranging themselves round the Assembly, furnished an example to those of the capital. Then, and not till then, confidence began to be felt in the midst of the chances of the combat."—(Vol. ii., pp. 480-481.)

It was a most fortunate event for the cause of order, and, with it, of real freedom throughout the world, that this great revolt was so completely suppressed, though at the cost of a greater number of lives, particularly in general officers, than fell in many a bloody battle, by the efforts of General Cavaignac and his brave companions in arms. It is said that their measures, at first, were not skillfully taken—that they lost time, and occasioned unnecessary bloodshed at the outset, by neglecting to attack the barricades when they began to be formed; and certainly the easy and bloodless suppression of the late revolt against the government of Prince Louis Napoleon, by General Changarnier, seems to favour this opinion. It must be recollected, however, that the revolt of May, 1849, occurred when the memory of the popular overthrow of June, 1848, was still fresh in the minds of the people; and it is not easy to overestimate the effect of that decisive defeat in paralysing revolt on the one side, and adding nerve to resistance on the other. It is evident that Louis Napoleon is not a Duc de Montpensier—he will not surrender his authority without a fight. But supposing that there was some tardiness in adopting decisive measures on occasion of the June revolt, that only makes the lesson more complete, by demonstrating the inability of the bravest and most determined populace to contend with a regular military force, when the troops are steady to their duty, and bravely led by their chiefs. The subsequent suppression of the revolts in Prague, Vienna, Madrid, and Rome, have confirmed the same important truth. Henceforth, it is evident, the horrors of revolution may always be averted, when government is firm, and the military are faithful.

And these horrors are in truth such, that it becomes evidently the first of political and social duties for the rulers of men to justify the eminence of their rank by their courage, and the troops to vindicate the trust reposed in them by their fidelity. Passing by the woful *exposé* of the almost hopeless state of the French finances, with a deficit of above TWELVE MILLIONS sterling, despite an addition of forty-five per cent. to the direct taxes made by Prince Louis Napoleon to the National Assembly, we rest on the following curious and important details taken from the *Times* of July 12, in regard to the effect of the revolution of 1848 upon the comforts and condition of the labouring classes in France:—

"It appears it is the middle class of tradesmen that are now most suffering from the effects of revolution. The funds on which this class had been living, in the hope that better days would soon arrive, and which amongst some of the small tradesmen formed their capital, have become exhausted. Those who had no money had, at all events, some credit; but both money and credit are now gone. The result is, that even in this period of comparative tranquillity more shops are closed than in the days of turbulence. *It*

"The following statement of the fluctuations of the revenues of the city of Paris, occasioned also by revolution, and which goes back to 1826, is taken from the *Débats*:—

"The returns of the produce of indirect impost is the unfailing testimony to the progress or decrease of public tranquillity. We proved this truth yesterday in publishing, on the authority of a well-informed journal, the comparative state of the receipts of the Paris *octroi* for the first six months of the years 1847, 1848, and 1849. It is still further proved by valuable documents which we have at this moment before us. Thus, the produce of the *octroi* was, in 1847, 34,511,389 francs; and in 1848, only 26,519,627 francs, showing a difference of 7,991,762 francs. This decrease is enormous, in relation to the immense necessities created by the political and social crisis, the works undertaken by the city, and the previous expenses it had to provide for. We could analyse the different chapters of this municipal revenue, which affords life to so many branches of Parisian industry; but it is useless to inquire, for each of these chapters, the particular causes of diminution. With the great event of 1848 before us, all details disappear. One sole

cause has produced a decrease in the receipts, and that is the revolution of February; which, at first menacing society itself by the voice of democratic orators and the pens of demagogue writers, frightened away capital and annihilated industry of all kinds. In order to be able to judge of the influence of great political events on the receipts of the *Paris octroi*, it will be sufficient to recur to the years which preceded and followed the revolution of 1830:—

	Francs.
In 1826 the produce was	31,057,000
In 1827 (the first shock in consequence of the progress of the opposition in the country, and the dissolution of the national guard)	29,215,000
In 1828 (fall of the Villèle ministry—continuation of the political movement notwithstanding the Montignac ministry)	28,927,000
In 1829 (ministry of the 8th August—presentiments of a struggle between the crown and country)	27,695,000
In 1830 (July Revolution)	26,240,000
In 1831 (incessant agitation—repeated outbreaks)	24,035,000
In 1832 (continuation of revolutionary movement—events of the 5th and 6th June)	22,798,000
In 1833 (progressive establishment of tranquillity)	26,667,000
In 1834 (the situation becomes better with the exception of the events of the 13th and 14th April, which, however, were brief)	27,458,000
From 1835 to 1838 (calm—cabinet of 15th April—the produce in the latter year)	31,518,000
In 1839 (Parliamentary coalition, 19th May)	30,654,000
In 1840 (fears of war—rupture of the English Alliance, &c.)	29,906,000
From 1841 to 1845 (calm—progressive increase in the latter year)	34,165,000
In 1846 (notwithstanding the dearth of food, the receipts were)	33,990,000
In 1847 (commercial crisis, &c.)	33,033,000
In 1848 (revolution of February)	26,519,000

“The following from *La Patrie* gives a good idea of the effects of an unquiet state of society:—

“‘Revolutions cost dear. They, in the first place, augment the public expenses and diminish the general resources. Occasionally they yield something, but before gathering in the profits the bill must be paid. M. Audiganne, *chef de bureau* at the department of commerce and agriculture, has published a curious work on the industrial crisis brought on by the revolution of February. M. Audiganne has examined all branches of manufactures, and has shown that the crisis affected every one. In the Nord, at Lisle, cotton-spinning, which occupied thirty-four consider-

able establishments, employing a capital of 7,000,000*fr.* or 8,000,000*fr.*; and tulle making, employing 195 looms, were obliged to reduce their production one-half. At Tureoing and Roubaix, where cloth and carpet manufactories occupied 12,000 workmen, the produce went down two-thirds, and 8000 men were thrown out of work. In the Pas-de-Calais the fabrication of lace and cambrics was obliged to stop before a fall of twenty-five per cent. The linen factory of Capecure, founded in 1836, and which employed 1800 men, was in vain aided by the municipal Council of Boulogne and the local banks; it at last succumbed to the crisis. In the department of the Somme, 142,000 workmen, who were employed in the woollen, cotton, stocking, and velvet manufactories, were reduced to idleness. In the arrondissement of Abbeville, where the business, known by the name of ‘lockwork’ of Picardy, yielded an annual produce of 4,000,000*fr.*, the orders stopped completely, and the unfortunate workmen were obliged to go and beg their bread in the environs. At Rouen, where the cotton trade gave an annual produce of more than 250,000,000*fr.*, there were the same disasters; yet the common goods continued to find purchasers, owing to their low price. At Caen, the lace manufacture, which in 1847 employed upwards of 50,000 persons, or one-eighth of the population of Calvados, was totally paralysed. At St. Quentin, tulle embroidery, which gave a living to 1500 women, received just as severe a blow as in March and April, 1848; almost all the workshops were obliged to close. In the east the loss was not less considerable. Rheims was obliged to close its woollen-thread factories during the months of March, April, and May, 1848. The communal workshop absorbed in some weeks an extraordinary loan of 430,000*fr.* Fortunately, an order for 1,500,000*fr.* of merinos, from New York, allowed the interrupted factories to reopen, and spared the town fresh sacrifices. The revolutionary tempest penetrated into Alsace, and there swept away two thirds of the production. Muhlhausen stopped for several months the greater number of its looms, and diminished one-half the length of labour in the workshops which remained open. Lyons also felt all the horrors of the crisis. In the same way as muslin and lace, silk found its consumption stopped. For several months the unfortunate Lyons’ workmen had for sole subsistence the produce of the colours and scarfs ordered by the Provisional Government. At St. Etienne and St.

Chamend, the principal points of our ribbon and velvet manufacture, and where 85,000 workmen were employed, the production went down two-thirds. At Paris M. Audiganne estimates the loss in what is called Paris goods at nine-tenths of the production. The loss on other articles, he considers, on the contrary, to have been only two-thirds on the sale, and a little more than one-half of the amount of the produce. We only touch in these remarks on the most striking points of the calculation; the total loss, according to M. Audiganne, amounts, for the workmen alone, to upwards of 300,000,000*fr.*"

Such have been the consequences to the people of listening to the voice of their demagogues, who impelled them into the revolution of 1848—to the national guards, of hanging back at the decisive moment, and forgetting their oaths in the intoxication of popular enthusiasm.

And if any one supposes that these effects were only temporary, and that lasting freedom is to be won for France by these sacrifices, we recommend him to consider the present state of France, a year and a half after the revolution of 1848, as painted by one of its ablest supporters, M. Louis Blanc.

PROTEST.

"While Paris is in a state of siege, and when most of the journals which represent our opinions are by violence condemned to silence, we believe it to be a duty owing to our party to convey to it, if possible, the public expression of our sentiments.

"It is with profound astonishment that we see the organs of the counter-revolution triumph over the events of the 13th of June.

"Where there has been no contest, how can there have been a victory?

"What is then proved by the 13th of June?

"That under the pressure of 100,000 soldiers, Paris is not free in her movements? We have known this more than enough.

"Now, as it has always been, the question is, if by crowding Paris with soldiers and with cannon, by stifling with violent hands the liberty of the press, by suppressing individual freedom, by invading private domiciles, by substituting the reign of Terror for that of Reason, by unceasingly repressing furious despair—that which there is wanting a capacity to pre-

vent, the end will be attained of reanimating confidence, or re-establishing credit, of diminishing taxes, of correcting the vices of the administration, of chasing away the spectre of the deficit, of developing industry, of cutting short the disasters attendant upon unlimited competition, of suppressing those revolts which have their source in the deep recesses of human feeling, of tranquillising resentments, of calming all hearts? The state of siege of 1848 has engendered that of 1849. The question is, if the amiable perspective of Paris in a state of siege every eight or ten months will restore to commerce its elastic movements, to the industrious their markets, and to the middle classes their repose."—*L. Blanc.*

It is frequently asked what is to be the end of all these changes, and under what form of government are the people of France ultimately to settle? Difficult as it is to predict anything with certainty of a people with whom nothing seems to be fixed but the disposition to change, we have no hesitation in stating our opinion that the future government of France will be what that of imperial Rome was, an ELECTIVE MILITARY DESPOTISM. In fact, with the exception of the fifteen years of the Restoration, when a free constitutional monarchy was imposed on its inhabitants by the bayonets of the Allies, it has ever since the Revolution of 1789 been nothing else. The Orleans dynasty has, to all appearance, expired with a disgrace even greater than that which attended its birth: the Bourbons can scarcely expect, in a country so deeply imbued with the love of change, to re-establish their hereditary throne. Popular passion and national vanity call for that favourite object in democratic societies—a rotation of governors: popular violence and general suffering will never fail to re-establish, after a brief period of anarchy, the empire of the sword. The successive election of military despots seems the only popular compromise between revolutionary passion and the social necessities of mankind; and as a similar compromise took place, after eighty years of bloodshed and confusion in the Roman commonwealth, so after a similar period of suffering, it will probably be repeated, from the influence of the same cause, in the French nation.

Dies Boreales.

No. III.

CHRISTOPHER UNDER CANVASS.

SCENE—*Gutta Percha.*

TIME—*Early Evening.*

NORTH—BULLER—SEWARD—TALBOYS.

NORTH.

Trim—trim—trim—

TALBOYS.

Gentlemen, are you all seated?

NORTH.

Why into such strange vagaries fall as you would dance, Longfellow! Seize his skirts, Seward. Buller, cling to his knees. Billy, the boat hook—he will be—he is—overboard.

TALBOYS.

Not at all. Gutta Percha is somewhat crank—and I am steadying her, sir.

NORTH.

What is that round your waist?

TALBOYS.

My Air-girdle.

NORTH.

I insist upon you dropping it, Longman. It makes you reckless. I did not think you were such a selfish character.

TALBOYS.

Alas! in this world, how are our noblest intentions misunderstood! I put it on, sir, that, in case of a capsize, I might more buoyantly bear you ashore.

NORTH.

Forgive me, my friend. But—be seated. Our craft is but indifferently well adapted to the gallopade. Be seated, I beseech you! Or if you will stand, do plant both feet—do not—do not alternate so—and above all do not, I implore you—show off on one, as if you were composing and reciting verses—There, down you are—and if there be not a hole in her bottom, Gutta Percha is safe against all the hidden rocks in Loch Awe.

TALBOYS.

Let me take the stroke oar.

NORTH.

For sake of the ancient houses of the Swards and the Bullers, sit where you are. We are already in four fathom water.

TALBOYS.

The Lines.

BILLY.

Nea, nea—Mister Talboy. Nane shall steer Perch when He's afloat, but t'auld commodore.

Shove off, lads.

NORTH.

Are we on earth, or in heaven?

TALBOYS.

On t' water.

BILLY.

Billy—mum.

NORTH.

TALBOYS.

The Heavens are high—and they are deep. Fear would rise up from that Profound, if fear there could be in the perfectly Beautiful!

SEWARD.

Perhaps there is—though it wants a name.

NORTH.

We know there is no danger—and therefore we should feel no fear. But we cannot wholly disencumber ourselves of the emotions that ordinarily great depth inspires—and verily I hold with Seward, while thus we hang over the sky-abyss below with suspended oars.

SEWARD.

The Ideal rests on the Real—Imagination on Memory—and the Visionary, at its utmost, still retains relations with Truth.

BULLER.

Pray you to look at our Encampment. Nothing visionary there—

TALBOYS.

Which Encampment?

BULLER.

On the hill-side—up yonder—at Cladich.

TALBOYS.

You should have said so at first. I thought you meant that other down—

BULLER.

When I speak to you, I mean the *bona fide* flesh and blood Talboys, sitting by the side of the *bona fide* flesh and blood Christopher North, in Gutta Percha, and not that somewhat absurd, and, I trust, ideal personage, standing on his head in the water, or it may be the air, some fathoms below her keel—like a pearl-diver.

TALBOYS.

Put up your hands—so—my dear Mr. North, and frame the picture.

NORTH.

And Maculloch not here! Why the hills behind Cladich, that people call tame, make a back-ground that no art might meliorate. Cultivation climbs the green slopes, and overlays the green hill-ridges, while higher up all is rough, brown, heathery, rocky—and behind that undulating line, for the first time in my life, I see the peaks of mountains. From afar they are looking at the Tents. And far off as they are, the power of that Sycamore Grove connects them with our Encampment.

TALBOYS.

Are you sure, sir, they are not clouds?

NORTH.

If clouds, so much the better. If mountains, they deserve to be clouds; and if clouds, they deserve to be mountains.

SEWARD.

The long broad shadow of the Grove tames the white of the Tents—tones it—reduces it into harmony with the surrounding colour—into keeping with the brown huts of the villagers, clustering on bank and brae on both sides of the hollow river.

NORTH.

The cozey Inn itself from its position is picturesque.

TALBOYS.

The Swiss Giantess looks imposing—

BULLER.

So does the Van. But Deeside is the Pandemonium—

TALBOYS.

Well translated by Paterson in his Notes on Milton, "All-Devil's-Hall."

NORTH.

Hush. And how lovely the foreground! Sloping upland—with single trees standing one by one, at distances wide enough to allow to each its own little grassy domain—with its circle of bracken or broom—or its own golden gorse grove—divided by the sylvan course of the hidden river itself, visible only when it glimpses into the Loch—Here, friends, we seem to see the united occupations of pastoral, agricultural—and—

BULLER.

Pardon me, sir, I have a proposition to make.

NORTH.

You might have waited a moment till—

BULLER.

Not a moment. We all Four see the background—and the middle-ground and the foreground—and all the ground round and about—and all the islands and their shadows—and all the mountains and theirs—and, towering high above all, that Cruachan of yours, who, I firmly believe, is behind us—though 'twould twist my neck now to get a vizzy of him. No use then in describing all that lies within the visible horizon—there it is—let us enjoy it and be thankful—and let us talk this evening of whatever may happen to come into our respective heads—and I beg leave to add, sir, with all reverence, let's have fair play—let no single man—young or old—take more than his own lawful share—

NORTH.

Sir?

BULLER.

And let the subject of angling be tabooed—and all its endless botheration about baskets and rods, and reels and tackle—salmon, sea-trout, yellow-fin, perch, pike, and the Ferox—and no drivel about Deer and Eagles—

NORTH.

Sir? What's the meaning of all this—Seward, say—tell, Talboys.

BULLER.

And let each man on opening his mouth be *timed*—and let it be two-minute time—and let me be time-keeper—but, in consideration of your years and habits, and presidency, let time to you, sir, be extended to two minutes and thirty seconds—and let us all talk time about—and let no man seek to nullify the law by talking at railway rate—and let no man who waives his right of turn, however often, think to make up for the loss by claiming quarter of an hour afterwards—and that, too, perhaps at the smartest of the *soirée*—and let there be no contradiction, either round, flat, or angular—and let no man speak about what he understands—that is, has long studied and made himself master of—for that would be giving him an unfair—I had almost said—would be taking a mean advantage—and let no man—

NORTH.

Why, the mutiny at the Nore was nothing to this!

BULLER.

Lord High Admiral though you be, sir, you must obey the laws of the service—

NORTH.

I see how it is.

BULLER.

How is it?

NORTH.

But it will soon wear off—that's the saving virtue of Champagne.

BULLER.

Champagne indeed! Small Beer, smaller than the smallest size. You have not the heart, sir, to give Champagne.

NORTH.

We had better put about, gentlemen, and go ashore.

BULLER.

My ever-honoured, long-revered sir! I have got intoxicated on our Tee-total debauchery. The fumes of the water have gone to my head—and I need but a few drops of brandy to set me all right. Billy—the flask. There—I am as sober as a Judge.

NORTH.

Ay, 'tis thus, Buller, you wise wag, that you would let the "old man garrulous" into the secret of his own tendencies—too often unconscious he of the powers that have set so many asleep. I accept the law—but let it—do let it be three-minute time.

BULLER.

Five—ten—twenty—"with thee conversing I forget all time."

NORTH.

Strike medium—Ten.

BULLER.

My dear sir, for a moment let me have that Spy-glass.

NORTH.

I must lay it down—for a Bevy of Fair Women are on the Mount—and are brought so near that I hear them laughing—especially the Prima Donna, whose Glass is in dangerous proximity with my nose.

BULLER.

Fling her a kiss, sir.

NORTH.

There—and how prettily she returns it!

BULLER.

Happy old man! Go where you will—

TALBOYS.

Ulysses and the Syrens. Had he my air-girdle, he would swim ashore.

NORTH.

"Oh, mihi præteritos referat si Jupiter annos!"

TALBOYS.

The words are regretful—but there is no regret in the voice that syllables them—it is clear as a bell, and as gladsome.

NORTH.

Talking of kissing, I hear one of the most melodious songs that ever flowed from lady's lip—

"The current that with gentle motion glides,
Thou knowest, being stopped, impatiently doth rage;
But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with th' enamelled stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays
With willing sport to the wild ocean."

Is it not perfect?

SEWARD.

It is. Music—Painting, and Poetry.

BULLER.

Sculpture and Architecture.

NORTH.

Buller, you're a blockhead. Dear Mr. Alison, in his charming *Essays on Taste*, finds a little fault in what seems to me a great beauty in this one of the sweetest passages in Shakspeare.

BULLER.

Sweetest. That's a miss-mollyish word.

NORTH.

Ass. One of the sweetest passages in Shakspeare. He finds fault with the Current kissing the Sedges. "The pleasing personification which we attribute to a brook is founded upon the faint belief of voluntary motion, and is immediately checked when the Poet *descends* to any minute or particular resemblance."

Descends !

SEWARD.

NORTH.

The word, to my ear, does sound strangely ; and though his expression, "faint belief," is a true and a fine one, yet here the doctrine does not apply. Nay, here we have a true notion inconsiderately misapplied. Without doubt Poets of more wit than sensibility do follow on a similitude beyond the suggestion of the contemplated subject. But the rippling of water against a sedge suggests a kiss—is, I believe, a kiss—liquid, soft, loving, *lipped*.

BULLER.

Beautiful.

NORTH.

Buller, you are a fellow of fine taste. Compare the whole catalogue of metaphorical kisses—admitted and claimable—and you will find this one of the most natural of them all. Pilgrimage, in Shakspeare's day, had dropt, in the speech of our Poets, from its early religious propriety, of seeking a holy place under a vow, into a roving of the region. See his "Passionate Pilgrim." If Shakspeare found the word so far generalised, then "wanderer through the woods," or plains, or through anything else, is the suggestion of the beholding. The river is more, indeed ; being, like the pilgrim, on his way to a term, and an obliged way—"the wild ocean."

SEWARD.

The "faint belief of voluntary motion"—Mr. Alison's fine phrase—is one, and possibly the grounding incentive to impersonating the "current" here ; but other elements enter in ; liquidity—transparency—which suggest a spiritual nature, and Beauty which moves Love.

NORTH.

Ay, and the Poets of that age, in the fresher alacrity of their fancy, had a justification of comparisons, which do not occur as promptly to us, nor, when presented to us, delight so much as they would, were our fancy as alive as theirs. You might suspect *a priori* Ovid, Cowley, and Dryden, as likely to be led by indulgence of their ingenuity into passionless similitudes—and you may misdoubt even that Shakspeare was in danger of being so run away with. But let us have clear and unequivocal instances. This one assuredly is not of the number. It is exquisite.

TALBOYS.

Mr. Alison, I presume to think, sir, should either have quoted the whole speech, or kept the whole in view, when animadverting on those two lines about the kissing Pilgrim. Julia, a Lady of Verona, beloved by Proteus, is only half-done—and now she comes—to herself.

"Then let me go, and hinder not my course ;
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love ;
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium."

The language of Shakspeare's Ladies is not the language we hear in real life. I wish it were. Real life would then be delightful indeed. Julia is privileged to be poetical far beyond the usage of the very best circles—far beyond that of any mortal creatures. For the God Shakspeare has made her and all her kin poetical—and if you object to any of the lines, you must object to them all. Eminently beautiful, sir, they are ; and their beauty lies in the passionate, imaginative spirit that pervades the whole, and sustains the Similitude throughout, without a moment's flagging of the fancy, without a moment's departure from the truthfulness of the heart.

NORTH.

Talboys, I thank you—you are at the root.

SEWARD.

A wonderful thing—altogether—is Impersonation.

NORTH.

It is indeed. If we would know the magnitude of the dominion which the disposition constraining us to impersonate has exercised over the human mind, we should have to go back unto those ages of the world when it exerted itself, uncontrolled by philosophy, and in obedience to religious impulses—when Impersonations of Natural Objects and Powers, of Moral Powers and of Notions entertained by the Understanding, filled the Temples of the Nations with visible Deities, and were worshipped with altars and incense, hymns and sacrifices.

BULLER.

Was ever before such disquisition begotten by—an imaginary kiss among the Sedges!

NORTH.

Hold your tongue, Buller. But if you would see how hard this dominion is to eradicate, look to the most civilised and enlightened times, when severe Truth has to the utmost cleansed the Understanding of illusion—and observe how tenaciously these imaginary Beings, endowed with imaginary life, hold their place in our Sculpture, Painting, and Poetry, and Eloquence—nay, in our common and quiet speech.

SEWARD.

It is all full of them. The most prosaic of proser uses poetical language without knowing it—and Poets without knowing to what extent and degree.

NORTH.

Ay, Seward, and were we to expatiate in the walks of the profounder emotions, we should sometimes be startled by the sudden apparitions of boldly impersonated Thoughts, upon occasions that did not seem to promise them—where you might have thought that interests of overwhelming moment would have effectually banished the play of imagination.

TALBOYS.

Shakspeare is justified, then—and the Lady Julia spoke like a Lady in Love with all nature—and with Proteus.

BULLER.

A most beautiful day is this indeed—but it is a Puzzler.

“The Swan on still St. Mary’s Lake
Floats double, Swan and Shadow;”

But here all the islands float double—and all the castles and abbeys—and all the hills and mountains—and all the clouds and boats and men,—double, did I say—triple—quadruple,—we are here, and there, and everywhere, and nowhere, all at the same moment. Inishail, I have you—no—Gutta Percha slides over you, and you have no material existence. Very well.

SEWARD.

Is there no house on Inishail?

NORTH.

Not one—but the house appointed for all living. A Burial-place. I see it—but not one of you—for it is little noticeable, and seldom used—on an average, one funeral in the year. Forty years ago I stepped into a small snuff-shop in the Saltmarket, Glasgow, to replenish my shell—and found my friend was from Lochawe-side. I asked him if he often revisited his native shore, and he answered—seldom, and had not for a long time—but that though his lot did not allow him to live there, he hoped to be buried in Inishail. We struck up a friendship—his snuff was good, and so was his whiskey, for it was unexcised. A few years ago, trolling for Ferores, I met a boat with a coffin, and in it the body of the old tobacconist.

SEWARD.

“The Churchyard among the Mountains,” in Wordsworth’s *Excursion*, is alone sufficient for his immortality on earth.

NORTH.

It is. So for Gray’s is his Elegy. But some hundred and forty lines in

all—no more—yet how comprehensive—how complete! “In a Country Churchyard!” Every generation there buries the whole hamlet—which is much the same as burying the whole world—or a whole world.

SEWARD.

“The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep!”

All Peasants—diers and mourners! Utmost simplicity of all belonging to life—utmost simplicity of all belonging to death. Therefore, universally affecting.

NORTH.

Then the—Grayishness.

BULLER.

The what, sir?

NORTH.

The Grayishness. The exquisite scholarship, and the high artifice of the words and music—yet all in perfect adaptation to the scene and its essential character. Is there not in that union and communion of the solemn-profound, and the delicate-exquisite, something Cathedral-like? Which has the awe and infinitude of Deity and Eternity, and the prostrations and aspirations of adoration for its basis—expressed in the general structure and forms; and all this meeting and blent into the minute and fine elaboration of the ornaments? Like the odours that steal and creep on the soft, moist, evening air, whilst the dim hush of the Universal Temple dilates and elates. The least and the greatest in one. Why not? Is not that spiritual—angelical—divine! The least is not too exiguous for apprehension—the amplest exceeds not comprehension—and their united power is felt when not understood. I speak, Seward, of that which might be suggested for a primary fault in the Elegy—the contrast of the most artful, scholarly style, and the simple, rude, lowly, homely matter. But you shall see that every fancy seizes, and every memory holds especially those verses and wordings which bring out this contrast—that richest line—

“The breezy call of incense-breathing morn!”

is felt to be soon followed well by that simple—

“No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed”—

where—I take “lowly” to imply low in earth—humbly turfed or flowered—and of the lowly.

SEWARD.

And so, sir, the pomp of a Cathedral is described, though a village Church alone is in presence. So Milton, Cromwell, and other great powers are set in array—that which these were not, against that which those were.

NORTH.

Yet hear Dr. Thomas Brown—an acute metaphysician—but an obtuse critic—and no Poet at all. “The two images in this stanza (‘Full many a gem,’ &c.) certainly produce very different degrees of poetical delight. That which is borrowed from the rose blooming in solitude pleases in a very high degree, both as it contains a just and beautiful similitude, and still more as the similitude is one of the most likely to have arisen in such a situation. But the simile in the two first lines of the stanza, though it may perhaps philosophically be as just, has no other charm, and strikes us immediately as not the natural suggestion of such a moment and such a scene. To a person moralising amid a simple Churchyard, there is perhaps no object that would not sooner have occurred than this piece of minute jewellery—‘a gem of purest ray serene, in the unfathomed caves of ocean.’”

SEWARD.

A person moralising! He forgot that person was Thomas Gray. And he never knew what you have told us now.

NORTH.

Why, my dear Seward, the Gem is the recognised most intense expression, from the natural world, of worth—ineestimable priceless price—dependent on

rarity and beauty. The Flower is a like intense expression, from the same world, of the power to call forth love. The first image is *felt* by every reader to be high, and *exalting* its object; the second to be tender, and openly *pathetic*. Of course it moves more, and of course it comes last. The Poet has just before spoken of Milton and Cromwell—of bards and kings—and history with all her wealth. Is the transition violent from these objects to Gems? He is moved by, but he is not bound to, the scene and time. His own thoughts emancipate. Brown seems utterly to have forgotten that the Poet himself is the Dramatic person of the Monologue. Shall he be restricted from using the richness and splendour of his own thoughts? That one stanza sums up the two of three preceding—and is perfectly attuned to the reigning mood, temper, or pathos.

BULLER.

Thank you, gentlemen. The Doctor is done brown.

NORTH.

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave!"

Methinks I could read you a homily on that Text.

BULLER.

To-morrow, sir, if you please. To-morrow is Sunday—and you may read it to us as we glide to Divine Service at Dalmally—two of us to the Established, and two of us to the Free Kirk.

NORTH.

Be it so. But you will not be displeased with me for quoting now, from heart-memory, a single sentence on the great line, from Beattie, and from Adam Fergusson. "It presents to the imagination a wide plain, where several roads appear, crowded with glittering multitudes, and issuing from different quarters, but drawing nearer and nearer as they advance, till they terminate in the dark and narrow house, where all their glories enter in succession, and disappear for ever."

SEWARD.

Thank you, sir. That is Beattie?

NORTH.

It is. Fergusson's memorable words are—"If from this we are disposed to collect any inference adverse to the pursuits of glory, it may be asked whither do the paths of ignominy lead? If to the grave also, then our choice of a life remains to be made on the grounds of its intrinsic value, without regard to an end which is common to every station of life we can lead, whether illustrious or obscure."

SEWARD.

Very fine. Who says it? Fergusson—who was he?

NORTH.

The best of you Englishers are intolerably ignorant about Scotland. Do you know the Rev. John Mitford?

SEWARD.

I do—and have for him the greatest respect.

NORTH.

So have I. He is one of our best editors—as Pickering is one of our best Publishers of the Poets. But I am somewhat doubtful of the truthfulness of his remarks on the opening of the Elegy, in the Appendix to his excellent Life of Gray. "The Curfew 'toll' is not the appropriate word—it was not a slow bell tolling for the dead."

SEWARD.

True enough, not for the dead—but Gray then felt as if it were for the dying—and chose to say so—the parting day. Was it quick and "merry as a marriage-bell?" I can't think it—nor did Milton, "swinging *slow* with sullen roar." Gray was *Il Penseroso*. Prospero calls it the "solemn curfew." Toll is right.

NORTH.

But, says my friend Mitford, "there is another error, a confusion of time.

The curfew tolls, and the ploughman returns from work. Now the ploughman returns two or three hours before the curfew rings; and 'the glimmering landscape' has 'long ceased to fade' before the curfew. The 'parting day' is also incorrect; the day had long finished. But if the word Curfew is taken simply for 'the Evening Bell,' then also is the time incorrect—and a *knell* is not tolled for the parting, but for the parted—and leaves the world to darkness and to me.' 'Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight.' Here the incidents, instead of being progressive, fall back, and make the picture confused and inharmonious; especially as it appears soon after that it was *not* dark. For 'the moping owl does to the moon complain.' "

SEWARD.

Pardon me, sir, I cannot venture to answer all that—but if Mitford be right, Gray must be very wrong indeed. Let me see—give us it over again—sentence by sentence—

BULLER.

No—no—no. Once is enough—and enough is as good as a feast.

NORTH.

Talboys?

TALBOYS.

Since you have a great respect for Mr. Mitford, sir, so have I. But hitherto I have been a stranger to his merits.

SEWARD.

The best of you Scottishers are intolerably ignorant about England.

TALBOYS.

In the first place, Mr. North, when does the Curfew toll, or ring?—for hang me if I remember—or rather ever knew. And in the second place, when does the Evening Bell give tongue?—for hang me if I am much better informed as to his motions. Yet I should know something of the family of the Bells. Say—*eight* o'clock. Well. It is summer-time, I suppose; for you cannot believe that so dainty a person in health and habits, as the Poet Gray, would write an Elegy in a Country churchyard in winter, and well on towards night. True, that is a way of speaking; he did not write it with his crow-quill, in his neat hand, on his neat vellum, on the only horizontal tomb-stone. But in the Churchyard he assumes to sit—probably under a Plane-tree, for sake of the congenial Gloom. Season of the year ascertained—Summer—time of Curfew—*eight*—then I can find no fault with the Ploughman. He comes in well—either as an image or a man. He must have been an honest, hard-working fellow, and worth the highest wages going between the years 1745 and 1750. At what hour do ploughmen leave the stilts in Cambridgeshire? We must not say at six. Different hours in different counties, Buller.

BULLER.

Go on—all's right, Talboys.

TALBOYS.

It is not too much to believe that Hodge did not grudge, occasionally, a half hour over, to a good master. Then he had to stable his horses—Star and Smiler—rub them down—bed them—fill rack and manger—water them—make sure their noses were in the oats—lock the stable before the nags were stolen—and then, and not till then,

"The Ploughman homeward plods his weary way."

For he does not sleep on the Farm—he has a wife and small family—that is, a large family of smallish children—in the Hamlet, at least two miles off—and he does not walk for a wager of a fitch of bacon and barrel of beer—but for his accustomed rasher and a jug—and such endearments as will restore his weariness up to the proper pitch for a sound night's sleep. God bless him!

BULLER.

Shorn of your beams, Mr. North, eclipsed.

TALBOYS.

The ploughman, then, does not return "two or three hours before the cur-

few rings." Nor has "the glimmering landscape long ceased to fade before the curfew." Nor is "the parting day incorrect." Nor "has the day long finished." Nor, when it may have finished, or may finish, can any man in the hamlet, during all that gradual subsiding of light and sound, take upon him to give any opinion at all.

NORTH.

My boy, Talboys.

TALBOYS.

"And leave the world to darkness and to me." Ay—into his hut goes the ploughman, and leaves the world and me to darkness—which is coming—but not yet come—the Poet knows it is coming—near at hand its coming glooms; and Darkness shows her divinity as she is preparing to mount her throne.

NORTH.

Nothing can be better.

TALBOYS.

"'Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight.' Here the incident, instead of being progressive, falls back, and makes the picture confused and inharmonious." Confused and inharmonious! By no manner of means. Nothing of the sort. There is no retrogression—the day has been unwilling to die—cannot believe she is dying—and cannot think 'tis for her the curfew is tolling; but the Poet feels it is even so; the glimmering and the fading, beautiful as they are, are sure symptoms—she is dying into Evening, and Evening will soon be the dying into Night; but to the Poet's eye how beautiful the transmutations! Nor knows he that the Moon has arisen, till, at the voice of the night-bird, he looks up the ivied church-tower, and there she is, whether full, waning, or crescent, there are not data for the Astronomer to declare.

NORTH.

My friend Mr. Mitford says of the line, "No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed"—That "here the epithet *lowly*, as applied to *bed*, occasions an ambiguity, as to whether the Poet means the bed on which they sleep, or the grave in which they are laid;" and he adds, "there can be no greater fault in composition than a doubtful meaning."

TALBOYS.

There cannot be a more touching beauty. *Lowly* applies to both. From their lowly bed in their lowly dwellings among the quick, those joyous sounds used to awaken them; from their lowly bed in their lowly dwellings among the dead, those joyous sounds will awaken them never more: but a sound will awaken them when He comes to judge both the quick and the dead; and for them there is Christian hope—from

"Many a holy text around them strewed
That teach the rustic moralist to die."

NORTH.

"Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe hath broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!"

This stanza—says Mr. Mitford—"is made up of various pieces inlaid"—'Stubborn glebe' is from Gay; 'drive afield' from Milton; 'sturdy stroke' from Spencer. Such is too much the system of Gray's composition, and therefore such the cause of his imperfections. Purity of language, accuracy of thought, and even similarity of rhyme, all give way to the introduction of certain poetical expressions; in fact, the beautiful jewel, when brought, does not fit into the new setting, or socket. Such is the difference between the flower stuck into the ground and those that grow from it." Talboys?

BULLER.

Why not—Buller?

TALBOYS.

I give way to the gentleman.

BULLER.

Not for worlds would I take the word out of any man's mouth.

TALBOYS.

Gray took "stubborn glebe" from Gay. Why from Gay? It has been familiar in men's mouths from the introduction of agriculture into this Island. May not a Saxon gentleman say "drive their teams a-field" without charge of theft from Milton, who said "drove a-field." Who first said "Gee-ho, Dobbin?" Was Spenser the first—the only man before Milton—who used "sturdy stroke?" and has nobody used it since Gray?

BULLER.

You could give a "sturdy stroke" yourself, Talboya. What's your weight?

TALBOYS.

Gray's style is sometimes too composite—you yourself, sir, would not deny it is so—but Mr. Mitford's instances here are absurd, and the charge founded on them false. Gray seldom, if ever—say never, "*sacrifices* purity of language, and accuracy of thought," for the sake of introducing certain poetical expressions. "All give way" is a gross exaggeration. The beautiful words of the brethren, with which his loving memory was stored, came up in the hour of imagination, and took their place among the words as beautiful of his own congenial inspirations; the flowers he transplanted from poetry "languished not, grew dim, nor died;" for he had taken them up gently by the roots, and with some of the old mould adhering to their tendrils, and, true florist as he was, had prepared for them a richest soil in his own garden, which he held from nature, and which the sun and the dew of nature nourished, and will nourish for ever.

BULLER.

That face is not pleasant, sir. Nothing so disfigures a face as envy. Old Poets at last grow ugly all—but you, sir, are a Philosopher—and on your benign countenance 'twas but a passing cloud. There—you are as beautiful as ever—how comely in critical old age! Any farther fault to find with our friend Mitford?

NORTH.

"On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires,
Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires."

"'Pious drops' is from Ovid—*piæ lachrymæ*; 'closing eye' is from Pope—'voice of nature' from the Anthologia, and the last line from Chaucer—'Yet on our ashes cold is fire yreken. *From so many quarries are the stones brought to form this elaborate Mosaic pavement.*" I say, for "*piæ lachrymæ*" all honour to Ovid—for "pious drops" all honour to Gray. "Closing eye" is not from Pope's Elegy; "voice of nature" is not from the Anthologia, but from Nature herself; Chaucer's line may have suggested Gray's, but the reader of Chaucer knows that Gray's has a tender and profound meaning which is not in Chaucer's at all—and he knows, too, that Mr. Mitford is not a reader of Chaucer—for were he, he could not have written "ashes" for "ashen." There were no quarries—there is no Mosaic. Mosaic pavement! Worse, if possible—more ostentatiously pedantic—even than stuck in flowers, jewels, settings, and socketa.

TALBOYS.

The Stanza is sacred to sorrow.

NORTH.

"From this Stanza," quoth Mitford, "the style of the composition drops into a lower key; the language is plainer, and is not in harmony with the splendid and elaborate diction of the former part." This objection is disposed of by what I said some minutes ago—

BULLER.

Half an hour ago—on *Grayishness*.

NORTH.

And I have only this farther to say, gentlemen, that though the language is plainer—yet it is solemn; nor is it unpoetical—for the hoary-headed swain was moved as he spake; the style, if it drop into a lower key, is accordant with that higher key on which the music was pitched that has not yet left our hearing. An Elegy is not an Ode—the close should be mournful as the opening—with loftier strain between—and it is so; and whatever we might have to say of the Epitaph—its final lines are “awful”—as every man must have felt them to be—whether thought on in our own lonely night-room—in the Churchyard of Granchester, where it is said Gray mused the Elegy—or by that Burial-ground in Inishail—or here afloat in the joyous sunshine for an hour privileged to be happy in a world of grief.

BULLER.

Let's change the subject, sir. May I ask what author you have in your other hand?

NORTH.

Alison on Taste.

BULLER.

You don't say so! I thought you quoted from memory.

NORTH.

So I did; but I have dog-eared a page or two.

BULLER.

I see no books lying about in the Pavilion—only Newspapers—and Magazines—and Reviews—and trash of that kind—

NORTH.

Without which, you, my good fellow, could not live a week.

BULLER.

The Spirit of the Age! The Age should be ashamed of herself for living from hand to mouth on Periodical Literature. The old Lady should indeed, sir. If the Pensive Public conceits herself to be the Thinking World—

NORTH.

Let us help to make her so. I have a decent little Library of some three hundred select volumes in the Van—my Plate-chest—and a few dozens of choice wines for my friends—of Champagne, which you, Buller, call small beer—

BULLER.

I retracted and apologised. Is that the key of the Van at your watch-chain?

NORTH.

It is. So many hundred people about the Encampment—sometimes among them suspicious strangers in paletots in search of the picturesque, and perhaps the pecuniary—that it is well to intrust the key to my own body-guard. It does not weigh an ounce. And *that* lock is not to be picked by the ghost of Huffy White.

SEWARD.

But of the volume in hand, sir?

NORTH.

“In that fine passage in the Second Book of the Georgics,” says Mr. Alison, “in which Virgil celebrates the praises of his native country, after these fine lines—

‘Hic ver assiduum, atque alienis mensibus æstas;
Bis gravidæ pecudes, his pomis utilis arbor.
At rabidæ tigres absunt, et sæva leonum
Semina: nec miseros fallunt aconita legentes:
Nec rapit immensos orbes per humum, neque tanto
Squameus in spiram tractu se colligit anguis.’

There is no reader whose enthusiasm is not checked by the cold and prosaic line which follows,—

‘Adde tot egregias urbes, operumque laborem.’

The tameness and vulgarity of the transition dissipates at once the emotion we had shared with the Poet, and reduces him, in our opinion, to the level of a mere describer."

SEWARD.

Cold and prosaic line! Tameness and vulgarity! I am struck mute.

NORTH.

I have no doubt that Mr. Alison distressed himself with "*Addè*." It is a word from a merchant's counting-house, reckoning up his gains. And so much the better. Virgil is making out the balance-sheet of Italy—he is inventorying her wealth. Mr. Alison would have every word away from reality. Not so the Poet. Every now and then, they—the Poets—amuse themselves with dipping their pencils into the real, the common, the everyday, the homely. By so doing they arrest belief, which above everything they desire to hold fast. I should not wonder if you might catch Spenser at it, even. Shakspeare is full of it. There is nothing else prosaic in the passage; and if Virgil had had the bad taste to say "*Ecce*," instead of "*Addè*," I suppose no fault would have been found.

SEWARD.

But what can Mr. Alison mean by the charge of tameness and vulgarity?

NORTH.

I have told you, sir.

SEWARD.

You have not, sir.

NORTH.

I have, sir.

SEWARD.

Yes—yes—yes. "*Addè*" is vulgar! I cannot think so.

NORTH.

The Cities of Italy, and the "*operum labor*," always have been and are an admiration. The words "*Egregias urbes*" suggest the general stateliness and wealth—"operumque laborem," the particular buildings—Temples, Basilicas, Theatres, and Great Works of the lower Utility. A summary and most vivid expression of a land possessed by intelligent, civilised, active, spirited, vigorous, tasteful inhabitants—also an eminent adorning of the land.

SEWARD.

Lucretius says, that in spring the Cities are in flower—or on flower—or a flower—with children. And Lucan, at the beginning of the *Pharsalia*, describes the Ancient or Greek Cities desolate. They were fond and proud of their "*tot egregias urbes*" as the Modern Italians are—and with good reason:

NORTH.

How judiciously the Critics stop short of the lines that would overthrow their criterion always! The present case is an extraordinary example. Had Mr. Alison looked to the lines immediately following, he would not have objected to that One. For

"Tot congesta manu præruptis oppida saxis,
Fluminaque antiquos subter labentia muros"

is very beautiful—brings the whole under the domain of Poetry, by singular Picturesqueness, and by gathering the whole past history of Italy up—fetching it in with a word—*antiquos*.

SEWARD.

I can form no conjecture as to the meaning of Mr. Alison's objections. He quotes a few fine lines from the "*Praise of Italy*," and then one line which he calls prosaic, and would have us to hold up our hands in wonder at the lame and impotent conclusion—at the sudden transformation of Virgil the poet into Virgil the most prosaic of Prose-writers. You have said enough already, sir, to prove that he is in error even on his own showing;—but how can this fragmentary—this piecemeal mode of quotation—so common among critics of the lower school, and so unworthy of those of the higher—have found favour

with Mr. Alison, one of the most candid and most enlightened of men? Some accidental prejudice from mere carelessness—but, once formed, retained in spite of the fine and true Taste which, unfettered, would have felt the fallacy, and vindicated his admired Virgil.

NORTH.

The “Laudes”—to which the Poet is brought by the preceding bold, sweeping, winged, and poetical strain about the indigenous vines of Italy—have two-fold root—TREES and the glory of LANDS. Virgil kindles on the double suggestion—the trees of Italy compared to the trees of other regions. They are the trees of primary human service and gladness—Oil and Wine. For see at once the deep, sound natural ground in human wants—the bounty of Nature—of Mother Earth—“whatever Earth, all-bearing Mother, yields”—to her human children. That is the gate of entrance; but not prosaically—but two gate-posts of a most poetical mythus-fed husbandman. For we have Jason’s fire-mouthed Bulls *ploughing*, and Cadmus-sown teeth of the dragon springing up in armed men. Then comes, instead, mild, benign, Man-loving Italy—“*gravidæ fruges*”—the heavy-eared corn—or rather big-teeming—the juice of Bacchus—the Olives, and the “broad herds of Cattle.” Note—ye Virgilians—the Corn of Book First—the Oil and Wine of Book Second—and the Cattle of Book Third—for the sustaining Thought—the organic life of his Work moves in his heart.

BULLER.

And the Fourth—Bees—honey—and honey-makers are like Milkers—in a way small Milch-cows.

NORTH.

They are. Once a-foot—or a-wing—he hurries and rushes along, all through the “Laudes.” The majestic victim—Bull of the Clitumnus—the incipient Spring—the double Summer—the *absence* of all envenomed and deadly broods—tigers—lions—aconite—serpents. This is NATURE’S FAVOUR. Then *Man’s Works*—cities and forts—(rock-fortresses)—the great lakes of Northern Italy—showing Man again in their vast edifications. Then Nature in veins of metals precious or useful—then Nature in her production of Man—the Marsi—the Sabellian youth—the Ligurian inured to labour—and the Volscian darters—then again mighty shapes and powers of Man—ROMANS—the Decii, the Marii, the Camilli,

“*Scipiadas duros bello, et te, maxime Cæsar,*”

The King of Men—the Lord of the Earth—the pacificator of the distracted Empire—which, to a Roman, is as much as to say the World. Then—hail Saturnian Land! Mother of Corn! Saturnian, because golden Saturn had reigned there—Mother, I suppose the rather because in *his* time corn sprang unsown—*sine semine*—She gave it from out of her own loving and cherishing bosom. To Thee, Italy, sing I my *Æscean* or Hesiodic song. The Works and Days—the Greek Georgics are his avowed prototype—rude prototype to magnificence—like the Arab of the Desert transplanted to rear his empire of dazzling and picturesque civilisation in the Pyrenean Peninsula.

BULLER.

Take breath, sir. Virgil said well—

“*Adde tot egregias urbes operumque laborem.*”

SEWARD.

Allow me one other word. Virgil—in the vivid lines quoted with admiration by Mr. Alison—lauds his beloved Italy for the *absence* of wild beasts and serpents—and he magnifies the whole race of serpents by his picture of One—the Serpent King—yet with subjects all equal in size to himself in our imagination. The Serpent is in the Poetry, but he is *not* in Italy. Is this a false artifice of composition—a vain ornament? Oh, no! He describes the Saturnian Land—the mother of corn and of men—bounteous, benign, golden, maternal Italy. The negation has the plenitude of life, which the fabulous absence of noxious reptiles has for the sacred Island of Ierne.

BULLER.

Erin-go-bragh!

SEWARD.

Suddenly he sees another vision—not of what is absent but present; and then comes the line arraigned and condemned—followed by lines as great—

“Addē tot egregias urbes, operumque laborem,
Tot congesta manu præruptis oppida saxis,
Fluminaque antiquos subter labentia muros.”

The first line grasps in one handful all the mighty, fair, wealthy Cities of Italy—the second all the rock-creating *Fortes* of Italy—from the Alpine head to the sea-washed foot of the Peninsula. The collective One Thought of the Human Might and Glory of Italy—as it appears on the countenance of the Land—or visible in its utmost concentration in the girdled Towns and Cities of Men.

BULLER.

“Addē” then is right, Seward. On that North and you are at one.

NORTH.

Yes, it is right, and any other word would be wrong. ADDE! Note the sharpness, Buller, of the significance—the vivacity of the short open sound. Fling it out—ring it out—sing it out. Look at the very repetition of the powerful “tot”—“*tot egregias*”—“*tot congesta*”—witnessing by one of the first and commonest rules in the grammar of rhetoric—whether Virgil speaks in prose or in fire.

BULLER.

In fire.

NORTH.

Mr. Alison then goes on to say, “that the effect of the following nervous and beautiful lines, in the conclusion of the same Book, is *nearly destroyed* by a similar defect. After these lines,

“Hanc olim veteres vitam coluere Sabini,
Hanc Remus et Frater; sic fortis Etruria crevit,
Scilicet et rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma;”

We little expect the following *spiritless* conclusion:—

“*Septemque una sibi muro circumdedit arces.*”

SEWARD.

Oh! why does Mr. Alison call that line *spiritless*?

NORTH.

He gives no reason—assured by his own dissatisfaction, that he has but to quote it, and leave it in its own naked impotence.

SEWARD.

I hope you do not think it *spiritless*, sir.

NORTH.

I think it contains the concentrated essence of spirit and of power. Let any one think of Rome, piled up in greatness, and grandeur, and glory—and a Wall round about—and in a moment his imagination is filled. What sort of a Wall? A garden wall to keep out orchard thieves—or a modern wall of a French or Italian town to keep out wine and meat, that they may come in at the gate and pay toll? I trow not. But a Wall against the World armed and assailing! Remember that Virgil saw Rome—and that his hearers did—and that in his eyes and theirs she was Empress of the inhabited Earth. She held and called herself such—it was written in her face and on her forehead. The visible, tangible splendour and magnificence meant this, or they meant nothing. The stone and lime said this—and Virgil's line says it, sedately and in plain, simple phrase, which yet is a Climax.

SEWARD.

As the dreaded Semiramis was flesh and blood—corporeal—made of the four elements—yet her soul and her empire spoke out of her—so spake they from the Face of Rome.

NORTH.

Ay, Seward—put these two things together—the Aspect that speaks Domination of the World, and the Wall that girds her with strength impregnable—and what more could you possibly demand from her Great Poet?

SEWARD.

Arx is a Citadel—we may say an Acropolis. Athens had one Arx—so had Corinth. One Arx is enough to one Queenly City. But this Queen, within her one Wall, has enclosed Seven Arces—as if she were Seven Queens.

NORTH.

Well said, Seward. The Seven Hills appeared—and to this day do—to characterise the Supremacy of Rome. The Seven-Hilled City! You seem to have said everything—the Seven Hills are as a seven-pillared Throne—and all that is in one line—given by Virgil. Delete it—no not for a thousand gold crowns.

BULLER.

Not for the Pigot Diamond—not for the Sea of Light.

NORTH.

Imagine Romulus tracing the circuit on which the walls were to rise of his little Rome—the walls ominously lustrated with a brother's blood. War after war humbles neighbouring town after town, till the seas that bathe, and the mountains that guard Italy, enclose the confederated Republic. It is a step—a beginning. East and West, North and South, flies the Eagle, dipping its beak in the blood of battle-fields. Where it swoops, there fanning away the pride, and fame, and freedom of nations, with the wafture of its wings. Kingdoms and Empires that were, are no more than Provinces; till the haughty Roman, stretching out the fact to the limits of his ambitious desires, can with some plausibility deceive himself, and call the edges of the Earth the boundaries of his unmeasured Dominion.

SEWARD.

“O Italy! Italy! would Thou wert stronger or less beautiful!”—was the mournful apostrophe of an Italian Poet, who saw, in the latter ages, his refined but enervated countrymen trampled under the foot of a more martial people from far beyond the Alps.

NORTH.

Good Manners giving a vital energy and efficacy to good Laws—in these few words, gentlemen, may be comprised the needful constituents of National Happiness and Prosperity—the foremost conditions.

TALBOYS.

Ay—ay—sir. For good Laws without good Manners are an empty breath—whilst good Manners ask the protecting and preserving succour of good Laws. But the good Manners are of the first necessity, for they naturally produce the good Laws.

NORTH.

What does history show, Talboys, but nations risen up to flourish in wealth, power, and greatness, that with corrupted and luxurious manners have again sunk from their pre-eminence; whilst another purer and simpler people has in turn grown mighty, and taken their room in the world's eye—some hardy, simple, frugal race, perhaps, whom the seeming disfavour of nature constrains to assiduous labour, and who maintain in the lap of their mountains their independence and their pure and happy homes.

TALBOYS.

The Luxury—the invading Goth and Hun—the dismembering—and new States uprisen upon the ruins of the World's fallen Empire. There is one line in Collins' *Ode to Freedom*—Mr. North—which I doubt if I understand.

NORTH.

Which?

TALBOYS.

“No, Freedom, no—I will not tell
How Rome before thy weeping face
Pushed by a wild and artless race

From off its wide, ambitious base,
 With heaviest sound a giant-status fell—
 What time the northern Sons of Spoil awoke,
 And all the blended work of strength and grace,
 With many a rude repeated stroke,
 And many a barbarous yell, to thousand fragments broke."

NORTH.

Which?

TALBOYS.

"How Rome before thy weeping face."

NORTH.

Freedom wept at Rome's overthrow—though she had long been Freedom's enemy—and though her destroyers were Freedom's children—and "Spoil's Sons"—for how could Freedom look unmoved at the wreck "of all that blended work of strength and grace"—though raised by slaves at the beck of Tyrants? It was not always so.

BULLER.

Let me, Apollo-like, my dear sir, pinch your ear, and admonish you to return to the point from which, in discursive gyrations, you and Seward have been——

NORTH.

Like an Eagle giving an Eaglet lessons how to fly——

BULLER.

You promised solemnly, sir, not to mention Eagles this evening.

NORTH.

I did not, sir.

BULLER.

But, then, Seward is no Eaglet—he is, and long has been, a full-fledged bird, and can fly as well's yourself, sir.

NORTH.

There you're right. But then, making a discursive gyration round a point is not leaving it—and there you're wrong. Silly folk—not you, Buller, for you are a strong-minded, strong-bodied man—say "keep to the point"—knowing that if you quit it one inch, you will from their range of vision disappear—and then they comfort themselves by charging you with having melted among the clouds.

BULLER.

I was afraid, my dear sir, that having got your Eaglet on your back—or your Eaglet having got old Aquila on his—you would sail away with him—or he with you—"to prey in distant isles."

NORTH.

You promised solemnly, sir, not to mention Eagles this evening.

BULLER.

I did not, sir. But don't let us quarrel.

SEWARD.

What does Virgil mean, sir, by "Rerum," in the line which Mr. Alison thinks should have concluded the strain——

"Scilicet et rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma."

NORTH.

"Rerum"—what does he mean by "Rerum?" Let me perpend. Why, Seward, the legitimate meaning of Res here is a State—a Commonwealth. "The fairest of Powers—then—of Politics—of States."

SEWARD.

Is that all the word means here?

NORTH.

Why, methinks we must explain. Observe, then, Seward, that Rome is the Town, as England the Island. Thus "England has become the fairest among the Kingdoms of the Earth." This is equivalent, good English; and the only satisfactory and literal translation of the Latin verse. But here, the

Physical and the Political are identified,—that is, England. England is the name at once of the Island—of so much earth limited out on the surface of the terraqueous globe—and of what besides? Of the Inhabitants? Yes? but of the Inhabitants (as the King never dies) perpetuated from generation to generation. Moreover, of this immortal inhabitation, further made one by blood and speech, laws, manners, and everything that makes a people. In short, England, properly the name of the land, is intended to be, at the same time, the name of the Nation.

“England, with all thy faults, I love Thee still.”

There Cowper speaks to both at once—the faults are of the men only—moral—for he does not mean fogs, and March east winds, and fever and agues. I love thee—is to the green fields and the white cliffs, as well as to all that still survives of the English heart and thought and character. And this absorption, sir, and compenetrating of the two ideas—land into people, people into land—the exposition of which might, in good hands, be made beautiful—is a fruitful germ of Patriotism—an infinite blending of the spiritual and the corporeal. To Virgil, Rome the city was also Rome the Romans; and, therefore, sir, those Houses and Palaces, and that Wall, were to him, as those green fields, and hills, and streams, and towns, and those cliffs are to Us. The girdled-in compendium of the Heaven's Favour and the Earth's Glory and Power.

“Scilicet et RERUM facta est pulcherrima ROMA,
Septemque una sibi muro circumdedit arces.”

Do you all comprehend and adopt my explanation, gentlemen?

TALBOYS.

I do.

BULLER.

I——do.

SEWARD.

I ask myself whether Virgil's “*Rerum Pulcherrima*” may not mean “*Fairest of Things*”—of Creatures—of earthly existences? To a young English reader, probably that is the first impression. It was, I think, mine. But fairest of earthly States and Seats of State is so much more idiomatic and to the purpose, that I conceive it—indubitable.

NORTH.

You all remember what Horatio sayeth to the soldiers in Hamlet, on the coming and going of the Ghost.

“In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets;
Stars shone with trains of fire, dews of blood fell;
Disasters veiled the sun, and the moist star
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to Doomsday with eclipse.”

What does Horatio mean by high and palmy state? That Rome was in a flourishing condition?

BULLER.

That, I believe, sir, is the common impression. Hitherto it has been mine.

NORTH.

Let it be erased henceforth and for ever.

BULLER.

It is erased—I erase it.

NORTH.

Read henceforth and for ever high and palmy State. Write henceforth and for ever State with a towering Capital. Res! “Most high and palmy State” is precisely and literally “*Rerum Pulcherrima*.”

SEWARD.

At your bidding—you cannot err.

NORTH.

I err not unfrequently—but not now, nor I believe this evening. Horatio, the Scholar, speaks to the two Danish Soldiers. They have brought him to be of their watch because he is a Scholar—and they are none. This relation of distinction is indeed the ground and life of the Scene.

"Therefore I have entreated him, along
With us to watch the minutes of the night;
That if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and speak to it."

TALBOYS.

"Thou art a Scholar—speak to it, Horatio."

NORTH.

You know, Talboys, that Scholars were actual Conjurors, in the mediæval belief, which has tales enow about Scholars in that capacity. Horatio comes, then, possessed with an especial Power; he knows how to deal with Ghosts—he could lay one, if need were. He is not merely a man of superior and cultivated intellect, whom intellectual inferiors engage to assist them in an emergency above their grasp—but he is the *very* man for the work.

TALBOYS.

Have not the Commentators said as much, sir?

NORTH.

Perhaps—probably—who? If they have in plenitude, I say it again—because I once did not know it—or think of it—and I suppose that a great many persons die believing that the Two resort in the way of general dependence merely on Horatio.

TALBOYS.

I believed, but I shall not die believing so.

NORTH.

Therefore, the scholarship of Horatio, and the non-scholarship of Bernardo and Marcellus, strike into the life, soul, essence, ground, foundation, fabric, and organisation of this First Ghost Scene—sustain and build the whole Play.

TALBOYS.

Eh?

NORTH.

Eh? Yes. But to the point in hand. The Ghost has come and gone; and the Scholar addresses his Mates the two Non-Scholars. And show me the living Scholar who could speak as Horatio spake. Touching the matter that is in all their minds oppressively, he will transport *their* minds a flight suddenly off a thousand years, and a thousand miles or leagues—their untutored minds into the Region of History. He will take them to Rome—"a little ere"—and, therefore, before naming Rome, he lifts and he directs their imagination—"In the most high and palmy STATE." There had been Four Great Empires of the World—and he will by these few words evoke in their minds the Image of the last and greatest. And now observe with what decision, as well as with what majesty, the nomination ensues—OF ROME.

TALBOYS.

I feel it, sir.

NORTH.

Try, Talboys, to render "State" by any other word, and you will be put to it. You may analogise. It is for the Republic and City, what Realm or Kingdom is to us—at once place and indwelling Power. "State"—properly Republic—here specifically and pointedly means Reigning City. The Ghosts walked in the City—not in the Republic.

TALBOYS.

I think I have you, sir—am not sure.

NORTH.

You have me—you are sure. Now suppose that, instead of the solemn, ceremonious, and stately robes in which Horatio attires the Glorious Rome, he had said simply, "in Rome," or "at Rome," where then his ψυχωγία—

his leading of their spirits? Where his own scholar-enthusiasm, and love, and joy, and wonder? All gone? And where, Talboys, are they who, by here understanding "state" for "condition"—which every man alive does—

TALBOYS.

Every man alive?

NORTH.

Yes, you did—confess you did. Where are they, I ask, who thus oblige Horatio to introduce his nomination of Rome—thus nakedly—and prosaically? Every hackneyer of this phrase—*state*—as every man alive hackneys it—is a nine-fold Murderer. He murders the Phrase; he murders the Speech; he murders Horatio; he murders the Ghost; he murders the Scene; he murders the Play; he murders Rome; he murders Shakspeare—and he murders Me.

TALBOYS.

I am innocent.

NORTH.

Why, suppose Horatio to mean—"in the most glorious and victorious condition of Rome, on the Eve of Cæsar's death, the graves stood tenantless"—You ask—WHERE? See where you have got. A story told with two determinations of Time, and none of Place! Is that the way that Shakspeare, the intelligent and intelligible, recites a fact? No! But my explanation shows the Congruity or Parallelism. "In the *most high and palmy State*,"—that is, City of Rome—ceremonious determination of Place—"a little ere the mightiest Julius fell,"—ceremonious determination of Time.

TALBOYS.

But is not the use of State, sir, for City, bold and singular?

NORTH.

It is. For Verse has her own Speech—though Wordsworth denies it in his Preface—and proves it by his Poetry, like his brethren Shakspeare and Milton. The language of Verse is rapid—abrept and abrupt. Horatio wants the notion of Republic; because properly the Republic is high and palmy, and not the wood, stone, and marble. So he manages an expeditious word that shall include both, and strike you at once. The word of a Poet strikes like a flash of lightning—it penetrates—it does not stay to be scanned—"probed, vexed, and criticised,"—it illuminates and is gone. But you must have eyes—and suffer nobody to shut them. I ask, then—Can any lawful, well-behaved Citizen, having weighed all this, and reviewed all these things, again violate the Poesy of the Avonian Swan, and his own muse-enlightened intelligence, by lending hand or tongue to the convicted and condemned VULGARISM?

TALBOYS.

Now, then, and not till now, we Three know the full power of the lines—

"Scilicet et Rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma,
Septemque una sibi muro circumdedit arces."

NORTH.

Another word anent Virgil. Mr. Alison says—"There is a still more surprising instance of this fault in one of the most pathetic passages of the whole Poem, in the description of the disease among the cattle, which concludes the Third Georgic. The passage is as follows:—

"Ecce autem duro fumans sub vomere Taurus
Concidit, et mixtum spumis vomit ore cruorem
Extremosque ciet gemitus; it tristis arator,
Mœrentem abjungens fraternâ morte juvencom,
Atque opere in medio defixa relinquit aratra."

The unhappy image in the second line is less calculated to excite compassion than disgust, and is singularly ill-suited to the tone of tenderness and delicacy which the Poet has everywhere else so successfully maintained, in describing the progress of the loathsome disease." The line here objected to is the life of the description—and instead of offence, it is the clenching of the pathos.

First of all, it is that which the poets always will have and the critics wont—the *Necessitated*—the Thing itself—the Matter in hand. It shapes—features—characterises that particular Murrain. Leave it out—‘the one Ox drops dead in the furrow, and the Ploughman detaches the other.’ It’s a great pity, and very surprising—but that is no *PLAGUE*. Suddenly he falls, and blood and foam gush mixed with his expiring breath. *That is a plague*. It has terror—affright—sensible horror—life vitiated, poisoned in its fountains. *Vomit*—a settled word, and one of the foremost, of the reversed, unnatural vital function. Besides, it is the true and proper word. Besides, it is vivid and picturesque, being the word of the Mouth. *Effundit* (which they would prefer—I do not mean it would stand in the verse) is general—might be from the ears. *Vomit* in itself says mouth. The poor mouth! whose function is to breathe, and to eat grass, and to caress—the visible organ of life—of vivification—and now of mortification. Taken from the dominion of the holy powers, and given up to the dark and nameless destroyer. “*Vomit ore Cruorem!*” The verse moans and groans for him—it may have in it a death rattle. How much more helpless and hopeless the real picture makes Arator’s distress! Now, “*it tristic*” comes with effect.

SEWARD.

Yes, Virgil, as in duty bound to do, faced the Cattle Plague in all its horrors. Had he not, he would have been false to Pales, the Goddess of Shepherds—to Apollo, who fed the herds of Admetus. So did his Master, Lucretius—whom he emulated—equalled, but not surpassed, in execution of the dismal but inevitable work. The whole land groaned under the visitation—nor was it confined to Cattle—it seemed as if the brute creation were about to perish. But his tender heart, near the close, singled out from the thousands, one yoke of Steers—in two lines and a half told the death of one—in two lines and a half told the sadness of its owner—and in as many lines more told, too, of the survivor sinking, because his brother “was not”—and in as many more a lament for the cruel sufferings of the harmless creature—lines which, Scaliger says, he would rather have written than have been honoured by the Lydian or the Persian king.

BULLER.

Perhaps you have said enough, Seward. It might have been better, perhaps, to have recited the whole passage.

NORTH.

Here is a sentence or two about Homer.

BULLER.

Then you are off. Oh! Sir—why not for an hour imitate that Moon and those Stars? How silently they shine! But what care you for the heavenly luminaries? In the majestic beauty of the nocturnal heavens vain man will not hold his peace.

SEWARD.

Is that the murmur of the far off sea?

NORTH.

It is—the tide, may be, is on its return—is at “Connal’s raging Ferry”—from Loch Etive—yet this is not its hour—’tis but the mysterious voice of Night.

BULLER.

Hush!

NORTH.

By moonlight and starlight, and to the voice of Night, I read these words from Mr. Alison—“In the speech of Agamemnon to Idomeneus, in the Fourth Book of the Iliad, a circumstance is introduced altogether inconsistent both with the *dignity of the speech, and the Majesty of Epic Poetry*:—

“Divine Idomeneus! what thanks we owe
To worth like thine, what praise shall we bestow!
To Thee the foremost honours are decreed,
First in the fight, and every graceful deed.

For this, in banquets, when the generous bowls
Restore our blood, and raise the warriors' souls,
Though all the rest with stated rules be bound,
Unmixed, unmeasured, are thy goblets crowned.'"

SEWARD.

That is Pope. Do you remember Homer himself, sir?

NORTH.

I do.

*Ἰδομενεῦ, περί μιν σε τίω Δαναῶν ταχυνόων,
ἦ μιν ἐνὶ πολλῆμ' ἡδ' ἄλλοις ἐπὶ ἔργῳ,
ἦδ' ἐν δαίθ', ὅτε κέρτε γερούσιον αἶθρα εἶπον
' Ἀργείων οἱ ἄριττοι ἐνὶ κρητάρῳ κέρωνται.
εἴπερ γάρ τ' ἄλλοι γε καρὴ οὐδ' ὠντες Ἀχαιοὶ
δαίτρην πίνουσιν, σὺν δὲ πλείον δίκας αἰεὶ
ἔσθῃ' ὥσπερ ἱμοί, τίειν, ὅτε θυμὸς ἀνώγει,
ἀλλ' ὅρρεν πόλεμόνδ', οἷς πάρος εὖ χροεῖναι.*

I believe you will find that in general men praise more truly, that is justly, deservedly, than they condemn. They praise from an impulse of love—that is, from a capacity. Nature protects love more than hate. Their condemnation is often mere incapacity—want of insight. Mr. Alison had elegance of apprehension—truth of taste—a fine sense of the beautiful—a sense of the sublime. His instances for praise are always well—often newly chosen, from an attraction felt in his own genial and noble breast. The true chord struck then. But he was somewhat too dainty-schooled—school-nursed and school-born. A Judge and critic of Poetry should have been caught wild, and tamed; he should carry about him to the last some relish of the wood and the wilderness, as if he were ever in some danger of breaking away, and relapsing to them. He should know Poetry as a great power of the Universe—a sun—of which the Song—whosoever—only catches and fixes a few rays. How different in thought was Epos to him and to Homer! Homer paints Manners—archaic, simple manners. Everybody feels—everybody says this—Mr. Alison must have known it—and could have said it as well as the best—

SEWARD.

But the best often forget it. They seem to hold to this knowledge better now, Mr. North; and they do not make Homer answerable as a Poet, for the facts of which he is the historian—Why not rather accept than criticise?

NORTH.

I am sorry, Seward, for the Achæan Chiefs who had to drink *δαίτρην*—that is all. I had hoped that they had helped themselves.

SEWARD.

Perhaps, sir, the Stint was a custom of only the *οἶνον γερούσιον*—a ceremonious Bowl—and if so, undoubtedly with religious institution. The Feast is not honorary—only the Bowl: for anything that appears, Agamemnon, feasting his Princes, might say, "Now, for the Bowl of Honour"—and Idomeneus alone drinks. Or let the whole Feast be honorific, and the Bowl the sealing, and crowning, and characterising solemnity. Now the distinction of the Stint, and the Full Bowl, selected for a signal of different honouring, has to me no longer anything irksome. It is no longer a grudging and scanty cheer—but lawful Assignment of Place.

TALBOYS.

The moment you take it for Ceremonial, sir, you don't know what profound meaning may, or may not be in it. The phrase is very remarkable.

NORTH.

When the "Best of the Argives" mix in the Bowl "the honorific dark-glowing wine," or the dark-glowing wine of honour—when, *εἰς*—quite a specific and peculiar occasion, and confined to the wine—you would almost think that the Chiefs themselves are the wine-mixers, and not the usual ministrants—which would perhaps express the descent of an antique use from a time and manners of still greater simplicity than those which Homer describes. Or take it

merely, that in great solemnities, high persons do the functions proper to Servants. This we do know, that usually a servant, the *Tamias*, or the *οἰκὸς*, does mix the Bowl. By the way, Talboys, I think you will be not a little amused with old Chapman's translation of the passage.

TALBOYS.

A fiery old Chap was George.

NORTH.

It runs thus—

"O Idomen, I ever loved thyself past all the Greeks,
In war, or any work of peace, at table, everywhere ;
For when the best of Greeks, besides, mix ever at our cheer
My good old ardent wine with small, and our inferior mates
Drink ever that mixt wine measured too, thou drink'st without those rates
Our old wine *neat* ; and ever more thy bowl stands like to mine ;
To drink still when and what thou wilt ; then rouse that heart of thine ;
And whatsoever heretofore thou hast assumed to be,
This day be greater."

TALBOYS.

Well done, Old Buck ! This fervour and particularity are admirable. But, methinks, if I caught the words rightly, that George mistakes the meaning of *γεροντιος*—honorary ; he has *γερον γεροντος*, an *old man*, singing in his ears ; but old for wine would be quite a different word.

NORTH.

And he makes Agamemnon commend Idomeneus for drinking generously and honestly, whilst the others are afraid of their cups—as Claudius, King of Denmark, might praise one of his strong-headed courtiers, and laugh at Polonius. Agamemnon does not say that Idomeneus' goblet was *not* mixed—was *neat*—rather we use to think that wine was always mixed—but whether "with small," as old Chapman says, or with water, I don't know—but I fancied water ! But perhaps, Seward, the investigation of a Grecian Feast in heroic time, and in Attic, becomes an exigency. Chapman is at least determined—and wisely—to show that he is not afraid of the matter—that he saw nothing in it "altogether inconsistent with the dignity of the speech and the majesty of Epic Poetry."

SEWARD.

Dignity ! Majesty ! They stand, sir, in the whole together—in the Manners taken collectively by themselves throughout the entire Iliad—and then taken as a part of the total delineation. Apply our modern notions of dignity and majesty to the Homeric Poetry, and we shall get a shock in every other page.

NORTH.

The Homeric, heroic manners ! Heyne has a Treatise or Excursus—as you know—on the *δραψαία*—I think he calls it—of the Homeric Heroes—their waiting on themselves, or their self-sufficiency—where I think that he collects the picture.

SEWARD.

I am ashamed to say I do not know it.

NORTH.

No matter. You see how this connects with the scheme of the Poem—in which, prevalent or conspicuous by the amplitude of the space which it occupies, is the individual prowess of heroes in field—conspicuous, too, by its moment in action. This is another and loftier mode of the *δραψαία*. The human bosom is a seat or fountain of power. Power goes forth, emanates in all directions, high and low, right and left. The Man is a terrestrial God. He takes counsel with his own heart, and he acts. "He conversed with his own magnanimous spirit"—or as Milton says of Abdiel meeting Satan—"And thus his own undaunted heart explored."

SEWARD.

Yes, Mr. North, the Man is as a terrestrial God ; but—with continual recognition by the Poet and his heroes—as under the celestial Gods. And I apprehend, sir, that this two-fold way of representing man, in himself and

towards them, is that which first separates the Homeric from and above all other Poetry, is its proper element of grandeur, in which we never bathe without coming out aggrandised.

NORTH.

Seward, you instruct me by——

SEWARD.

Oh, no, sir! You instruct me——

NORTH.

We instruct each other. For this the heroes are all Demigods—that is, the son of a God, or Goddess, or the Descendant at a few Generations. Sarpedon is the Son of Jupiter, and his death by Patroclus is perhaps the passage of the whole Iliad that most specially and energetically, and most profoundly and pathetically, makes the Gods intimate to the life and being of men—presents the conduct of divinity and humanity with condescension there, and for elevation here. I do not mean that there is not more pomp of glorification about Achilles, for whom Jupiter comes from Olympus to Ida, and Vulcan forges arms—whose Mother-Goddess is Messenger to and from Jupiter, and into whose lips, when he is faint with toil and want of nourishment—abstaining in his passion of sorrow and vengeance—Minerva, descending, instils Nectar. But I doubt if there be anything so touching—*under this relation*—and so intimately aggrandising as that other whole place—the hesitation of Jupiter whether he shall VIOLATE FATE, in order to save his own flesh and blood from its decreed stroke—the consolatory device of Juno (in remonstrating and dissuading) that he shall send Apollo to call Death and Sleep—a God-Messenger to God-Ministers—to bear the dead body from the battle-field to his own land and kin for due obsequies. And, lastly, those *drops of blood* which fall from the sky to the earth, as if the heart-tears of the Sire of all the worlds and their inhabitants.

BULLER.

You are always great, sir, on Homer. But, pray, have you any intention of returning to the *ἀναγκαιά*?

NORTH.

Ha! Buller—do you speak? I have not wandered from it. But since you seem to think I have, think of Patroclus lighting a fire under a tripod with his own hands, to boil meat for Achilles' guests—of Achilles himself helping to lay the ransomed body of Hector on the car that was to take it away. This last is honorific and pathetic. Ministrations of all degrees for themselves, in their own affairs, characterise them all. From the least of these to Achilles fighting the River-God—which is an excess—all holds together—is of one meaning—and here, as everywhere, the least, and the familiar, and most homely, attests, vouches, makes evident, probable, and facile to credence, the highest, most uncouth, remote, and difficult otherwise of acceptance. Pitching the speculation lower, plenitude of the most robust, ardent, vigorous life overflows the Iliad—up from the animal to the divine—from the beautiful tall poplar by the river-side, which the wheelwright or wainwright fells. Eating, drinking, sleeping, thrusting through with spears, and hacking the live flesh off the bone—all go together and help one another—and make the “Majesty and Dignity”—or what not—of the Homeric Epos. But I see, Buller, that you are *timeing me*—and I am ashamed to confess that I have exceeded the assigned limit. Gentlemen, I ask all your pardons.

BULLER.

Timeing you—my dear sir! Look—'tis only my snuff-box—your own gift—with your own haunted Head on the lid—inspired work of Laurence Macdonald.

NORTH.

Give it me—why there—there—by your own unhappy awkwardness—it has gone—gone—to the bottom of the deepest part of the Loch!

BULLER.

I don't care. It *was* my chronometer! The Box is safe.

NORTH.

And so is the Chronometer. Here it is—I was laughing at you—in my sleeve.

BULLER.

Another Herman Boaz!—Bless my eyes, there is Kilchurn! It must be—there is no other such huge Castle, surely, at the head of the Loch—and no other such mountains—

NORTH.

You promised solemnly, sir, not to say a single word about Loch Awe or its appurtenance, this Evening—so did every mother's son of us at your order—and t'was well—for we have seen them and felt them all—at times not the less profoundly—as the visionary pomp keeps all the while gliding slowly by—perpetual accompaniment of our discourse, not uninspired, perhaps, by the beauty or the grandeur, as our imagination was among the ideal creations of genius—with the far-off in place and in time—with generations and empires.

“When dark oblivion swallows cities up,
And mighty States, characterless, are grated
To dusty nothing.”

SEWARD.

In the declining light I wonder your eyes can see to read print.

NORTH.

My eyes are at a loss with *Small Pica*—but veritable *Pica* I can master, yet, after sunset. Indeed, I am sharpest-sighted by twilight, like a cat or an owl.

BULLER.

Have you any more annotations on *Alison*?

NORTH.

Many. The flaws are few. I verily believe these are all. To elucidate his Truths—in Taste and in Morals—would require from us *Four* a far longer Dialogue. *Alison's Essays* should be reprinted in one Pocket Volume—Wisdom and Goodness are in that family hereditary—the editing would be a *Work of Love*—and in *Bohn's Standard Library* they would confer benefit on thousands who now know but their name.

SEWARD.

My dear sir, last time we voyaged the Loch, you said a few words—perhaps you may remember it—about those philosophers—*Alison*—the “*Man of Taste*,” as *Thomas Campbell* loved to call him—assuredly is not of the number—who have insisted on the natural Beauty of Virtue, and natural Deformity of Vice, and have appeared to place our capacity of distinguishing Right from Wrong chiefly, if not solely, on the sense of this Beauty and of this Deformity—

NORTH.

I remember saying, my dear Seward, that they have drawn their views too much from the consideration of the state of these feelings in men who had been long exercised in the pure speculative contemplation of moral Goodness and Truth, as well as in the calmness and purity of a tranquil, virtuous life. Was it so?

SEWARD.

It was.

NORTH.

In such minds, when all the calm faculties of the soul are wedded in happy union to the image of Virtue, there is, I have no doubt, that habitual feeling for which the term *Beauty* furnishes a natural and just expression. But I apprehend that this is not the true expression of that serious and solemn feeling which accompanies the understanding of the qualities of Moral Action in the minds of the generality of men. They who in the midst of their own unhappy perversions, are visited with knowledge of those immutable distinctions, and they who in the ordinary struggles and trials incident to our condition, maintain their conduct in unison with their strongly grounded principles and better aspirations, would seldom, I apprehend, employ this language for the description of feelings which can hardly be separated from the ideas of an awful responsibility involving the happiness and misery of the accountable subjects of a moral order of Government.

SEWARD.

You think, sir, that to assign this perception of Beauty and Deformity, as the groundwork of our Moral Nature, is to rest on too slight a foundation that part of man's constitution which is first in importance to his welfare?

NORTH.

Assuredly, my dear friend, I do. Nay, I do not fear to say that the Emotion, which may properly be termed a Feeling of Beauty in Virtue, takes place at those times when the deepest affection of our souls towards Good and Evil acts less strongly, and when the Emotion we feel is derived more from Imagination—and—

SEWARD.

And may I venture to suggest, sir, that as Imagination, which is so strong a principle in our minds, will take its temper from any prevalent feelings, and even from any fixed and permanent habits of mind, so our Feeling of Beauty and Deformity shall be different to different men, either according to the predominant strength of natural principles, or according to their course of life?

NORTH.

Even so. And therefore this general disposition of Imagination to receive its character will apply, no doubt, where the prevailing feelings and habits are of a Moral cast; and hence in minds engaged in calm intellectual speculation, and maintaining their own moral nature rather in innocence and simplicity of life than in the midst of difficult and trying situations and in conflict with passions, there can be no doubt that the Imagination will give itself up to this general Moral Cast of Mind, and feel Beauty and Deformity vividly and uniformly in the contemplation of the moral quality of actions and moral states of character.

SEWARD.

But your words imply—do they not, sir! that such is the temper of their calmer minds, and not the emotion which is known when, from any great act of Virtue or Crime, which comes suddenly upon them, their Moral Spirit rises up in its native strength, to declare its own Affection and its own Judgment?

NORTH.

Just so. Besides, my excellent friend, if you consider well the feeling which takes possession of us, on contemplating some splendid act of heroic and self-devoting Virtue, we shall find that the sort of enthusiastic transport which may kindle towards him who has performed it, is not perfectly a moral transport at all; but it is a burst of love and admiration. Take out, then, from any such emotion, what Imagination, and Love, and Sympathy have supplied, and leave only what the Moral Spirit recognises of Moral Will in the act, and you will find that much of that dazzling and splendid Beauty which produced the transport of loving admiration is removed.

SEWARD.

And if so, sir, then must it be very important that we should not deceive ourselves, and rely upon the warmth of emotion we may feel towards generous and heroic actions as evidence of the force of Moral Principle in our own breasts, which requires to be ascertained by a very different test—

NORTH.

Ay, Seward; and it is important also, that we should learn to acknowledge and to respect, in those who, without the capacity of such vivid feelings, are yet conscientiously faithful to the known Moral Law, the merit and dignity of their Moral Obedience. We must allow to Virtue, my dearest Seward, all that is her due—her countenance beautiful in its sweet serenity—her voice gentle and mild—her demeanour graceful—and a simple majesty in the flowing folds of her stainless raiment. So may we picture her to our imagination, and to our hearts. But we must beware of making such abstractions fantastic and visionary, lest we come at last to think of emotions of Virtue and Taste as one and the same—a fatal error indeed—and that would rob human life of much of its melancholy grandeur. The beauty of Virtue is but the smile on her celestial countenance—and may be admired—loved—by those who hold but little com-

munion with her inner heart—and it may be overlooked by those who pay to her the most devout worship.

TALBOYS.

Methinks, sir, that the moral emotion with which we regard actions greatly right or greatly wrong, is no transport; it is an earnest, solemn feeling of a mind knowing there is no peace for living souls, except in their Moral Obedience, and therefore receiving a deep and grateful assurance of the peace of one soul more, in witnessing its adherence to its virtue; and the pain which is suffered from crime is much more allied to sorrow, in contemplating the wilful departure of a spirit from its only possible Good, than to those feelings of repugnance and hate which characterize the temper of our common human emotion towards crimes offering violence and outrage to humanity.

NORTH.

I believe that, though darkness lies round and about us seeking to solve such questions, a feeling of deep satisfaction in witnessing the adherence to Moral Rectitude, and of deep pain in witnessing the departure from it, are the necessary results of a moral sensibility; but taken in their elementary simplicity, they have, I think, a character distinct from those many other emotions which will necessarily blend with them, in the heart of one human being looking upon the actions of another—"because that we have all one human heart."

TALBOYS.

Who can doubt that Religion infuses power and exaltation into the Arts? The bare History teaches this. In Greece Poetry sang of Gods, and of Heroes, in whose transactions Gods moved. Sculpture moulded forms which were attempted expressions of Divine Attributes. Architecture constructed Temples. *De facto* the Grecian Arts rose out of Religion. And were not the same Arts, of revived Italy, religious?

BULLER.

They all require for their foundation and support a great pervading sympathy—some Feeling that holds a whole national breast. This is needed to munificently defraying the Costlier Arts—no base consideration at bottom. For it is a life-bond of this life, that is freely dropped, when men freely and generously contribute their means to the honour of Religion. There is a sentiment in opening your purse.

SEWARD.

Yes, Buller—without that sentiment no man can love noble Art. The true, deep, grand support of Genius is the confidence of universal sympathy. Homer sings because Greece listens. Phidias pours out his soul over marble, gold, and ivory, because he knows that at Olympia united Greece will wonder and will worship. Think how Poet is dumb and Sculptor lame, who foreknows that what he *would* sing, what he *would* carve, will neither be felt nor understood.

BULLER.

The Religion of a people furnishes the sympathy which both *pays and applauds*.

TALBOYS.

And Religion affords to the Artist in Words or Forms the highest Norms of Thought—sublime, beautiful, solemn—withal the sense of Aspiration—possibly of Inspiration.

NORTH.

And it guards Philosophy—and preserves it, by spiritual influence, from degradation worse than death. The mind is first excited into activity through the impressions made by external objects on the senses. The French metaphysicians—pretending to follow Locke—proceeded to discover in the mind a mere compound of Sensations, and of Ideas drawn from Sensations. Sensations, and Ideas that were the Relics of Sensations—nothing more.

TALBOYS.

And thus, sir, by degrees, the Mind appeared to them to be nothing else than a product of the body—say rather a state of the body.

NORTH.

A self-degradation, my friend, which to the utmost removes the mind from God. And this Creed was welcome to those to whom the belief in Him was irksome. That which we see and touch became to such Philosophers the whole of Reality. Deity—the Relation of the Creation to the Creator—the hope of a Futurity beyond the grave—vanished from the Belief of Materialists living in, and by, and to—Sensation.

SEWARD.

And with what a horrid sympathy was the creed welcomed!

NORTH.

Ay, Seward, I who lived nearer the time—perhaps better than you can—know the evil. Not in the schools alone, or in the solitude of philosophical thought, the doctrine of an arid speculation circulated, like a thin and unwholesome blood, through the veins of polite literature; not in the schools alone, but in the gorgeous and gay saloons, where the highly-born, the courtly, and the wealthy, winged the lazy hours with light or dissolute pleasures—there the Philosophy which fettered the soul in the pleasing bands of the Senses, which plucked it back from a feared immortality, which opened a gulf of infinite separation between it and its Maker, was cordially entertained—there it pointed the jest and the jibe. Scepticism a study—the zeal of Unbelief! Principles of false thought appeared suddenly and widely as principles of false passion and of false action. Doubts, difficulties, guesses, fine spinings of the perverse brain, seized upon the temper of the times—became the springs of public and popular movements—engines of political change. The Venerations of Time were changed into Abominations. A Will strong to overthrow—hostile to Order—anarchical—“intended siege and defiance to Heaven.” The irreligious Philosophy of the calmer time now bore its fruits. The Century had prepared the explosion that signalized its close—Impiety was the name of the Giant whom these throes of the convulsed earth had borne into the day, and down together went Throne and Altar. But where are we?

BULLER.

At the river mouth.

NORTH.

What! at home.

BULLER.

See the Tent-Lights—hear the Tent-Music.

NORTH.

Your arm, Talboys—till I disembark. Up to the Mount I shall then climb, unassisted but by the Crutch.

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THE SCOTTISH MARRIAGE AND REGISTRATION BILLS.

ABOUT two years ago, we found it necessary to draw the attention of our readers to certain alterations which our Whig rulers, or at least a section of them, proposed to make in the existing law of marriage, as applicable to Scotland. We stated our views moderately, not denying that in some points it might be possible to effect a salutary change; but utterly deprecating the enforcement of a bill which was so constructed as to uproot and destroy the ancient consuetudinal law of the kingdom, to strike a heavy and malignant blow at morality and religion, and which, moreover, was regarded by the people of Scotland with feelings of unequivocal disgust. So widely spread was that feeling amongst our countrymen, of every shade of political opinion and form of religious faith, that we believed this ill-advised attempt, once arrested in its progress, would be finally withdrawn. Popularity, it was quite clear, could never be gained from persisting in a measure so unpalatable to the whole community; nor had England, save in the matter of Gretna-green marriages, any visible interest in the question. It is just possible—for self-conceit will sometimes betray men into strange extravagancies—that a few individual legislators had more confidence in the soundness of their own opinions than in that of the opinions of the nation; but even if we should give them credit for such honest convictions, it still remains a doubtful point how far individual opinions should be allowed to override the national will. There may be parliamentary as well as regal

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despotism: and we are much mistaken if the people of Scotland are inclined to submit to the former yoke, even at the hands of those who claim honour for their party on the strength of traditional denunciations of the latter. We think it is pretty clear that no private member of parliament would have attempted to carry through a bill, the provisions of which had been encountered by such general opposition in Scotland. No ministry would have lent its support to such a case of insolent coercion; and we confess we cannot see why the crotchets, or even the convictions, of an official are to be regarded with greater favour. In a matter purely Scottish, it would, indeed, be gross despotism if any British cabinet should employ its power and its interest to overwhelm the voice of Scotland, as fairly enunciated by her representatives. That has not been done, at least to the last unpardonable degree; yet, whilst grateful to Lord John Russell for having, at the last moment, stopped the progress of these bills, we may very fairly complain that earlier and more decided steps were not taken by the premier for suppressing the zeal of his subordinates. Surely he cannot have been kept in ignorance of the discontent which has been excited by the introduction of these bills, three several times, with the ministerial sanction, in both houses of parliament? Had a bill as obnoxious to the feelings of the people of England, as these avowedly are to the Scots, been once abandoned, it never would have appeared again. No minister would have been

so blind to his duty or at all events to his interest, as to have adopted the repudiated bantling; since, by doing so, he would have inevitably caused an opposition which could only terminate in his defeat, and which, probably, might prove fatal to the existence of his cabinet. And yet, in the case of these bills, we have seen three separate attempts deliberately made and renewed—first in the House of Commons, and afterwards in the House of Peers—to thrust upon Scotland measures of which she has emphatically pronounced her dislike. No wonder if, under such circumstances, when remonstrance is disregarded, and the expression of popular opinion either misrepresented or suppressed, men begin to question the prudence of an arrangement which confides the chief conduct of Scottish affairs to a lawyer and judge-expectant, whose functions are so multifarious as to interfere with their regular discharge. No wonder if the desire of the Scottish nation to have a separate and independent secretary of state, altogether unconnected with the legal profession, is finding an audible voice at the council-boards of the larger cities and towns. Of late years it has been made a subject of general and just complaint, that the public business of Scotland is postponed to everything else, huddled over with indecent haste at untimely hours, and often entirely frustrated for the want of a parliamentary quorum. This arises from no indisposition, on the part of the House of Commons, to do justice to the internal affairs of the northern kingdom, but it is the natural result of the system, which virtually leaves Scotland without an official representative in the cabinet. Every one knows that Sir George Grey is not only unable, but a most conscientious home-secretary; but, in point of fact, he is home-secretary for England alone. It is impossible to expect that, in addition to the enormous labour attendant upon the English home administration, any man can adequately master the details of Scottish business. The fundamental difference which exists in the laws of the two countries would of itself prove an insurmountable barrier to this; and consequently, like his predecessors, Sir George Grey has

no personal knowledge either of our wishes or our requirements. He cannot, therefore, take that prominence in a Scottish debate which his position would seem to require; and the duty which ought to be performed by a member of the cabinet is usually intrusted to a subordinate. In this way Scottish public business receives less than its due share of attention, for the generality of members, observing that cabinet ministers take little share in such discussions, naturally enough attribute their silence to a certain degree of indifference, and are careless about their own attendance. All this, which involves not only scandal, but positive inconvenience, would be cured, if a return were made to the older system, and a secretary of state for Scotland numbered in the roll of the cabinet. The want of such an arrangement is positively detrimental to the interests of ministry; for, during the last session, they have assuredly gained but few laurels from their northern legislation. Four or five bills, purporting to be of great public importance, have been withdrawn, and one only, which establishes a new office connected with the Court of Session, has been graced by the royal assent. Among the lapsed bills are those which form the subject of the present paper; but they have not yet lost their vitality. On the contrary, we are led to infer that, in the course of next session, they will again be introduced, in some form or other, before parliament.

This mode of treatment is so unprecedented, that we cannot pass it over in silence. It may not be unconstitutional, according to the letter of the law; but if it be true, as we maintain it to be, that the people of Scotland have already protested against these measures, it does seem rather tyrannical that for the fourth time they should be compelled to organise a resistance, and to make themselves heard through petitions, lest the very absence of these should be held as an intimation of passive acquiescence. This kind of reasoning has actually been resorted to; and a very pregnant instance of it is to be found in the reported speech of the Lord Advocate upon the third reading of the Marriage Bill. "With respect to the dissenters in Scotland,

there was not a single petition from them against the bill; *therefore they were to be taken as being in favour of it.*" This is a notable *sequitur*. In the first place, it is quite a new doctrine to maintain that because men do not organise meetings, or go out of their way to petition parliament against any measure, they must therefore be held as assenting. In the second place, it is rather a startling thing to find that men are expected to petition in a religious rather than in a social character. If this view be correct, no individual Anabaptist has any right to express his political opinions unless he petitions along with his congregation. No member of the Episcopal Church ought to have a voice in a secular matter unless he goes along with his diocesan. We are almost tempted to ask the question, whether congregations in Scotland are to be regarded as mere political clubs, or as associations for praise and worship? The town-councils of most of the large towns of Scotland have petitioned against the bills—are there no dissenters at any of those boards? One hundred and thirty parishes have separately recorded their detestation of the bills, not one parish has made the smallest demonstration in their favour, yet, according to the logic of the Lord Advocate, those that are silent must be held as acquiescing! It is remarkable, however, that if these bills really tend to confer such inestimable boons upon the people of Scotland, that stubborn race have been singularly reluctant to acknowledge the extent of the benefit. Nay more, it is certainly a most striking fact, that notwithstanding the religious divisions, which are more numerous here than elsewhere, it has been impossible to procure one isolated testimony, by an ecclesiastical body, in direct support of these singularly unfortunate bills. Lord Campbell, in his evidence given before the Committee of the House of Commons—of which more anon—indicates an opinion that the clergy of the Established Church of Scotland have been actuated in their unanimous and decided opposition to the Marriage Bill by the desire to preserve a monopoly of celebrating formal marriages. If so, how is it that none of the dissenting clergy,

in whose favour this monopoly was to be broken up, came forward in support of the measure? But the truth is, as we shall presently show, that no such monopoly exists at all, save in the imagination of the noble lord. By the law of Scotland, there is no distinction in favour of any sect, and clergymen, of whatever denomination they may be, have the right, and are in the daily practice, of celebrating formal marriages.

"I admit," says the Lord Advocate, "that the clergymen of Scotland are generally against this measure; but surely the house will think that, by this time, the third year of the discussion of this bill, these reverend gentlemen ought to have come forward with some substantial grounds for their opposition." We must fairly confess our inability to fathom the meaning of this remark. Two hundred and twenty-five petitions against this bill have emanated from the Established Church—at almost every meeting of presbytery and synod, the matter has been fully and thoroughly discussed—the moral and political objections to its enactment have been over and over again brought forward—yet still, in the eyes of the learned lord, there is a want of "substantial grounds." It is not enough, therefore, to say that a measure is unnecessary, immoral, and impolitic—it is not enough to assign reasons why these opinions are entertained, and to repeat them year after year. Something more must be done, according to this remarkably liberal view, before it becomes the duty of the legislature to give any weight to the general remonstrance—something "substantial" is required, but no intelligible definition has been vouchsafed of that substantiality. Nor does the following sentence by any means tend to sharpen the edge of our apprehension. "If they (the clergy) meant to say that they came here to assert that they had the power or right to supersede the interference of the legislature, they would put forward a right in them much greater than the Church of Rome asserted, because they took their right to interfere in reference to the rules of marriage, on the ground that it was a sacrament, which carried with it a degree of plausibility;

and they required no witness to their marriage, or proof of the marriage, beyond that of the parish priest who performed the ceremony." Now, if any kind of meaning whatever is to be extracted from this sentence, it must be taken as an innuendo that the Church of Scotland, in petitioning against the bill, is directly or occultly preferring some ecclesiastical claim to interfere in the celebration of regular public marriages. The Church of Scotland asserts no claim of the kind, nor has it ever been so much as hinted that such a right was inherent in that body. The church does not seek to interfere with the legislature. It neither has, nor claims ecclesiastical dominion or preference in the matter of marriage. As a Christian communion and a Christian church, it has entreated parliament not to pass a measure which, justly or not, it considers as hurtful to the moral character of the people, and in doing so, it has been actuated by no motive save a due regard to its high and holy functions. If such considerations as these are not sufficient to justify the right of petitioning, it is difficult to understand why that right should be exercised at all. Must a pound-shillings-and-pence interest be established, before the Church of Scotland can be allowed to approach the legislature on such a question? In our mind, the absence of all pecuniary interest, and the utter abnegation of any kind of ecclesiastical monopoly, are the strongest reasons why the opinion of the Church of Scotland, in a matter such as this, should be listened to with reverence and respect.

Having thus disposed of the church, though in a manner, we should think, scarcely satisfactory to himself, and not at all to his auditory, the Lord Advocate summarily remarks of the petitions against the bill, that "as proof to be relied on of a general feeling throughout Scotland, they were worthless and insignificant." It may be useful for intending petitioners to know what sort of demonstration they must be prepared to make, if they wish their remonstrances against any government measure to pass the limits of worthlessness. It is always advantageous to learn what is the last definition of the true *vox populi*, in order that there be no mistake or misinter-

pretation of its extent. We turn to the admirable speech of Mr. McNeill, the learned Dean of Faculty, and we find the following analysis of the extent of the lay opposition:—

"An opportunity had been afforded to the counties of Scotland to take the measure into consideration at their annual meetings on the 30th April. They had done so, and, with very few exceptions, had petitioned against this measure; and of those that had not actually petitioned this year, some had petitioned last year; and some had contented themselves this year with reiterating, in resolutions passed at public meetings, their continued dissatisfaction with the measure. The county which he had the honour to represent (Argyleshire) had not sent up a petition; but they had, at a public meeting, passed resolutions, temperately, yet firmly expressed, in reference both to the Marriage and the Registration Bills. No county, he believed, had passed resolutions in favour of this bill. So much for the counties. Next as to the burghs. The burghs comprehend about one-third of the population of Scotland. There was an institution recognised by law called the Convention of Royal Burghs, and which consisted of delegates from all the burghs in Scotland, who assembled once a-year or oftener in Edinburgh, and deliberated on matters affecting their interests. At the convention of 1849, the matter of these bills was taken into consideration. They were disapproved of, and a petition against them was voted unanimously. Thus you had all, or nearly all, the counties petitioning, and you had the assembled delegates from all the burghs petitioning. Then there were separate petitions from the popularly elected town-councils of most of the large towns in Scotland. The town-councils of Edinburgh, of Dundee, of Perth, of Greenock, of Leith, of Inverness, of Stirling, of Kilmarnock, of St. Andrews, of Haddington, and many others, had petitioned against this bill. There was also another body of persons, popularly elected to a great extent, and who had a very material interest in the probable effects of this measure, especially with a knowledge of the fearful extent of bastardy in some parts of England—he meant the parochial boards of populous parishes. Petitions against this measure had been presented from the parochial boards of many of the most populous parishes in Scotland—the parochial board of the city parishes of Edinburgh—of the great suburban parish

of St. Cathberts—of the city of Glasgow—of the great suburban parish of the Barony—of the parishes of Dundee, Paisley, Greenock, Leith, Port-Glasgow, Campbeltown, and several others.”

Such is the demonstration which the Lord Advocate of Scotland, without any counter display of opinion to back him, ventures to characterise as worthless and insignificant! Counties, burghs, town councils, parochial boards, presbyteries, and General Assembly, which also represents the opinion of the universities, all combine to denounce the hated measure; still their remonstrance is to be cast aside as worthless and insignificant, and as in no way representing the feeling of the people of Scotland! A more extraordinary statement, we venture to say, was never made within the walls of the House of Commons; but the premier very properly refused to homologate its extravagance, and withdrew the bill on account, as he expressly said, of the opinion that had been expressed in the house regarding the sentiments of the Scottish people. Indeed, as Lord Aberdeen afterwards remarked, had the bill not been withdrawn, “representative government would become a farce; for the whole kingdom of Scotland was universally against it.”

Some of our readers may naturally wonder why so much perseverance should be shown in this reiterated attempt to force an obnoxious bill upon the acceptance of the nation. It is, to say the least of it, an unusual thing to find a professing physician so clamorously and importunately insisting upon his right to practice on the person of a patient, who vehemently denies the existence of any bodily ailment. It is true, that we are accustomed to hear crotchety people crying up the efficacy of their peculiar remedies, and we admit the right even of Paracelsus to dilate upon the value of his drugs. But the case becomes widely different when the empiric requires that, *volens volens*, you shall swallow them. Such, however, for the last three sessions, has been the conduct of the promoters of this bill; and as it is now plain beyond all dispute that nobody wanted it, this sudden rage for legislation becomes proportionally wonderful.

Hitherto we have rather complained of the apathy than of the over-zeal of our representatives. Sometimes we have grumbled at their want of spirit for not watching more closely over our immediate interests, and in not protesting more loudly against the injustice of that neglect to which Scottish charities, foundations, and institutions are consigned, whilst a very different mode of treatment is adopted by government upon the other side of the Irish Channel. But we have seldom had reason to deprecate an excess of legislative activity, and it therefore becomes matter of curiosity to discover the motives for the present fit.

We must premise that the Scottish Marriage and Registration Bills are indissolubly likened together. The object of the Registration Bill is to secure a perfect record of all births, marriages, and deaths; and no reasonable objection can be taken to this upon the score of principle. It is admitted on all hands that our registers are at present defective—that is, they are not sufficiently minute to satisfy the cravings of the scrupulous statist. To have a perfect record is unquestionably desirable: the main objection to the scheme lies in the expense with which it must be attended. It is not our present purpose to examine the details of this bill, which we have nevertheless perused with much attention. We shall therefore merely remark that it seems to us quite possible to realise the same results with a far less expensive machinery. The present bill would create not only a well-salaried staff of officials in Edinburgh, but registrars in every county and town, whose services would fall to be defrayed by local assessment; and we need hardly say that, under present circumstances, the imposition of any new burden, especially in the shape of direct taxation, would be felt as an especial grievance. There is no prospect of relief from the income and property tax, though Sir Robert Peel gave the country a direct assurance that the measure was merely proposed to supply a temporary deficiency. It is now quite clear that neither the right hon. baronet, nor his successors, will ever attempt to redeem that dishonoured pledge. The poor-rates are increasing in Scot-

land at a frightful ratio, and are already so high as, in the opinion of many, to constitute an intolerable burden. It is now evident that, in a very short while, the inexpediency of the new system will be submitted to a serious review, or at least that some such attempt will be made. Other burdens are by no means decreasing, whilst the general wealth and prosperity of the country has, within the last three years, received a violent check. It is, therefore, not in the least surprising, if men hesitate to accept the proffered boon of a perfect registry at the price of a new assessment. Isolated cases of inconvenience which have occurred, from the want of such a register, may no doubt be pointed out; but, upon the whole, there is no general grievance, since the means of effective registration are at present open to all who choose to avail themselves of it. The present bill proposes to do nothing more than to substitute imperative for voluntary registration: its provisions are not only costly, but in some respects they are highly penal, and therefore, for a double reason, it is regarded with general dislike. Men do not like to be taxed for the alteration of a privilege which is already sufficiently within their power; and they are jealous of exposing themselves to fines, for omitting to do that which is no duty at all, except it is made so by the force of statute. They do not see any weight or shadow of reason in the argument, that Scotland must necessarily have a registration act, because England has already submitted herself to such a measure. On the contrary, they are not fond of uniformity, because, under that pretext, many inroads have of late years been made upon laws and institutions which hitherto have worked well, and against which, intrinsically, it was impossible to bring any tangible ground of complaint. Nor is it without some reason that they view with jealousy that endless multiplication of offices which the Whigs seem determined to effect. No doubt it is convenient for a political leader to extend the sphere of his patronage; but the public have at the present time, too many stringent motives for economy, to acquiesce in the creation of a new staff as the indispensable consequence

of every ministerial bill. They do not want to be visited by a fresh flight of locusts, whose period of occupation is to be everlasting, whenever it is thought expedient to make some change in the form and not the essence of our institutions. And therefore it is that the Registration, apart altogether from its connexion with the Marriage Bill, has been regarded as a measure not strictly objectionable in principle, but exceedingly ill-timed, inconvenient, and unlikely to produce any results commensurate with the cost which it must entail.

We believe that the above is a fair statement of the public feeling with regard to the Registration Bill; but notwithstanding all these objections, it might very possibly have been carried had it stood alone. The ministerial phalanx in the House of Commons would probably have regarded the advantages of uniformity as a thorough answer to the arguments which might be adduced on the other side; and English members might naturally have been slow to discover any valid objections to the extension of a system already in full operation within their own domestic bounds. But the promoters of the bill had, at the very outset, to encounter a difficulty of no ordinary weight and magnitude. That difficulty arose from the peculiar position of the law of Scotland with regard to marriage. There could be no mistake about births and deaths, for these are distinct contingencies; but how to register marriages, which required no legal formality at all, save consent, to render them binding, was indeed a puzzle, which even the wisest of the innovators could not pretend to solve. There stood the law as it had done for ages; not demanding any ceremony to render the deliberate consent of contracting parties binding; shielding the weaker sex against the machinations of fraud, and interposing an effectual barrier to the designs of the unscrupulous seducer. There it stood, so merciful in its provisions that it left open a door to reparation and repentance, and did not render it imperative that the birthright of the child should be irretrievably sacrificed on account of the error of the parents. At the same time, that law drew, or rather

established, a wide distinction in point of character between regular and irregular marriages. It had wrought so upon the people that instances of the latter were of comparatively rare occurrence, except, perhaps, upon the Border, which was crossed by English parties, less scrupulous in their feelings of decorum. Irregular marriages were discountenanced by the church, not by the establishment only, but by every religious body; and, to constitute a regular marriage, publication of the banns was required. No complaint had been heard from Scotland against the law; on the contrary, it was considered, both by jurists and by the people, as equitable in its principle, and less liable than that of other nations to abuse in the mode of its operation.

The existence of this law effectually interfered with the establishment of such a system of registration as was contemplated by the reforming Whigs. So long as it stood intact, their efforts in behalf of uniformity, additional taxation, and increased patronage, were hopeless; and no alternative remained save the desperate one of deliberately smiting down the law. It was not difficult for men so purposed and inspired to find out defects in the marriage law, for never yet was law framed by human wisdom in which some defect could not be detected. It was, first of all, urged, that the state of the Scottish law gave undue encouragement to the contract of Gretna-green marriages by fugitive English couples. The answer to that was obvious—Pass a law prohibiting such marriages until, by residence, English parties have obtained a Scottish domicile. That would at once have obviated any such ground of complaint, and such a measure actually was introduced to parliament by Lord Brougham in 1835, but never was carried through. Next, the whole fabric of the law was assailed. The facilities given to the contraction of irregular marriages were denounced as barbarous and disgraceful to any civilised country. Old cases were raked up to show the uncertainty of the law itself, and the difficulty of ascertaining who were and who were not married persons. According to one noble and learned authority, the

time of the House of Peers, while sitting in its judicial capacity, was grievously occupied in considering cases which arose out of the anomalous condition of the Scottish law with regard to marriage; and yet, upon referring to an official return, it appeared very plainly that, for the last seventeen or eighteen years, only six cases of declarator of marriage or legitimacy had been brought before that august tribunal, and that of these six, three had no connexion with the subject-matter of the proposed bill! Lord Brougham, who entertains strong opinions on the subject, felt himself compelled to admit, in evidence, that most of the hypothetical abuses which might take place under the existing system, did not, in practice, occur amongst natives and residents in Scotland. Lord Brougham is to this extent a Malthusian, that he thinks minors ought to be, in some way or other, protected against the danger of an over-hasty marriage. His Lordship's sympathies are strongly enlisted in behalf of the youthful aristocracy, more especially of the male sex; and he seems to regard Scotland as an infinitely more dangerous place of residence for a young man of rank and fortune than Paris or Vienna. In the latter places, the morals may be sapped, but personal liberty is preserved; in the former, the heir-expectant is not safe, for at any moment he is liable to be trapped like vermin. The red-haired daughters of the Gael, thinks Lord Brougham, are ever on the watch for the capture of some plump and unsuspecting squire. Peniless lads and younger sons may be insured at a reasonable rate against the occurrence of the matrimonial calamity, but wary indeed must be the eldest son who can escape the *perfidum ingenium Scotarum*. This is, no doubt, an amusing picture, and the leading idea might be worked out to great advantage in a novel or a farce; but, unfortunately, it is not drawn from the usual occurrences of life. Isolated cases of hasty marriages may, no doubt, have taken place, but our memory does not supply us with a single instance of a clandestine marriage having been contracted under such circumstances as the above. In Scotland, a stranger may, for the base

purposes of seduction, pledge his solemn faith to a woman, and so obtain possession of her person. If he does so, the law most justly interferes to prevent him resiling from his contract, and declares that he is as completely bound by the simple interchange of consenting vows, as though he had solicited and received the more formal benediction of the priest. Will any man gravely maintain that in such a case the tenor of the law is hurtful to morals, or prejudicial to the interests of society? Even if the woman should happen to be of inferior rank in life to the intending seducer, is she on that account to be consigned to shame, and the man permitted to violate his engagement, and escape the consequences of his dastardly fraud? In England, it is notorious to every one, and the daily press teems with instances, that seduction under promise of marriage is a crime of ordinary occurrence. We call it a crime, for though it may not be so branded by statute, seduction under promise of marriage is as foul an act as can well be perpetrated by man. In Scotland, seduction under such circumstances is next to impossible. The Scottish people are not without their vices, but seduction is not one of these; and we firmly believe that the existing law of marriage has operated here as an effectual check to that license which is far too common in England. Would it be wise, then, to remove that check, when no flagrant abuse, no common deviation even from social distinctions, can be urged against it? If seduction does not prevail in Scotland, still less do hasty and unequal marriages. Lord Brougham is constrained to admit that it is most unusual for Scottish heirs, or persons possessed of large estates, or the heirs to high honours, to contract irregular marriages, when in a state of minority. The law, in the opinion of Lord Brougham, may be theoretically bad, but its very badness raises a protection against its own mischiefs—it ceases, in fact, to do any harm, because the consequences which it entails are clearly and generally understood. We confess that, according to our apprehension, a law which is theoretically bad, but practically innocuous, is decidedly preferable to one which may satisfy theorists, but

which, when we come to apply it, is productive of actual evil. It requires no great stretch of legal ingenuity to point out possible imperfections in the best law that ever was devised by the wit of man. That is precisely what the advocates of the present measure have attempted to do with the established marriage law of Scotland: but when they are asked to specify the practical evils resulting from it, they are utterly driven to the wall, and forced to take refuge under the convenient cover of vague and random generalities.

It is said that, under the operation of the present law, persons in Scotland may be left in doubt whether they are married or not. This is next thing to an entire fallacy, for though there have been instances of women claiming the married status in consequence of a habit-and-repute connexion, without distinct acknowledgment of matrimony, such cases are remarkably rare, and never can occur save under most peculiar circumstances. The distinction between concubinage and matrimony is quite as well established in Scotland as elsewhere. Nothing short of absolute public recognition, so open and avowed that there can be no doubt whatever of the position of the parties, can supply the place of that formal expressed consent which is the proper foundation of matrimony. If the consent once has been given, if the parties have seriously accepted each other for spouses, or if a promise has been given, *subsequente copula*, there is an undoubted marriage, and the parties themselves cannot be ignorant of their mutual relationship. It is, however, quite true that proof may be wanting. It is possible to conceive cases in which the contract cannot be legally established, and in which the actual wife may be defrauded of her conjugal rights. But granting all this, why should the whole character of marriage be changed on account of possible cases of deficient evidence? For if this bill were to pass into law, consent must necessarily cease to be the principal element of marriage. No marriage could be contracted at all unless parties went either before the priest or the registrar; and the fact of the mutual contract would be

ignored without the addition of the imposed formality. Upon this point the commentary of Mr. McNeill seems to us peculiarly lucid and quite irresistible in its conclusions.

"The law of Scotland being now as heretofore, that consent, given in the way he had described, makes marriage—that it is, in the language of Archbishop Cranmer, 'beyond all doubt *ipsum matrimonium*'—the present bill says that henceforth it shall not make marriage, whatever may have followed upon it, unless the consent is given in presence of a clergyman, or by signing the register. It does not say that all marriages must be celebrated in presence of a clergyman; but, professing to recognise the principle that consent, though not given in presence of a clergyman, may constitute marriage, it says that the consent shall be of non-avail whatever may have followed upon it, unless it was given in the particular form of signing the register, and can be there pointed out. No matter how deliberately the consent may have been interchanged, and how completely susceptible of proof. No matter although the parties may have lived all their lives as man and wife—may have so published themselves to the world every day, by acts a thousand times more public than any entry in a register can possibly be—by a course of life more clearly indicating deliberate and continued purpose than a single entry in a register can do. All that shall not avail them or their families; they are to be denied the rights and privileges of legitimacy unless they can point to their names in the journal kept by the registrar. To borrow the language of a high authority, relied upon in support of the bill, 'It may be according to the law of Scotland that it is a complete marriage, and so it may be by the law of God; but if the woman is put to prove that marriage after the birth of children, of that she is or may be without proof.' *That which, by the law of Scotland and by the law of God, is a marriage, the people of Scotland wish to be allowed to prove by all the evidence of which it is susceptible.* They do not wish that parties should be allowed to escape from such solemn obligations undertaken towards each other, to their offspring, and to society. They are unwilling that any man should be enabled, with the confidence of perfect impunity, to impose upon an unsuspecting community, by wearing a mask of pretended matrimony, behind which is concealed the reality of vice. I do not wonder that the people of Scotland have no liking to this measure. There may oc-

asionally be cases in which the proof of marriage is attended with difficulty; and so there may be with regard to any matter of fact whatever. So there may be in regard to the fact of marriage under the proposed bill, even where the marriage has been celebrated in the most solemn manner in presence of a clergyman. Occasional difficulty of proof is not a satisfactory or adequate reason for so great a change in the law. Certainty is desirable in all transactions, and is especially desirable in regard to marriage; and the means of preserving evidence of such contracts is also desirable; but although these objects are desirable, they should not be prized so highly, or pursued so exclusively, as to endanger other advantages not less valuable."

We think it is impossible for any one to peruse the foregoing extract from the speech of the Dean of Faculty, without being forcibly impressed by the soundness and strength of his argument. He is not contending against registration; he simply demands that through no pedantic desire for uniformity or precision, shall the general principle of the law of Scotland regarding marriage be virtually repealed. We are indeed surprised to find a lawyer of great professional reputation attributing to the established clergy of the Church of Scotland a desire to arrogate to themselves the functions of the Church of Rome, whilst, in the same breath, he asks the legislature to constitute itself into an ecclesiastical court, and to enact new preliminaries, without the observance of which there shall henceforward be no marriage at all. If the old principle of the law is to be abandoned, if consent is no longer to be held as sufficient for the contraction of a marriage, but if some further ceremony or means of publication are thought to be essential, we have no hesitation in saying that we would infinitely prefer the proscription and annulment of all marriages which are not performed *in facie ecclesie*, with the previous proclamation of the banns, to a hybrid measure such as this, which neither declares marriage to be the proper subject of ecclesiastical function, nor permits it to remain a civil contract which may be established and proved by any mode of evidence within the reach of either of the parties. If marriage is not a

sacrament, but a civil contract, why take it out of the operation of the common law? Why make it null without the observance of certain civil ceremonies, unless it is intended virtually to confer upon the legislature regulating powers which have been claimed by none of the reformed churches, and which, when arrogated by that of Rome, have been bitterly and universally opposed?

Another objection to our present law of marriage has been frequently urged, and great use has been made of it to prejudice the minds of English members in favour of the proposed alteration. We have already shown that there is in reality no doubt of what constitutes a Scottish marriage; that parties so contracting know very well what they are about, and are fully sensible of the true nature of their obligations. If any doubt should by possibility exist, it can be set at rest by a simple form of process—a form, however, which is never resorted to, unless there has been gross intention to deceive on the one part, or a most unusual degree of imprudence on the other. But it is said that the possible existence of a private marriage may entail the most cruel of all injuries upon innocent parties—that it is easy for a man who has already contracted a private marriage, to present himself in the character of an unfettered suitor, and to enter into a second matrimonial engagement, which may be, at any moment, shamefully terminated by the appearance of the first wife. No ordinary amount of rhetoric has been expended in depicting the terrible consequences of such a state of things; the misery of the deceived wife, and the wrongs of the defrauded children, have, in their turn, been employed as arguments against the existing marriage law of Scotland.

This is a most unfair mode of reasoning. Unless it can be shown, which we maintain it cannot, that the law of Scotland, with regard to matrimony, is so loose that a party may really be married without knowing it, the argument utterly fails. Without distinct matrimonial consent there is no marriage, and no one surely can be ignorant of his own intention and act upon an occasion of that kind. He may try to suppress proofs, but for all

that he is married, and if, during the lifetime of the other party, he shall contract a second marriage, he has committed bigamy, and is guilty of a criminal offence. Lord Campbell, in his evidence, admits that the marriage law of Scotland has been perfectly well ascertained upon most points—that there can be no doubt what is, and what is not, a marriage; but that the real difficulty consists in getting at the facts. Armed with this testimony, we may fairly conclude that unintentional bigamy is impossible; but that bigamy, when it takes place, is the deliberate act of a party.

Bigamy is beyond all dispute a crime of a heinous nature. Its consequences are so obviously calamitous, that no power of oratory can make them appear greater than they are; and we should rejoice to see any legislative measure introduced which could render its perpetration impossible. But, unfortunately, the eradication of bigamy, like that of every other crime, is beyond the power of statute. It may perhaps be lessened by decreasing facilities, or by augmenting its punishment, but we cannot see how it is to be prevented altogether by any effort of human ingenuity. But if the marriage law of Scotland is to be assailed upon this ground, it is incumbent upon its opponents to show that it really tends to promote bigamy. If the wrongs so pathetically deplored have a real existence, let us be made aware of that fact, and we shall all of us be ready to lend our assistance towards the remedy. No paltry scruples shall stand in the way of such a reformation, and we shall willingly pay even for registration, if it can be made the means of averting an actual social calamity.

But here again we find, on examination, that we are dealing with a pure hypothesis. We are told of horrible private injuries that may occur under the operation of a law which has been in force for centuries: we ask for instances of those injuries; and, as in the former case, it turns out that they have no existence save in the imagination of the promoters of the new bills. If the present law of Scotland has a tendency to promote bigamy, surely by this time it would have been extremely fruitful in its

results. On the contrary, we are told by Lord Campbell that the Scots are a very virtuous people; and certainly, in so far as bigamy is concerned, no one will venture to contradict that opinion. One case, it appears, has occurred, in which a man of high rank, having previously contracted a private marriage under peculiar circumstances, married a second time, and that union was found to be illegal. The case is a notorious one in the books and in the records of society, and it occurred forty years ago. "About forty years ago," said the Dean of Faculty, "a gentleman of high position in society, so far forgot for the time what was worthy of, and due to that position in point of honour, and truth, and observance of the law, as to marry a lady in England, while he had a wife living in Scotland—and so he might have done if he had had a wife living in France or Holland. In short he committed bigamy. And this one case of bigamy, forty years ago, without even an allegation of any similar case since that time, is brought forward at the present day, as a reason for now altering the law of Scotland in regard to the constitution of marriage." The individual in question lived and died in exile, and the case is never quoted without expressions of deep reprobation. It is the only one of the kind which can be brought forward; and surely it cannot be taken as any ground for altering the established law of the country. But does registration prevent bigamy? Unfortunately it is shown by numerous instances in England that it does not. In that country, registration is already established, but, notwithstanding registration, bigamy is infinitely more prevalent there than in Scotland. It is, indeed, impossible by any means of legislation to prevent imposition, fraud, and crime, if men are determined to commit them. Registration at Manchester will not hinder a heartless villain from committing deliberate bigamy in London. The thing is done every day, and will be done in spite of all the efforts of law-makers. Why, then, make the law of Scotland conformable to that of England, since, under the operation of the latter, the very grievance complained of flourishes fourfold? We pause for a reply, and are likely to pause long before we receive any

answer which can be accepted as at all satisfactory.

Under the Scottish law, it is admitted that there is far less seduction, and far less bigamy, than under the English law, which is here propounded as the model. And having come to this conclusion—which is not ours only, but that of the witnesses examined in favour of the bill, all evidence against it having been refused—what need have we of saying anything further? Surely there is enough on the merits of the question to explain and justify the unanimous opposition which has been given to the Marriage Bill by men of every shade of opinion throughout Scotland, without exposing them to the imputation either of obstinacy or caprice: indeed we are distinctly of opinion that the promoters of the bill have laid themselves palpably open to the very charges which they rashly bring against their opponents.

We cannot, however, take leave of the subject, without making a few remarks upon the evidence of a noble and learned lord, who was kind enough to take charge of this bill during its passage through the upper house. Lord Campbell is not a Scottish peer, nor, strictly speaking, a Scottish lawyer, though he is in the habit of attending pretty regularly at the hearing of Scottish appeals. But he is of Scottish extraction; he has sat in the House of Commons as member for Edinburgh, and he ought therefore to be tolerably well conversant with the state of the law. Now we presume it will be generally admitted, that any person who undertakes to show that an amendment of the law is necessary, ought, in the first place, to be perfectly cognisant of the state of the law as it exists. That amount of knowledge we hold to be indispensably necessary for a reformer, since he must needs establish the superiority of his novel scheme, by contrasting its advantages with the deficiencies of the prevalent system. But in reading over the evidence of Lord Campbell, as given before the Committee of the House of Commons, a very painful suspicion must arise in every mind, that the learned peer is anything but conversant with the Scottish marriage law: nay, that upon many important

particulars he utterly misunderstands its nature. Take for example the following sentence:—

“With regard to this bill which has been introduced, I am very much surprised and mortified to find the grounds upon which it has been opposed; for it has been opposed on the ground that it introduces clandestine marriages into Scotland. I think, with deference to those who may have a contrary opinion, that its direct tendency, as well as its object, is to prevent clandestine marriages. I may likewise observe, that I am very sorry—being the son of a clergyman of the Church of Scotland—to find that it is opposed, and I believe very violently opposed, by the clergy of the Established Church of Scotland. I think that they proceed upon false grounds; and I am afraid, although I would say nothing at all disrespectful of a body for whom I feel nothing but respect and affection, *that they are a little influenced by the notion, that a marriage by a clergyman who is not of the Established Church, is hereafter to be put upon the same footing with a marriage celebrated by a clergyman of the Established Church*: but I should be glad if they would consider, that they are placed nearly in the same situation as the clergy of the Church of England, who, without the smallest scruple or repining, have submitted to it, because a marriage before a Baptist minister, or before a Unitarian minister, is just as valid now as if celebrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury; and I should trust that, upon consideration, they would be of opinion that their dignity is not at all compromised, and that their opposition to it may subside.”

We can conceive the amazement with which a minister of the Established Church, could he have been present at the deliberations of the select committee, must have listened to the reasons so calmly assigned for his opposition, and that of his brethren, to the progress of the present bill! Never for a moment could it have crossed his mind, that a marriage celebrated by him was of more value in the eye of the law than that which had received the benediction of a dissenter; and yet here was a distinct assumption that he was in possession of some privilege, of which, up to that hour, he had been entirely ignorant. “At present,” continued Lord Campbell, “a marriage by a dissenting clergyman, I rather think, is not strictly regular!” Here a hint was

interposed from the chair to the following effect:—“He cannot marry without banns; he is subject to punishment if he marries without banns!” But the hint, though dexterously given, fell dead on the ear of the ex-chancellor of Ireland. He proceeded deliberately to lay down the law,—“There are statutes forbidding marriages unless by clergymen of the Established Church.”

This is, to say the least of it, a singular instance of delusion. No such statutes are in force; they have long been repealed; and every clergyman is free to perform the ceremony of marriage, whatever be his denomination, provided he receives a certificate of the regular proclamation of the banns. So that Lord Campbell, if he again gird himself to the task, must be prepared to account on some more intelligible grounds for the opposition which his father's brethren have uniformly given to this bill. But, to do him justice, Lord Campbell does not stand alone in error with regard to the present requirements for the celebration of a regular marriage. Unless there is a grievous error in the reported debate before us, the Lord Advocate of Scotland is not quite so conversant with statute law as might be expected from a gentleman of his undoubted eminence. Whilst advocating a system which is to entail the inevitable payment of a fee to the registrar, he at the same time considers the fee which is presently exigible for proclaiming the banns a grievance. “He was astonished to hear the honourable baronet opposite (Sir George Clerk) state that it was the first time he had heard it considered a grievance, that persons could not marry without proclamation of banns in the parish church, by the payment of a large fee to the precentor or other officer of the church. That had always been considered a very great grievance by the dissenting body throughout Scotland, so far as he understood. The members of the Episcopal communion were, however, saved from that grievance, because they were in possession of an act of parliament, which provided that the proclamation of banns made in their own chapel was sufficient to authorise a clergyman to solemnise the marriage.” We should like very much

indeed to know what act of parliament gives any such dispensation from parochial proclamation to the Episcopalians. Certain we are that the statute 10 Anne, cap. 7, confers no such privilege: for though it *allows* proclamation of banns to be made in an Episcopal chapel, it at the same time enjoins, under a penalty, that proclamation shall also be made "in the churches to which they belong as parishioners by virtue of their residence;" and accordingly, in practice, no Episcopalian marriage is ever celebrated without previous proclamation of the banns in the parish church. We do not attribute much importance to this error, though it is calculated to mislead those who are not conversant with the law and practice of Scotland. We were rather impressed, on reading the debate, with the circumstance, that the old system of proclaiming by banns in the parish church was denounced, and we therefore directed our attention the more closely to the provisions of the bill, in order to discover the exact nature of the new method by which it was to be superseded. The bill is singularly ill-drawn and worded; but we comprehend it sufficiently to see that, had it passed into law, regular marriages could have been contracted under its sanction without any difficulty, and with no publicity at all.

The bill declares that henceforward marriage shall be contracted in Scotland in one of the following modes, and not otherwise:—1st, By solemnisation in presence of a clergyman; or, 2d, by registration, the parties proposing so to marry appearing "in presence of the registrar, and there and then signing, before witnesses, the entry of their marriage in the register."

It is evident, however, that without some precaution for publicity, the registrar's office would be as much a temple of Hymen as the blacksmith's forge at Gretna-green, and accordingly, previous to registration—that is, legal marriage—residence for fourteen days was required; and, besides that, a written notice to the registrar, with the names and designations of the parties, seven days previous to the fated entry. A copy of such notice was to be affixed upon the door of the

parish church for one Sunday, and this was to be the whole of the publication. Notwithstanding this, if the registrar chose to take the risk of a penalty, and allow the parties to sign the register without their having proved their residence or given notice of their intention, the marriage was, nevertheless, to be valid and effectual.

Worse regulations, we are bound to say, never were invented. Why select the church door? Why post up the names amidst lists of candidates for registration, notices of rous, and advertisements of the sale of cattle? Is not the present mode of announcing the names *within* the church more decent than the other, and likely to attract greater notice? But the whole thing is a juggle. The bill gives ample facility for evasion, should that be contemplated; for it is easy to divine that, with the whole proof in his own hand, and no check whatever placed upon him, no registrar would be hard-hearted enough to refuse dispensing with the preliminaries in any case where the amorous couple were ready and willing to remunerate him for the risk of his complaisance.

So much for marriage by registration, which, instead of throwing any obstacle in the way of ill-advised or hasty unions, would, in effect, have a direct tendency to increase them. But the case is absolutely worse when we approach the other form of marriage, which was to supersede that solemnity which is at present in every case preceded by the formal proclamation of banns. The provisions of the bill were as follows:—

No clergymen could solemnise a marriage, unless,

1st. Both or one parties should have been resident for fourteen days within the parish in which the marriage was to take place: or,

2d. In some other parish in Scotland: the certificate in both cases to be granted by the Registrar; or,

3d. Unless both or one of the parties had been for a fortnight a member or members of the congregation resorting to the church or chapel in which the clergyman solemnising the marriage usually officiates; or,

4th. Unless they had similarly attended *some other place of worship*; the same to be certified by the minister of such congregation or,

5th. Unless they could produce the registrar's certificate of a week's notice; or

6th. Unless they had been regularly proclaimed by banns.

Such is the species of hotch-potch, which it was seriously proposed to substitute, instead of the present clear, simple, cheap, and decent mode of celebrating regular marriages; and it is not at all surprising that hardly one native of Scotland could be found to raise his voice in favor of such an enormity. So far from publicity being obtained or increased, it would have afforded the most ample facilities for the celebration of marriage without the slightest warning given to the friends of either party. In reality, this pretended mode of marriage *in facie ecclesie*, would have been far more objectionable than the simple method of registration; for, in the latter case, the registrar, if he did his duty, was bound to give some kind of notice; in the former, none whatever was required by the clergyman. What is a member of a congregation? Abounding as Scotland is in sects, we apprehend that any one who pays for a sitting in any place of worship is entitled to that denomination. For ten shillings, or five shillings, or half-a-crown, a seat may be readily purchased in some place of worship; and if any one held that seat for a fortnight, he was to be entitled, according to this bill, to ask the officiating minister to marry him, without any further process whatever. If it should, however, be held, that no one is a member of a congregation unless he is in full communion, all difficulty could have been got over, by resorting to the fourth method. The member of the Established Church had simply to ask from his minister a certificate of his membership, and, armed with that, he might be legally married anywhere and by any kind of clergyman, without the slightest notice to the public! We confess that, when we arrived at this portion of the provisions of the bill, we could scarcely credit the tes-

timony of our eyesight. We have heard it proclaimed, over and over again, by those who supported the measure, that its principal aim was to put an end to hasty and ill-advised marriages; and on perusing the evidence, we found Lord Brougham most clamorous against the facilities given by the present law of Scotland for tying the nuptial knot, without due warning afforded to parents, more especially when young noblemen were concerned. We look to the remedy, and we find that, without the assistance of the registrar, marriages might, under the provisions of this bill, have been contracted before a clergyman, at a minute's notice, without any banns at all, and no formality, beyond payment of seat-rent for a single fortnight in any chapel, or a certificate to the same effect! A proposal more preposterous than this—more irreconcilable with decency—more injurious to the interests of society and of religion, it is really impossible to conceive; and if the language which has been used regarding it throughout Scotland has been generally temperate, we apprehend that the temperance has been entirely owing to a somewhat inaccurate estimate of the full extent of its provisions. It is, in our judgment, emphatically a bad bill; and we trust that after this, its third defeat, it will never again be permitted to appear in either house of parliament. Our representatives have done no more than their duty in giving it their most strenuous opposition; and, though a few individuals may mourn over the frustrated hopes, occasioned by the ruthless blight of a crop of expected offices, they can look for no sympathy from the people. We can assure Lord John Russell, that he never acted more wisely than in refusing to force through the final stages such unpalatable bills as these; and we hope that, in future, he will give the Scottish people credit for understanding their own affairs, and not suffer their deliberate and expressed opinion to be treated with undeserved contempt, simply because it may be possible, by "making a house," to swamp the suffrages of their representatives.

THE CAXTONS.—PART XVI.

CHAPTER XCV.

THE stage-scene has dropped. Settle yourselves, my good audience; chat each with his neighbour. Dear madam in the boxes, take up your opera-glass and look about you. Treat Tom and pretty Sal to some of those fine oranges, O thou happy-looking mother in the two-shilling gallery! Yes, brave 'prentice boys, in the tier above, the cat-call by all means! And you, "most potent, grave, and reverend seigneurs," in the front row of the pit—practised critics and steady old players—who shake your heads at new actors and play-wrights, and, true to the creed of your youth, (for the which all honour to you!) firmly believe that we are shorter by the head than those giants our grandfathers—laugh or scold as you will, while the drop-scene still shuts out the stage. It is just that you should all amuse yourselves in your own way, O spectators! for the interval is long. All the actors have to change their dresses; all the scene-shifters are at work, sliding the "sides" of a new world into their grooves; and, in high disdain of all unity of time as of place, you will see in the playbills that there is a great demand on your belief. You are called upon to suppose that we are older by five years than when you last saw us "fret our hour upon the stage." Five years! the author tells us especially to humour the belief by letting the drop-scene linger longer than usual between the lamps and the stage.

Play up, O ye fiddles and kettle-drums! the time is elapsed. Stop that cat-call, young gentleman!—heads down in the pit there! Now the flourish is over—the scene draws up:—look before.

A bright, clear, transparent atmosphere—bright as that of the East, but vigorous and bracing as the air of the North; a broad and fair river, rolling through wide grassy plains; yonder, far in the distance, stretch away vast forests of evergreen, and gentle slopes break the line of the cloudless horizon; see the pastures, Arcadian with sheep

in hundreds and thousands—Thyrsis and Menalcas would have had hard labour to count them, and small time, I fear, for singing songs about Daphne. But, alas! Daphnes are rare; no nymphs with garlands and crooks trip over those pastures.

Turn your eyes to the right, nearer the river; just parted by a low fence from the thirty acres or so that are farmed for amusement or convenience, not for profit—that comes from the sheep—you catch a glimpse of a garden. Look not so scornfully at the primitive horticulture; such gardens are rare in the Bush. I doubt if the stately King of the Peak ever more rejoiced in the famous conservatory, through which you may drive in your carriage, than do the sons of the Bush in the herbs and blossoms which taste and breathe of the old fatherland. Go on, and behold the palace of the patriarchs—it is of wood, I grant you, but the house we build with our own hands is always a palace. Did you ever build one when you were a boy? And the lords of that palace are lords of the land, almost as far as you can see, and of those numberless flocks; and, better still, of a health which an antediluvian might have envied, and of nerves so seasoned with horse-breaking, cattle-driving, fighting with wild blacks—chases from them and after them, for life and for death—that if any passion vex the breast of those kings of the Bushland, fear at least is erased from the list.

See, here and there through the landscape, rude huts like the masters'—wild spirits and fierce dwell within. But they are tamed into order by plenty and hope; by the hand open but firm, by the eye keen but just.

Now, out from those woods, over those green rolling plains, harum-scarum, helter-skelter, long hair flying wild, and all bearded as a Turk or a pard, comes a rider you recognise. The rider dismounts, and another old acquaintance turns from a shepherd, with whom he has been conversing on matters that never plagued Thyrs-

sis and Menalcas, whose sheep seem to have been innocent of foot-root and scab, and accosts the horseman.

PISISTRATUS.—My dear Guy, where on earth have you been?

GUY (*producing a book from his pocket with great triumph.*)—There! Dr. Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*. I could not get the squatter to let me have *Kenilworth*, though I offered him three sheep for it. Dull old fellow, that Dr. Johnson, I suspect; so much the better, the book will last all the longer. And here's a Sydney paper too, only two months old! (*Guy takes a short pipe or dodeen from his hat, in the band of which it had been stuck, fills and lights it.*)

PISISTRATUS.—You must have ridden thirty miles at the least. To think of *your* turning book-hunter, Guy!

GUY BOLDING, (*philosophically.*)—Ay, one don't know the worth of a thing till one has lost it. No sneers at me, old fellow; you, too, declared that you were bothered out of your life by those books, till you found how long the evenings were without them. Then, the first new book we got—an old volume of the *Spectator*!—such fun!

PISISTRATUS.—Very true. The brown cow has calved in your absence. Do you know, Guy, I think we shall have no scab in the fold this year? If so, there will be a rare sum to lay by! Things look up with us now, Guy.

GUY BOLDING.—Yes; very different from the first two years. You drew a long face then. How wise you were, to insist on our learning experience at another man's station before we hazarded our own capital! But, by Jove! those sheep, at first, were enough to plague a man out of his wits! What with the wild dogs, just as the sheep had been washed and ready to shear; then that cursed scabby sheep of Joe Timmes's, that we caught rubbing his sides so complacently against our unsuspecting poor ewes. I wonder we did not run away. But "*Patientia fit*,"—what is that line in Horace? Never mind now. "It is a long lane that has no turning" does just well as anything in Horace, and Virgil to boot. I say, has not Vivian been here?

PISISTRATUS.—No; but he will be sure to come to-day.

GUY BOLDING.—He has much the best berth of it. Horse-breeding and cattle-feeding; galloping after those wild devils; lost in a forest of horns; beasts lowing, scampering, goring, tearing off like mad buffaloes; horses galloping up hill, down hill, over rocks, stones, and timber; whips cracking, men shouting—your neck all but broken; a great bull making at you full rush. Such fun! Sheep are dull things to look at after a bull-hunt and a cattle-feast.

PISISTRATUS.—Every man to his taste in the Bush. One may make one's money more easily and safely, with more adventure and sport, in the bucolic department. But one makes larger profit and quicker fortune, with good luck and good care, in the pastoral—and our object I take it, is to get back to England as soon as we can.

GUY BOLDING.—Humph! I should be content to live and die in the Bush—nothing like it, if women were not so scarce. To think of the redundant spinster population at home, and not a spinster here to be seen within thirty miles, save Bet Goggins, indeed—and she has only one eye! But to return to Vivian—why should it be our object, more than his, to get back to England as soon as we can?

PISISTRATUS.—Not more, certainly. But you saw that an excitement more stirring than that we find in the sheep had become necessary to him. You know he was growing dull and dejected; the cattle station was to be sold a bargain. And then the Durham bulls, and the Yorkshire horses, which Mr. Trevanion sent you and me out as presents, were so tempting, I thought we might fairly add one speculation to another; and since one of us must superintend the bucolics, and two of us were required for the pastorals, I think Vivian was the best of us three to intrust with the first; and, certainly, it has succeeded as yet.

GUY.—Why, yes, Vivian is quite in his element—always in action, and always in command. Let him be first in everything, and there is not a finer fellow, nor a better tempered—present company excepted. Hark! the dogs, the crack of the whip; there

he is. And now, I suppose, we may go to dinner.

Enter VIVIAN.

His frame has grown more athletic; his eye, more steadfast and less restless, looks you full in the face. His smile is more open; but there is a melancholy in his expression, almost approaching to gloom. His dress is the same as that of Pisistratus and Guy—white vest and trowsers; loose neckcloth, rather gay in colour; broad cabbage-leaf hat; his mustache and beard are trimmed with more care than ours. He has a large whip in his hand, and a gun slung across his shoulders. Greetings are exchanged; mutual inquiries as to cattle and sheep, and the last horses despatched to the Indian market. Guy shows the *Lives of the Poets*; Vivian asks if it is possible to get the *Life of Clive*, or *Napoleon*, or a copy of *Plutarch*. Guy shakes his head—says, if a *Robinson Crusoe* will do as well, he has seen one in a very tattered state, but in too great request to be had a bargain.

The party turn into the hut. Miserable animals are bachelors in all countries; but most miserable in Bushland. A man does not know what a helpmate of the soft sex is in the Old World, where women seem a matter of course. But in the Bush, a wife is literally bone of your bone, flesh of your flesh—your better half, your ministering angel, your Eve of the Eden—in short, all that poets have sung, or young orators say at public dinners, when called upon to give the toast of “The Ladies.” Alas! we are three bachelors, but we are better off than bachelors often are in the Bush. For the wife of the shepherd I took from Cumberland does me and Bolding the honour to live in our hut, and make things tidy and comfortable. She has had a couple of children since we have been in the Bush; a wing has been added to the hut for that increase of family. The children, I dare say, one might have thought a sad nuisance in England; but I declare that, surrounded as one is by great bearded men, from sunrise to sunset, there is something humanising, musical, and Christian-like, in the very squall of the baby.

There it goes—bless it! As for my other companions from Cumberland, Miles Square, the most aspiring of all, has long left me, and is superintendent to a great sheep-owner some two hundred miles off. The Will-o'-the-Wisp is consigned to the cattle station, where he is Vivian's head man, finding time now and then to indulge his old poaching propensities at the expense of parrots, black cockatoos, pigeons, and kangaroos. The shepherd remains with us, and does not seem, honest fellow, to care to better himself; he has a feeling of clanship, which keeps down the ambition common in Australia. And his wife—such a treasure! I assure you, the sight of her smooth, smiling woman's face, when we return home at night-fall, and the very flow of her gown, as she turns the “dampers”* in the ashes, and fills the teapot, have in them something holy and angelical. How lucky our Cumberland swain is not jealous! Not that there is any cause, enviable dog though he be; but where Desdemonas are so scarce. if you could but guess how green-eyed their Othellos generally are! Excellent husbands, it is true—none better; but you had better think twice before you attempt to play the Cassio in Bushland! There, however, she is, dear creature!—rattling among knives and forks, smoothing the tablecloth, setting on the salt-beef, and that rare luxury of pickles, (the last pot in our store,) and the produce of our garden and poultry-yard, which few Bushmen can boast of—and the dampers, and a pot of tea to each banqueter; no wine, beer, nor spirits—those are only for shearing-time. We have just said grace, (a fashion retained from the holy mother country,) when, bless my soul! what a clatter without, what a tramping of feet, what a barking of dogs! Some guests have arrived. They are always welcome in Bushland! Perhaps a cattle-buyer in search of Vivian; perhaps that cursed squatter, whose sheep are always migrating to ours. Never mind, a hearty welcome to all—friend or foe. The door opens; one, two, three strangers. More plates and knives:

* A damper is a cake of flour baked without yeast, in the ashes.

draw your stools; just in time. First eat, then—what news?

Just as the strangers sit down, a voice is heard at the door—

"You will take particular care of this horse, young man; walk him about a little; wash his back with salt and water. Just unbuckle the saddle-bags; give them to me. Oh! safe enough, I dare say—but papers of consequence. The prosperity of the colony depends on these papers. What would become of you all if any accident happened to them, I shudder to think."

And here, attired in a twill shooting-jacket, budding with gilt buttons, impressed with a well-remembered device; a cabbage-leaf hat shading a face rarely seen in the Bush—a face smooth as razor could make it; neat, trim, respectable-looking as ever—his arm full of saddle-bags, and his nostrils gently distended, inhaling the steam of the banquet, walks in—Uncle Jack.

PISISTRATUS, (*leaping up*).—Is it possible! You in Australia—you in the Bush!

Uncle Jack, not recognising Pisistratus in the tall, bearded man who is making a plunge at him, recedes in alarm, exclaiming—"Who are you?—never saw you before, sir! I suppose you'll say next that *I owe you something!*"

PISISTRATUS.—Uncle Jack!

UNCLE JACK, (*dropping his saddle-bags*).—Nephew!—Heaven be praised. Come to my arms!

They embrace; mutual introductions to the company—Mr. Vivian, Mr. Bolding, on the one side—Major MacBlarney, Mr. Bullion, Mr. Emanuel Speck on the other. Major MacBlarney is a fine portly man, with a slight Dublin brogue, who squeezes your hand as he would a sponge. Mr. Bullion—reserved and haughty—wears green spectacles, and gives you a forefinger. Mr. Emanuel Speck—unusually smart for the Bush, with a blue satin stock, and one of those blouses common in Germany, with elaborate hems, and pockets enough for Briareus to have put all his hands into at once—is thin, civil, and stoops—bows, smiles, and sits down to dinner again, with the air of a man accustomed to attend to the main chance.

UNCLE JACK, (*his mouth full of*

beef).—Famous beef!—breed it yourself, eh? Slow work that cattle-feeding! (*Empties the rest of the pickle-jar into his plate.*) Must learn to go ahead in the new world—railway times these! We can put him up to a thing or two—eh, Bullion? (*Whispering me*).—Great Capitalist that Bullion! LOOK AT HIM!

MR. BULLION, (*gravely*).—A thing or two! If he has capital—you have said it, Mr. Tibbets. (*Looks round for the pickles—the green spectacles remain fixed upon Uncle Jack's plate.*)

UNCLE JACK.—All that this colony wants is a few men like us, with capital and spirit. Instead of paying paupers to emigrate, they should pay rich men to come—eh, Speck?

While Uncle Jack turns to Mr. Speck, Mr. Bullion fixes his fork in a pickled onion in Jack's plate, and transfers it to his own—observing, not as incidentally to the onion, but to truth in general—"A man, gentlemen, in this country, has only to keep his eyes on the look-out, and seize on the first advantage!—resources are incalculable!"

Uncle Jack, returning to the plate and missing the onion, forestalls Mr. Speck in seizing the last potato—observing also, and in the same philosophical and generalising spirit as Mr. Bullion—"The great thing in this country is to be always beforehand: discovery and invention, promptitude and decision!—that's your go. 'Pon my life, one picks up sad vulgar sayings among the natives here!—'that's your go!' shocking! What would your poor father say? How is he—good Austin? Well?—that's right: and my dear sister? Ah, that damnable Peck!—still harping on the *Anti-Capitalist*, eh? But I'll make it up to you all now. Gentlemen, charge your glasses—a bumper-toast!"

MR. SPECK, (*in an affected tone*).—I respond to the sentiment in a flowing cup. Glasses are not forthcoming.

UNCLE JACK.—A bumper-toast to the health of the future millionaire, whom I present to you in my nephew and sole heir—Pisistratus Caxton, Esq. Yes, gentlemen, I here publicly announce to you that this gentleman will be the inheritor of all my wealth—freehold, leasehold, agricultural, and mineral; and when I am in the cold grave—(*takes out his pocket-handker-*

chief)—and nothing remains of poor John Tibbets, look upon that gentleman, and say, "John Tibbets lives again!"

MR. SPECK, (*chauntingly*).—

"Let the bumper toast go round."

GUY BOLDING.—Hip, hip, hurrah!—three times three! What fun!

Order is restored; dinner-things are cleared; each gentleman lights his pipe.

VIVIAN.—What news from England?

MR. BULLION.—As to the funds, sir?

MR. SPECK.—I suppose you mean, rather, as to the railways: great fortunes will be made there, sir; but still I think that our speculations here will—

VIVIAN.—I beg pardon for interrupting you, sir; but I thought, in the last papers, that there seemed something hostile in the temper of the French. No chance of a war?

MAJOR MACBLARNEY.—Is it the wars you'd be after, young gentleman? If me interest at the Horse Guards can avail you, bedad! you'd make a proud man of Major MacBlarney.

MR. BULLION, (*authoritatively*).—No, sir, we won't have a war: the capitalists of Europe and Australia won't have it. The Rothschilds, and a few others that shall be nameless, have only got to do this, sir—(*Mr. Bullion buttons up his pockets*)—and we'll do it, too; and then what becomes of your war, sir? (*Mr. Bullion snaps his pipe in the vehemence with which he brings his hand on the table, turns round the green spectacles, and takes up Mr. Speck's pipe, which that gentleman had laid aside in an unguarded moment.*)

VIVIAN.—But the campaign in India?

MAJOR MACBLARNEY.—Oh!—and if it's the Ingees you'd—

BULLION, (*refilling Speck's pipe from Guy Bolding's exclusive tobacco-pouch, and interrupting the Major*).—India—that's another matter: I don't object to that! War there—rather good for the money market than otherwise!

VIVIAN.—What news there, then?

BULLION.—Don't know—haven't got India stock.

MR. SPECK.—Nor I either. The day for India is over: this is our India now. (*Misses his tobacco-pipe; sees it in Bullion's mouth, and stares aghast!*

—N.B.—*The pipe is not a clay dodeen, but a small meerschaum—irreplaceable in Bushland.*)

PISISTRATUS.—Well, uncle, but I am at a loss to understand what new scheme you have in hand. Something benevolent, I am sure—something for your fellow-creatures—for philanthropy and mankind?

MR. BULLION, (*starting*).—Why, young man, are you as green as all that?

PISISTRATUS.—I, sir—no—Heaven forbid! But my—(*Uncle Jack holds up his forefinger imploringly, and spills his tea over the pantaloons of his nephew!*)

Pisistratus, wroth at the effect of the tea, and therefore obdurate to the sign of the forefinger, continues rapidly, "But my uncle is!—some grand national-imperial-colonial-anti-monopoly!"

UNCLE JACK.—Pooh! Pooh! What a droll boy it is!

MR. BULLION, (*solemnly*).—With these notions, which not even in jest should be fathered on my respectable and intelligent friend here—(*Uncle Jack bows*)—I am afraid you will never get on in the world, Mr. Caxton. I don't think our speculations will suit you! It is growing late, gentlemen: we must push on.

UNCLE JACK, (*jumping up*).—And I have so much to say to the dear boy. Excuse us: you know the feelings of an uncle! (*Takes my arm and leads me out of the hut.*)

UNCLE JACK, (*as soon as we are in the air*).—You'll ruin us—you, me, and your father and mother. Yes! What do you think I work and slave myself for but for you and yours?—Ruin us all, I say, if you talk in that way before Bullion! His heart is as hard as the Bank of England's—and quite right he is, too. Fellow-creatures!—stuff! I have renounced that delusion—the generous follies of my youth! I begin at last to live for myself—that is, for self and relatives! I shall succeed this time, you'll see!

PISISTRATUS.—Indeed, uncle, I hope so sincerely; and to do you justice, there is always something very clever in your ideas—only they don't—

UNCLE JACK, (*interrupting me with a groan*).—The fortunes that other men have gained by my ideas!—

shocking to think of! What!—and shall I be reproached if I live no longer for such a set of thieving, greedy, ungrateful knaves! No—no! Number one shall be my maxim; and I'll make you a Cræsus, my boy—I will.

Pisistratus, after grateful acknowledgments for all prospective benefits, inquires how long Jack has been in Australia; what brought him into the colony; and what are his present views. Learns, to his astonishment, that Uncle Jack has been four years in the colony; that he sailed the year after Pisistratus—induced, he says, by that illustrious example, and by some mysterious agency or commission, which he will not explain, emanating either from the Colonial Office, or an Emigration Company. Uncle Jack has been thriving wonderfully since he abandoned his fellow-creatures. His first speculation, on arriving at the colony, was in buying some houses in Sydney, which (by those fluctuations in prices common to the extremes of the colonial mind—which is one while skipping up the rainbow with Hope, and at another plunging into Acherontian abysses with Despair) he bought excessively cheap, and sold excessively dear. But his grand experiment has been in connexion with the infant settlement of Adelaide, of which he considers himself one of the first founders; and as, in the rush of emigration which poured to that favoured establishment in the earlier years of its existence,—rolling on its tide all manner of credulous and inexperienced adventurers,—vast sums were lost, so, of those sums, certain fragments and pickings were easily gripped and gathered up by a man of Uncle Jack's readiness and dexterity. Uncle Jack had contrived to procure excellent letters of introduction to the colonial grandees: he got into close connexion with some of the principal parties seeking to establish a monopoly of land, (which has since been in great measure effected by raising the price, and excluding the small fry of petty capitalists;) and effectually imposed on them, as a man with a vast knowledge of public business—in the confidence of great men at home—considerable influence with the English press, &c., &c. And no discredit to their discernment, for

Jack, when he pleased, had a way with him that was almost irresistible. In this manner he contrived to associate himself and his earnings with men really of large capital, and long practical experience in the best mode by which that capital might be employed. He was thus admitted into a partnership (so far as his means went) with Mr. Bullion, who was one of the largest sheep-owners and landholders in the colony, though, having many other nests to feather, that gentleman resided in state at Sydney, and left his runs and stations to the care of overseers and superintendents. But land-jobbing was Jack's special delight; and an ingenious German having lately declared that the neighbourhood of Adelaide betrayed the existence of those mineral treasures which have since been brought to day, Mr. Tibbets had persuaded Bullion and the other gentlemen now accompanying him, to undertake the land journey from Sydney to Adelaide, privily and quietly, to ascertain the truth of the German's report, which was at present very little believed. If the ground failed of mines, Uncle Jack's account convinced his associates that mines quite as profitable might be found in the pockets of the raw adventurers, who were ready to buy one year at the dearest market, and driven to sell the next at the cheapest.

"But," concluded Uncle Jack, with a sly look, and giving me a poke in the ribs, "I've had to do with mines before now, and know what they are. I'll let nobody but you into my pet scheme: you shall go shares if you like. The scheme is as plain as a problem in Euclid,—if the German is right, and there are mines, why, the mines will be worked. Then miners must be employed; but miners must eat, drink, and spend their money. The thing is to get *that* money. Do you take?"

PISISTRATUS.—Not at all!

UNCLE JACK, (*majestically*.)—A Great Grog and Store Dépôt! The miners want grog and stores, come to your dépôt; you take their money; Q.E.D! Shares—eh, you dog? Cribs, as we said at school. Put in a paltry thousand or two, and you shall go halves.

PISISTRATUS, (*vehemently*).—Not for all the mines of Potosi.

UNCLE JACK, (*good humouredly*).—Well, it shan't be the worse for you. I shan't alter my will, in spite of your want of confidence. Your young friend,—that Mr. Vivian, I think you call him—intelligent-looking fellow, sharper than the other, I guess,—would *he* like a share?

PISISTRATUS.—In the grog depôt? You had better ask him!

UNCLE JACK.—What! you pretend to be aristocratic in the Bush! Too good. Ha, ha!—they're calling to me—we must be off.

PISISTRATUS.—I will ride with you a few miles. What say you, Vivian? and you, Guy?

As the whole party now joined us. Guy prefers basking in the sun, and reading the *Lives of the Poets*. Vivian assents; we accompany the party till sunset. Major MacBlarney prodigalises his offers of service in every conceivable department of life, and winds up with an assurance that, if we want anything in those departments connected with engineering—such as mining, mapping, surveying, &c.—he will serve us, bedad, for nothing, or next to it. We suspect Major MacBlarney to be a civil engineer, suffering under the innocent

hallucination that he has been in the army.

Mr. Speck lets out to me, in a confidential whisper, that Mr. Bullion is monstrous rich, and has made his fortune from small beginnings, by never letting a good thing go. I think of Uncle Jack's pickled onion, and Mr. Speck's meerschaum, and perceive, with respectful admiration, that Mr. Bullion acts uniformly on one grand system. Ten minutes afterwards, Mr. Bullion observes, in a tone equally confidential, that Mr. Speck, though so smiling and civil, is as sharp as a needle; and that if I want any shares in the new speculation, or indeed in any other, I had better come at once to Bullion, who would not deceive me for my weight in gold. "Not," added Bullion, "that I have anything to say against Speck. He is well enough to do in the world—a warm man, sir; and when a man is really warm, I am the last person to think of his little faults, and turn on him the cold shoulder."

"Adieu!" said Uncle Jack, once more pulling out his pocket-handkerchief; "my love to all at home." And, sinking his voice into a whisper, "If ever you think better of the grog and store depôt, nephew, you'll find an uncle's heart in this bosom!"

CHAPTER XCVI.

It was night as Vivian and myself rode slowly home. Night in Australia! How impossible to describe its beauty! Heaven seems, in that new world, so much nearer to earth! Every star stands out so bright and particular, as if fresh from the time when the Maker willed it. And the moon like a large silvery sun;—the least object on which it shines so distinct and so still.* Now and then a sound breaks the silence, but a sound so much in harmony with the solitude that it only deepens its charms. Hark! the low cry of a night-bird, from yonder glen amidst

the small gray gleaming rocks. Hark! as night deepens, the bark of the distant watch-dog, or the low strange howl of his more savage species, from which he defends the fold. Hark! the echo catches the sound, and flings it sportively from hill to hill—farther, and farther, and farther down, till all again is hushed, and the flowers hang noiseless over your head, as you ride through a grove of the giant gum-trees. Now the air is literally charged with the odours, and the sense of fragrance grows almost painful in its pleasure. You quicken your pace, and escape again into the open plains,

* "I have frequently," says Mr. Wilkinson, in his invaluable work upon South Australia, at once so graphic and so practical, "been out on a journey in such a night, and, whilst allowing the horse his own time to walk along the road, have solaced myself by reading in the still moonlight."

and the full moonlight, and through the slender tea-trees catch the gleam of the river, and, in the exquisite fineness of the atmosphere, hear the soothing sound of its murmur.

PISISTRATUS.—And this land has become the heritage of our people! Methinks I see, as I gaze around, the scheme of the All-beneficent Father disentangling itself clear through the troubled history of mankind. How mysteriously, while Europe rears its populations, and fulfils its civilising mission, these realms have been concealed from its eyes—divulged to us just as civilisation needs the solution to its problems; a vent for feverish energies, baffled in the crowd; offering bread to the famished, hope to the desperate; in very truth enabling the "New World to redress the balance of the Old." Here, what a Latium for the wandering spirits,

"On various seas by various tempests
toss'd."

Here, the actual *Æneid* passes before our eyes. From the huts of the exiles scattered over this hardier Italy, who cannot see in the future,

"A race from whence new Alban sires
shall come,
And the long glories of a future Rome?"

VIVIAN, (*mournfully*).—Is it from the outcasts of the workhouse, the prison, and the transport-ship, that a second Rome is to arise?

PISISTRATUS.—There is something in this new soil—in the labour it calls forth, in the hope it inspires, in the sense of property, which I take to be the core of social morals—that expedites the work of redemption with marvellous rapidity. Take them altogether, whatever their origin, or whatever brought them hither, they are a fine, manly, frank-hearted race, these colonists now!—rude, not mean, especially in the Bush—and, I suspect, will ultimately become as gallant and honest a population as that now springing up in South Australia, from which convicts are excluded—and happily excluded—for the distinction will sharpen emulation. As to the rest, and in direct answer to your question, I fancy even the emancipist part of our population every whit as respectable as the mongrel robbers under Romulus.

VIVIAN.—But were *they* not soldiers?—I mean the first Romans?

PISISTRATUS.—My dear cousin, we are in advance of those grim outcasts, if we can get lands, houses, and wives, (though the last is difficult, and it is well that we have no white Sabines in the neighbourhood!) without that same soldiering which was the necessity of their existence.

VIVIAN, (*after a pause*).—I have written to my father, and to yours more fully—stating in the one letter my wish, in the other trying to explain the feelings from which it springs.

PISISTRATUS.—Are the letters gone?

VIVIAN.—Yes.

PISISTRATUS.—And you would not show them to me!

VIVIAN.—Do not speak so reproachfully. I promised your father to pour out my whole heart to him, whenever it was troubled and at strife. I promise you now that I will go by his advice.

PISISTRATUS, (*disconsolately*).—What is there in this military life for which you yearn that can yield you more food for healthful excitement and stirring adventure than your present pursuits afford?

VIVIAN.—*Distinction!* You do not see the difference between us. You have but a fortune to make, I have a name to redeem; you look calmly on the future, I have a dark blot to erase from the past.

PISISTRATUS, (*soothingly*).—It is erased. Five years of no weak bewailings, but of manly reform, steadfast industry, conduct so blameless, that even Guy (whom I look upon as the incarnation of blunt English honesty) half doubts whether you are 'cute enough for "a station"—a character already so high, that I long for the hour when you will again take your father's spotless name, and give me the pride to own our kinship to the world; all this surely redeems the errors arising from an uneducated childhood and a wandering youth.

VIVIAN, (*leaning over his horse, and putting his hand on my shoulder*).—"My dear friend, what do I owe you?" Then recovering his emotion, and pushing on at a quicker pace, while he continues to speak, "But can you not see that, just in proportion as my

comprehension of right would become clear and strong, so my conscience would become also more sensitive and reproachful; and the better I understand my gallant father, the more I must desire to be as he would have had his son. Do you think it would content him, could he see me branding cattle and bargaining with bullock-drivers? Was it not the strongest wish of his heart that I should adopt his own career? Have I not heard you say that he would have had you too a soldier, but for your mother? I have no mother! If I made thousands, and tens of thousands, by this ignoble calling, would they give my father half the pleasure that he would feel at seeing my name honorably mentioned in a dispatch? No, no! you have banished the gipsy blood, and now the soldier's breaks out! Oh for one glorious day in which I may clear my way into fair repute, as our fathers before us!—when tears of proud joy may flow from those eyes that have wept such hot drops at my shame! When *she*, too, in her high station, beside that sleek lord, may say, 'His heart was not so vile, after all!' Don't argue with me—it is in vain! Pray, rather, that I may have leave to work out my own way; for I tell you that, if condemned to stay here, I may not murmur aloud—I may go through this round of low du-

ties as the brute turns the wheel of a mill: but my heart will prey on itself, and you shall soon write on my gravestone the epitaph of the poor poet you told us of, whose true disease was the thirst of glory—'Here lies one whose name was written in water.'"

I had no answer; that contagious ambition made my own veins run more warmly, and my own heart beat with a louder tumult. Amidst the pastoral scenes, and under the tranquil moonlight, of the New, the Old World, even in me, rude Bushman, claimed for a while its son. But as we rode on, the air, so inexpressibly buoyant, yet soothing as an anodyne, restored me to peaceful Nature. Now the flocks, in their snowy clusters, were seen sleeping under the stars; hark, the welcome of the watch-dogs; see the light gleaming far from the chink of the door! And, pausing, I said aloud, "No, there is more glory in laying these rough foundations of a mighty state, though no trumpets resound with your victory—though no laurels shall shadow your tomb—than in forcing the onward progress of your race over burning cities and hecatombs of men!" I looked round for Vivian's answer; but, ere I spoke, he had spurred from my side, and I saw the wild dogs slinking back from the hoofs of his horse, as he rode at speed, on the sward, through the moonlight.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The weeks and the months rolled on, and the replies to Vivian's letters came at last: I foreboded too well their purport. I knew that my father could not set himself in opposition to the deliberate and cherished desire of a man who had now arrived at the full strength of his understanding, and must be left at liberty to make his own election of the paths of life. Long after that date, I saw Vivian's letter to my father; and even his conversation had scarcely prepared me for the pathos of that confession of a mind remarkable alike for its strength and its weakness. If born in the age, or submitted to the influences, of religious enthusiasm, here was a nature that, awaking from sin, could not have

been contented with the sober duties of mediocre goodness—that would have plunged into the fiery depths of monkish fanaticism—wrestled with the fiend in the hermitage, or marched barefoot on the infidel, with the sackcloth for armour—the cross for a sword. Now, the impatient desire for redemption took a more mundane direction, but with something that seemed almost spiritual in its fervor. And this enthusiasm flowed through strata of such profound melancholy! Deny it a vent, and it might sicken into lethargy, or fret itself into madness—give it the vent, and it might vivify and fertilise as it swept along.

My father's reply to this letter was what might be expected. It

gently reinforced the old lessons in the distinctions between aspirations towards the perfecting ourselves—aspirations that are never in vain—and the morbid passion for applause from others, which shifts conscience from our own bosoms to the confused Babel of the crowd, and calls it “fame.” But my father, in his counsels, did not seek to oppose a mind so obstinately bent upon a single course—he sought rather to guide and strengthen it in the way it should go. The seas of human life are wide. Wisdom may suggest the voyage, but it must first look to the condition of the ship, and the nature of the merchandise to exchange. Not every vessel that sails from Tarshish can bring back the gold of Ophir; but shall it therefore rot in the harbour? No; give its sails to the wind!

But I had expected that Roland's letter to his son would have been full of joy and exultation—joy there was none in it, yet exultation there might be—though serious, grave, and subdued. In the proud assent that the old soldier gave to his son's wish, in his entire comprehension of motives so akin to his own nature—there was yet a visible sorrow. It seemed even as if he constrained himself to the assent he gave. Not till I had read it again and again, could I divine Roland's feelings while he wrote. At this distance of time, I comprehend them well. Had he sent from his side, into noble warfare, some boy fresh to life, new to sin, with an enthusiasm pure and single-hearted as his own young chivalrous ardour—then, with all a soldier's joy, he had yielded a cheerful tribute to the hosts of England; but here he recognised, though perhaps dimly, not the frank

military fervour, but the stern desire of expiation, and in that thought he admitted forebodings that would have been otherwise rejected—so that, at the close of the letter, it seemed not the fiery war-seasoned Roland that wrote, but rather some timid, anxious mother. Warnings and entreaties, and cautions not to be rash, and assurances that the best soldiers were ever the most prudent—were these the counsels of the fierce veteran, who, at the head of the forlorn hope, had mounted the wall at —, his sword between his teeth!

But, whatever his presentiments, Roland had yielded at once to his son's prayer—hastened to London at the receipt of his letter—obtained a commission in a regiment now in active service in India; and that commission was made out in his son's name. The commission, with an order to join the regiment as soon as possible, accompanied the letter.

And Vivian, pointing to the name addressed to him, said, “Now, indeed, I may resume this name, and, next to Heaven, will I hold it sacred! It shall guide me to glory in life, or my father shall read it, without shame, on my tomb!” I see him before me, as he stood then—his form erect, his dark eyes solemn in their light, a serenity in his smile, a grandeur on his brow, that I had never marked till then! Was that the same man I had recoiled from as the sneering cynic, shuddered at as the audacious traitor, or wept over as the cowering outcast? How little the nobleness of aspect depends on symmetry of feature, or the mere proportions of form! What dignity robes the man who is filled with a lofty thought!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

He is gone! he has left a void in my existence. I had grown to love him so well; I had been so proud when men praised him. My love was a sort of self-love—I had looked upon him in part as the work of my own hands. I am a long time ere I can settle back, with good heart, to my pastoral life. Before my cousin went, we cast up our gains, and settled our

shares. When he resigned the allowance which Roland had made him, his father secretly gave to me, for his use, a sum equal to that which I and Guy Bolding brought into the common stock. Roland had raised the sum upon mortgage; and, while the interest was a trivial deduction from his income, compared to the former allowance, the capital was much more

useful to his son than a mere yearly payment could have been. Thus, between us, we had a considerable sum for Australian settlers—£4500. For the first two years we made nothing; indeed, great part of the first year was spent in learning our art, at the station of an old settler. But, at the end of the third year, our flocks having then become very considerable, we cleared a return beyond my most sanguine expectations. And when my cousin left, just in the sixth year of exile, our shares amounted to £4000 each, exclusive of the value of the two stations. My cousin had, at first, wished that I should forward his share to his father, but he soon saw that Roland would never take it; and it was finally agreed that it should rest in my hands, for me to manage for him, send him out interest at five per cent, and devote the surplus profits to the increase of his capital. I had now, therefore, the control of £12,000, and we might consider ourselves very respectable capitalists. I kept on the cattle station, by the aid of the Will-o'-the-Wisp, for about two years after Vivian's departure, (we had then had it altogether for five.) At the end of that time, I sold it and the stock to great advantage. And the sheep—for the "brand" of which I had a high reputation—having wonderfully prospered in the meanwhile, I thought we might safely extend our speculations into new ventures. Glad, too, of a change of scene, I left Bolding in charge of the flocks, and bent my course to Adelaide, for the fame of that new settlement had already disturbed the peace of the Bush. I found Uncle Jack residing near Adelaide, in a very handsome villa, with all the signs and appurtenances of colonial opulence; and report, perhaps, did not exaggerate the gains he had made:—so many strings to his bow—and each arrow, this time, seemed to have gone straight to the white of the butts. I now thought I had acquired knowledge and caution sufficient to avail myself of Uncle Jack's ideas, without ruining myself by following them out in his company; and I saw a kind of retributive justice in making his brain minister to the fortunes which his ideality and constructiveness, according to Squills, had served

so notably to impoverish. I must here gratefully acknowledge, that I owed much to this irregular genius. The investigation of the supposed mines had proved unsatisfactory to Mr. Bullion; and they were not fairly discovered till a few years after. But Jack had convinced himself of their existence, and purchased, on his own account, "for an old song," some barren land, which he was persuaded would prove to him a Golconda, one day or other, under the euphonious title (which, indeed, it ultimately established) of the "Tibbet's Wheal." The suspension of the mines, however, fortunately suspended the existence of the Grog and Store Dépôt, and Uncle Jack was now assisting in the foundation of Port Philip. Profiting by his advice, I adventured in that new settlement some timid and wary purchases, which I resold to considerable advantage. Meanwhile, I must not omit to state briefly what, since my departure from England, had been the ministerial career of Trevanion.

That refining fastidiousness,—that scrupulosity of political conscience, which had characterised him as an independent member, and often served, in the opinion, both of friend and of foe, to give the attribute of *general* impracticability to a mind that, in all details, was so essentially and laboriously practical—might perhaps have founded Trevanion's reputation as a minister, if he could have been a minister without colleagues—if, standing alone, and from the necessary height, he could have placed, clear and single, before the world, his exquisite honesty of purpose, and the width of a statesmanship marvellously accomplished and comprehensive. But Trevanion could not amalgamate with others, nor subscribe to the discipline of a cabinet in which he was not the chief, especially in a policy which must have been thoroughly abhorrent to such a nature—a policy that, of late years, has distinguished not one faction alone, but has seemed so forced upon the more eminent political leaders, on either side, that they who take the more charitable view of things may, perhaps, hold it to arise from the necessity of the age, fostered by the temper of the public—I mean

the policy of *Expediency*. Certainly not in this book will I introduce the angry elements of party politics; and how should I know much about them? All that I have to say is, that, right or wrong, such a policy must have been at war, every moment, with each principle of Trevanion's statesmanship, and fretted each fibre of his moral constitution. The aristocratic combinations which his alliance with the Castleton interest had brought to his aid, served perhaps to fortify his position in the cabinet; yet aristocratic combinations were of small avail against what seemed the atmospheric epidemic of the age. I could see how his situation had preyed on his mind, when I read a paragraph in the newspapers, "that it was reported on good authority, that Mr. Trevanion had tendered his resignation, but had been prevailed upon to withdraw it, as his retirement at that moment would break up the government." Some months afterwards came another paragraph, to the effect "that Mr. Trevanion was taken suddenly ill, and that it was feared his illness was of a nature to preclude his resuming his official labours." Then parliament broke up. Before it met again, Mr. Trevanion was gazetted as Earl of Ulverstone, a title that had once been in his family—and had left the administration, unable to encounter the fatigues of office. To an ordinary man, the elevation to an earldom, passing over the lesser honours in the peerage, would have seemed no mean close to a political career; but I felt what profound despair of striving against circumstance for utility—what entanglements with his colleagues, whom he could neither conscientiously support, nor, according to his high old-fashioned notions of party honour and etiquette, energetically oppose—had driven him to abandon that stormy scene in which his existence had been passed. The House of Lords, to that active intellect, was as the retirement of some warrior of old into the cloisters of a convent. The gazette that chronicled the Earldom of Ulverstone was the proclamation that Albert Trevanion lived no more for the world of public men. And, indeed, from that date his career vanished out of sight. Trevanion

died—the Earl of Ulverstone made no sign.

I had hitherto written but twice to Lady Ellinor during my exile—once upon the marriage of Fanny with Lord Castleton, which took place about six months after I sailed from England, and again, when thanking her husband for some rare animals, equine, pastoral, and bovine, which he had sent as presents to Bolding and myself. I wrote again after Trevanion's elevation to the peerage, and received in due time a reply, confirming all my impressions—for it was full of bitterness and gall, accusations of the world, fears for the country: Richelieu himself could not have taken a gloomier view of things, when his levees were deserted, and his power seemed annihilated before the "Day of Dupes." Only one gleam of comfort appeared to visit Lady Ulverstone's breast, and thence to settle prospectively over the future of the world—a second son had been born to Lord Castleton; to that son the earldom of Ulverstone, and the estates held in right of its countess, would descend! Never was there a child of such promise! Not Virgil himself, when he called on the Sicilian Muses to celebrate the advent of a son to Pollio, ever sounded a loftier strain. Here was one, now perchance engaged on words of two syllables, called—

"By labouring nature to sustain
The nodding frame of heaven, and earth,
and main,
See to their base restored, earth, sea,
and air,
And joyful ages from behind in crowd-
ing ranks appear"

Happy dream which Heaven sends to grandparents! rebaptism of Hope in the font whose drops sprinkle the grandchild!

Time flies on; affairs continue to prosper. I am just leaving the bank at Adelaide with a satisfied air, when I am stopped in the street by bowing acquaintances, who never shook me by the hand before. They shake me by the hand now, and cry—"I wish you joy, sir. That brave fellow, your namesake, is of course your near relation."

"What do you mean?"

"Have not you seen the papers?—Here they are."

"Gallant conduct of Ensign, de Caxton—promoted to a lieutenantcy on the field."—I wipe my eyes, and cry—"Thank Heaven—it is my cousin!" Then new hand-shakings, new groups gather round. I feel taller by the head than I was before! We grumbling English, always quarrelling with each other—the world not wide enough to hold us; and yet, when in the far land some bold deed is done by a countryman, how we feel that we are brothers! how our hearts warm to each other! What a letter I wrote home! and how joyously I went

back to the Bush! The Will-o'-the-Wisp has attained to a cattle station of his own. I go fifty miles out of my way to tell him the news and give him the newspaper; for he knows now that his old master, Vivian, is a Cumberland man—a Caxton. Poor Will-o'-the-Wisp! The tea that night tasted uncommonly like whisky-punch! Father Mathew forgive us!—but if you had been a Cumberland man, and heard the Will-o'-the-Wisp roaring out "Blue bonnets over the Borders," I think your tea, too, would not have come out of the caddy!

CHAPTER XCIX.

A great change has occurred in our household. Guy's father is dead—his latter years cheered by the accounts of his son's steadiness and prosperity, and by the touching proofs thereof which Guy has exhibited. For he insisted on repaying to his father the old college debts, and the advance of the £1,500, begging that the money might go towards his sister's portion. Now, after the old gentleman's death, the sister resolved to come out and live with her dear brother Guy. Another wing is built to the hut. Ambitious plans for a new stone house, to be commenced the following year, are entertained; and Guy has brought back from Adelaide not only a sister, but, to my utter astonishment, a wife, in the shape of a fair friend, by whom the sister was accompanied. The young lady did quite right to come to Australia, if she wanted to be married. She was very pretty, and all the beaux in Adelaide were round her in a moment. Guy was in love the first day—in a rage with thirty rivals the next—in despair the third—put the question the fourth—and before the fifteenth was a married man, hastening back with a treasure, of which he fancied all the world was conspiring to rob him. His sister was quite as pretty as her friend, and she too had offers enough the moment she landed—only she was romantic and fastidious, and I fancy Guy told her that "I was just made for her."

However, charming though she be—with pretty blue eyes, and her brother's frank smile—I am not en-

chanted. I fancy she lost all chance of my heart by stepping across the yard in a pair of silk shoes. If I were to live in the Bush, give me a wife as a companion who can ride well, leap over a ditch, walk beside me when I go forth, gun in hand, for a shot at the kangaroos. But I dare not go on with the list of a Bush husband's requisites. This change, however, serves, for various reasons, to quicken my desire of return. Ten years have now elapsed, and I have already obtained a much larger fortune than I had calculated to make. Sorely to Guy's honest grief, I therefore wound up our affairs, and dissolved partnership; for he had decided to pass his life in the colony—and, with his pretty wife, who has grown very fond of him, I don't wonder at it. Guy takes my share of the station and stock off my hands; and, all accounts squared between us, I bid farewell to the Bush. Despite all the motives that drew my heart homeward, it was not without participation in the sorrow of my old companions, that I took leave of those I might never see again on this side the grave. The meanest man in my employ had grown a friend; and when those hard hands grasped mine, and from many a breast, that once had waged fierce war with the world, came the soft blessing to the Homeward-bound—with a tender thought for the Old England, that had been but a harsh step-mother to them—I felt a choking sensation, which I suspect is little known to the friendships of Mayfair and St. James's. I was forced to

get off, with a few broken words, when I had meant to part with a long speech: perhaps the broken words pleased the audience better. Spurring away, I gained a little eminence, and looked back. There were the poor faithful fellows, gathered in a ring, watching me—their hats off—their hands shading their eyes from the sun. And Guy had thrown himself on the ground, and I heard his loud sobs distinctly. His wife was leaning over his shoulder, trying to soothe: forgive him, fair helpmate, you will be all in the world to him—to-morrow!

And the blue-eyed sister, where was she? Had she no tears for the rough friend who laughed at the silk shoes, and taught her how to hold the reins, and never fear that the old pony would run away with her? What matter?—if the tears were shed, they were hidden tears. No shame in them, fair Ellen,—since then thou hast wept happy tears over thy first-born. Those tears have long ago washed away all bitterness in the innocent memories of a girl's first fancy.

CHAPTER C.

(DATED FROM ADELAIDE.)

Imagine my wonder—Uncle Jack has just been with me, and—but hear the dialogue.

UNCLE JACK.—So you are positively going back to that smoky, fusty, old England, just when you are on your high road to a plumb. A plumb, sir, at least! They all say there is not a more rising young man in the colony. I think Bullion would take you into partnership. What are you in such a hurry for?

PISISTRATUS.—To see my father, and mother, and Uncle Roland, and —(was about to name some one else, but stops.)

You see, my dear uncle, I came out solely with the idea of repairing my father's losses, in that unfortunate speculation of *The Capitalist*.

UNCLE JACK (coughs and ejaculates) —That villain Peck!

PISISTRATUS.—And to have a few thousands to invest in poor Roland's acres. The object is achieved: why should I stay?

UNCLE JACK.—A few paltry thousands, when in twenty years more, at the farthest, you would wallow in gold!

PISISTRATUS.—A man learns in the Bush how happy life can be with plenty of employment, and very little money. I shall practise that lesson in England.

UNCLE JACK.—Your mind's made up?

PISISTRATUS.—And my place in the ship taken.

UNCLE JACK.—Then there's no more to be said. (*Hums, haws, and examines his nails—filbert nails, not a speck on them.*) Then suddenly, and jerking up his head,—“That ‘*Capitalist*’ it has been on my conscience, nephew, ever since; and, somehow or other, since I have abandoned the cause of my fellow-creatures, I think I have cared more for my relations.”

PISISTRATUS, (smiling, as he remembers his father's shrewd predictions thereon.)—Naturally, my dear uncle: any child who has thrown a stone into a pond knows that a circle disappears as it widens.

UNCLE JACK.—Very true.—I shall make a note of that, applicable to my next speech, in defence of what they call the “land monopoly.” Thank you—stone—circle! (*Jots down notes in his pocket book.*) But, to return to the point: I am well off now—I have neither wife nor child; and I feel that I ought to bear my share in your father's loss: it was our joint speculation. And your father, good, dear Austin, paid my debts into the bargain. And how cheering the punch was that night, when your mother wanted to scold poor Jack! And the £300 Austin lent me when I left him: nephew, that was the remaking of me—the acorn of the oak I have transplanted. So here they are, (added Uncle Jack, with a heroic effort,—and he extracted from the pocket-book, bills for a sum between three

and four thousand pounds.) There, it is done—and I shall sleep better for it! (*With that Uncle Jack got up, and bolted out of the room.*)

Ought I to take the money? Why, I think yes!—it is but fair. Jack must be really rich, and can well spare the money; besides, if he wants it again, I know my father will let him have it. And, indeed, Jack caused the loss of the whole sum lost on *The Capitalist*, &c.: and this is not quite the half of what my father paid away. But is it not fine in Uncle Jack! Well, my father was quite right in his milder estimate of Jack's scalene conformation, and it is hard to judge of a man when he is needy and down in the world. When one grafts one's ideas on one's neighbour's money, they are certainly not so grand as when they spring from one's own.

UNCLE JACK, (*poping his head into the room.*)—And you see, you can double that money if you will just leave it in my hands for a couple of years,—you have no notion what I shall make of the Tibbet's Wheal! Did I tell you?—the German was quite right,—I have been offered already seven times the sum which I gave for the land. But I am now looking out for a Company: let me put you down for shares to the amount at least of those trumpery bills. Cent per cent,—I guarantee cent per cent! (*And Uncle Jack stretches out those famous*

smooth hands of his, with a tremulous motion of the ten eloquent fingers.)

PISISTRATUS.—Ah, my dear Uncle, if you repent—

UNCLE JACK.—Repent! when I offer you cent per cent, on my personal guarantee!

PISISTRATUS, (*carefully putting the bills into his breast coat-pocket.*) Then, if you don't repent, my dear Uncle, allow me to shake you by the hand, and say that I will not consent to lessen my esteem and admiration for the high principle which prompts this restitution, by confounding it with trading associations of loans, interests, and copper mines. And, you see, since this sum is paid to my father, I have no right to invest it without his permission.

UNCLE JACK, (*with emotion.*)—"Esteem, admiration, high principle!"—these are pleasant words, from you, nephew. (*Then shaking his head and smiling.*) You sly dog! you are quite right: get the bills cashed at once. And hark ye, sir, just keep out of my way, will you?—and don't let me coax you out of a farthing! (*Uncle Jack slams the door, and rushes out. Pisistratus draws the bills warily from his pocket, half suspecting they must already have turned into withered leaves, like fairy money; slowly convinces himself that the bills are good bills, and by lively gestures testifies his delight and astonishment.*) SCENE CHANGES.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY—CHATEAUBRIAND'S MEMOIRS.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY, when skilfully and judiciously done, is one of the most delightful species of composition of which literature can boast. There is a strong desire in every intelligent and well-informed mind to be made acquainted with the private thoughts, and secret motives of action, of those who have filled the world with their renown. We long to learn their early history, to be made acquainted with their first aspirations—to learn how they became so great as they afterwards turned out. Perhaps literature has sustained no greater loss than that of the memoirs which Hannibal wrote of his life and campaigns. From the few fragments of his sayings which Roman admiration or terror has preserved, his reach of thought and statesman-like sagacity would appear to have been equal to his military talents. Cæsar's *Commentaries* have always been admired; but there is some doubts whether they really were written by the dictator; and, supposing they were, they relate almost entirely to military movements and public events, without giving much insight into private character. It is that which we desire in autobiography: we hope to find in it a window by which we may look into a great man's mind. Plutarch's *Lives* owe their vast and enduring popularity to the insight into private character which the innumerable anecdotes he has collected, of the heroes and statesmen of antiquity, afford.

Gibbon's autobiography is the most perfect account of an eminent man's life, from his own hand, which exists in any language. Independent of the interest which naturally belongs to it as the record of the studies, and the picture of the growth of the mind of the greatest historian of modern times, it possesses a peculiar charm from the simplicity with which it is written, and the judgment it displays, conspicuous alike in what is revealed and what is withheld in the narrative. It steers the middle channel so diffi-

cult to find, so invaluable when found, between ridiculous vanity on the one side, and affected modesty on the other. We see, from many passages in it, that the author was fully aware of the vast contribution he had made to literature, and the firm basis on which he had built his colossal fame. But he had good sense enough to see, that those great qualities were never so likely to impress the reader as when only cautiously alluded to by the author. He knew that vanity and ostentation never fail to make the character in which they predominate ridiculous—if excessive, contemptible; and that, although the world would thankfully receive all the details, how minute soever, connected with his immortal work, they would not take off his hands any symptom of his own entertaining the opinion of it which all others have formed. It is the consummate judgment with which Gibbon has given enough of the details connected with the preparation of his works to be interesting, and not enough to be ridiculous, which constitutes the great charm, and has occasioned the marked success, of his autobiography. There are few passages in the English language so popular as the well-known ones in which he has recounted the first conception, and final completion of his history, which, as models of the kind, as well as passages of exquisite beauty, we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of transcribing, the more especially as they will set off, by way of contrast, the faults in some parallel passages attempted by Chateaubriand and Lamartine.

"At the distance of twenty-five years, I can neither forget nor express the strong emotions which agitated my mind as I first approached and entered the Eternal City. After a sleepless night, I trod with a lofty step the ruins of the Forum. Each memorable spot—where Romulus stood, or Tully spoke, or Cæsar fell—was at once present to my eyes; and several days of intoxication were lost, or enjoyed, before

I could descend to a cool and minute investigation. It was at Rome, on the 15th October 1764, as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing this Decline and Fall of the city first started to my mind. But my original plan was circumscribed to the decay of the city, rather than of the empire; and though my reading and reflections began to point towards that object, some years elapsed, and several avocations intervened, before I was seriously engaged in the execution of that laborious work."—*Life*, p. 198, 8vo edition.)

Again, the well-known description of the conclusion of his labours:—

"I have presumed to mark the moment of conception: I shall now commemorate the hour of my final deliverance. It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion; and that, whatever might be the future fate of my History, the life of the historian must be short and precarious."—(*Life*, p. 255, 8vo edition.)

Hume's account of his own life is a model of perspicuity, modesty, and good sense; but it is so brief that it scarcely can be called a biography. It is not fifty pages long. The wary Scotch author was well aware how vanity in such compositions defeats its own object: he had too much good sense to let it appear in his pages. Perhaps, however, the existence of such a feeling in the recesses of his breast may be detected in the prominent manner in which he brings forward the discouragement he experienced

when the first volume of his history was published, and the extremely limited sale it met with for some time after its first appearance. He knew well how these humble beginnings would be contrasted with its subsequent triumphant success. Amidst his many great and good qualities, there is none for which Sir Walter Scott was more admirable than the unaffected simplicity and good sense of his character, which led him to continue through life utterly unspotted by vanity, and unchanged by an amount of adulation from the most fascinating quarters, which would probably have turned the head of any other man. Among the many causes of regret which the world has for the catastrophes which overshadowed his latter years, it is not the least that it prevented the completion of that autobiography with which Mr. Lockhart has commenced his *Life*. His simplicity of character, and the vast number of eminent men with whom he was intimate, as well as the merit of that fragment itself, leave no room for doubt that he would have made a most charming memoir, if he had lived to complete it. This observation does not detract in the slightest degree from the credit justly due to Mr. Lockhart, for his admirable *Life* of his illustrious father-in-law: on the contrary, it forms its highest encomium. The charm of that work is mainly owing to its being so imbued with the spirit of the subject, that it may almost be regarded as an autobiography.

Continental writers of note have, more than English ones, fallen into that error which is of all others the most fatal in autobiography—inordinate vanity. At the head of all the delinquents of this class we must place Rousseau, whose celebrated *Confessions* contain a revelation of folly so extreme, vanity so excessive, and baseness so disgraceful, that it would pass for incredible if not proved by the book itself, which is to be found in every library. Not content with affirming, when past fifty, that there was no woman of fashion of whom he might not have made the conquest if he chose to set about it,* he

* "Il y a peu des femmes, même dans le haut rang, dont je n'eusse fait la conquête si je l'avais enterprise."—*Biographie Universelle*, xxxix. 186.

thought fit to entertain the world with all the private details of his life, which the greater prudence of his most indiscreet biographers would have consigned to oblivion. No one who wishes to discredit the Genevese philosopher, need seek in the works of others for the grounds of doing so. Enough is to be found in his own to consign him to eternal execration and contempt. He has told us equally in detail, and with the same air of infantine simplicity, how he committed a theft when in service as a lackey, and permitted an innocent girl, his fellow-servant, to bear the penalty of it; how he alternately drank the wine in his master's cellars, and made love to his wife; how he corrupted one female benefactress who had sheltered him in extremity of want, and afterwards made a boast of her disgrace; and abandoned a male benefactor who fell down in a fit of apoplexy on the streets of Lyons, and left him lying on the pavement, deserted by the only friend whom he had in the world. The author of so many eloquent declamations against mothers neglecting their children, on his own admission, when in easy circumstances, and impelled by no necessity, consigned five of his natural children to a foundling hospital, with such precautions against their being known that he never did or could hear of them again! Such was his vanity, that he thought the world would gladly feed on the crumbs of this sort which fell from the table of the man rich in genius. His grand theory was that the human mind is born innocent, with dispositions only to good, and that all the evils of society arise from the follies of education or the oppression of government. Judging from the picture he has presented of himself, albeit debased by no education but what he himself had afforded, we should say his disposition was more corrupt than has even been imagined by the most dark-minded and bigoted Calvinist that ever existed.

Alfieri was probably as vain in reality as Rousseau; but he knew better how to conceal it. He had not the folly of supposing that he could entertain women by the boastful detail of his conquests over them. He judged wisely, and more like a man

who had met with *bonnes fortunes*, that he would attain more effectually the object of interesting their feelings, by painting their conquests over him. He has done this so fully, so sincerely, and with such eloquence, that he has made one of the most powerful pieces of biography in any language. Its charm consists in the picture he has drawn, with equal truth and art, of a man of the most impetuous and ardent temperament, alternately impelled by the strongest passions which can agitate the breast—love and ambition. Born of a noble family, inheriting a great fortune, he exhibited an uncommon combination of patrician tastes and feelings with republican principles and aspirations. He was a democrat because he knew the great by whom he was surrounded, and did not know the humble who were removed to a distance. He said this himself, after witnessing at Paris the horrors of the 10th August.—“*Je connais bien les grands, mais j'en connais pas les petits.*” He drew the vices of the former from observation, he painted the virtues of the latter from imagination. Hence the absurdity and unnatural character of many of his dramas, which, to the inhabitant of our free country, who is familiar with the real working of popular institutions, renders them, despite their genius, quite ridiculous. But, in the delineation of what passed in his own breast, he is open to no such reproach. His picture of his own feelings is as forcible and dramatic as that of any he has drawn in his tragedies; and it is far more truthful, for it is taken from nature, not an imaginary world of his own creation, having little resemblance to that we see around us. His character and life were singularly calculated to make such a narrative interesting, for never was one more completely tossed about by vehement passions, and abounding with melodramatic incidents. Alternately dreaming over the most passionate attachments, and labouring of his own accord at Dante fourteen hours a-day; at one time making love to an English nobleman's wife, and fighting him in the Park, at another driving through France with fourteen blood horses in harness;

now stealing from the Pretender his queen, now striving to emulate Sophocles in the energy of his picture of the passions, he was himself a living example of the intensity of those feelings which he has so powerfully portrayed in his dramas. It is this variety, joined to the simplicity and candour of the confessions, which constitutes the charm of this very remarkable autobiography. It could have been written by no one but himself; for an ordinary biographer would only have described the incidents of his life, none else could have painted the vehement passions, the ardent aspirations, from which they sprang.

From the sketches of Goethe's life which have been preserved, it is evident that, though probably not less vain than the French philosopher or the Italian poet, his vanity took a different direction from either of theirs. He was neither vain of his turpitudes, like Rousseau, nor of his passions, like Alfieri. His self-love was of a more domestic kind; it partook more of the home-scenes of the Fatherland. No one will question the depth of Goethe's knowledge of the heart, or the sagacity of the light which his genius has thrown on the most profound feelings of human nature. But his private life partook of the domestic affections and unobtrusive rest in which it was passed, exempt alike from the grinding poverty which too often impelled the Genevese watchmaker's son into disgraceful actions, or the vehement passions which drove the Italian nobleman into brilliant crimes. Hence his biography exhibits an extraordinary mixture of lofty feelings with puerile simplicity, of depth of views with childishness, of divine philosophy with homely inclinations. Amidst all his enthusiasm and effusions of sentiment, he was as much under the influence as any man of creature comforts; and never hesitated to leave the most lofty efforts of the muse, to participate in the substantial advantages of rich preserves or sweet cakes. This singular mixture arose in a great measure from the habits of his life, and the limited circle by which, during the greater part of it, he was surrounded. Living with a few

friends in the quiet seclusion of a small German town, the object of almost superstitious admiration to a few females by whom he was surrounded, he became at once a little god of his own and their idolatry, and warmly inclined, like monks all over the world, to the innocent but not very elevating pleasures of breakfast and dinner. Mahomet said that he experienced more difficulty in persuading his four wives of his divine mission, than all the rest of the world besides; and this, says Gibbon, was not surprising, for they knew best his weaknesses as a man. Goethe thought, on the same principle, his fame was secure, when he was worshipped as a god by his female coterie. He had the highest opinion of his own powers, and of the lofty mission on which he was sent to mankind; but his self-love was less offensive than that of Rousseau, because it was more unobtrusive. It was allied rather to pride than vanity—and though pride may often be hateful, it is never contemptible.

From the *Life of Lord Byron* which Moore has published, it may be inferred that the latter acted wisely in consigning the original manuscript of the noble poet's autobiography to the flames. Assuming that a considerable part of that biography is taken from what the noble bard had left of himself, it is evident that a more complete detail of his feelings and motives of action would have done anything rather than have added to his reputation. In fact, Moore's *Life* has done more than anything else to lower it. The poetical biographer had thought and sung so much of the passions, that he had forgot in what light they are viewed by the generality of men; he was so deeply imbued with the spirit of his hero, that he had come to regard his errors and vices as not the least interesting part of his life. That they may be so to that class of readers, unhappily too extensive, who are engaged in similar pursuits, is probably true; but how small a portion do these constitute of the human race, and how weak and inaudible is their applause when compared to the voice of ages! What has become of the innumerable licentious works whose existence in antiquity has become known from the

specimens disinterred in the ruins of Herculaneum? Is there one of them which has taken its place beside the *Lives of Plutarch*? Whatever is fetid, however much prized at the moment, is speedily sunk in the waves of time. Nothing permanently floats down its stream but what is buoyant from its elevating tendency.

Boswell's *Life of Johnson* is so replete with the sayings and thoughts of the intellectual giant, whom it was so much his object to elevate, even above his natural Patagonian stature, that it may be regarded as a sort of autobiography, dictated by the sage in his moments of *abandon* to his devout worshipper. It is hardly going too far to say that it is the most popular book in the English language. Johnson's reputation now mainly rests on that biography. No one now reads the *Rambler* or the *Idler*—few the *Lives of the Poets*, interesting as they are, and admirable as are the criticisms on our greatest authors which they contain. But Boswell's *Life of Johnson* is in everybody's hands; you will hear the pithy sayings, the admirable reflections, the sagacious remarks it contains, from one end of the world to the other. The secret of this astonishing success is to be found in the caustic tone, sententious brevity, and sterling good sense of Johnson, and the inimitable accuracy, faithful memory, and almost infantine simplicity of his biographer. From the unbounded admiration with which he was inspired for the sage, and the faithful memory with which he was gifted, he was enabled to commit to paper, almost as they were delivered, those admirable sayings which have ever since been the delight and admiration of the world. We almost live with the members of the Literary Club; we hear their divers sentiments, and can almost conceive their tones of voice. We see the gigantic form of the sage towering above his intellectual compeers. Burke said that Johnson was greater in conversation than writing, and greater in Boswell than either; and it is easy to conceive that this must have been the case. The *Life* contains all the admirable sayings, *verbatim* as they were delivered, and without the asperity of tone and manner which formed so

great a blot in the original deliverer. Johnson's sayings were of a kind which were susceptible of being accurately transferred, and with full effect, to paper, because they were almost all reflections on morals, men, or manners, which are of universal application, and come home to the senses of mankind in every age. In this respect they were much more likely to produce an impression in biography than the conversation of Sir Walter Scott, which, however charming to those who heard it, consisted chiefly of anecdotes and stories, great part of the charm of which consisted in the mode of telling and expression of the countenance, which, of course, could not be transferred to paper.

But it is not every eminent man who is so fortunate as to find a biographer like Boswell, who, totally forgetful of self, recorded for posterity with inimitable fidelity all the sayings of his hero. Nor is it many men who would bear so faithful and searching an exposure. Johnson, like every other man, had his failings; but they were those of prejudice or manner, rather than morals or conduct. We wish we could say that every other eminent literary man was equally immaculate, or that an entire disclosure of character would in every case reveal no more weaknesses or failings than have been brought to light by Boswell's faithful chronicle. We know that every one is liable to err, and that no man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre. But being aware of all this, we were not prepared for the immense mass of weaknesses, follies, and errors, which have been brought to light by the indiscreet zeal of biographers, in the character of many of our ablest literary, poetical, and philosophical characters. Certainly, if we look at the details of their private lives, these men of literary celebrity have had little title to set up as the instructors, or to call themselves the benefactors of mankind. From the days of Milton, whose divine genius was so deeply tarnished by the asperity of his feelings, and the unpardonable license in controversy which he permitted to his tongue, to those of Lord Byron, who scandalised his country and the world by the undisguised profligacy of his

private life, the biography of literary men, with a few brilliant exceptions,—in the foremost of which we must place Sir Walter Scott—consists in great part of a series of follies, weaknesses, or faults, which it would be well for their memory could they be buried in oblivion. We will not say that the labours of their biographers have been the *Massacre of the Innocents*, for truly there were very few innocents to massacre; but we will say that they have, in general, done more to degrade those they intended to elevate, than the envenomed hostility of their worst enemies. We forbear to mention names, which might give pain to many respectable persons still alive. The persons alluded to, and the truth of the observation, will be at once understood and admitted by every person acquainted with the literary history of France and England during the last century.

Vanity and jealousy—vanity of themselves, jealousy of others—are the great failings which have hitherto tarnished the character and disfigured the biography of literary men. We fear it is destined to continue the same to the end of the world. The qualities which contribute to their greatness, which occasion their usefulness, which insure their fame, are closely allied to failings which too often disfigure their private lives, and form a blot on their memory, when indiscreetly revealed in biography, either by themselves or others. Genius is almost invariably united to susceptibility; and this temperament is unhappily too apt to run into irritability. No one can read D'Israeli's essay on *The Literary Character*, the most admirable of his many admirable works, without being convinced of that. Celebrity of any sort is the natural parent of vanity, and this weakness is in a peculiar manner fostered in poets and romance writers, because their writings interest so warmly the fair, who form the great dispensers of general fame, and convey it in the most flattering form to the author. It would perhaps be unjust to women to say that poets and novelists share in their weaknesses; but it is certain that their disposition is, in general, essentially feminine, and that, as they attract the admiration of the other sex more strongly than any other

class of writers, so they are liable in a peculiar degree to the failings, as well as distinguished by the excellencies, by which their female admirers are characterised. We may regret that it is so: we may lament that we cannot find poets and romancers, who to the genius of Byron, or the fancy of Moore, unite the sturdy sense of Johnson, or the simplicity of character of Scott; but it is to be feared such a combination is as rare, and as little to be looked for in general life, as the union of the strength of the war-horse to the fleetness of the racer, or the courage of the mastiff to the delicacy of the greyhound. Adam Smith long ago pointed out the distinction between those who serve and those who amuse mankind; and the difference, it is to be feared, exists not merely between the philosopher and the opera-dancer, but between the instructors of men in every department of thought, and those whose genius is devoted rather to the pleasing of the eye, the melting of the feelings, or the kindling of the imagination. Yet this observation is only generally, not universally, true; and Sir Joshua Reynolds remains a memorable proof that it is possible for an artist to unite the highest genius and most imaginative power of mind to the wisdom of a philosopher, the liberality of a gentleman, the benevolence of a Christian, and the simplicity of a child.

We are not at all surprised at the intoxication which seizes the literary men and artists whose genius procures for them the favour or admiration of women. Everybody knows it is the most fascinating and transporting flattery which the mind of man can receive. But we confess we are surprised, and that too not a little, at the *want of sense* which so frequently makes men even of the highest abilities mar the influence of their own genius, and detract from the well-earned celebrity of their own productions, by the indiscreet display of this vanity, which the applause they have met with has produced in their minds. These gentlemen are charmed with the incense they have received, and of course desirous to augment it, and extend the circle from which it is to be drawn. Well, that is their object; let us consider what means they take to gain it.

These consist too often in the most undisguised display of vanity in their conduct, manner, and conversation. Is this the way likely to augment the admiration which they enjoy so much, and are so solicitous to extend? Are they not clear-sighted enough to see, that, holding this to be their aim, considering female admiration as the object of their private aspirations, they cannot in any way so effectually mar their desires as by permitting the vanity, which the portion of it they have already received has produced, to appear in their manner of conversation? Are they so little versed in the female heart, as not to know that as self-love acts, if not in a stronger at least in a more conspicuous way in them than in the other sex, so there is nothing which repels them so effectually as any display of that vanity in men which they are all conscious of in themselves, and nothing attracts them so powerfully as that self-forgetfulness, which, estimable in all, is in a peculiar manner graceful and admirable when it is met with in those whom none others can forget? Such a quality is not properly modesty—that is the retiring disposition of those who have not yet won distinction. No man who has done so is ignorant of it, as no woman of beauty is insensible to her charms. It is more nearly allied to good sense, and its invariable concomitant—a due regard for the feelings of others. It not unfrequently exists, in the highest degree, in those who have the strongest inward consciousness of the services they have rendered to mankind. No man was more unassuming than Kepler, but he wrote in reference to his great discoveries, and the neglect they at first met with, “I may well be a century without a reader, since God Almighty has been six thousand years without such an observer as me.” Yet this is universally felt to have been no unworthy effusion of vanity, but a noble expression of great services rendered by one of his most gifted creatures to the glory of the Almighty. Such men as Kepler are proud, but not vain, and proud men do not bring their feelings so prominently or frequently forward as vain ones; for pride rests on the consciousness of

superiority, and needs no external support; vanity arises from a secret sense of weakness, and thirsts for a perpetual solace from the applause of others.

It is in the French writers that this inordinate weakness of literary men is most conspicuous, and in them it exists to such an extent as, on this side of the Channel, to be altogether ridiculous. Every Frenchman thinks his life worth recording. It was long ago said that the number of unpublished memoirs which exist in France, on the war of the League, would, if put together, form a large library. If those relating to the war of the Revolution were accumulated, we have no doubt they would fill the *Bibliothèque du Roi*. The number already published exceeds almost the dimensions of any private collection of books. The composition and style of these memoirs is for the most part as curious, and characteristic of French character, as their number is descriptive of their ruling passion. In the age of the religious wars, every writer of memoirs seems to have placed himself in the first rank, Henry IV. in the second; in that of the Revolution, the greater part of the autobiographies scarcely disguise the opinion, that, if the first place must be reluctantly conceded to Napoleon Buonaparte, the second must, beyond all question, be assigned to themselves. The Abbé de Pradt expressed the feeling almost every one entertained of himself in France, not the sentiment of an individual man, when he said, “There was one who overturned Napoleon, and that man was me.” Most persons in this country will exclaim, that this statement is overcharged, and that it is incredible that vanity should so generally pervade the writers of a whole nation. If they will take the trouble to read Lamartine's *Confidences* and *Raphael*, containing the events of his youth, or his *Histoire de la Révolution de 1848*, recently published, they will find ample confirmation of these remarks; nor are they less conspicuously illustrated by the more elaborate *Mémoires d'Outre Tombe* of Chateaubriand, the name of which is prefixed to this essay.

One thing is very remarkable, and forcibly illustrates the marked differ-

ence, in this respect, between the character of the French and the English nation. In France all memoirs assume the form of autobiographies: and so general is the thirst for that species of composition that, where a man of any note has not compiled his own life, his papers are put into the hands of some skilful bookmaker, who speedily dresses them up, in the form of an attractive autobiography. This was done with the papers of Brissot, Robespierre, Marshal Ney, Fouché, and a great many others, all of which appeared with the name of their authors, and richly stored with these private papers, though it was morally certain that they could not by possibility have written their own lives. In England nothing of the kind is attempted. Scarcely any of the eminent men in the last age have left their own memoirs; and the papers of the most remarkable of them have been published without any attempt at biography. Thus we have the *Wellington Papers*, the *Marlborough Papers*, the *Nelson Papers*, the *Castlereagh Papers*, published without any autobiography, and only a slight sketch, though in all these cases very ably done, of the author's life by their editor. The lives of the other eminent men of the last age have been given by others, not themselves: as that of Pitt, by Tomline and Gifford; that of Fox, by Trotter; that of Sheridan, by Moore; that of Lord Eldon, by Twiss; that of Lord Sidmouth, by Pellet. There is more here than an accidental diversity: there is a difference arising from a difference of national character. The Englishmen devoted their lives to the public service, and bestowed not a thought on its illustration by themselves; the French mainly thought of themselves when acting in the public service, and considered it mainly as a means of elevation and self-laudation to themselves.

In justice to the literary men of France, however, it must be stated that, of late years at least, they have been exposed to an amount of temptation, and of food for their self-love, much exceeding anything previously seen among men, and which may go far to account for the extraordinary vanity which they have everywhere evinced.

In England, literary distinction is neither the only nor the greatest passport to celebrity. Aristocratic influences remain, and still possess the deepest hold of the public mind; statesmen exist, whose daily speeches in parliament render their names as household words. Fashion exercises an extraordinary and almost inexplicable sway, especially over the fairest part of creation. How celebrated soever an author may be, he will in London soon be brought to his proper level, and a right appreciation of his situation. He will see himself at once eclipsed by an old nobleman, whose name is fraught with historic glory; by a young marquis, who is an object of solicitude to the mothers and daughters in the room; by a parliamentary orator, who is beginning to acquire distinction in the senate house. We hold this state of things to be eminently favourable to the right character of literary men; for it saves them from trials before which, it is all but certain, both their good sense and their virtue would succumb. But in Paris this salutary check upon individual vanity and presumption is almost entirely wanting. The territorial aristocracy is confiscated and destroyed; titles of honour are abolished; historic names are almost forgotten in the ceaseless whirl of present events; parliamentary orators are in general unpopular, for they are for the most part on the side of power. Nothing remains but the government of mind. The intellectual aristocracy is all in all.

It makes and unmakes kings alternately; produces and stops revolutions; at one time calls a new race to the throne, at another consigns them with disgrace to foreign lands. Cabinets are formed out of the editors of newspapers, intermingled with a few bankers, whom the public convulsions have not yet rendered insolvent; prime ministers are to be found only among successful authors. Thiers, the editor of the *National* and the historian of the Revolution; Guizot, the profound professor of history; Villmain, the eloquent annalist of French literature; Lamartine, the popular traveller, poet, and historian, have been the alternate prime ministers of France since the revolution of 1830.

Even the great name of Napoleon cannot save his nephew from the irksomeness of bending to the same necessity. He named Thiers his prime minister at the time of the 'Boulogne misadventure, he is caressing him now in the salons of the Elysée Bourbon. Successful authors thus in France are surrounded with a halo, and exposed to influences, of which in this country we cannot form a conception. They unite in their persons the fame of Mr. Fox and the lustre of Sir Walter Scott; often the political power of Mr. Pitt with the celebrity of Lord Byron. Whether such a concentration is favourable either to their present utility or lasting fame, and whether the best school to train authors to be the instructors of the world is to be found in that which exposes them to the combined influence of its greatest temptations, are questions on which it is not necessary now to enter, but on which posterity will probably have no difficulty in coming to a conclusion.

But while we fully admit that these extraordinary circumstances, unparalleled in the past history of the world, go far to extenuate the blame which must be thrown on the French writers for their extraordinary vanity, they will not entirely exculpate them. Ordinary men may well be carried away by such adventitious and flattering marks of their power; but we cannot accept such an excuse from the first men of the age—men of the clearest intellect, and the greatest acquisitions—whose genius is to charm, whose wisdom is to instruct the world through every succeeding age. If the teachers of men are not to be above the follies and weaknesses which are general and ridiculous in those of inferior capacity, where are we to look for such an exemption? It is a poor excuse for the overweening vanity of a Byron, a Goethe, a Lamartine, or a Chateaubriand, that a similar weakness is to be found in a Madame Grisi or a Mademoiselle Cerito, in the first cantatrice or most admired ballerina of the day. We all know that the professors of these charming arts are too often intoxicated by the applause which they meet with; we excuse or overlook this weakness from respect due to their genius and their

sex. But we know, at the same time, that there are some exceptions to the general frailty; and in one enchanting performer, our admiration for talents of the very highest order is enhanced by respect for the simplicity of character and generosity of disposition with which they are accompanied. We might desiderate in the men who aspire to direct the thoughts of the world, and have received from nature talents equal to the task, the unaffected singleness of heart, and sterling good sense, which we admire, not less than her admirable powers, in Mademoiselle Jenny Lind.

The faults, or rather frailties, we have alluded to, are in an especial manner conspicuous in two of the most remarkable writers of France of the present century—Lamartine and Chateaubriand. There is some excuse for the vanity of these illustrious men. They have both acquired an enduring fame—their names are known all over the world, and will continue to be so while the French language is spoken on the earth; and they have both, by their literary talents, been elevated to positions far beyond the rank in society to which they were born, and which might well make an ordinary head reel from the giddy precipices with which it is surrounded. Chateaubriand powerfully aided in crushing Napoleon in 1814, when Europe in arms surrounded Paris: with still more honourable constancy he resisted him in 1804, when, in the plenitude of his power, he executed the Duke d'Enghien. He became ambassador to London for the Restoration—minister of foreign affairs, and representative of France at the Congress of Verona. He it was who projected and carried into execution the French invasion of the Peninsula in 1823, the only successful expedition of the Restoration. Lamartine's career, if briefer, has been still more dazzling. He aided largely in the movement which overthrew Louis Philippe; by the force of his genius he obtained the mastery of the movement, "struggled with democracy when it was strongest, and ruled it when it was wildest;" and had the glory, by his single courage and energy, of saving the character of the revolution from bloodshed, and coercing the Red Republicans in the very

tumult of their victory. He has since fallen from power, less from any known delinquencies imputed to him, than from the inherent fickleness of the French people, and the impossibility of their submitting, for any length of time, to the lead of a single individual. The autobiography of two such men cannot be other than interesting and instructive in the highest degree; and if we see in them much which we in England cannot altogether understand, and which we are accustomed to stigmatise with the emphatic epithet "French," there is much also in them which candour must respect, and an equitable spirit admire.

The great thing which characterises these memoirs, and is sufficient to redeem a multitude of vanities and frailties, is the elevated and chivalrous spirit in which they are composed. In this respect they are a relic, we fear, of the olden time; a remnant of those ancient days which Mr. Burke has so eloquently described in his portrait of Maria Antoinette. That is the spirit which pervades the breasts of these illustrious men; and therefore it is that we respect them, and forgive or forget many weaknesses which would otherwise be insupportable in their autobiographies. It is a spirit, however, more akin to a former era than the present; to the age which produced the crusades, more than that which gave birth to railways; to the days of Godfrey of Bouillon, rather than those which raised a monument to Mr. Hudson. We are by no means convinced, however, that it is not the more likely to be enduring in the future ages of the world; at least we are sure it will be so, if the sanguine anticipations everywhere formed, by the apostles of the movement of the future improvement of the species, are destined in any degree to be realised.

Although, however, the hearts of Chateaubriand and Lamartine are stamped with the impress of chivalry, and the principal charm of their writings is owing to its generous spirit, yet we should err greatly if we imagined that they have not shared in the influences of the age in which they lived, and become largely imbued with the more popular and equalising notions which have sprung up in Europe during the last century. They could not

have attained the political power which they have both wielded if they had not done so; for no man, be his genius what it may, will ever acquire a practical lead among men unless his opinions coincide in the main with those of the majority by whom he is surrounded. Chateaubriand's earliest work, written in London in 1793—the *Essai Historique*—is, in truth, rather of a republican and sceptical tendency; and it was not till he had travelled in America, and inhaled a nobler spirit amid the solitudes of nature, that the better parts of his nature regained their ascendancy, and his fame was established on an imperishable foundation by the publication of *Atala et René*, and the *Génie du Christianisme*. Throughout his whole career, the influence of his early liberal principles remained conspicuous: albeit a royalist, he was the steady supporter of the freedom of the press and the extension of the elective suffrage; and he kept aloof from the government of Louis Philippe less from aversion to the semi-revolutionary spirit in which it was cradled, than from an honourable fidelity to misfortune and horror at the selfish corrupt multitude by which it was soon surrounded. Lamartine's republican principles are universally known: albeit descended of a noble family, and largely imbued with feudal feelings, he aided in the revolt which overturned the throne of Louis Philippe in February 1848, and acquired lasting renown by the courage with which he combatted the sanguinary spirit of the Red Republicans, when minister of foreign affairs. Both are chivalrous in heart and feeling, rather than opinions; and they thus exhibit curious and instructive instances of the fusions of the moving principle of the olden time with the ideas of the present, and of the manner in which the true spirit of nobility, forgetfulness of self, can accommodate itself to the varying circumstances of society, and float, from its buoyant tendency, on the surface of the most fetid stream of subsequent selfishness.

In two works recently published by Lamartine, *Les Confidences* and *Raphael*, certain passages in his autobiography are given. The first recounts the reminiscences of his infancy and

childhood; the second, a love-story in his twentieth year. Both are distinguished by the peculiarities, in respect of excellences and defects, which appear in his other writings. On the one hand we have an ardent imagination, great beauty of language, a generous heart—the true spirit of poetry—and uncommon pictorial powers. On the other, an almost entire ignorance of human nature, extraordinary vanity, and that susceptibility of mind which is more nearly allied to the feminine than the masculine character. Not but that Lamartine possesses great energy and courage: his conduct, during the revolution of 1848, demonstrates that he possesses these qualities in a very high degree; but that the ardour of his feelings leads him to act and think like women, from their impulse rather than the sober dictates of reason. He is a devout optimist, and firm believer in the innocence of human nature, and indefinite perfectibility of mankind, under the influence of republican institutions. Like all other fanatics, he is wholly inaccessible to the force of reason, and altogether beyond the reach of facts, how strong or convincing soever. Accordingly, he remains to this hour entirely convinced of the perfectibility of mankind, although he has recounted, with equal truth and force, that it was almost entirely owing to his own courage and energy that the revolution was prevented, in its very outset, from degenerating into bloodshed and massacre; and a thorough believer in the ultimate sway of pacific institutions, although he owns that, despite all his zeal and eloquence, the whole provisional government, with himself at its head, would on the 16th April have been guillotined or thrown into the Seine, but for the determination and fidelity of three battalions of the *Garde Mobile*, whom Changarnier volunteered to arrange in all the windows and avenues of the Hotel de Ville, when assailed by a column of thirty thousand furious revolutionists.

Chateaubriand is more a man of the world than Lamartine. He has passed through a life of greater vicissitudes, and been much more frequently brought into contact with men in all ranks and gradations of

society. He is not less chivalrous than Lamartine, but more practical; his style is less pictorial but more statesmanlike. The French of all shades of political opinion agree in placing him at the head of the writers of the last age. This high position, however, is owing rather to the detached passages than the general tenor of his writings, for their average style is hardly equal to such an encomium. He is not less vain than Lamartine, and still more egotistical,—a defect which, as already noticed, he shares with nearly all the writers of autobiography in France, but which appears peculiarly extraordinary and lamentable in a man of such talents and acquirements. His life abounded with strange and romantic adventures, and its vicissitudes would have furnished a rich field for biography even to a writer of less imaginative powers.

He was born on the 4th September 1768—the same year with Napoleon—at an old melancholy chateau on the coast of Brittany, washed by the waves of the Atlantic ocean. His mother, like those of almost all other eminent men recorded in history, was a very remarkable woman, gifted with a prodigious memory and an ardent imagination—qualities which she transmitted in a very high degree to her son. His family was very ancient, going back to the year 1000, but, till illustrated by Francois Rene, who has rendered it immortal, the Chateaubriands lived in unobtrusive privacy on their paternal acres. After receiving the rudiments of education at home, he was sent at the age of seventeen into the army; but the Revolution having soon after broken out, and his regiment revolted, he quitted the service and came to Paris, where he witnessed the horrors of the storming of the Tuileries on the 10th of August, and the massacre in the prisons on 2d September. Many of his nearest relations—in particular his sister-in-law, Madame de Chateaubriand, and sister, Madame Rozambo—were executed along with Malesherbes, shortly before the fall of Robespierre. Obligated now to fly to England, he lived for some years in London in extreme poverty, supporting himself by his pen. It was there

he wrote his earliest and least creditable work, the *Essai Historique*. Tired of such an obscure and monotonous life, however, he set out for America, with the Quixotic design of discovering by land journey the North-west passage. He failed in that attempt, for which, indeed, he had no adequate means; but he dined with Washington, and in the solitudes of the Far West imbibed many of the noblest ideas, and found the subjects of several of the finest descriptions, which have since adorned his works. Finding that there was nothing to be done in the way of discovery in America, he returned to England. Afterwards he went to Paris, and there composed his greatest works, *Atala et René* and the *Génie du Christianisme*, which soon acquired a colossal reputation, and raised the author to the highest pinnacle of literary fame.

Napoleon, whose piercing eye discerned talent wherever it was to be found, now selected him for the public service in the diplomatic line. He gives the following interesting account of the first and only interview he had with that extraordinary man, in the saloon of his brother Lucien:—

"I was in the gallery when Napoleon entered; his appearance struck me with an agreeable surprise. I had never previously seen him but at a distance. His smile was sweet and encouraging; his eye beautiful, especially from the way in which it was overshadowed by the eyebrows. He had no charlatanism in his looks, nothing affected or theatrical in his manner. The *Génie du Christianisme*, which at that time was making a great deal of noise, had produced its effect on Napoleon. A vivid imagination animated his cold policy; he would not have been what he was if the muse had not been there; reason in him worked out the ideas of a poet. All great men are composed of two natures—for they must be at once capable of inspiration and action—the one conceives, the other executes.

"Buonaparte saw me, and knew me I know not how. When he moved towards me, it was not known whom he sought. The crowd opened; every one hoped the First Consul would stop to converse with him; his air showed that he was irritated at these mistakes. I retired behind those

around me; Buonaparte suddenly raised his voice, and called out, 'Monsieur de Chateaubriand.' I then remained alone in front; for the crowd instantly retired, and re-formed in a circle around us. Buonaparte addressed me with simplicity, without questions, preamble, or compliments. He began speaking about Egypt and the Arabs, as if I had been his intimate friend, and he had only resumed a conversation already commenced betwixt us. 'I was always struck,' said he, 'when I saw the Scheiks fall on their knees in the desert, turn towards the east, and touch the sand with their foreheads. What is that unknown thing which they adore in the east?' Speedily then passing to another idea, he said, 'Christianity! the *Ideologues* wished to reduce it to a system of astronomy! Suppose it were so, do they suppose they would render Christianity little? Were Christianity only an allegory of the movement of the spheres, the geometry of the stars, the *esprits forts* would have little to say; despite themselves, they have left sufficient grandeur to *l'Infame*.*

"Buonaparte immediately withdrew. Like Job in the night, I felt as if a spirit had passed before me; the hairs of my flesh stood up. I did not know its countenance; but I heard its voice like a little whisper.

"My days have been an uninterrupted succession of visions. Hell and heaven continually have opened under my feet, or over my head, without my having had time to sound their depths, or withstand their dazzling. I have met once, and once only, on the shores of the two worlds, the man of the last age, and the man of the new—Washington and Napoleon—I conversed a few moments with each—both sent me back to solitude—the first by a kind wish, the second by an execrable crime.

"I remarked that, in moving through the crowd, Buonaparte cast on me looks more steady and penetrating than he had done before he addressed me. I followed him with my eyes.

'Who is that great man who cares not for confagurations?'†—(Vol. iv. 118-121.)

This passage conveys a just idea of Chateaubriand's Memoirs: his elevation of mind, his ardent imagination, his deplorable vanity. In justice to so eminent a man, however, we transcribe a passage in which the nobleness of his character appears in its true lustre, untarnished by the weak-

* Alluding to the name *l'Infame*, given by the King of Prussia, D'Alembert, and Diderot, in their correspondences, to the Christian religion.

† Dante.

nesses which so often disfigure the character of men of genius. We allude to his courageous throwing down the gauntlet to Napoleon, on occasion of the murder of the Duke d'Enghien:—

"Two days before the fatal 20th March, I dressed myself, before taking leave of Buonaparte, on my way to the Valais, to which I had received a diplomatic mission; I had not seen him since the time when he had spoken to me at the Tuileries. The gallery where the reception was going on was full; he was accompanied by Murat and his aide-de-camp. When he approached me, I was struck with an alteration in his countenance: his cheeks were fallen in, of a livid hue; his eyes stern; his colour pale; his air sombre and terrible. The attraction which had formerly drawn me towards him was at an end; instead of awaiting, I fled his approach. He cast a look towards me, as if he sought to recognise me, moved a few steps towards me, turned, and disappeared. Returned to the Hotel de France, I said to several of my friends, 'Something strange, which I do not know, must have happened: Buonaparte could not have changed to such a degree unless he had been ill. Two days after, at eleven in the forenoon, I heard a man cry in the streets—'Sentence of the military commission convoked at Vincennes, which has condemned to the pain of DEATH Louis Antoine Henri de Bourbon, born 2d August 1772 at Chantilly.' That cry fell on me like a clap of thunder: it changed my life as it changed that of Napoleon. I returned home, and said to Madame de Chateaubriand, 'The Duke d'Enghien has just been shot.' I sat down to a table and began to write my resignation—Madame de Chateaubriand made no opposition: she had a great deal of courage. She was fully aware of my danger: the trial of Moreau and Georges Cadoudal was going on: the lion had tasted blood: it was not the moment to irritate him." (Vol. iv. 228-229.)

After this honourable step, which happily passed without leading to Chateaubriand's being shot, he travelled to the East, where he visited Greece, Constantinople, the Holy Land, and Egypt, and collected the materials which have formed two of his most celebrated works, *L'Itinéraire d'Jerusalem*, and *Les Martyrs*. He returned to France, but did not appear in public life till the Allies conquered Paris in 1814, where he composed with extraordinary rapidity his famous pamphlet entitled *Buonaparte and the Bourbons*, which had so powerful an

effect in bringing about the Restoration. The royalists were now in power, and Chateaubriand was too important a man to be overlooked. In 1821 he was sent as ambassador to London, the scene of his former penury and suffering; in 1823 he was made Minister of Foreign Affairs, and in that capacity projected, and successfully carried through, the expedition to Spain which reseatated Ferdinand on the throne of his ancestors; and he was afterwards the plenipotentiary of France at the congress of Verona in 1824. He was too liberal a man to be employed by the administration of Charles X., but he exhibited an honourable constancy to misfortune on occasion of the revolution of 1830. He was offered the portfolio of Foreign Affairs if he would abstain from opposition; but he refused the proposal, made a last noble and eloquent speech in favour of his dethroned sovereign in the Chamber of Peers; and, withdrawing into privacy, lived in retirement, engaged in literary pursuits, and in the composition or revising of his numerous publications, till his death, which occurred in June, 1848.

Such a life of such a man cannot be other than interesting, for it unites the greatest possible range and variety of events with the reflections of a mind of great power, ardent imagination, and extensive erudition. His autobiography, or *Mémoires d'Outre Tombe*, as it is called, was accordingly looked for with great interest, which has not been sensibly diminished by the revolution of 1848, which has brought a new set of political actors on the stage. Four volumes only have hitherto been published, but the rest may speedily be looked for, now that the military government of Prince Louis Napoleon has terminated that of anarchy in France. The three first volumes certainly disappointed us: chiefly from the perpetual and offensive vanity which they exhibited, and the number of details, many of them of a puerile or trifling character, which they contained. The fourth volume, however, from which the preceding extracts have been taken, exhibits Chateaubriand, in many places, in his original vigour; and if the succeeding ones are of the same stamp, we propose to return to them.

THE GREEN HAND.

A "SHORT" YARN. PART IV.

"You must surely be tired by this time, ma'am, of this long-winded yarn of mine?" said the commander of the Gloucester to the elder of his fair listeners, next evening they met with the evident expectation of hearing farther; "but after all, this must be dull work for you at present, so I daresay you are amused with anything by way of a change.

—"Well, one morning when Westwood and I went on deck, it was a stark staring calm; as dead as a mill-pond, save for the long winding heave that seemed to come miles up out of the stale blue water, and get tired with the journey—from the horizon to us in one lazy coil, and on every side, just serving to jerk the wheel a spoke back and forward, with nobody at it. The very bits of pumpkin-paring and fat which the cook had thrown overboard the night before, lay still alongside, with an oily track oozing round about them from the 'slush,'—the sails hanging from the yards, up and down, like clothes on a screen—and when you looked over the side away from the sun, you saw your own face, like a fellow's that had been long drowned, peering back at you as it were round the keel—in fact, there you scarce knew where the water was. Somehow or other the ship kept sheering round, by little and little, till, although one had chosen a shady spot, all of a sudden the blazing sun came right into his eyes; or the single streak of white cloud laying behind you, to starboard, a while after stuck itself before your face from the very opposite quarter—you fancying, too, you had your eye the whole time on the same bit of water. Being lost in a wood or a fog was nothing to it, especially with the sun at noon drawn up right overhead, so that you couldn't look aloft, and staring down into the sea out of a pool of bright light; "like one tremendously keen little eye," as some of the passengers said, "ex-

amining a big blind one." "Why," put in one of the "writers," "I fear he wants to take the *mote* out of his brother's eye,—this vessel, that is to say!" "Hang it, I hope not!" said Winterton, rather alarmed. "He promises well to do it, then," said another young civilian, "but I wish he'd take the *beam* out of his own, first—ha, Smythe?" However, few men have the spirit to laugh at little in a calm near the Line, so Smythe gave no more than a sickly grin, while Westwood looked the clergyman very properly.

Both passengers and crew, all of us that could swim, gave wistful looks now and then alongside at the water, hot as it seemed, for a bathe; just floating up, as it were, with the mere huge size of it, under a dazzle of light, and so blue and smooth you couldn't see a hair's breadth below; while, a bit off, the face of it, and the very air, appeared to dance and quiver like little streams of glass. However, all thoughts of bathing were put out of your head when you saw the black three-cornered affair, with a rake aft, somewhat like the end of a scythe, that went steering slowly round us; then cruising hither and thither, till its infernal horn was as dry as the deck! and at times driving straight off, as if it ran in a groove through the level surface, when back again it came from the other side, creeping lazily towards us, till it sank with a light tip, and a circle or two on the blue water. The hook and chain were hanging up and down over the taffrail, with the piece of rank pork looking green in the shadow near the rudder, where you read the white figures of her draught as plain as in dock; but the shark, a fifteen feet customer, if he was an inch, was too knowing to have touched it. "Pity he's gone, Collins," said Ford to me, after we had watched him at last out of sight; "wasn't there any plan of catching him, I wonder! Now we shall have a

bathe though, at any rate." "Gone?" said I, "he won't leave us in a hurry, if we don't leave *him*!" "Poh, man!" said Ford, "I tell you he's tired out and gone away!" Five minutes after, Ford was leaning over the quarter and wiping his face, while he fanned himself with his straw-hat, which fell out of his hand into the water. He had got over into the mizen-chains to throw a line round it, when he gave a loud shriek, and jumped in-board again. Two or three fathoms of green came up from the keel, balancing on a pair of broad fins under Ford's hat, and a big round snout touched it; then a dozen feet of white belly gleamed in the water, the hat gave a gulp as it was drawn down, and a few small air-bells rose to the top. "He prefers some flavours to others you see, Ford," said I. "'Tis the second that I've seen you lose: I hope your head won't be in the *third*; but you mariners, you see——," however Ford had bolted to his cabin. On turning round I perceived Miss Hyde with the General's lady under the awning on the other side, where the old lady leant against a cushion, with her hands crossed, and her bonnet-strings loose—though a strapping raw-boned Irishwoman she was—and kept Miss Hyde's maid fanning her from behind with a large feather *punkah*. The old lady had started at Ford's cry, and gave a look round at me, half fierce and half order-wise, as if she expected to know what was the matter at once. "Only my friend lost his hat, ma'am," said I, stepping forward. "These cadets are so tay-gious, my dear!" said she to the young lady, falling back again without the least other notice of me. "They plague the life of me, but the brigadier can't drill them as he would if this were a troop-ship—I wish he could, for the sake of the profession!—now, my dear, d/o kape out of the s-hua!" However I stuck where I was, fancying I caught the slightest bit of an arch twinkle in the corner of the young lady's eye, though she didn't look at me. "Keep going, can't ye!" said the old lady crossly to the maid. "No, ma'am, indeed!" said the girl, glancing over to her young mistress, "I'm ready to drop!" "Send up papa's kitmagar, then,

Wilkins," said Miss Hyde; and the girl went off toward the gallery stair, muttering she "hoped she didn't come—here to be—made a black Indian slave of—at least to an old"—the remainder being lost in the stair. As I leant on the rail-netting, behind the old lady, I happened to tread on her fat pug-dog's tail, whereupon the ugly brute made its teeth meet without further notice in the small of my leg, after which it gave a yelp, and ran beneath the chairs. "What's that, Die?" exclaimed its mistress: "good hives! is that same griffin here yet, my dear! Hadn't he ayven the spint to take a hint?—I say, was it *you* hurt Dianny, young man?" "Oh, dear! no, ma'am, not for the world!" said I, looking at my trousers, hard as the thing was to stand, but thinking to smooth her over, though I was'n't quite up to the old Irishwoman, it turned out. "Ha! ha! so she bit you?" said she, with a flash of her hawk's-eye, and leaning back again coolly: "If he'd only kicked poor Die for it under my chair, now, I'd have forgiven him; but he hadn't ayven the heart at the time to drop her a curse,—and I thinking all the while, too, by the luke of his eye, he was from the county Clare! My heart warms to the county Clare always, because, although I'm not Irish myself, you know, I'd once a schoolfellow was born in it—without counting all my relations! Oh, the smooth spalpeen!" continued she, harder than before, glancing at me as I looked all abroad from one to the other;—"listen, niver you let that fellow spake to you, my dear! he's too——." But here I walked quietly off, to put the poop's length betwixt me and the talking old vixen, cursing her and her dog both, quite enough to have pleased her Irish fancy.

On the quarterdeck, the Judge and the General seemed to enjoy the heat and quiet, sitting with their feet up before the round-house, and smoking their long red-twisted hookahs, while they watched the wreaths of smoke go whirling straight up from the bowls to the awning, and listened to the faint bubble of it through the water in the bottles, just dropping a word now and then to each other. A tall thin "native" servant, with long sooty hair

hanging from his snow-white turban, stood behind the Judge's chair, bolt upright, with his arms folded, and twice as solemn as Sir Charles himself: you saw a stern-window shining far abaft, through one of the round-house doors, and the fat old fellow of a *consumah** busy laying the cloth for tiffin, while the sole breath of air there was came out of there-away.

Suddenly eight bells struck, and every one seemed glad of something new; the Judge's *consumah* came out salaaming to say tiffin was ready; the cuddy passengers went below for wine-and-water and biscuit; and the men were at dinner. There being nothing to take care of on deck, and the heat of course getting greater, not a soul staid up but myself; but I preferred at the moment lighting a cheroot, and going up aft to see clear of the awnings. The cockatoo had been left on the poop-rail, with his silver chain hitched round one of the mizen back-stays, where it shifted from one leg to the other, hooked itself up the back-stay as far as it could go, then hurried down again, and mused a bit, as wise as Solomon, —then screamed out at the top of its voice—"Tip—tip—pr-r-retty cacka—tip-poo—cok-ka—whee-yew-ew-ew!" finishing by a whistle of triumph fit to have split one's ears, or brought a gale of wind—though not on account of skill in its books, at any rate. Again it took to swinging quietly head-down, at a furious rate, and then slewed upright to plume its feathers, and shake the pink tuft on its head. No sooner had I got up the stair, however, than to my perfect delight, I saw Violet Hyde was still sitting aft, and the old Irishwoman gone; so I stepped to the taffrail at once, and, for something to be about, I hauled up the shark-hook from astern. The moment I caught her eye, the young lady smiled—by way of making up, no doubt, for the old one. "How *very* lonely it is!" said she, rising and looking out; "the ship almost seems deserted, except by us!" "By Jove! I almost wish it were," thought I. "A dead calm, madam," I said, "and likely to hold—the under-swell's gone quite down,

and a haze growing." "Are we sure ever to leave this spot then?" asked she, with a slight look of anxiety. "Never fear it, ma'am," said I; "as soon as the haze melts again, we're near a breeze I assure you—only, by the length of the calm and the heat together, not to speak of our being so far to east'ard, I'm afraid we mayn't get rid of it without a gale at the end to match." "Indeed?" said Miss Hyde. The fact was, Westwood and I had been keeping a log, and calculated just now we were somewhere to south-eastward of Ascension; whereas, by the captain and mate's reckoning, she was much farther to west. "I never thought the sea could appear so awful," said she, as if to herself—"much more than in a storm." "Why, madam," said I, "you haven't exactly seen one this voyage—one needs to be close-hauled off the Cape for that." Somehow or other, in speaking to her, by this time I forgot entirely about keeping up the sham cadet, and slipped into my own way again; so all at once I felt her two dark-blue eyes looking at me curiously. "How!—why," exclaimed she suddenly, and then laughing, "you seem to know all about it!—why, you speak—have you been studying sea affairs so thoroughly, sir, with your friend, who—but I do think, now, one can scarcely trust to what you have said?" "Well—why—well," said I, fiddling with the shark-hook, "I don't know how it is, but I feel as if I must have been at sea some time or other before;—you wouldn't suppose it, ma'am, but whenever I fix my eyes on a particular rope, I seem almost to know the name of it!" "And its use, too?" asked she, merrily. "I shouldn't wonder!" said I; "perhaps I was *born* at sea, you know, ma'am?" and I gave a side-look to notice how she took it. "Ah! perhaps!" said Miss Hyde, laughing; "but do you know one sometimes fancies these things; and now I think of it, sir, I even imagined for a moment I had seen *yourself* before!" "Oh," said I, "that couldn't be the case; I'm sure, for my part, I should recollect clear enough if I'd seen—a *lady* anywhere! I think you said something

* East Indian steward.

of the kind, ma'am, that night of the last squall—about the water and the clouds, ma'am, you remember?" The young lady looked away, though a notion seemed to flash through her mind. "Yes," said she, "that terrible rain—you were—" "Washed into the lee-scuppers," said I, indifferently, for I didn't want her to suspect it was I that had kissed her hand in the dark as I carried her in. "I hope Sir Charles and yourself got in safe, madam?" However, she was watching the water alongside, and suddenly she exclaimed—"Dear! what a pretty little fish!" "By heavens!" said I, seeing the creature with its sharp nose and blue bars, as it glanced about near the surface, and then swam in below the ship's bilge again, "that's one of the old villain's pilots—he's lying right across our keel! I wish I could catch that shark!" The pork was of no use for such an old sea-lawyer, and I cast a wistful eye on the Irishwoman's fat pug-dog stretched asleep on her shawl by the bulwark; she was far gone in the family way, and, thought I, "he'd take *that* in a trice!" I even laid out some marline from a stern-locker, and noticed how neatly one could pass the hook under her belly round to the tail, and seize her so snugly on, muzzled and all; but it was no go, with the devil to pay afterwards. All of a sudden I heard somebody hawking and spitting above the awning forward, near where the cockatoo kept still trying to master his own name. "The Yankee, for a thousand!" thought I, "is Daniel trying to walk along the spanker-boom!" Next, some one sung out, "Hal-loo-oo-oo!" as if there was a tomahawk over him, ready to split his brain. Miss Hyde looked alarmed, when the Scotch mate, as I thought, roared, "Shiver my tops'ls!" then it was a sailor hailing gruffly, "Bloody Capting Brown—bloody Capting Brown, damn your—Capting Brown!" "Somebody drunk aloft!" thought I, walking forward to see; when a funny little black head peeped round the awning, with a yellow nose as sharp as a marlinspike, and red spectacles,

seemingly, round its keen little eyes; then, with a flutter and a hop, the steward's pet Mina-bird came down, and lighted just under the cockatoo. "Ha!" said I, laughing, "it's only Parson Barnacle!" as the men called him—a sooty little creature scarce bigger than a blackbird, with a white spot on each wing, and a curious pair of natural glasses on his head, which they kept in the fore-castle and taught all sorts of "jaw," till they swore he could have put the ship about, took kindly to tar, and hunted the cockroaches like a cat. No doubt he was glad to meet his countryman, the cockatoo, but Tippoo stuck up his crest, swelled his chops, and looked dreadfully frightened; while the Mina-bird* cocked his head on one side, gave a knowing wink, as it were, though all the time as grave with his spectacles as a real parson. "How's her head?" croaked he, in a voice like a quarter-master's, "blowing hard!" "Damn Capting Brown!" and hopped nearer to the poor cockatoo, who could stand it no longer, but hooked himself up the backstay as fast as possible, out of sight, the chain running with him: and just as I swung myself clear of the awning to run aloft for a catch of it, out flew Parson Barnacle to the end of the crojack-yard, while the cockatoo gave a flap that loosed the kitnagar's lubberly hitch, and sent him down with his wings spread on the water. At another time it wouldn't have cost me a thought to go head-foremost after him, when I heard his young mistress exclaiming, "Oh, poor dear Tippoo will be drowned!" but recollecting our hungry green friend on the other side, I jumped down for the end of a rope to slip myself quietly alongside with. However, at the very moment, Tom the man-o'-war's man happening to come up from the fore-hatchway to throw something overboard, and seeing Miss Hyde's cockatoo, off went his shoes and jacket at once, and I heard the splash as he struck the water. I had scarce time to think, either, before I saw Mick O'Hooney's red head shoot up on deck, and heard him sing out,

* *Mina-bird*, or Grakle; a frequent pet in homeward-bound East Indiamen, and singular for its mimetic faculty; but impudent, and, from educational disadvantages, not particularly select in its expressions: appearance as described by the lieutenant.

"Man overboard, be the powers, boys! Folly my lader! Hurroo!" and over he sprang. "Here's dip," said another, and in half a minute every man that could swim was floundering in the smooth water alongside, or his head showing as it came up,—pitching the cockatoo to each other, and all ready to enjoy their bathe; though, for my part, I made but one spring to the ship's starboard quarter, to use the only chance of saving the thoughtless fellows from a bloody fate to some of them. I knew the shark would be cautious at first, on such a sudden to-do, and I had marked his whereabouts while the men were all well toward the bows; and "hang it!" thought I, seeing the old woman's fat pug in my way, "Dianny, or die-all; I bear no malice, but you must go for it, my beauty!" As quick as thought, I made one turn of marline round her nose, took off the pork, and lashed her fast on to the hook all standing, in spite of her squeaks; then twisted the lady's shawl round the chain for a blind to it, and flung the whole right over the larboard quarter, where I guessed the old fellow would be slewing round astern to have a lookout before he went fairly in chase. I watched the line sink slowly with the weight over the gunwale for half a minute, afraid to let him see my head, and trembling for fear I should hear a cry from one of the men; when jerk went the rope clear of a belaying-pin as he ran off with his bait. I took a quick turn to hook him smartly in the throat, and then eased off again till the "cleets" brought him up with a "surge" fit to have parted the line, had it not been good new three-inch rope—though, as it was, the big Indianman would soon have sheered stern-round to the force of it, if he'd only pulled fair. The young lady stood noticing what I did, first in a perplexed sort of way, and then with no small surprise, especially when the shark gave every now and then a fiercer tug, as he took a sweep astern: by this time, however, everybody was on deck in a crowd, the passengers all in a flurry, and half of the men scrambling up from alongside to tail on to the line, and run him out of water. So away they went with it full speed towards the bows, as soon as the ladies were out of the way—dragging two or

three cadets back foremost, head over heels, down the poop stair—till, in spite of his tugging, the shark's round snout showed over the taffrail, with the mouth wide open under his chin, as it were, and one row of teeth laid flat behind another, like a comb-maker's shop. A running bowline passed round his handsome waist, then another pull, and over he came on the poop, floundering fourteen feet long, and flourishing his tail for room, till the carpenter chopped it across, in a lucky moment, with his axe.

All hands gathered round the shark to see him cut up, which was as good as a play to them, becalmed as we were; when, to my no small dismay, I heard Mrs. Brigadier Brady's loud voice asking where her dog was; and the Brigadier himself, who seemed more afraid of his wife than anybody else, kept poking about with his red-faced English butler to find the animal. "For godsake," said he, in a half whisper, twenty times over, "haven't ye seen Mrs. Brady's dog, any of ye?—she'll rout the ship inside out for it, captain, if we don't soon ase her mind!" However, I knew only Miss Hyde was aware who caught the shark, and as she didn't appear to have told, why of course I kept all fast, myself. "Here's a 'baccy-box!" sung out the big old boatswain, standing astride over the tail, while the cook and his black mate ripped away from the tail up. "Hand over, if ye please, sir," said 'ugly' Harry, "it's mine's, Mr. Burton!" Harry gave it a wipe on his knee, and coolly bit a quid off the end of his lost pigtail. The next thing was Ford's hat, which no one claimed, so black Sambo clapped it on his woolly head. "What's that you've got there now, Sambo?" said the boatswain, "out with it, my lad!" "Golly!" chuckled the nigger, rolling the whites of his eyes and grinning like mad; "oh sar, misser Barton! dis 'ere shark riglar navigator! I 'clare to you, sar, um got chr'ometer aboard! Oh gum! berry much t'ink dis you own lost silber tickler, misser Barton!" "Bless me, so it is, my lad!" said the boatswain, as the black handed him a silver watch as big as a turnip, and he looked at the cook, who was busy fumbling with his knife. "Sorry

as you was *taxed* with it, doctor!" said he, doubtfully,—“well I'm blowed, though!—it only goes an hour and a-half,—and here it's a-ticking yet!” Here a burst of laughter went round, and somebody sung out, “Maybe the ould pawn-broking Judas of a shark winded it up, hisself, jist to mark the time o' his ‘goin’ off the hooks’!” “I say, doctor!” hailed another, “too bloody bad, an't it though, to cut up *yer uncle*?” “Ha! ha! ha!” cried the cadets and writers, looking at the Scotch surgeon, “d'ye hear that, doctor? I wouldn't stand it! they say you ain't particular in Edinbro', though! Some rum mistakes happened there, eh, doctor?” The Scotchman got into a passion at this, being the worst cut they could give any fellow from a country where they were famous for kindred and body-snatching at once—but all of a sudden there was a “Hulloo! Shiver my taw'sels! What's this? Let's see!” and the whole poopful of us were shoving together, and jumping on each other's shoulders to have a look. “Well, we-ell!” said the old boat-swain, as he peered curiously into the mess of shark's bowels—“I'll be d——d!” “The likes o' that now!” croaked the old sailmaker, lifting up his two hands, “tan't lucky, Mr. Burton!” “My eye! them's not young *sharks*, anyhow!” said one of the men. “What's 't'ou think they be, mun,” said the north-country Chips, “but litter o' yong blind poops? an' here'st ou'd un, see, as deed's mutton! Dang him, but some un's got an' bated t' hook wi't, there's non't else in 's guts!” The whole poop was one roar of laughing, when Mrs. Brady's pug was found delivered of four pups, inside the shark, since she went overboard, and two of 'em alive; the news ran fore and aft in a moment. “*Took short* she's been, Jack!” said one. “Beats the profit Joney!” “I say, 'mate, them whelps is born twice over. Blessed if my Sal at home, now, wouldn't give a year's 'lotment for one on 'em!” “Poor devil!” said one of the writers, “she must have been sadly in want of a lying-in hospital!” “Look out, all hands of ye!” cried some one,

“there's the old girl herself coming on deck! sharp's the word!” And away we scuttled right and left, some aloft, and some down one poop-ladder, as Mrs. Brady, with the Brigadier and his butler after her, came fuming up the other. The black made one spring over the quarter as soon as he saw her; but the Irish topman, Mick, slipped his foot amongst the shark's blood, and rolled on his back, while the old bo'sun made stand in the thick of it behind. “Saze the villains, I charge ye, brigadier!” screamed Mrs. Brady, though he and his manservant only kept dodging the boat-swain round a sort of a quagmire of blood and grease, while the old vixen caught Mick by his red hair and whiskers. “Where's my dog, ye murdering spalpeen?” said she, panting for breath, “what have ye done with my Dianny, ye monsther? Spake, or I'll——” “Be the holy elaven thousand, yer ladyship!” said Mick, “an' it's *lost* did ye think she wor! isn't there *five* of 'em back! Whisper! yer ladyship's riv'rence,—she's *laid in*, poor craythure, an'——” “Oh! you Irish thief!” roared Mrs. Brady, hitting him a slap as he tried to rise, that sent him down again, “is it *that* you'd say to——” “No, thin,” sung out Mick, rubbing his ear, and guarding with one arm,—“rest her sowl! but I'm innycint! Av *that'll* plase, mim, och an' I'll swear she died a vargin ——” Tug came both Mrs. Brady's hands through his hair, while the butler caught a kick in the stomach from Mick's foot. “Murther!” gasped the poor fellow, “sure an' I dun' know she was ayven a faym'le; bad buck t'ye, 'mates, give uz a hand. Och, an' is this the road ye thrate a counthryman, mim?” “*Me* your countryman! ye bogtrottin' wretch ye!” screamed the old fury, her brogue getting worse the more she heated,—“take *that*!—don't rise, if ye dare!” “Faix thin, yer ladyship darlin’,” said O'Hooney, grinning in spite of his hard usage, “I tould a lie,—och, lave some o' me hair!—murther intirely! I'm——” All the time none of us could stir for sheer laughing, but seeing poor Mick like to fare hard with the old vixen, who was

* Familiar metonymy, at sea, for the ship's cook.

near as big as himself, and as strong as a horse, I whispered to the men to run round and let go the poop awning—so down it came, with a few buckets of water in it, over the five of them; and you just saw Mrs. Brady's sharp elbow through the canvass, lifted for the next slap, when we had her all fast, struggling like a cat in a bag, while O'Hooney and the boatswain crept out below. "D—d breeze that we've had!" said the bo'sun, shaking himself on the fore-castle. "Couldn't ye've bowed over on the old jade's petticoats, Mick?" said one of his shipmates, "and cap-sized her all standing?" "Sorra fut you'd stir, yourself, 'mate," said he, wiping his face, "wid such a shay grinnydeer! she'd manhandle ye as asy's twurl a mop!"

After all this you may suppose one didn't weary even of the calm. As soon as the decks were clear, most of us took tea on the poop, for fear of meeting the Brigadier's lady below, every one holding his cup ready for a start. Rollock the planter, who had slept and swung in his cot half the day, was like to split his sides when he heard the story: by the way, I believe both the little pups lived and throve on goats' milk, and the men called one of them 'Young Jonah,' though he had so much of the terrier that the old lady disowned him. It was quite dark, and cool for a night near the Line, though not a ripple stirred, and I staid after the rest to smoke a cigar, stopping every now and then near the aftermost bull's-eye, that shone through the deck, and thinking of Lota. "By Jove!" thought I, "she hasn't said a word of it. Think of having a secret, almost, with *her*!" After all, though, I felt well enough I might as soon hope for the Emperor of China's daughter as for such a creature, unless something wonderfully strange fell out: deucedly in love as I was, I wasn't puppy enough to fancy I'd ever succeed by mere talk; "but here's for a bold heart and a weather-eye!" I thought; "and if these can do it, I *will*!" said I aloud, when some one clapped me on the shoulder. "Well, Tom, are you there?" said I, thinking it was Westwood. "Why," answered old Rollock, laughing, "not so far wrong,

my boy,—but as it's thirty years since any one called me so, I thought you *were*, for a moment!—meditating, eh?" "Only a cigar before bed-time—will you have one, sir?" "Ah—well," said the planter, "I'll take a light, at least—queer life this, eh? Shouldn't know this *was* water, now—more like train-oil! Looks *junglish* a little under the stars yonder." "Nothing but the haze come down," said I; "'tis clear enough aloft, though—look out for squalls ere long!" "As yo'r friend Ford would have it,"—said Rollock; "but how a lad of your spirit can manage to stand this so well, I can't think!" "Deyvilish dull, sir!" said I, with a lazy drawl, "but can't be helped, you know." "Come, come, now, don't mend it by copying poor Winterton," chuckled Rollock; "you're no fool, Collins, so don't pretend to be. I say though, Collins my boy," continued he, rather gravely, "there is one really soft piece I began to notice in you lately—I fear you're falling in love with that girl!" "I, sir!" said I; "dear me! what makes you—" "My dear boy," went on the kind-hearted old fellow, "I take an interest in you; no lad of your stuff practises all this tomfoolery without something under it, and I see you've *some* serious meaning or other. Did you know her before?" "Oh—why—not exactly," I dropped out, taken rather short. "I see, I see!" he went on; "but I tell you what, Collins, a cadet can do nothing madder than marry at first landing; she had better be a cold-hearted flirt, after all—though, God knows, no man can say what *that* does but one that's—felt it! I—I mean I *knew*—a young fellow that went out as ambitious as you can be, and he—" Here the planter's voice shook a little, and he stopped, puffing at his cheroot till the short end of it just lighted up his hook nose and part of his big white whiskers in the dark, only you saw his eye glistening too. "Devil take it!" thought I, "who'd have expected the old boy to be so sharp, though." "Well but, Collins," said he at last, "just you enter heart and soul into your profession; I'd stake my life you'll rise, who knows how far—get your captain's pay, even, *then* you may think of it—that is, if she—"

"Why," said I, "d'ye suppose the Judge would—" "*Judge!*" exclaimed Mr. Rollock, "when—worse and worse! weren't we talking of pretty little Kate Fortescue? My dear boy, you don't intend to say you mean Miss Hyde! I left *that* to your first officer, as they call him!—why that young girl will be the beauty of Calcutta." At this I fancied some one else gave a whistle near us. "Of course, sir," said I, raising my voice, "you didn't suppose me such a fool." In fact, Miss Fortescue had never entered my head at all. "Something strange about *you*, Collins!" said the planter, a little shortly; "you puzzle me, I must say." As we turned to go below, I heard somebody walk down the poop-ladder, and then the mate's voice sang out from the binnacle to "strike eight bells!"

The calm was as dead as ever next morning, and, if possible, hotter than before—not a rope changed aloft, nor a cloth in the sails moved; but it was pretty hazy round us, which made the water a sort of pale old-bottle blue, that sickened you to look at; and a long dipping and drawing heave gradually got up as if there were blankets on it; the ship, of course, shifting round and round again slowly, like a dog going to lie down, and the helm getting every now and then a sudden jolt. Near noon it cleared up with a blaze of light, as it were; the sole difference at first being, that what looked like melting lead before, now turned into so many huge bright sheets of tin, every bend of it as good as flashing up thousands of needles in your eyes. A good deal surprised we were, however, shortly after, to find there was a sail in sight, another square-rigged vessel, seemingly standing up on the horizon six or seven miles off. Being end on to us at the time, though every glass in the ship was brought to bear on her, 'twas hard to say what she was; then she and we went bobbing and going up and down with a long round heave between us, slowly enough, but always at cross purposes, like two fellows see-sawing on a plank over a dyke. When she was up, we were down, and we just caught sight of her royal, no bigger than a gull on the water; yerk went our rudder, and next time she seemed

to have vanished out of the glasses altogether, till we walked round to the other side, and made her out again under the awning on the opposite beam. At length she lifted broad to us for a moment or two, showing a long pale sort of hull with a red streak, apparently without ports, and brig-rigged, though the space betwixt her two masts was curious for that kind of craft. "Wonderful light-sparred for her size that brig, sir," said the third officer, dropping his glass. "Ay, so she is, Mr. Small," replied Captain Williamson: "what would you call her, then? You've as good a knowledge of craft as any man, Mr. Small, I think." "Why," said the old mate, screwing his eye harder for a long look, "I'd say she's—not a cruiser, Captain Williamson—no, nor a Greenock Indyman—nor a—" "Oh!" said Finch, "some African timberer or other, I daresay, Small." "Well, Mr. Finch," said the third mate, handing him the glass, "mayhap you'll just say yourself, sir." "No, no, Mr. Small," said the captain; "I'd trust to you as soon as any man, sir, in a matter of the kind." "Why, the hull of her 's wonderful Yankee-like, sir," said Small again; "I'm thinking they've been and squared her out of a schooner—and a d—d bad job of it, sir! Bless us! what a lean-headed pair o' taups's, too,—as high as our fore one, sir." Suddenly the old mate gave his thigh a slap, and laid down his glass on the capstan: "Lord, sir!" said he, "that's the thing; she's nothing more nor less but a John Crapeau, Captain Williamson!" "I daresay you're right, Mr. Small," said the skipper, taking the glass; "just so,—ay, ay,—I thought it myself!" "Pity old Nap's boxed up yonder then, sir," said the first officer, rubbing his hands and pointing to eastward, where he thought St. Helena was: "why, sir, we should have the peppering of the Frenchman; I don't suppose we'd need to care though she were twice the size—and what's more, we want fresh water before seeing the Cape, sir!" "Well," said the old skipper, laughing, "that is the worst of it, Finch! As for spirit, you've as much as any man, Mr. Finch, and I *do* think we'd know how to take the weather-hand of him—eh?"

"I'll be bound we should!" said Finch, laughing too. As for the Frenchman, both Westwood and I had made him out by his rig at once, thanks to man-o'-war practice; but we smiled to each other at the notion of making a prize of Monsieur, under Finch's management, with not a gun that could have been used for half a day, and everything else at sixes and sevens.

In a little while it was proposed amongst the cadets, hot as the calm was, to make a party to go and see the French vessel. Ford of course was at the head of it. Winterton thought they would no doubt have plenty of champagne on board, and some others, who could row, wanted to try their hands. Accordingly the captain's gig was got ready, a sort of awning rigged over it, and two or three of them got in; when one, who was Miss Fortescue's cousin, persuaded her to join, if Mr. Rollock would come. Then the Brigadier, being rather a goodhumoured man, said he should like to face the French once more, and Daniel Snout shoved himself in without asking by your leave. One of the men was sent to take charge; and as there was room still, I was just going to jump in too, for the amusement of it, when Mrs. Brady hurried to the taffrail with her parasol up, and said, if the Brigadier went, she should go as well,—in fact, the old woman's jealousy of her rib was always laughably plain. "Hang it! then," thought I, "catch me putting myself in the same boat with *her*! the same ship is enough, in all conscience!" So away they were lowered off the davits, and began pulling in tolerable style for the brig, a couple of hours' good work for such hands at mid-day, smooth water as it was. "Now, gentlemen," said the first officer briskly, as we looked after them dipping over the long bright blue heave—"now, gentlemen, and ladies also, if they please, we'll have another party as soon as the men get their dinner—give these gentlemen a full hour's law, we'll overhaul them. See the larboard quarter-boat clear, Jacobs." It was just the least possible hazy again behind the brig in the distance, and as the Judge stood talking to his daughter on the poop, I

heard her say, "Is the other vessel not coming nearer already, papa? See how much more distinct its sails are this moment—there!—one almost observes the white canvass!" "Pooh, Lota child!" answered Sir Charles, "that cannot be—'tis perfectly calm, don't you know?" In fact, however, Lota showed a sailor's eye for air, and I was noticing it myself; but it was *only* the air made it look so. "Ah! now," exclaimed she again, "'tis as distant as ever! That must have been the light:" besides, the brig had been lifting on a wide swell. "I beg pardon, Sir Charles," said the mate, coming up and taking off his cap, "but might I use the freedom—perhaps yourself and Miss Hyde would like to visit the French brig?" The Judge looked at his daughter as much as to ask if she would like it. "Oh yes! so much!" exclaimed she, her bright eyes sparkling, "shall we?" "No, the deuce! Not I!" said Sir Charles: "I shall take my siesta. Quite safe, sir—eh?" "Oh, quite safe, Sir Charles!" said Finch, "a dead calm, sir—I'll take the utmost care you may be sure, Sir Charles—as safe as the deck, sir!" "Oh, very well," replied the Judge, and he walked down to see after his tiffin. The young lady was going down the quarter-gallery stair, when I caught my opportunity to say—"I hope you'll excuse it, Miss Hyde, ma'am—but I do trust you'll not risk going in the boat so far, just now!" Half a minute after I spoke, she turned round, and looked at me with a curious sort of expression in her charming face, which I couldn't make out,—whether it was mischievous, whether it was pettish, or whether 'twas inquisitive. "Dear me!" said she, "why—do you—" "The weather might change," I said, looking round about, "and I shouldn't wonder if it did—or a swell might get up—or—" "I must say, Mr.—Mr. Collins," said she, laughing slightly, "you are very gloomy in anticipating—almost timorous, I declare! I wonder how you came to be so weather-wise! But why did you not advise—poor Mrs. Brady, now?" I couldn't see her face as she spoke, but the tone of the last words made me feel I'd have given

worlds to look round and see what it was like at the moment. "Perhaps, ma'am," said I, "you may remember the rain?" "Well, we shall see, sir!" replied she, glancing up with a bright sparkle in her eye for an instant, but only toward the end of the spanker-boom, as it were; and then tripping down the stair.

I kept watching the gig pull slowly toward the brig in the distance, and the cutter making ready on our quarter, till the men were in, with Jacobs amongst them; where they sat waiting in no small glee for the mate and his party, who came up a few minutes after: and I was just beginning to hope that Violet Hyde had taken my advice, when she and another young lady came out of the round-house, dressed for the trip, and the captain gallantly handed them in. "My compliments to the French skipper, Mr. Finch," said the captain, laughing, "and if he an't better engaged, happy to see him to dinner at two bells* in the dog-watch, we'll make it!" "Ay, ay, sir," said Finch. "Now then!—all ready?" "Smythe's coming yet," said a "writer." "We can't wait any longer for him," replied the mate; "ease away the falls, handsomely, on deck!" "Stop," said I, "I'll go then!" "Too late, young gentleman," answered the mate, sharply, "you 'll cant us gunnel up, sir!—lower away, there!" However, I caught hold of a rope and let myself down the side, time enough to jump lightly into her stern-sheets the moment they touched the water. The officer stared at me as he took the yokelines to steer, but he said nothing, and the boat shoved off; while Miss Hyde's blue eyes only opened out, as it were, for an instant, at seeing me drop in so unceremoniously; and her companion laughed. "I shouldn't have supposed you so nimble, Mr. Collins!" said the writer, looking at me through his eye-glass. "Oh," said I, "Ford and I have practised climbing a good deal lately." "Ha! ha!" said the civilian, "shouldn't be surprised, now, if your friend were to take the navigation out of Mr. Finch's hands, some day!" "Bless me, yes, sir!" said

Finch, with a guffaw, as he sat handling the lines carelessly, and smiling to the ladies, with his cap over one ear; "to be sure—ha! ha! ha!—it's certain, Mr. Beveridge! Wouldn't you take the helm here, sir?" to me. "Oh, thank you, no sir!" replied I, modestly, "I'm not quite so far yet—but we've got a loan of Hamilton Moore and Falconer's Dictionary from the midshipmen, and mean to—" "No doubt you'll teach us a trick or two yet!" said Finch, with a sneer. "Now, for instance," said I coolly, "aloft yonder, you've got the throat halliards jammed in the block with a gasket, and the mizen-topsail cluelines rove wrong side of it, which Hamilton Moore distinctly—" "Hang the lubber that did it, so they are!" exclaimed the mate, looking through the spy-glass we had with us. "Now you've your jibs hauled down, sir," continued I, "and if a squall came on abeam, no doubt they'd wish to shorten sail from *aft*, and keep her away—however, she would broach-to at once, as Hamilton Moore shows must—" "You and Hamilton Moore be —; no fear of a squall just now, at any rate, ladies," said he. "Stretch out, men—let's head upon Mr. Ford and his gig, yet!" Terribly hot it was close to the water, and so stifling that you scarce could breathe, while the long glassy swell was far higher than one thought it from the ship's deck; however, we had an awning hoisted, and it refreshed one a little both to hear the water and feel it below again, as the cutter went sliding and rippling over it to long slow strokes of the oars; her crew being all man-o'-war's-men, that knew how to pull together and take it easy. The young ladies kept gazing rather anxiously at the big old Seringapatam, as she rose and dropped heavily on the calm, amused though they were at first by a sight of their late home turning "gable" on to us, with her three masts in one, and a white straw hat or two watching us from her taffrail; whereas, ahead, they only now and then caught a glimpse of the brig's upper canvass, over a hot, hazy, sullen-looking sweep of water as deep-blue as indigo—with six hairy brown breasts bending be-

* Five o'clock, P.M.

fore them to the oars, and as many pair of queer, rollicking, fishy sort of eyes fixed steadily on their bonnets, in a shame-faced, down-hill kind of way, like fellows that couldn't help it. In fact, I noticed a curious grin now and then on every one of the men's faces, and a look to each other, when they caught sight of myself, sitting behind the mate as he paid off his high-flying speeches; Jacobs, again, regarding me all the while out of the whites of his eyes, as it were, in a wooden, unknowing fashion, fit to have made a cat laugh—seeing he never missed his mark for one moment, and drew back his head at every pull with the air of a drunk man keeping sight of his waistcoat buttons. By the time we were half-way, the swell began to get considerable, and the mate stepped up abaft to look for the gig. "Can't see the boat yet," said he; "give way there, my lads—stretch out and bend your backs! there's the brig!" "Hal-lo!" exclaimed he again, "she's clued up royals and to'gal-lants'ls! By heavens! there go her tops'ls down too! Going to bend new sails, though, I daresay, for it looks clear enough there." "The ship's run up a flag aft, sir," said Jacobs. "The—so she has," said Finch, turning round; "recall signal! What's wrong? Sorry *we* can't dine aboard the French vessel this time, ladies!" said he—"extremely so—and the griffins there after all, too. I hope you won't be disappointed in any great measure, Miss Hyde—but if *you* wished it now, Miss, I'd even *keep* on, and—" The young lady coloured a little at this, and turned to her companion just as I remembered her doing from the dragoon in the ball-room. "Do you not think, Miss Wyndham," said she, "*we* ought not to wish any officer of the ship should get reproved, perhaps, on *our* account?" "Oh dear no," said Miss Wyndham; "indeed, Mr. Finch, you had better go back, if the captain orders you." "Hold on there with your larboard oars, you lubbers!" sang out Finch, biting his lip, and round we went pulling for the Indiaman again; but by this time the swell was becoming so heavy as to make it hard work, and it was soon rarely we could see her at all; for nothing gets up so fast as a swell,

sometimes, near the Line; neither one way nor the other, but right up and down, without a breath of wind, in huge smooth hills of water, darker than lead, not a speck of foam, and the sky hot and clear. 'Twas almost as if a weight had been lifted from off the long heaving calm, and the whole round of it were going up dark into the sky, in one weltering jumble, the more strange that it was quiet: sweep up it took the boat, and the bright wet oar-blades spread feathering out for another stroke to steady her, let alone making way; though that was nothing to the look of the Indiaman when we got near. She was rolling her big black hull round in it as helpless as a cask; now one side, then the other, dipping gunwale to in the round swell that came heaping up level with her very rail, and went sheeting out bright through the bulwarks again; the masts jumping, clamps and boom-irons creaking on the yards, and every sail on her shaking, as her lower yard-arms took it by turns to aim at the water—you heard all the noise of it, the plunge of her flat broadside, the plash from her scuppers, the jolts of her rudder, and voices on board; and wet you may swear she *was* from stem to stern. "Comfortable!" thought I; "we've come home too soon of a washing-day, and may wait at the door, I fear!" "Oh dear," exclaimed the three griffins, "how are we to get in!" and the young ladies looked pale at the sight. The mate steered for her larboard quarter without saying a word, but I saw he lost coolness and got nervous—not at all the man for a hard pinch: seemingly, he meant to dash alongside and hook on. "If you do, sir," said I, "you'll be smashed to staves;" and all at once the ship appeared almost over our heads, while the boat took a send in. I looked to Jacobs and the men, and they gave one long stroke off, that seemed next heave to put a quarter of a mile between us. "D—d close shave that," said the bowman. "Begg pardon, sir," said Jacobs, touching his hat, with his eyes still fixed past the mate, upon me; "Hasn't we better keep steady off, sir, till such time as the swell—" "Hold your jaw, sirrah," growled Finch, as he looked ahead still more flurried; "there's a

squall coming yonder, gentlemen, and if we don't get quick aboard we may lose the ship in it! Pull round, d'ye hear there." Sure enough, when we lifted, there was the French brig clear out against a sulky patch of dark-gray sky, growing in as it were far off behind the uneven swell, till it began to look pale; the Indiaman's topsails gave a loud flap out, too, one after the other, and fell to the mast again. Suddenly I caught the glance of Violet Hyde's eyes watching me seriously as I sat overhauling the Indiaman, for a notion of what to do, and I fancied the charming girl had somehow got nearer to me during the last minute or two, whether she knew it or not: at anyrate the thought of protecting such a creature made all my blood tingle. "Never fear, ma'am," said I, in a half whisper; when Finch's eye met mine, and he threw me a malicious look, sufficient to show what a devil the fellow would be if ever he had occasion; however, he gave the sign for the men to stretch out again, and high time it was, as the Indiaman's main-topsail made another loud clap like a musket-shot. Still he was holding right for her *quarter*—the roll the ship had on her was fearful, and it was perfect madness to try it; but few merchant mates have chanced to be boating in a Line swell, I daresay: when just as we came head on for her starboard counter, I took the boat's tiller a sudden shove with my foot, as if by accident, that sent us sheering in close under her *stern*. The bowman prized his boat-hook into the rudder-chains, where the big hull swung round us on both sides like an immense wheel round its barrel, every stern-window with a face watching us—though one stroke of the loose rudder would have stove us to bits, and the swell was each moment like to make the men let go, as it hove us up almost near enough to have caught a hand from the lower-deck. "For godsake steady your wheel," said I; "hard a-port!" while the mate was singing out for a line. "Now, up you go," said I to Jacobs in the hubbub, "look sharp, and send us down a whip and basket from the boom-end, as we did once in the Pandora, you know!" Up the rope went Jacobs like a cat, hand over hand; and five

minutes after, down came the "basket" over our heads into the boat, made out of a studding-sail and three capstan-bars, like a big grocer's scale dangling from the spanker-boom. The mate proposed to go up first with Miss Hyde, but she hung back in favour of her companion; so away aloft went Miss Wyndham and he, swinging across the Indiaman's stern as she rolled again, with a gantline to steady them in—Finch holding on to the whip by one hand, and the other round the young lady, while my blood crept at the thought how it might have been Lota herself! As soon as it came down again, she looked for a moment from me to Jacobs, when Captain Williamson himself shouted over the taffrail, "Sharp, sharp there! the squall's coming down! she'll be up in the wind! let's get the helm free!" and directly after I found myself swinging twenty feet over the water with Violet Hyde, as the ship heeled to a puff that filled the spanker, and rose again on a huge swell, gathering steerage way, while every bolt of canvass in her flapped in again at once like thunder. I felt her shudder and cling to me—there was one half minute we swung fairly clear of the stern, they stopped hoisting, —and I almost thought I'd have wished that same half minute half a day; but a minute after she was in the Judge's arms on the poop; the men had contrived to get the cadets on board, too, and the boat was dragging astern, with the line veered out, and her crew still in it baling her out.

I fixed my eyes at once, breathless as we of the boat-party were, on the weather-signs and the other vessel, which everybody on the poop was looking at, as soon as we were safe, and our friends in the gig had to be thought of. The short top-swell was beginning to soften in long regular seas, with just air enough aloft to give our light sails a purchase on it, and put an end to the infernal clatter; but the vapour had gathered quicker than you could well fancy behind the brig in the distance, so that she looked already a couple of miles nearer, rising up two or three times on as many huge swells that shone like blue glass, while she steadied herself like a tight-rope dancer on the top of them, by a

studding-sail set high from each side. On the far horizon beyond her, you'd have thought there was a deep black ditch sunk along under the thickening blue haze, as it stretched out past her to both hands, till actually the solid breast of it seemed to shove the brig bodily forward over the oily-like water, every spar and rope distinct; then the fog lifted below as if the teeth of a saw came spitting through it, and we saw her bearing down towards us—cloud, water, and all, as it were—with a white heap of foam at her bows. "Brace up sharp, Mr. Finch!" said the old skipper hastily, "and stand over to meet her. Confound this! we *must* have these people out of that brig in a trice! we shall soon have a touch of the Horse Latitudes, or my name's not Richard Williamson—ay, and bid good-bye to 'em, too, I think!"

For a quarter of an hour or so, accordingly, we kept forging slowly ahead, while the brig continued to near us. No one spoke, almost—you heard the lazy swash of the water round our fore-chains, and the stillness aboard had a gloomy enough effect, as one noticed the top of the haze creep up into round vapoury heads upon the sky, and felt it darkening aloft besides. We were scarce three quarters of a mile apart, and could see her sharp black bows dip over the bright sheathing, as she rolled easily on the swell, when the Indiaman suddenly lost way again, sheered head round, and slap went all her sails from the royals down, as if she had fired a broadside. Almost the next moment, a long, low growl ran muttering and rumbling far away round the horizon, from the clouds and back to them again, as if they had been some huge monster or other on the watch, with its broad grim muzzle shooting quietly over us as it lay; the brig dipped her gilt figure-head abeam of us, and then showed her long red streak; the swell sinking fast, and the whole sea far and wide coming out from the sky as dark and round as the mahogany drum-head of the capstan.

"Bless me, Small," said the Captain, "but I hope they've not knocked a hole in my gig—ay, there *they* are, I think, looking over the brig's quar-

ter; but don't seem to have a boat to swim! Get the cutter hauled alongside, Mr. Stebbing," continued he to the fourth mate, "and go aboard for them at once—confounded bothering, this! Mind get my gig safe, sir, if you please—can ye *parley-voo*, though, Mr. Stebbing?" "Not a word, sir," said the young mate, a gentlemanly, rather soft fellow, whom the other three all used to snub. "Bless me, can't we mustera bit o' French amongst us?" said the skipper; catch a *mon-shoor* that knows a word of English like any other man—specially if they've a chance of keeping my gig!" "Well, sir," said I, "I'll be happy to go with the officer, as I can speak French well enough!" "Thank ye, young gentleman, thank ye," said he, "you'll do it as well as any man, I'm sure—only look sharp, if you please, and bring my gig with you!" So down the side we bundled into the cutter, and pulled straight for the brig, which had just hoisted French colours, not old "three-patches," of course, but the new Restoration flag.

I overhauled her well as we got near, and a beautiful long schooner-model she was, with sharp bows, and a fine easy-run hull from stem to stern, but dreadfully dirty and spoilt with top-bulwarks, as if they meant to make her look as clumsy as possible; while the brig-rig of her aloft, with the ropes hanging in bights and hitches, gave her the look of a hedge-parson on a race-horse; at the same time, I counted six closed ports of a side, in her red streak, the exact breadth and colour of itself. Full of men, with a long gun, and schooner-rigged, she could have sailed round the Indiaman in a light breeze, and mauled her to any extent.

They hove us a line out of the gangway at once, the mate got up her side as she rolled gently over, and I followed him: the scene that met our eyes as soon as we reached her deck, however, struck me a good deal on various accounts. We couldn't at first see where Mr. Rollock and his party might be, for the shadow of a thick awning after the glare of the water, and the people near the brig's gangway;—but I saw two or three dark-faced, very French-like individuals in broad-brimmed straw hats and white

trousers, seemingly passengers; while about twenty Kroomen and Negroes, and as many seamen with unshaven chins, ear-rings, and striped frocks, were in knots before the longboat, turned keel up amidships, careless enough, to all appearance, about us. One of the passengers leant against the mainmast, with his arms folded over his broad chest, and his legs crossed, looking curiously at us as we came up; his dark eyes half closed, the shadow of his hat down to his black mustache, and his shirt-collar open, showing a scar on his hairy breast; one man, whom I marked for the brig's surgeon, beside him; and another waiting for us near the bulwarks—a leathery-faced little fellow, with twinkling black eyes, and a sort of cocked hat fore-and-aft on his cropped head. "*Moi, Monsieur,*" said he, slapping his hand on his breast as the mate looked about him, "*oui, je suis capitaine, monsieur.*" "Good-day, sir;" said Stebbing, "we've just come aboard for our passengers—and the gig—sir, if you please." "Certainement, monsieur," said the French skipper, bowing and taking a paper from his pocket, which he handed to the mate, "I comprind, sare — monsieur le capitaine d' la fregatte Anglaise, il nous demande nos —vat you call,—*peppares*—voilà! I have 'ad le honneur, messieurs, to be already sarch by vun off vos *crusoes*—pour des *esclaves*! vous imaginez *cela*, messieurs!" and here the worthy Frenchman cast up his hands and gave a grin which seemed meant for innocent horror. "*Slaifs! chez le brigantin Louis Bourbon, Capitaine Jean Duprez?* *Non!*" said he, talking away like a windmill, "de *Marseilles* à l'Isle de France, avec les vins choisis —" "You mistake, monsieur," said I, in French; "the ship is an Indiaman, and we have only come for our *friends*, who are enjoying your wine, I daresay, but we must —" "Comment?" said he, staring, "*what, monsieur? have de gotness to —*" Here the mustached passenger suddenly raised himself off the mast, and made one stride between us to the bulwarks, where he looked straight out at the Indiaman, his arms still folded, then from us to the French master. He was a noble-looking man,

with an eye I never saw the like of in any one else, 'twas so clear, bold, and prompt,—it actually went into you like a sword, and I couldn't help fancying him in the thick of a battle, with thousands of men and miles of smoke. "Duprez," said he, quickly, "*je vous le dis encore—debarquez ces misérables!—nous combattrons!*" "Then, mon ami," said the surgeon, in a low, cool, determined tone, stepping up and laying a hand on his shoulder, "*aussi, nous couperons les ailes de l'Aigle, seulement!*"—Hush, mon ami, restrain this unfortunate madness of yours! — *c'est bien malapropos, à present!*" and he whispered something additional, on which the passenger fell back and leant against the main-mast as before. "Ah!" said the French master, shaking his head, and giving his forehead a tap, "*le pauvre homme-la!* He has had a coup-de-soleil, messieurs, or rather of the moon, you perceive, from sleeping in its rays! *Ma foi!*" exclaimed he, on my explaining the matter, "*c'est possible?*"—we *did* suppose your boat intended to visit us, when evidently deterred by the excessive undulation! —My friends, resign yourselves to a misfort—" "Great heavens! Mr. Stebbing," said I, "the boat is *lost!*" "By George! what *will* the captain say, then!" replied he; however, as soon as I told him the sad truth, poor Stebbing, being a good-hearted fellow, actually put his hands to his face and sobbed. All this time the brig's crew were gabbling and kicking up a confounded noise about something they were at with the spare spars, and in throwing tarpaulins over the hatches; for it was fearfully dark, and going to rain heavy; the slight swell shone and slid up betwixt the two vessels like oil, and the clouds to south-westward had gathered up to a steep black bank, with round coppery heads like smoke over a town on fire. "Will you go down, messieurs," said the Frenchman, politely, "and taste my *vin de*—" "No, sir," said I, "we must make haste off, or else—besides, by the way, we couldn't, for you've got all your hatches battened down!" "Diable, so they are!" exclaimed he, "*par honneur*, gentlemen, I regret the occasion of—ha!" Just before, a glaring brassy sort of touch had seemed to

come across the face of the immense cloud; and though every thing, far and wide, was as still as death, save the creaking of the two ships' yards, it made you think of the last trumpet's mouth! But at this moment a dazzling flash leaped zig-zag out of it, running along from one cloud to another, while the huge dark mass, as it were, tore right up, changing and turning its inside out like dust—you saw the sea far away under it, heaving from glassy blue into unnatural-like brown—when crash broke the thunder over our very heads, as if something had fallen out of heaven, then a long bounding roar. The mad French passenger stood up, walked to the bulwarks, and looked out with his hand over his eyes for the next; while the young mate and I tumbled down the brig's side without further to do, and pulled fast for the ship, where we hardly got aboard before there was another wild flash, another tremendous clap, and the rain fell in one clash, more like stone than water, on sea and decks. For half-an-hour we were rolling and soaking in the midst of it, the lightning hissing through the rain, and showing its glitter; while every five minutes came a burst of thunder and then a rattle fit to split one's ears. At length, just as the rain began to slacken, you could see it lift bodily, the standing sheets of it drove right against our canvass and through the awnings,—when we made out the French brig with her jib, topsails, and boom-main-sail full, leaning over as she clove through it before the wind. The squall burst into our wet topsails as loud as the thunder, with a flash almost like the lightning itself, taking us broad abeam; the ship groaned and shook for a minute ere gathering way and falling off, and when she rose and began to go plunging through the black surges, no brig was to be seen: every man on deck let his breath out almost in a cry, scarce feeling as yet but it was equal to losing sight for ever of our late ship-mates, or the least hope of them. The passengers, ladies and all, crowded in the companion-hatch in absolute terror, every face aghast, without thinking of the rain and spray: now and then the sulky crest of a bigger wave would be caught sight of beyond the bulwarks, as the

sea rose with its green back curling over into white; and you'd have said the shudder ran down into the cabin, at thought of seeing one or other of the lost boat's crew come weltering up from the mist and vanish again. I knew it was of no use, but I held on in the weather mizen-rigging, and looked out to westward, against a wild break of light which the setting sun made through the troughs of the sea; once and again I could fancy I saw the boat lift keel up, far off betwixt me and the fierce glimmer. "Oh, do you see them? do you not see it yet!" was passed up to me over and over, from one sharp-pitched voice to another; but all I could answer was to shake my head. At last, one by one, they went below; and after what had happened, I must say I could easily fancy what a chill, dreary-like, awful notion of the sea must have come for the first time on a landsman, not to speak of delicate young girls fresh from home: at sight of the drenched quarterdeck leaning bare down to leeward, the sleet and spray battering bleak against the round-house doors, where I had seen Miss Hyde led sobbing in, with her wet hair about her face; then the ship driving off from where she had lost them, with her three strong lower-masts aslant into the gale, ghastly white and dripping—her soaked sheets of canvass blown gray and stiff into the rigging, and it strained taut as iron; while you saw little of her higher than the tops, as the scud and the dark together closed aloft. Poor Miss Fortescue's mother was in fits below in her berth—the two watches were on the yards aloft, where no eye could see them, struggling hard to furl and reef; so altogether it was a gloomy enough moment. I stayed awhile on deck, wrapped in a peacoat, keeping my feet and hanging on, and thinking how right down in earnest matters *could* turn of a sudden. I wasn't remarkably thoughtful in these days, I daresay, but there did I keep, straining my eyes into the mist to see I couldn't tell what, and repeating over and over again to myself these few words out of the prayer-book, "In the midst of life we are in death," though scarce knowing what I said.

However, the Indiaman's officers and crew had work enough in managing her at present; after a sunset more like the putting out of him than anything else, with a flaring snuff and a dingy sort of smoke that followed, the wind grew from sou'west into a regular long gale, that drove the tops of the heavy seas into the dead-lights astern, rising aft out of the dark like so many capes, with the snow drifting off them over the poop. At midnight, it blew great guns, with a witness; the ship, under storm stay-sails and close-reefed maintopsail, going twelve knots or more, when, as both the captain and mate reckoned, we were near St. Helena on our present course, and to haul on a wind was as much as her spars were worth: her helm was put hard down and we lay to for morning, the ship drifting off bodily to leeward with the water. The night was quite dark, the rain coming in sudden spits out of the wind; you only heard the wet gale sob and hiss through the bare rigging into her storm-canvass, when the lookout men ahead sung out, "Land—land close to starboard!" "Bless me, sir," said the mate to the captain, "it's the Rock—well that we *did*—" "Hard up! hard up with the helm!" yelled the men again, "it's a *ship*!" I ran to the weather main-chains and saw a broad, black mass, as it were, rising high abeam, and seeming to come out from the black of the night, with a gleam or two in it which they had taken for lights ashore in the island. The Seringapatan's wheel was put up already, but she hung in the gale, doubtful whether to fall off or not; and the moment she *did* sink into the trough, we should have had a sea over her broadside fit to wash away men, boats, and all—let alone the other ship bearing down at twelve knots. "Show the *head* of the *fore-topmast-staysail*!" shouted I with all my strength to the fore-castle, and up it went slapping its hanks to the blast—the Indiaman sprang round heeling to her ports on the next sea, main-top-sail before the wind, and the staysail down again. Next minute, a large ship, with the foam washing over her cat-heads, and her martingale gear dripping under the huge white bowsprit, came lifting close past us—as black as shadows

aloft, save the glimmer of her main-tack to the lanterns abcard—and knot after knot of dim faces above her bulwarks shot by, till you saw her captain standing high in the mizen-chains, with a speaking-trumpet. He roared out something or other through it, and the skipper sung out under both his hands, "Ay, ay, sir!" in answer; but it turned out after that nobody knew what it was, unless it might be as I thought, "*Where* are you going?" The minute following, we saw her quarter-lanterns like two will-o'-the-wisps beyond a wave, and she was gone—a big frigate running under half her canvass, strong though the gale blew.

"Why, Mr. Finch," said Captain Williamson, as soon as we had time to draw breath, "who was *that*, bid show the *fo'topmast-stays*!—'twan't *you*?" "No," said the mate, "I'd like to know who had the hanged impudence to give orders here without—" "Well now, Finch," continued the old skipper, "I'm not sure but that was our only chance at the moment, sir; and if 'twas one of the men, why I'd pass it over, or even give him an extra glass of grog in a quiet way!" No one could say who it was, however; and, for my part, the sight of the frigate made me still more cautious than before of letting out what Westwood and I were; in fact, I couldn't help feeling rather uneasy, and I was glad to hear the superstitious old sail-maker whispering about how he feared there was no luck to be looked for, when "drowned men and *ghostesses* began to work the ship!" The first streak of dawn was hardly seen, when a sail could be made out in it, far on our lee bow, which the officers supposed to be the frigate; Westwood and I, however, were of opinion it was the French brig, although by sunrise we lost sight of her again. Every one in the cuddy talked of our unfortunate friends, and their melancholy fate; even Ford and Winterton were missed, while old Mr. Rollock had been the life of the passengers. But there was naturally still more felt for the poor girl Fortescue; it made all of us gloomy for a day or two; though the fresh breeze, and the Indiaman's fast motion, after our wearisome spell of a calm, did a great deal to bring things

round again. Westwood was greatly taken up with my account of the brig and her people, both of us agreeing there was somewhat suspicious about her, though I thought she was probably neither more nor less than a slaver, and he had a notion she was after something deeper: what that might be, 'twas hard to conceive, as they didn't appear like pirates. One thing, however, we *did* conclude from the matter, that the brig couldn't have been at all inclined for visitors; and, in fact, there was little doubt but she *would* actually refuse letting the boat aboard, if they reached her; so in all likelihood our unhappy friends had been swamped on that very account, just as the squall came on. When this idea got about the ship, of course you may suppose neither passengers nor crew to have felt particularly amiable towards the French vessel; and if we had met her again, with any good occasion for it, all hands were much inclined to give her a right-down thrashing, if not to make prize of her as a bad character.

"Well, Tom," said I to Westwood one day, "I wish these good folks mayn't be disappointed, but I do suspect this blessed mate of ours will turn out to have run us into some fine mess or other with his navigation! Did you notice how *blue* the sky looked this morning, over to eastward, compared with what it did just now where the sun set?" "No," said Westwood, "not particularly; but what of that?" "Why, in the Iris," replied I, "we used always to reckon that a sign, hereabouts, of our being near the *land*! Just you see, now, to-morrow morning, if the dawn hasn't a hazy yellow look in it before the breeze falls; in which case, 'tis the African coast to a certainty! Pity these 'Hyson Mundungo' men, as Jack calls them, shouldn't have their eyes about 'em as well as on the log-slate! I daresay now," continued I, laughing, "you heard the first mate bothering lately about the great variation of the compass here? Well, what do you suppose was the reason of it—but that sly devil of a kitmagar shoving in his block for grinding curry, under the feet of the binnacle, every time he was done using it! I saw him get a kick one morning from the man

at the wheel, who chanced to look down and notice him. Good solid iron it is, though painted and polished like marble, and the circumcised rascal unluckily considered the whole binnacle as a sort of second Mecca for security!" "Hang the fellow!" said Westwood, "but I don't see much to laugh at, Ned. Why, if you're right, we shall all be soaked and fried into African fever before reaching the Cape, and we've had misfortunes enough already! Only think of an exquisite creature like Miss ——" "Oh," interrupted I, fancying master Tom began lately to show sufficient admiration for her, "betwixt an old humdrum, and a conceited fool like that, what could you expect? All I say is, my dear parson, stand by for a pinch when it comes."

On going down to tea in the cuddy, we found the party full of spirits, and for the first time there was no mention of their lost fellow-passengers, except amongst a knot of cadets and writers rather elevated by the Madeira after dinner, who were gathered round the reverend Mr. Knowles, pretending to talk regretfully of his Yankee friend, Mr. Daniel Snout. "Yes, gentlemen," said the missionary, who was a worthy, simple-hearted person, "in spite of some uncouthness—and perhaps limited views, the result of defective education—he was an excellent man, I think!" "Oh certainly, certainly!" said a writer, looking to his friends, "and the one thing needful you spoke of just now, sir, I daresay he had it always in his eye, now?" "Mixed, I fear," replied the missionary, "with some element of worldly feeling—for in America they *are* apt to make even the soul, as well as religious association, matter of commerce—but Mr. Snout, I have reason to be assured, had the true welfare of India at heart—we had much interesting conversation on the subject." "Ah!" said the sharp civilians, "he was fond of getting information, was poor Daniel! Was that why he asked you so many questions about the Hindoo gods, Mr. Knowles?" "He already possessed much general knowledge of their strange mythology, himself," answered the missionary, "and I confess I was surprised at it—especially, as he confessed to me, that that gorgeous

country, with its many boundless capabilities, should have occupied his thoughts more and more from boyhood, amidst the secular activity of modern life—even as it occurred unto myself!" Here the worthy man took off his large spectacles, gave them a wipe, and put them on again, while he finished his tea. "Before this deplorable dispensation," continued he again, "he was on the point of revealing to me a great scheme at once for the enlightenment, I believe, of that benighted land, and for more lucrative support to those engaged in it. I fear, gentlemen, it was enthusiasm—but I have grounds for thinking that our departed friend has left in this vessel many packages of volumes translated into several dialects of the great Hindu tongue—not omitting, I am convinced, the best of books." "Where!" exclaimed several of the cadets, rather astonished, "*well!* poor Snout can't have been such a bad fellow, after all!" "All hum!" said the writer, doubtfully, "depend upon it. I should like, now, to have a peep at Jonathan's bales!" "I myself have thought, also," said the missionary, "it would gratify me to look into his apartment—and were it permitted to use one or two of the volumes, I should cheerfully on our arrival in Bom—" "Come along!" said the cadets,—"let's have a look!—shouldn't wonder to see Daniel beside his lion yet, within! or hear 'guess I aint,'" "My young friends," said the missionary, as we all went along the lighted passage, "such levity is unseemly;" and indeed the look of the state-room door, fastened outside as the steward had left it before the gale came on, made the brisk cadets keep quiet till the lashing on it was unfastened—'twas so like breaking in upon a ghost. However, as it chanced, Mr. Snout's goods had got loose during her late roll, and heaped down to leeward against the door—so, whenever they turned the handle, a whole bundle of packages came tumbling out of the dark as it burst open, with a shower of small affairs

like so many stones after them. "What's all this!" exclaimed the cadets, stooping to look at the articles by the lamp-light, strewn as they were over the deck. The reverend gentleman stooped too, stood straight, wiped his spectacles and fixed them on his nose, then stooped again; at length one long exclamation of surprise broke out of his mouth. They were nothing but little ugly images, done in earthenware, painted and gilt, and exactly the same: the writer dived into a canvass package, and there was a lot of a different kind, somewhat larger and uglier. Every one made free with a bale for himself, shouting out his discoveries to the rest. "I say, Smythe, this is Vishnu, it's marked on the corner!" "D—n it, Ramsay, here's Brahma!" "Ha! ha! ha! if I havn't got Seeva!" "I say, what's this though?" screamed a young lad, hauling at the biggest bale of all, while the missionary stood stock upright, a perfect picture of bewilderment—"Lo!" being all he could say. "What can '*Lingams*' be, eh?" went on the young griffin, reading the mark outside—"'*Lingams*—extra fine gilt, Staffordshire—70 Rs. per doz.—D. S. to Bombay,'—what may '*Lingams* be?" and he pulled out a sample, meant for an improvement on the shapeless black stones reckoned so sacred by Hindoo ladies that love their lords, as I knew from seeing them one morning near Madras, bringing gifts and bowing to the Lingam, at a pretty little white temple under an old banian-tree. For my part, I had lighted on a gross or so of gentlemen and ladies with three heads and five arms, packed nicely through each other in cotton, but inside the state-room. At this last prize, however, the poor missionary could stand it no longer; "Oh! oh!" groaned he, clapping his hand to his head, and walking slowly off to his berth; while, as the truth gleamed on the cadets and us, we sat down on the deck amidst the spoil, and roared with laughter like to go into fits, at the unfortunate Yankee's scheme for converting India." "Well

* It is here due to the credit of our friend the captain, who was not unusually imaginative for a sailor, to state, that this speculation as a commercial one, is strictly and literally a *fact*, as the Anglo-Indian of Calcutta can probably testify. The bold and all but poetical catholicity of the idea could have been

—hang me!" said a writer, as soon as he could speak, "but this is a streak beyond the Society for Diffusing Useful Knowledge!" "Every man his own priest,—ha! ha! ha!" shouted another. "I say, Smythe," sung out a cadet, "just fancy—ha! ha! 'D. Snout and Co.'—ho! ho! ho! you know it's too rich to enjoy by ourselves. 'Mythullogy store,' Bombay, near the cathedral!" "Cheap Bramaha, wholesale and retail—eh? families supplied!" "By George! he's a genius lost!" said Smythe, "but the parson needn't have broken with him for that,—I shouldn't wonder, now, if they had joined partnership, but Daniel might have thought of mining all their heads with gunpowder and percussion springs, so that the missionary could have gone round afterwards, and blown up heathenism by a touch!" The noise of all this soon brought along the rest of the gentlemen, and few could help laughing. When the thing got wind on deck, however, neither the old skipper nor the men seemed to like it much: what with the notion of the ship's being taken, as it were, by a thousand or two of ugly little imps and Pagan idols, besides bringing up a drowned man's concerns, and 'yaw-hawing,' as they said, into his very door,—it was thought the best thing to have them all chucked overboard next morning.

'Twas a beautifully fine night, clear aloft, and the moon rising large on our larboard bow, out of a delicate pale sort of haze, as the ship headed south'ard with the breeze; for I marked the haze particularly, as well as the colour of the sky that lay high over it, like a deep-blue hollow, going away down beyond, and filling up with the light. There was no living below, for heat, and the showers of cockroaches that went whirring at the lamps, and marching, with their infernal feelers out, straight up your legs; so, fore and aft, the decks were astir with us all. Talk of moonlight on land! but even in the tropics you have to see it pouring right down, as it was then, the whole sky full of it aloft as

the moon drew farther up; till it came raining, as it were, in a single sheet, from one bend of the horizon to another: the water scarce rippling to the breeze, only heaving in long, low swells, that you heard just wash her bends; one track brighter than the rest, shining and glancing like a looking-glass, drawn out, for a mile or so, across our quarter, and the ship's shadow under her other bow. You saw the men far forward in her head, and clustered in a heap on the bowsprit-heel, enjoying it mightily, and looking out, or straight aloft, as if to polish their mahogany faces, and get their bushy whiskers silvered; while the awnings being off the poop, the planks in it came out like so much ivory from the shade of the spanker, which sent down a perfect gush of light on every one moving past. For the air, again, as all the passengers said, it was balmy; though for my part—perhaps it might be a fancy of mine—but now and then I thought it sniffed a little too much *that way*, to be altogether pleasant in the circumstances.

Of course, no sooner had I caught sight of Sir Charles Hyde than I looked for his daughter, and at last saw some one talking to a young lady, seated near the after-gratings, with her head turned round seaward, whom it didn't require much guessing for me to name. Not having seen her at all since the affair of the boats, I strolled aft, when I was rather surprised to find that her companion was Tom Westwood, and they seemed in the thick of an interesting discourse. The instant I got near, however, they broke it off; the young lady turned her head—and never, I'd swear, was woman's face seen fairer than I thought hers at that moment—when the bright moonlight, that had seemed trying to steal round her loose bonnet and peep in, fell straight down at once from her forehead to her chin, appearing, as it were, to dance in under her long eyelashes, to meet her eyes; while one mass of her brown hair hung bright in it, and white against the shadow round her cheek, that drew the charm-

reached, perhaps, by the 'progressing' American intellect alone, while Staffordshire, it is certain, furnished its realisation: the investment, it is nevertheless believed, proved eventually unprofitable.

ing line of her nose and lip as clear as the horizon on the sky! The very moment, in fact, that a bitter thought flashed into my mind—for to my fancy she looked vexed at seeing me, and a colour seemed mounting up to her cheek, even through the fairy sort of glimmer on it. *Could* Tom Westwood have been acting no more than the clerical near such a creature? and if a fellow like him took it in his head, what chance had I? The next minute, accordingly, she rose off her seat, gave me a slight bow, in answer to mine, and walked direct to the gallery stair, where she disappeared.

"We were talking of that unlucky adventure the other day," said Westwood, glancing at me, but rather taken aback, as I thought. "Ay?" said I, carelessly. "Yes," continued he; "Miss Hyde had no idea you and I were particularly acquainted, and seems to think me a respectable clergyman; but I must tell you, Ned, she has rather a suspicious opinion of yourself!" "Oh, indeed!" said I, sullenly. "Fact, Ned," said he; "she even remembers having seen you before, somewhere or other,—I hope, my dear fellow, it wasn't on the stage?" "Ha! ha! how amusing!" I said, with the best laugh I could get up. "At any rate, Collins," he went on, "she sees through your feigned way of carrying on, and knows you're neither griffin nor land-lubber, but a sailor; for I fancy this is not the first time the young lady has met with the cloth! What do you suppose she asked me now, quite seriously?" "Oh, I couldn't guess, of course," replied I, almost with a sneer; "pray don't—" "Why, she inquired what could be the design of one concealing his profession so carefully; and actually appearing to be on a secret understanding with some of the sailors. Directly after, she asked, whether that brig mightn't really have been a pirate, and taken off the poor general, Miss Fortescue, and the rest?" "Ah," said I, coldly, "and if I might venture to ask, what did you—" "Oh, of course," replied Westwood, laughing, "I could only hide my amusement, and profess doubts, you know, Ned!" "Deuced good joke, Mr. Westwood," thought I to myself, "but at least you can't weather on me quite so inno-

cently, my fine fellow! I didn't *think* it of him, after all! By heaven, I did *not*!" "By the bye, Collins," exclaimed Westwood in a little, as he kept his eye astern, "there's something away yonder on our lee quarter that I've been watching for these last ten minutes—what do you think it may be? Look! just in the tail of the moonshine yonder!" What it might be, I cared little enough at the time; but I did give a glance, and saw a little black dot, as it were, rising and falling with the long run of the water, apparently making way before the breeze. "Only a bit of wood, I dare say," remarked I; "but whatever it is, at any rate the drift will take it far to leeward of us, so you needn't mind." Here we heard a steward come up and say to the first officer, who was waiting with the rest to take a lunar observation, that Captain Williamson had turned in unwell, but he wanted to hear when they found the longitude: accordingly, they got their altitude, and went on making the calculations on deck. "Well, steward," said the mate, after a little humming and hawing, "go down and tell the captain, in the meantime, about five east; but I think it's a good deal over the mark—say I'll be down myself directly."

"A deuced sight *below* the mark, rather!" said I, walking aft again, where Westwood kept still looking out for the black dot. "You'll see it nearer, now, Ned," said he; "more like a negro's head, or his hand, than a bit of wood—eh?" "Curious!" I said; "it lies well up for our beam, still—*spite* of the breeze. Must be a shark's back-fin, I think, making for convoy." In ten minutes longer, the light swell in the distance gave it a lift up fair into the moonshine; it gleamed for a moment, and then seemed to roll across into the blue glimmer of the sea. "By Jove, Collins," said Westwood, gazing eagerly at it, "'tis more like a bottle, to my sight!" We walked back and forward, looking each time over the taffrail, till at length the affair in question could be seen dipping and creeping ahead, in the smooth shining wash of the surface, just like to go bobbing across our bows, and be missed to windward. "Crossing our hause, I do declare!—

Hanged if *that* ain't fore-reaching on us, with a witness!" exclaimed the two of us together: "and a *bottle* it is," said Westwood. I slipped down the poop-stair, and along to the fore-castle, where I told Jacobs; when two or three of the men went out on the martingale-stays, with the bight of a line and a couple of blocks in it, ready to throw round this said floating oddity, and haul it alongside as it surged past. Shortly after we had it safe in our hands; a square-built old Dutchman it was, tight corked, with a red rag round the neck, and crusted over with salt—almost like one of Vanderdecken's messages home, coming up as it did from the wide glittering sea, of a tropical moonlight night, nine weeks or so after leaving land. The men who had got it seemed afraid of their prize, so Westwood and I had no difficulty it smuggling it away below to our berth, where we both sat down on a locker and looked at one another. "What poor devil hove this overboard, I wonder, now," said he; "I daresay it may have knocked about, God knows how long, since *his* affair was settled." "Why, for that matter, Westwood," replied I, "I fancy it's much more important to find there's a strong easterly current hereabouts just now!" *

Here Westwood got a cork-screw, and pulled out the cork with a true parson-like gravity: as we had expected, there was a paper tacked to it, crumpled up and scrawled over in what we could only suppose was *blood*.

"'No. 20,'" read he,—"*what does that mean?*" "The twentieth bottle launched, perhaps," said I, and he went on—"For God's sake, if you find this, keep to the south-west—we are going that way, we think—we've fallen amongst regular Thugs, I fear—just from the folly of these three—(they're looking over my shoulder, though)—we are not ill-treated yet, but kept below and watched—yours in haste—' What this signature is I can't say for the life of me, Ned; no date either!" "Did the fellow think he was writing by post, I wonder," said I, trying to make it out. "By the powers! Westwood, though," and I jumped up, "that bottle *might* have come from the Pacific, 'tis true—but what if it were old Rollock after all! *Thugs*, did you say? Why, I shouldn't wonder if the jolly old planter were on the hooks still. *That* rascally brig!" And accordingly, on trying the scrawl at the end, over and over, we both agreed it was nothing but T. ROLLOCK!

* Currents are designated from the direction they run *towards*; winds, the quarter they blow *from*.

MORAL AND SOCIAL CONDITION OF WALES.

WE have before us a valuable and interesting work on a portion of the British dominions much visited but little known, and one which is satisfactory, not only from the good feeling and taste it evinces on the part of its author, but also from its setting at rest a question that was lately much agitated, and to which we at the time adverted in our pages for May 1848. Sir Thomas Phillips has taken up the cudgel, or rather the pen, to defend the honor of his beloved country, and has acquitted himself well of the task, partly in combating real opponents, partly in knocking down men of straw. The book, however, comes so far late of its subject as that the interest felt upon it had been gradually subsiding. No very mighty grievance could be alleged by our hot-blooded Cambrian brethren; many hard words and blustering speeches had been uttered throughout the length and breadth of Wales, and a sort of Celtic agitation had been got up by sundry ladies and gentlemen, not much connected with the country. The nation at large, however, had not paid great attention to it; the British lion did now show any indication to lash his sides into foam with his magnanimous tail; the storm in a tea-cup was left to itself: oil had been floating on the face of the troubled waters; and though a few disappointed persons had tried to revive a little excitement, for the sake of having their names before the public, peace was again reigning throughout Cambria's vales, and her people were following their own simple occupations, unknowing and unknown. Sir Thomas Phillips, however, with a most patriotic motive, determined to fire one shot more against his country's traducers; and thus, while concocting a final reply to the "Blue Books,"—as they are commonly called

in the Principality—found himself led on and on, from page to page, and chapter to chapter, until, instead of a pamphlet, he has produced a thick volume of six hundred pages, and has compiled what may be termed a complete apology for Wales.

Our readers will very likely remember that certain reports on the state of education in Wales, printed by order of the House of Commons, gave immense offence to all who had got ever so little Welsh blood in their veins. We reviewed these very reports, and gave our opinions on Welsh education at considerable length; and therefore we do not open Sir Thomas Phillips' pages with the intention of reverting to that part of the subject, though the author, in compiling it, seems to have had the education of his countrymen principally in view.

We consider, however, that a work written by a gentleman, known for his forensic abilities and literary pursuits, upon a large portion of this island, and purporting to be a complete account of its moral and social condition, must form a suitable topic for review and discussion. Our readers will not repent our introducing it to their notice: we can at once assure them that it will amply repay the trouble—if it be a trouble at all—of perusing it. The style is graceful and yet nervous; the whole tone and colour of the thoughts of the author show the gentleman; while the general compilation and discussion of the facts collected prove Sir Thomas Phillips to have the mind and the abilities of a statesman*. Another, and a more important reason, however, why this work will be acceptable to many of our readers, is that it touches upon various questions which, at times like the present, are of vital importance to the welfare, not of Wales only, but of

Wales: the Language, Social Condition, Moral Character, and Religious Opinions of the People considered in their relation to Education. By Sir THOMAS PHILLIPS 1 vol. 8vo, pp. 606. London: 1849.

* For the information of those among our readers who may not be aware of the fact, it will be well to mention that Sir Thomas Phillips was knighted for having, as mayor of Newport, Monmouthshire, aided so materially in suppressing the Chartist riots that took place there in 1839.

the British empire; and that it proves the existence of feelings in the Principality—mentioned by us on a previous occasion—which ought to be brought before the notice of the public, and commented upon. This is the task which we reserve for ourselves after reviewing more in detail the work of the learned author; for Wales may become a second Ireland in time, if neglected, or it may continue to be a source of permanent strength to the crown, if properly treated and protected. The existence of such a state of things is hinted at in the preface—an uncommonly good one, by the way, and dated, with thorough Cambrian spirit, on *St. David's Day*, if not from the top of Snowdon, yet from the more prosaic and less mountainous locality of the Inner Temple. The author's words are—

“ Amongst the mischievous results which the temper and spirit of the reports have provoked in Wales, I regard with discomfort and anxiety a spirit of isolation from England, to which sectarian agencies, actively working through various channels, have largely ministered. In ordinary times this result might be disregarded; but at a period of the world's history when the process of decomposition is active amongst nations, and phrases which appeal to the sympathies of race become readily mischievous, it behoves those very excellent persons, who claim Wales for the Welsh, to consider whether they are prepared to give up England to the English, and to relinquish the advantages which a poor province enjoys by its union with a rich kingdom. For generations, Welshmen have been admitted to an equal rivalry with Englishmen, as well in England as in those colonial possessions of the British crown, which have offered so wide a field for enterprise, and secured such ample rewards to provident industry; and, whether at the bar or in the senate, or in the more stirring feats of war, they have obtained a fair field, and have won honourable distinction. There are offices in the Principality, the duties of which demand a knowledge of the Welsh language, and for them such knowledge should be made a condition of eligibility, in the same manner as a knowledge of English would be required, under analogous circumstances, in England. In the law these offices will be few, and probably confined to the local judges; as it will not be seriously proposed that, in our assize courts, the pleadings of the advocate, and the address of the judge, shall

be delivered in the Welsh language; and even in the courts of quarter-sessions, which are composed of local magistrates most of whom were born, and reside in the country, but few of those gentlemen could address a jury in their own tongue. A remedy for the inconvenience occasioned by an ignorant or imperfect acquaintance, on the part of the people, with the language employed in courts of justice, must be looked for in that instruction in the English language which is intended to be provided for all, and which is necessary to qualify men to appear as witnesses, or to serve as jurors, in courts wherein the proceedings are conducted in that tongue. The difficulties arising from language are principally felt in the Church: and it seems a truism to affirm, that where Welsh is the ordinary language of public worship, and the common medium of conversation, the language should be known to those who are to teach and exhort the people, and to withstand and convince gainsayers. The nomination of foreign prelates to English sees before the Reformation, occasioned great dissatisfaction in the minds of the English clergy, and tended to alienate them from the papacy; and yet men who are prompt to recognise that grievance, are insensible to the effect produced on the Welsh clergy, by their general exclusion from the higher offices of the Church. The ignorance of Welsh in men promoted to bishoprics in Wales, may be more than compensated for by the possession of other qualifications; and a rigid exclusion from the episcopal office in the Principality of every man who is unacquainted with the language of the people, might be inconvenient, if not injurious, to the best interests of the Church. The selection, however, for the episcopal office of men conversant with the language of the country, when otherwise qualified to bear rule in the Christian ministry, would give a living reality to the episcopate in the Principality, and might materially aid in bringing back the people into the fold of the Church.”

The difference of language is here made the principal grievance between the Saxon and Celtic population; and it is certainly one of the principal, though not the main, nor the only, cause of the unpleasantness and unsettledness of feeling that exists in Wales towards England and English people. Where two languages exist, it is impossible but that national distinctions should exist also; and as the traditions of conquest, and the hereditary consciousness of political inferior-

ity, are some of the last sentiments that abandon a vanquished people, so it is probable that the Welsh will remain a distinct people for more centuries to come than we care to count up. We do not know but that, to a certain extent, it may be a source of strength to England that it should be so, though it will undoubtedly be a cause of weakness and division to Wales. Nevertheless, the difficulty is not so great as may be at first sight supposed. In advertent to this part of the subject, Sir Thomas Phillips observes—

“When Edward the First conquered the country, and subjected the natives to English rule, he was deeply sensible of the difficulty which now paralyzes education commissioners, and he dealt with it in a manner characteristic of the monarch and the times. Of him Carlyle would say, he was a real man, and no sham; and did not believe in any distracted jargon of universal rose-water in this world still so full of sin. Accordingly, he gathered all the Welsh bards together, and put them to death; and Hume, a philosophic and ordinarily not a cruel historian, says this policy was not absurd. English legislation, between the conquest of the country by Edward the First and its incorporation with England by Henry the Eighth, was characterised by a deliberate and pertinacious endeavour to extirpate the language and subjugate the spirit of the inhabitants. By laws of the Lancastrian princes (whose usurpation was long resisted by the Welsh people) rhymers, minstrels, and other Welsh vagabonds, were forbidden to burden the country; the natives were not permitted to have any house of defence, to bear arms, or to exercise any authority; and an Englishman, by the act of marrying a Welsh woman, became ineligible to hold office in his adopted country. By statutes of Henry the Eighth, it was enacted, that law proceedings should be in the English tongue; that all oaths, affidavits, and verdicts, should be given and made in English; and that no Welsh person ‘who did not use the English speech’ should hold office within the King’s dominions. Even at the Reformation, which secured the sacred volume to Englishmen ‘in their own tongue wherein they were born,’ the revelation to man of God’s will was not given to Welshmen in a language understood by the people. In 1562, how-

ever, provision was made for translating the Bible and the Book of Common Prayer into the British or Welsh tongue, by an act which declared that the most and greatest part of the Queen’s loving subjects in Wales did not understand the English tongue, and therefore were utterly destitute of God’s holy Word, and did remain in the like, or rather more, darkness and ignorance than they were in the time of papistry, and required that not only a Welsh, but also an English, Bible and Book of Common Prayer should be laid in every church throughout Wales, there to remain, that such as understood them might read and peruse the same; and that such as understood them not might, by conferring both tongues together, the sooner attain to the knowledge of the English tongue.

“Nearly six centuries have elapsed since the first Edward crossed the lofty mountains of North Wales, which, before him, no King of England had trodden, and in the citadel of Caernarvon received the submission of the Welsh people; and more than three centuries have passed away since the country was incorporated with, and made part of the realm of England; and although, for so long a period, English laws have been enforced, and the use of the Welsh language discouraged, yet, when the question is now asked, what progress has been made in introducing the English language? the answer may be given from Part II. of the Reports of the Education Commissioners, page 68. In Cardiganshire, 3000 people out of 68,766 speak English.* The result may be yet more strikingly shown by saying that double the number of persons now speak Welsh who spoke that language in the reign of Elizabeth.”

It is a mistaken idea to suppose that the Welsh language is hard to be acquired,—the very reverse of this is the fact: there is probably no spoken language of Europe, not derived from the Latin, which may be so soon or so agreeably acquired as the Welsh. A good knowledge of it, so as to enable the learner to read and write it currently, may be attained certainly within a year by even a moderately diligent student; and the power of conversing in it with ease and fluency is to be gained within the course of perhaps a couple of years. The language is daily studied more and more

* “In Breconshire, the proportion of persons who speak English is much larger; but a considerable number of these are immigrants from England to the iron works; whilst, in Radnorshire, the great bulk of the population is not Celtic, and English is all but universal.”

by persons not connected with the Principality, and acquired by them; nay, what is a remarkable fact, next to the galaxy of the Williamses,* the best Welsh scholar of the present day is Dr. Meyer, the learned German librarian at Buckingham Palace; while Dr. Thirlwall, the present bishop of St. David's, has made himself, with only a few years' study, as good a Welsh scholar as he had long before been a German one. We believe that, if the present system of education be steadily carried out, with its consequent developments, in the Principality, the two languages, English and Welsh, will become *equally* familiar to those who may be born in the second generation from the present day; and that the inhabitants of Wales, becoming thoroughly *bilingual*—for we do not anticipate that they will abandon their ancient tongue—this apparent obstacle to a more complete amalgamation of interests between the two races will be entirely removed. One thing is certain, that the aptitude of Welsh children to learn English, of the purest dialectic kind, is very remarkable—and that the desire to acquire English is prevalent amongst all the people.

We confess that we should be sorry to see any language impaired, much less forgotten: they constitute some of the great marks which the Almighty has impressed upon the various tribes of his children—not lightly to be neglected nor set aside. They form some of the surest grounds of national strength and permanence; and they are some of those old and venerable things which, as true conservatives, we are by no means desirous to see obliterated or injured. As, however, it is obviously impossible that the whole literature of the Anglo-Saxon race should be translated into Welsh, it is essential to the Cambrians that they should no longer hesitate as to qualifying themselves for reading, in its own tongue, that literature which is exercising so great an influence over a large portion of the globe; and the possession of the two languages will tend to elevate the character, as well as to remove the prejudices, of the

people that shall take the trouble to acquire them.

The social condition of Wales is gone into by the author at some length; but he confines his observations principally to the manufacturing and mining population of Glamorgan and the southern counties. Upon this part of the subject he has compiled much valuable information which, though not exactly new, tells well in his work when brought into a focus and reasoned upon. He introduces the subject thus:—

“The social condition of the inhabitants is influenced by the configuration of the country, for the most part abrupt, and broken into hill and valley; the elevation of the upper mountain ranges, which are the loftiest in South Britain, and the large proportion of waste and barren land; the humidity of the climate; the variety and extent of the mineral riches in certain localities; and the great length of the sea-coast, forming numerous bays and havens; and thus there is presented much variety in the occupation, and remarkable contrasts in the means of subsistence and habits of life, of the people. Monmouthshire, Glamorganshire, and the southern extremity of Breconshire, are the seat of the iron and coal trades. In the western part of Glamorganshire, around Swansea, and in the south-eastern corner of Carmarthenshire, copper ore, imported from Cornwall, as well as from foreign countries, is smelted in large quantities; and the same neighbourhood is the seat of potteries, at which an inexpensive description of earthenware is made. Coal, in limited quantities, and of a particular description, is exported from Carmarthenshire and Pembrokeshire; and lead ore and quarries of slate are worked in Cardiganshire. In North Wales, considerable masses of people are collected around the copper mines of Anglesey; amidst the slate quarries opened in the lofty mountains of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire, as well as in some of the sea-ports of those counties; amongst the lead mines of Flintshire, and the coal and iron districts, which extend from the confines of Cheshire, through Flintshire and Denbighshire, to the confines of Merionethshire; and in those parts of Montgomeryshire, on the banks of the Severn, where flannel-weaving prevails. Formerly, the woollen cloths and flannels with which the people clothed themselves were manufactured throughout the coun-

* The leading scholars and authors of Wales are all named Williams: viz. Archdeacon Williams, and the Revs. Robert Williams, John Williams, Rowland Williams, Charles Williams, and Morris Williams—none of them relations!

try, at small mills or factories placed on the margin of mountain streams, which furnished the power or agency necessary for carrying on the process; but the growth of the large manufacturing establishments in the North of England and Scotland, and the substitution of cotton for wool in various articles of clothing, have uprooted many of the native factories, and reduced to very small dimensions the once important manufacture of home-made cloths and flannels. The larger portion of the industrial population of North Wales, and of the counties of Cardigan, Carmarthen, Radnor, and Pembroke, in South Wales, is engaged in agriculture. It consists, for the most part, of small farmers—a frugal and cautious race of men, employing but few labourers, and cultivating, by means of their own families and a few domestic servants, the lands on which they live.

“In times of mining and manufacturing prosperity, the productions of the agricultural and pastoral districts find ready purchasers, at remunerating prices, at the mining and manufacturing establishments, to which they are conveyed from distant places; and the surplus labour of the agricultural districts finds profitable employment at the mines, factories, and shipping ports, where a heterogeneous population is collected from every part of the kingdom. The wages of labour are, nevertheless, very low, in the agricultural portions both of North and South Wales; and are probably lower in the western counties of South Wales, and in some districts of North Wales, than in any other part of South Britain. The Welsh farmer presents, however, a stronger contrast than even the Welsh labourer to the same class in England. He occupies a small farm, employs an inconsiderable amount of capital, and is but little removed, either in his mode of life, his laborious occupation, his dwelling, or his habits, from the day-labourers by whom he is surrounded; feeding on brown bread, often made of barley, and partaking but seldom of animal food. The agricultural and pastoral population is, for the most part, scattered in lone dwellings, or found in small hamlets in passes amongst the hills, on the sides of lofty mountains, or the margin of a rugged sea-coast, or on lofty moors, or table-land; and oftentimes this population can be approached only along sheep-tracks or bridle-paths, by which these mountain solitudes are traversed.

“Whilst, however, such is the condition of a wide area of the Principality, there is found in particular districts, of which mention has been already made, a population congregated together in large numbers, which has grown with a rapidity of

which there is scarcely another example—not by the gradual increase of births over deaths, but by immigration from other districts, as well of Wales and England, as of Ireland and Scotland also. That immigration is not constant in its operation and regular in its amount, but fluctuating, or abruptly suspended; and in times of adversity, which frequently recur, men, drawn hither by the prospect of high wages, however short-lived such prosperity may prove, migrate in search of employment to other districts, or are removed to their former homes. In the iron and coal districts of South Wales, these colonies are collected at two points—the mountain sides, at which the minerals are raised, and the shipping ports, at which the produce of the mines is exported.”

It appears that the total value of shipments from the counties of Monmouth, Glamorgan, and Carmarthen, in metals and minerals, during the year 1847 was, in round numbers, as follows:—

Iron, . . .	£4,000,000
Copper, . . .	2,000,000
Coal, . . .	800,000
Tin plate, . . .	400,000
	£7,200,000

The copper specified above is not copper found in Wales, but that which is brought to Swansea, and other ports of Glamorgan and Carmarthen, for the purpose of being smelted, and then reshipped for various parts of the world, principally to France and South America. This trade gives occupation to a large population in those districts, and it forms one of the few branches of British manufactures, in which no very great fluctuations have been experienced during the last few years. It is, indeed, estimated that more than three-fourths of all the copper used on the face of the globe is smelted in the South-Welsh coal-field. But how prosperous soever may have been the condition of the great capitalists and ironmasters in South Wales, it does not appear that, with two or three bright exceptions, they have done much to ameliorate the condition of the people in their employment,—and even, in the present unsettled state of the world, the influence upon their hearts, of the metals they deal in, may be but too evidently seen. We find a most inge-

nious and important passage in Sir T. Phillips' work upon this subject, full of sound philosophy and excellent feeling. He observes:—

"The wilderness, or mountain waste, has been covered with people; an activity and energy almost superhuman characterise the operations of the district; wealth has been accumulated by the employer; and large wages have been earned by the labourer. Thus far the picture which has been presented is gratifying enough; but the more serious question arises—How have the social and moral relations of the district been influenced by the changes which it has witnessed? May it not be said with truth, that the wealth of the capitalist has ordinarily ministered to the selfish enjoyments of the possessor, whilst the ample wages earned in prosperous times by the labourer have been usually squandered in coarse intemperance, or careless extravagance? Prosperity is succeeded periodically by those seasons of adversity to which manufacturing industry is peculiarly exposed; when the labourer, whose wants grew with increased means, experiences positive suffering at a rate of wages on which he would have lived in comfort, had he not been accustomed to larger earnings. Crowded dwellings, badly-drained habitations, constant incitements to intemperance, and, above all, association with men of lawless and abandoned character, (who so frequently resort to newly-peopled districts,) are also unfavourable elements in the social condition of this people. To those influences may be added, the absence of a middle class, as a connecting link between the employer and the employed; the neglect of such moral supervision on the part of the employers as might influence the character of their workmen; and the want of those institutions for the relief of moral or physical destitution—whether churches, schools, almshouses, or hospitals—which characterise our older communities. Wealth accumulated by the employer is found by the side of destitution and suffering in the labourer—often, no doubt, the result of intemperance and improvidence, but not seldom the effect of those calamities against which no forethought can adequately guard; and when no provision is made for the relief of physical or moral suffering, by a dedication to God's service, for the relief of His creatures, of any portion of that wealth, to the accumulation of which by the capitalist the labourer has contributed, it will be manifest that the social and political institutions of our land are exposed to trials of no ordinary severity in these new communities.

"We live in times of great mental and

moral activity. In the year which has now reached its close, changes have been accomplished, far more extensive and important than are usually witnessed by an entire generation of the sons of men; and around and about us opinions may be discerned, which involve, not merely the machinery of government, but the very framework of society: and these opinions are not confined to the closets of the studious, but pervade the workshop and the market, and interest the men who fill our crowded thoroughfares. In former ages, as well as in other conditions than the manufacturing in our own times, social inequalities may have presented themselves, or may still exist, great as those which characterise, in our own age, the seats of manufacturing labour; and the lord and vassal of the feudal system may have exhibited, and the squire and the peasant of some of our agricultural districts may still present, as wide a disparity of condition, as exists at this day between the master manufacturer and the operative; but the antagonism of interests, whether real or apparent, between the manufacturer and the operative, is altogether unlike that simple disparity of condition which may have perplexed former serfdom, or may excite wonder in the agricultural mind of our own age. To the eyes and the contemplations of the serf, as of the peasant, the lord or the squire was the possessor of wide and fertile lands, which he had inherited from other times, and which neither serf nor peasant had produced, but which both believed would minister to their necessities, whether in sickness or in poverty, because neither the castle-gate nor the hall-door had ever been closed against their tales of suffering and woe. Neither the ancient serf, nor the modern peasant, witnessed that rapid accumulation of wealth, which is so peculiarly the product of our manufacturing system, and saw not, as the operative does, fortunes built up from day to day, which he regards as the creation of his sweat and labour—and at once the result and the evidence of a polity which fosters capital more than industry, and regards not the poverty with which labour is so often associated. Different ages and conditions produce different maxims. The modern manufacturer is not a worse (he may be, and often is, a better) man than the ancient baron, but he has been brought up in a different philosophy. By him, the operative is well-nigh regarded as a machine, from whom certain economical results may be obtained—who is free to make his own bargains, and whose moral condition is a problem to be solved by himself, because, for that condition, no duty attaches to his ex-

ployer, who has contracted with him none other than an economical relation. Yet, is there not danger that, in pursuing with logical precision, and with the confidence of demonstrated truths, the doctrines of political economy, we may forget duties far higher than any which that science can teach—duties which man owes to his fellow, and which are alike independent of capital and labour? It is no doubt true, that men who earn large wages, whilst blessed with health and strength, and in full employment, ought to make provision for sickness, old age, or want of work; but suppose that duty neglected, even then the obligation attaches to the employer to care for those of his own household. In old communities, too, the proportion must ever be large of those who, in prosperity, can barely provide for their bodily wants, and, in adversity, experience the bitterness of actual want in some of its sharpest visitations. To the humble-minded Christian, who has been accustomed to consider the gifts of God, whether bodily strength, or mental power, or wealth, or rank and influential station, as talents intrusted to him, as God's steward, for the good of his fellow-creatures—afflicting, indeed, is the spectacle of wealth, rapidly accumulated by the agency of labour, employed only for self-aggrandisement, with no fitting acknowledgment, by its possessor, of the claims of his fellow-men.

"In our new and neglected communities, Chartism is found in its worst manifestations—not as an adhesion to political dogmas, but as an indication of that class-antagonism which proclaims the rejection of our common Christianity, by denying the brotherhood of Christians. This antagonism originated, as great social evils ever do, in the neglect of duty by the master, or ruling class. They first practi-

cally denied the obligation imposed on every man who undertakes to govern or to guide others, whether as master or ruler, to care for, to counsel, to instruct, and, when necessary, to control those who have contracted with him the dependent relation of servant or subject; and from that neglect of duty has sprung up, and been nourished in the subject, or dependent class, impatience of restraint, discontent with their condition, a jealousy, often amounting to hatred, of the classes above them, and a desire, first to destroy to the base, and then to reconstruct on different principles, the political and social systems under which they live. Thus will it ever be, as thus it ever has been, throughout the world's history; and the violation or neglect of duty, whether by nations or individuals, in its own direct and immediate consequences, works out the appropriate national or individual punishment; and those who sow the wind, will surely reap the whirlwind—it may be, not in their own persons, but in the visitation of their children's children."

Notwithstanding the lamentable prevalence of diseased political and moral feeling among a certain portion of the inhabitants of South Wales, it is certain that the primitive simplicity of character by which the Welsh nation is still distinguished, tends in a great degree to keep them from the commission of those crimes which attract the serious notice of the law. In most of the counties of Wales, the business on the crown side at the assizes is generally light, sometimes only nominal; and the general condition of the public mind may be fairly judged of from the following table of criminal returns for 1846:—

Convictions—		
England,		17,644, or 1 in 850
Monmouthshire and Glamorganshire,		250, or 1 in 1200
11 counties of North and South Wales,		250, or 1 in 3000
Executions—		
England,		6,
Wales,		None.
Transportations—		
England,		2801, or 1 in 5300
Monmouthshire and Glamorganshire,		29, or 1 in 10,000
11 Welsh counties,		25, or 1 in 30,000
Imprisonment above a year—		
England,		322, or 1 in 4500
Monmouthshire and Glamorganshire,		10, or 1 in 30,000
11 Welsh counties,		2, or 1 in 350,000
Imprisonment not above a year—		
England,		14,515, or 1 in 1000
Monmouthshire and Glamorganshire,		211, or 1 in 1500
11 Welsh counties,		223, or 1 in 3300

Of the population.

"The comparative rarity of crime in the eleven Welsh counties is represented by 1 offence to 3000 of the population; and the absence of serious crimes by the small number of transportations, namely, 25, or 1 in 30,000; and still more remarkably, by the large proportion of the offenders whose punishment did not exceed a year's imprisonment, namely, 223 out of 250, leaving 27 as the number of all the criminals convicted in a year, in eleven counties, whose punishment exceeded a year's imprisonment."

The accusation that was brought forward in the unfortunate Blue Books against the chastity of the Welsh women, and which was the *real* cause of the hubbub made about them, we dismiss from our consideration. It arose from a misapprehension of the degree of criminality implied by the prevalence of an ancient custom, which exists not in Wales only, but we rather think amongst the peasants of the whole of Europe, and certainly as widely in England as in Wales. Whether existing in other nations or not, the Welsh press, (generally conducted by Englishmen, be it observed,) and the pseudo-patriots of Wales, a noisy empty-headed class, made a great stir about it, and declaimed violently: they did not, however, adduce a single solid argument in disproof of the accusation. There is one fact alone which is quite sufficient to explain the accusation and to remove the stain: bastardy is not less common than in England, but prostitution is almost unknown; the common people do not consider that to be a crime before marriage, which after it they look upon as a heinous enormity. Such is their code of national morals; whether right or wrong, they abide by it pretty consistently; and they appear to have done so from time immemorial. They mean no harm by it, and they look upon it as venial: this is the state of the national feeling, and it settles the question.

We now turn to the chapters that refer to the religious condition of the country, which is treated of by the author at full length, though our own comments must be necessarily brief. He gives a luminous account of the rise and progress of modern dissent in Wales; from which, however, we give the highly improbable statement, that the actual number of *members* of

dissenting congregations, of all denominations in Wales, amounted to only 166,606 in 1846, with 1890 ministers. We should rather say that, whatever the gross population of the country may be at the present moment, there is not more than one person out of ten, who have arrived at years of discretion, belonging *altogether* to the church; and we infer the fulness of dissenting chapels, not only from the crowds that we have seen thronging them, on all occasions, but also from the thinness of the congregations at church. For the Welsh are eminently an enthusiastic, and we might almost say, a religious people: they are decidedly a congregational people; and as for staying at home on days of public worship, no such idea ever yet entered a true Welshman's head. We think that the author must have been misinformed on this head, and that the numbers should rather be the other way—100,000 out of 900,000 being a very fair proportion for the members of the church.

For all this there are good and legitimate reasons to be found, not only in what is adduced in this work on the church establishment, but also in the current experience of every man of common observation throughout the Principality. The wonder is, not that dissent should have attained its present height, but that the church should have continued to exist at all, amidst so many abuses, so much ignorance, so much neglect, and such extraordinary apathy—until of late days—on the part of her rulers. The actual condition of the church in Wales may be summed up in a few words—it is that of the church in Ireland: only those who differ from it are Protestants instead of Roman Catholics. Let us quote Sir Thomas Phillips again:—

"We have now passed in review various influences by which the church in Wales has been weakened. We have seen the religious edifices erected by the piety of other times, and with the sustentation of which the lands of the country have been charged, greatly neglected, whilst the lay officers, on whom the duty of maintaining those buildings in decent condition was imposed, are sometimes not appointed, or, if appointed, make light or naught of their duties: we have seen ecclesiastical officers, specially charged with the oversight

of the churches, not required to exercise functions which have been revived by recent legislative enactments; we have found a clergy, with scanty incomes, and a want of decent residences, ministering in a peculiar language, with which the gentry have most commonly an imperfect and often no acquaintance—even where it is the language of public worship—influences which lower the moral and intellectual standard of the clergy, by introducing into holy orders too large a proportion of men, whose early occupations, habits, and feelings, do not ordinarily conduce to maintain the highest standard of conduct, and who (instead of forming, as in England, a minority of the whole body, and being elevated in tone, morally and mentally, by association with minds of higher culture) compose the large majority of the clergy of the Principality. It cannot, then, be matter of surprise, if amongst those men some should be found who (not being received on a footing of equality into the houses of the gentry, over whom they exercise but little influence) again resume the habits from which they were temporarily rescued by an education itself imperfect, and selecting for daily companionship uneducated men, are either driven for social converse to the village alehouse, or become familiarised with ideas and practices unsuited to the character, injurious to the position, and destructive to the influence of the Christian pastor. Nor could we wonder, if even the religious opinions and well-meant activity of the more zealous among persons thus circumstanced, were to borrow their tone and colour from the more popular influences by which they are surrounded, rather than from the profounder and more disciplined theology of the church of which they are ministers. We have found the ecclesiastical rulers of this clergy and chief pastors of the people, as well as many other holders of valuable church preferment, to consist often of strangers to the country, ignorant alike of the language and character of the inhabitants, by many of whom they are regarded with distrust and dislike; unable to instruct the flock committed to their charge, or to teach and exhort with wholesome doctrine, or to preach the word, or to withstand and convince gainsayers, in the language familiar to the common people of the land. Finally, we have seen the church, whilst she compassed sea and land to gain one proselyte from the heathendom without, allow a more deplorable heathendom to spring into life within her own borders: and the term baptised heathens, instead of being a contradiction in terms, has become the true appellation of

thousands of men and women in this island of Christian profession and Christian action. Nevertheless the Welsh are not an irreligious people; and whilst the religious fabrics of dissent are reared up by the poor dwellers of their mountain valleys, in every corner in which a few Christian men are congregated, and these buildings are thronged by earnest-minded worshippers, assembled for religious services in the only places, it may be, there dedicated to God's glory, the feeling must be ever present, 'Surely these men and women might have been kept within the fold of the church.' A supposed excitability in the Cambro-Briton, a love for extemporaneous worship, and an impatience of formal services, have been represented as intractable elements in the character of this people. Even if such elements exist, it does not follow that they might not have received a wholesome direction; while, unfortunately, their action now finds excuse in the neglect and provocation which alone render them dangerous. The church in Wales has been presented in her least engaging aspect; her offices have been reduced to the baldest and lowest standard; and whilst no sufficient efforts have been employed to make the beauty of our liturgical services appreciated by the people, neither has any general attempt been made to enlist, in the performance of public worship, their profound and characteristic enjoyment of psalmody, by accustoming them to chant or sing the hymns of the church."

All the abuses of ecclesiastical property seem to have flourished in the land of Wales, as in a nook where there was no chance of their being ever brought to light;—more than one half of the income of the church, for parochial purposes, totally alienated; the bishops and other dignitaries totally asleep, and exercising no spiritual supervision; pluralities and non-residence prevailing to a great extent: the character of the clergy degraded; the gentry and aristocracy of the land starving the church, and giving it a formal, not a real support;—how can any spiritual system flourish under such an accumulation of evils? The true spirit of the church being dead, a reaction on the part of the people inevitably took place; and it is hardly going too far to say, that had it not been for the efforts of dissenters, "progressing by antagonism," Christianity would by this time have fallen into desuetude within the Principality.

It is a very thorny subject to touch upon, in the present excitable state of the world, and therefore we refrain; but we would earnestly solicit the attention of our readers to the pages of Sir Thomas Phillips,—himself one of the very few orthodox churchmen still left in Wales,—for a proof of what we have asserted; and should they still doubt, let them try an excursion among the wilds of the northern, or the vales of the southern division of the country, and they will become full converts to our opinion. Things, however, in this respect are mending—the church has at length stirred, abuses are becoming corrected, the ecclesiastical commissioners have done justice in several cases—and in none more signally than in the extraordinary epitome of all possible abuses, shown by the chapter of Brecon—abuses existing long before the Reformation, but increased, like many others, tenfold since that period. The church has never yet had fair play in the country, for she has never yet done herself—*much less her people*—justice; so that what she is capable of effecting among the Cambrian mountains cannot yet be predicated. We fondly think, at times, that all these evils might be abolished; but this is not the place for such a lengthy topic: we have adverted to the state of things as they have hitherto existed in the Principality, chiefly with the view of showing their influence upon the peculiar political and ethnical condition of the people, which it is our main object to discuss. We will content ourselves with observing, that Sir Thomas Phillips' remarks on this subject, and on the connexion of the state with the education of the country, are characterised by sound religious feeling, and a true conservative interpretation of the political condition of the empire.

On a calm view of the general condition of Wales, we are of opinion that the inhabitants, the mass of the nation, are as well off, in proportion to the means of the country itself, to the moderate quantity of capital collected in the Principality, and the number of resident gentry—which is not very great—as might have been fairly expected; and that it is no true argument against the national capabilities

of the Welsh, that they are not more nearly on a level with the inhabitants of some parts of England. The Welsh inhabit a peculiar land, where fog and rain, and snow and wind, are more prevalent than fine working weather in more favoured spots of this island. A considerable part of their land is still unreclaimed and uncultivated—their country does not serve as a place of passage for foreigners. Visitors, indeed, come among them; but, with the exception of the annual flocks of summer tourists, and the passengers for Ireland on the northern line of railroad, they are left to themselves without much foreign admixture during a great portion of each year. The mass of the gentry are neither rich nor generous: there are some large and liberal proprietors, but the body of the gentry do not exert themselves as much as might be expected for the benefit of their dependants; and hence the Welsh agriculturist lacks both example and encouragement. That the cultivation of the land, therefore, should be somewhat in arrear, that the mineral riches of the country should be but partially taken advantage of, and that extensive manufactures should rarely exist among the Welsh, ought not to form any just cause of surprise: these things will in course of time be remedied of themselves. The main evil that the Welsh have to contend against is one that belongs to their blood as a Celtic nation; and which, while that blood remains as much unmixed as at present, there is no chance of eradicating. We allude to that which has distinguished all Celtic tribes wherever found, and at whatever period of their history—we mean their national indolence and want of perseverance—the absence of that indomitable energy and spirit of improvement which has raised the Anglo-Saxon race, crossed as it has been with so many other tribes, to such a mighty position in the dominion of the world.

This absence of energy is evident upon the very face of things, and lies at the bottom of whatever slowness of improvement is complained of in Wales. It is the same pest that infests Ireland, only it exists in a minor degree; it is that which did so much harm to the Scottish Highlands at one period of their history; and it is a component

cause of many anomalies in the French character, though in this case it is nearly bred out. One of the most striking evidences and effects of it is the dirt and untidiness which is so striking and offensive a peculiarity of Welsh villages and towns—that shabby, neglected state of the houses, streets, and gardens, which forms such a painful contrast the moment you step across the border into the Principality. In this the Welsh do not go to the extremes of the Irish: they are preserved from that depth of degradation by some other and better points of their character; but they approach very closely to the want of cleanliness observable in France—and the look of a Welsh and a French village, nay, the very smell of the two places, is nearly identical. A Welsh peasant, amidst his own mountains, if he can get a shilling a-day, will prefer starving upon that to labouring for another twelpence. A farmer with £50 a-year rent has no ambition to become one of £200; the shopkeeper goes on in the small-ware line all his life, and dies a pedlar rather than a tradesman. There are brilliant and extraordinary exceptions to all this, we are well aware; nay, there are differences in this respect between the various counties,—and generally the southern parts of Wales are as much in advance of the northern, in point of industry, as they are in point of intellect and agricultural wealth. It is the general characteristic of this nation—and it evidences itself, sometimes most disagreeably, in the want of punctuality, and too often of straightforward dealing, which all who have any commercial or industrial communications with the lower and middle classes of the Welsh have inevitably experienced. It is the vice of all Celtic nations, and is not to be eradicated except by a cross in the blood. Joined with all this, there is a mean and petty spirit of deceit and concealment too often shown even in the middle classes; and there is also the old Celtic vice of feud and claniship, which tends to divide the nation, and to impede its advancement in civilisation. Thus the old feud between North and South Wales still subsists, rife as ever; the northern man, prejudiced, ignorant, and indolent, comes forth from his moun-

tains and looks down with contempt on the dweller in the southern vales, his superior in all the arts and pursuits of civilised life. Even a difference of colloquial dialects causes a national enmity; and the rough Cymro of Gwynedd still derides the softer man from Gwent and Morganwg. All these minor vices and follies tend to impair the national character—and they are evidences of a spirit which requires alteration, if the condition of the people is to be permanently elevated. On the other hand, the Welsh have many excellent qualifications which tend to counteract their innate weaknesses, and afford promise of much future good: their intellectual acuteness, their natural kindliness of heart, their constitutional poetry and religious enthusiasm, their indomitable love of country—which they share with all mountain tribes—all these good qualities form a counterbalance to their failings, and tend to rectify their national course. Take a Welshman out of Wales, place him in London or Liverpool, send him to the East Indies or to North America, and he becomes a banker of fabulous wealth, a merchant of illimitable resources, a great captain of his country's hosts, or an eminent traveller and philosopher; but leave him in his native valley, and he walks about with his hands in his pockets, angles for trout, and goes to chapel with hopeless pertinacity. Such was the Highlander once; but his shrewd good sense has got the better of his indolence, and he has come out of his fastnesses, conquering and to conquer. Not such, but far, far worse is the Irishman; and such will he be till he loses his national existence. St. Andrew is a better saint than St. David, and St. David than St. Patrick; but they all had the same faults once, and it is only by external circumstances that any amelioration has been produced.

It is a fact of ethnology, that while a tribe of men, kept to itself and free from foreign admixture, preserves its natural good qualities in undiminished excellence through numerous ages, all its natural vices become increased in intensity and vitality by the same circumstances of isolation. Look at the miserable Irish, always standing in their own light; look at the Spaniards,

keeping to themselves, and stifling all their noble qualities by the permanence of their national vices; look at the tribes of Asia, doomed to perpetual subjection while they remain unmixed in blood. Had the Saxons remained with uncrossed blood, they had still been stolid, heavy, dreaming, impracticable Germans, though they had peopled the plains of England; but, when mixed with the Celts and the Danes, they formed the Lowland Scots, the most industrious and canniest chieftains in the wide world: fused with the Dane and Norman, and subsequently mixed with all people, they became Englishmen—*rerum Domini*—like the Romans of old. It may be mortifying enough to national pride, but the fact is, nevertheless, patent and certain, that extensive admixture of blood commonly benefits a nation more than all its geographical advantages.

It is our intimate conviction of the truth of this fact, so clearly deducible from the page of universal history, and especially from the border history of England and Wales, that shows us, *inter alia*, how false and absurd is the pretended patriotism of a small party among the gentry and clergy of Wales who have lately raised the cry of "Wales for the Welsh!" and who would, if they could, get up a sort of agitation for a repeal of the Norman conquest! There are sundry persons in Wales who, principally for local and party purposes, are trying to keep the Welsh still more distinct from the English than they now are,—who try to revive the old animosities between Celt and Saxon,—who pretend that Englishmen have no right even to settle in Wales,—and who, instead of promoting a knowledge of the English language, declaim in favour of the exclusive maintenance of the Welsh. These persons, actuated by a desire to bring themselves forward into temporary notoriety, profess, at the same time, by an extraordinary contradiction, to be of the high Conservative party, and amuse themselves by thwarting the Whigs, and abusing the Dissenters, to the utmost of their power. They are mainly supported—not by the Welsh of the middle classes, who have their separate hobby to ride, and who distrust the former too much

to co-operate with them—but by English settlers in Wales, and on its borders, who, in order to make for themselves an interest in the country, pander to the prejudices of a few ambitious twaddlers, and get up public meetings, at which more nonsense is talked than any people can be supposed gullible enough to swallow. This spirit exists in the extreme northern portion of Wales, in Flintshire, Denbighshire, and Caernarvonshire; and on the south-eastern border of the country, in Monmouthshire, more than in any other district. It is doomed to be transient, because it is opposed, not less to the wishes and the good sense of the mass of the people, than to the views and policy of the nobles and leading gentry of the Principality. One or two radical M.P.'s, a few disappointed clergymen, who fancy that their chance of preferment lies in abusing England, and a few amateur students of Welsh literature, who think that they shall thereby rise to literary eminence, constitute the clique, which will talk and strut for its day, and then die away into its primitive insignificance. But, by the side of this unimportant faction, there does exist, amongst the working classes and the lower portion of the middle orders, a spirit of radicalism, chartism, or republicanism,—for they are in reality synonymous terms,—which is doing much damage to the Principality, and which it lies easily within the power of the upper classes to extinguish,—not by force, but by kindness and by example.

It has been one of the consequences of dissent in Wales—not intended, we believe, by the majority of the ministers, but following inevitably from the organisation of their congregations,—that a democratic spirit of self-government should have arisen among the people, and have interwoven itself with their habits of thought and their associations of daily life. The middle and lower classes, separated from the upper by a difference of language, and alienated from the church by its inefficiency and neglect, have thrown themselves into the system of dissent—that is, of self-adopted religious opinions, meditated upon, sustained, and expounded in their own native tongue, with all the

enthusiasm that marks the Celtic character. The gulf between the nobles and gentry of Wales on the one side, and the middle and lower classes on the other, was already sufficiently wide, without any new principle of disunion being introduced; but now the church has become emphatically the church of the upper classes alone,—the chapel is the chapel of the lower orders—and the country is divided thereby into two hostile and bitterly opposed parties. On the one hand are all the aristocratic and hierarchic traditions of the nation; on the other is the democratic self-governing spirit, opposed to the former as much as light is to darkness, and adopted with the greater readiness, because it is linked to the religious feelings and practices of the vast majority of the whole people. Dissent and democratic opinions have now become the traditions of the lower orders in Wales; and everything that belongs to the church of the higher orders of the country, is repulsive to the feelings of the people, because they hold them identical with oppression and superstition. The traditions of the conquest were quite strong enough,—the Welshman hated the Englishman thoroughly enough already; but now that he finds his superiors all speaking the English tongue, all members of the English church, he clings the more fondly and more obstinately to his own self-formed, self-chosen, system of worship and government, and the work of reunion and reconciliation is made almost impossible. In the midst of all this, the church in Wales is itself divided into high and low, into genteel and vulgar; the dignitaries hold to the abuses of the system,—and some, less burdened with common sense than the rest, gabble about “Wales and the Welsh,” as if any fresh fuel was wanted to feed the fire

already burning beneath the surface of society!

Even at the present moment, chartism is active in Wales: Mormonites and Latter-day Saints still preach and go forth from the Principality to the United States, (fortunately for this country;) and unprincipled itinerant lecturers on socialism, chartism, and infidelity, are now going their circuits in Wales, and obtaining numerous audiences.*

Most of the leading gentry and nobility of Wales are, strange to say, dabblers in Whiggism and amateur radicalism; many of the M.P.’s are to be found on the wrong side in the most disgraceful divisions: the corporations of the country are of an unsatisfactory character, and disaffection prevails extensively in many of the chief towns. We believe that a great deal of all this has arisen from the folly, the neglect, the bad example, and the non-residence of the natural leaders of the Principality. Welsh landlords, like Irish—though not so bad as the latter—are uncommonly unwilling to loosen their purse-strings, except for their own immediate pleasures. Scores of parishes have no other representative of the upper classes in them than a half-educated and poorly paid resident clergyman: agents and lawyers ride it roughly and graspingly over the land; the people have few or no natural leaders within reach; they pay their rents, but they get little back from them, to be spent in their humble villages. Their only, and their best friend, as they imagine, is their preacher—one of themselves, elected by themselves, *deposable* by themselves. They come in contact with a *sharp* lawyer, a drunken journalist, a Chartist lecturer, a Latter-day Saint—can the result be wondered at?

As long as the patriotism of the

* It is only a short time since that Vincent, of London notoriety, made a successful visit to South Wales, lecturing in the Baptist chapels, wherever he went, on the Claims of the Age, on the Rights of Woman, on the Claims of Labour, and the other usual clap-trap subjects. At Swansea, though it is a poor compliment to the good sense of its inhabitants, he actually succeeded in getting one of his meetings presided over by a gentleman who had once been mayor of the town, and he lined his pockets at the expense of not a few persons calling themselves respectable, and pretending to be people of discernment. The lecturer, in his hand-bills posted on the walls of Swansea and Tenby, called himself simply Henry Vincent; but in the smaller towns, such as Llanelly and Carmarthen, he gave himself out as Henry Vincent, *Esquire*!

Welsh gentry and clergy consists, as it now, too often, does, in frothy words, and an absence of deeds—in the accepting of English money and in abusing England—in playing the Aristocrat at home, and the Whig-radical-liberal in public—so long will disaffection continue in the Principality, and the social condition of the people remain unimproved. The only thing that preserves Wales from rapidly verging to the condition of Ireland, is the absence of large towns with their contaminating influences, and the purely agricultural character of the greatest portion of the people. But even the mountaineer and the man of the plain may be corrupted at last, and he may degenerate into the wretched cottier—the poor slave, not of a proud lord, but of a profligate republic. It is from this lowest depth that we would wish to see him rescued; for in the peasantry the ultimate hope of the country is involved quite as much as in the upper classes; and until the latter set the example, by actually putting their shoulders to the wheel, throwing aside their political tamperings with the worst faction that divides the state, and especially by encouraging the introduction of English settlers into all corners of the country,—we shall not see the social and moral condition of Wales such as it should be. Let the nobles and gentry spend their

incomes in the country, not *out* of it; let them live even amid their mountains, and *mix* with their people; let them improve the towns by introducing English tradesmen as much as possible; let them try to get up a spirit of industry, perseverance, and cleanliness throughout the land;—so shall they discomfit the Chartists, and convert the democrats into good subjects. Let the clergy reform the discipline of the Welsh church; let them alter the financial inequalities and abuses that prevail in it, to an almost incredible extent; and let them, by their doctrines and practice, emulate the good qualities of their professional opponents;—so shall they empty the meeting-houses, and thaw the coldness of Independentism or Methodism into the warmth of union, and affectionate co-operation. Let every Welshman, while he maintains intact and undiminished the real honour of his country, join with his Saxon neighbour, imitating his good qualities, correcting his evil ones by his own good example; and let their children, mingling in blood, obliterate the national distinctions that now are mischievously sought to be revived;—so shall the union of Wales with England remain unrepealed, and the common honour of the two countries, distinct yet conjoined, be promoted by their common weal.

THE STRAYED REVELLER.

THE other evening, on returning home from the pleasant hospitalities of the Royal Mid-Lothian Yeomanry, our heart cheered with claret, and our intellect refreshed by the patriotic eloquence of Mr. Whirter, we found upon our table a volume of suspicious thinness, the title of which for a moment inspired us with a feeling of dismay. Fate has assigned to us a female relative of advanced years and a curious disposition, whose affection is constantly manifested by a regard for our private morals.* Belonging to the Supra-lapsarian persuasion, she never loses an opportunity of inculcating her own peculiar tenets: many a tract has been put into our hands as an antidote against social backslidings; and no sooner did that ominous phrase, *The Strayed Reveller*, meet our eye, than we conjectured that the old lady had somehow fathomed the nature of our previous engagement, and, in our absence, deposited the volume as a special warning against indulgence in military banquets. On opening it, however, we discovered that it was verse; and the first distich which met our eye was to the following effect:—

"O Vixier, thou art old, I young.
Clear in these things I cannot see.
My head is burning; and a heat
Is in my skin, which angers me."

This frank confession altered the current of our thought, and we straightway set down the poet as some young roysterer, who had indulged rather too copiously in strong potations, and who was now celebrating in lyrics his various erratic adventures before reaching home. But a little more attention speedily convinced us that jollity was about the last imputation which could possibly be urged against our new acquaintance.

One of the most painful features of our recent poetical literature, is the marked absence of anything like heartiness, happiness, or hope. We do not want to see young gentlemen aping the liveliness of Anacreon, indulging in praises of the rosy god, or frisking with supernatural agility;

but we should much prefer even such an unnecessary exuberance of spirits, to the dreary melancholy which is but too apparent in their songs. Read their lugubrious ditties, and you would think that life had utterly lost all charm for them before they have crossed its threshold. The cause of such overwhelming despondency it is in vain to discover; for none of them have the pluck, like Byron, to commit imaginary crimes, or to represent themselves as racked with remorse for murders which they never perpetrated. If one of them would broadly accuse himself of having run his man through the vitals—of having, in an experimental fit, plucked up a rail, and so caused a terrific accident on the South-Western—or of having done some other deed of reasonable turpitude and atrocity, we could understand what the fellow meant by his excessively unmirthful monologues. But we are not indulged with any full-flavoured fictions of the kind. On the contrary, our bards affect the purity and innocence of the dove. They shrink from naughty phrases with instinctive horror—have an idea that the mildest kind of flirtation involves a deviation from virtue; and, in their most savage moments of wrath, none of them would injure a fly. How, then, can we account for that unhappy mist which floats between them and the azure heaven, so heavily as to cloud the whole tenor of their existence? What makes them maunder so incessantly about gloom, and graves, and misery? Why confine themselves everlastingly to apple-blossoms, whereof the product in autumn will not amount to a single Ribston pippin? What has society done to them, or what can they possibly have done to society, that the future tenor of their span must be one of unmitigated woe? We rather suspect that most of the poets would be puzzled to give satisfactory answers to such queries. They might, indeed, reply, that misery is the heritage of genius; but that, we apprehend, would be arguing upon false

premises; for we can discover very little genius to vindicate the existence of so vast a quantity of woe.

We hope, for the sake of human nature, that the whole thing is a humbug; nay, we have not the least doubt of it; for the experience of a good many years has convinced us, that a young poet in print is a very different person from the actual existing bard. The former has nerves of gossamer, and states that he is suckled with dew; the latter is generally a fellow of his inches, and has no insuperable objection to gin and water. In the one capacity, he feebly implores an early death; in the other, he shouts for broiled kidneys long after midnight, when he ought to be snoring on his truckle. Of a morning, the Strayed Reveller inspires you with ideas of dyspepsia—towards evening, your estimate of his character decidedly improves. Only fancy what sort of a companion the author of the following lines must be:—

“To FAUSTA.

“Joy comes and goes: life ebbs and flows,
Like the wave.
Change doth unknit the tranquil strength of
men.
Love lends life a little grace,
A few sad smiles: and then,
Both are laid in one cold place,
In the grave.

“Dreams dawn and fly: friends smile and die,
Like spring flowers.
Our vaunted life is one long funeral.
Men dig graves with bitter tears,
For their dead hopes; and all,
Mazed with doubts, and sick with fears,
Count the hours.

“We count the hours: these dreams of ours,
False and hollow,
Shall we go hence and find they are not
dead?
Joys we dimly apprehend,
Faces that smiled and fled,
Hopes born here, and born to end,
Shall we follow?”

It is impossible to account for tastes; but we fairly confess, that if we thought the above lines were an accurate reflex of the ordinary mood of the author, we should infinitely prefer supping in company with the nearest sexton. However, we have no suspicion of the kind. An early intimacy with the writings of Shelley, who in his own person was no imposter, is enough to account for the composition of these singularly dolorous verses,

without supposing that they are any symptom whatever of the diseased idiosyncrasy of the author.

If we have selected this poet as the type of a class now unfortunately too common, it is rather for the purpose of remonstrating with him on the abuse of his natural gifts, than from any desire to hold him up to ridicule. We know not whether he may be a stripling or a grown-up man. If the latter, we fear that he is incorrigible, and that the modicum of talent which he certainly possesses is already so perverted, by excessive imitation, as to afford little ground for hope that he can ever purify himself from a bad style of writing, and a worse habit of thought. But if, as we rather incline to believe, he is still a young man, we by no means despair of his reformation, and it is with that view alone that we have selected his volume for criticism. For although there is hardly a page of it which is not studded with faults apparent to the most common censor, there are nevertheless, here and there, passages of some promise and beauty; and one poem, though it be tainted by imitation, is deserving of considerable praise. It is the glitter of the golden ore, though obscured by much that is worthless, which has attracted our notice; and we hope, that by subjecting his poems to a strict examination, we may do the author a real service.

It is not to be expected that the first essay of a young poet should be faultless. Most youths addicted to versification, are from an early age sedulous students of poetry. They select a model through certain affinities of sympathy, and, having done so, they become copyists for a time. We are far from objecting to such a practice; indeed, we consider it inevitable; for the tendency to imitate pervades every branch of art, and poetry is no exception. We distrust originality in a mere boy, because he is not yet capable of the strong impressions, or of the extended and subtle views, from which originality ought to spring. His power of creating music is still undeveloped, but the tendency to imitate music which he has heard, and can even appreciate, is strong. Most immature lyrics indicate pretty clearly the favourite study of their authors.

Sometimes they read like a weak version of the choric songs of Euripides : sometimes the versification smacks of the school of Pope, and not unfrequently it betrays an undue intimacy with the writings of Barry Cornwall. Nor is the resemblance always confined to the form ; for ever and anon we stumble upon a sentiment or expression, so very marked and idiosyncratic as to leave no doubt whatever of its paternity.

The same remarks apply to prose composition. Distinctions of style occupy but a small share of academical attention ; and that most important rhetorical exercise, the analysis of the Period, has fallen into general disregard. Rules for composition certainly exist, but they are seldom made the subject of prelection ; and consequently bad models find their way into the hands, and too often pervert the taste, of the rising generation. The cramped, ungrammatical, style of Carlyle, and the vague pomposity of Emerson, are copied by numerous pupils ; the value of words has risen immensely in the literary market, whilst that of ideas has declined ; in order to arrive at the meaning of an author of the new school, we are forced to crack a sentence as hard and angular as a hickory-nut, and, after all our pains, we are usually rewarded with no better kernel than a maggot.

The *Strayed Reveller* is rather a curious compound of imitation. He claims to be a classical scholar of no mean acquirements, and a good deal of his inspiration is traceable to the Greek dramatists. In certain of his poems he tries to think like Sophocles, and has so far succeeded as to have constructed certain choric passages, which might be taken by an unlettered person for translations from the antique. The language, though hard, is rather stately ; and many of the individual images are by no means destitute of grace. The epithets which he employs bear the stamp of the Greek coinage ; but, upon the whole, we must pronounce these specimens failures. The images are not bound together or grouped artistically, and the rhythm which the author has selected is, to an English ear, utterly destitute of melody. It

is strange that people cannot be brought to understand that the genius and capabilities of one language differ essentially from those of another : and that the measures of antiquity are altogether unsuitable for modern verse. It is no doubt possible, by a Procrustean operation, to force words into almost any kind of mould ; a chorus may be constructed, which, so far as scanning goes, might satisfy the requirements of a pedagogue, but the result of the experiment will inevitably show that melody has been sacrificed in the attempt. Now melody is a charm without which poetry is of little worth ; we are not quite sure whether it would not be more correct to say, that without melody poetry has no existence. Our author does not seem to have the slightest idea of this ; and accordingly he treats us to such passages as the following :—

"No, no, old men, Creon I curse not.
I weep, Thebans,
One than Creon crueler far,
For he, he, at least by slaying her,
August laws doth mightily vindicate :
But thou, too bold, headstrong, pitiless,
Ah me ! honour'st more than thy lover,
O Antigone,
A dead, ignorant, thankless corpse."

"Nor was the love untrue
Which the Dawn-Goddess bore
To that fair youth she erst,
Leaving the salt-sea beds
And coming dash'd over the stormy frith
Of loud Euripus, saw :
Saw and snatch'd, wild with love,
From the pine dotted spars
Of Parnes, where thy waves,
Asopus, gleam rock-hewn'd ;
The Hunter of the Tanagraan Field.
But him, in his sweet prime,
By severance immature,
By Artemis' soft shafts,
She, though a goddess born,
Saw in the rocky Isle of Delos die.
Such end o'ertook that love,
For she desired to make
Immortal mortal man,
And blend his happy life,
Far from the gods, with hers :
To him postponing an eternal law."

We are sincerely sorry to find the lessons of a good classical education applied to so pitiable a use ; for if, out of courtesy, the above should be denominated verses, they are nevertheless as far removed from poetry as the Indus is from the pole. It is one thing to know the classics, and another to write classically. Indeed, if

this be classical writing, it would furnish the best argument ever yet advanced against the study of the works of antiquity. Mr. Tennyson, to whom, as we shall presently have occasion to observe, this author is indebted for another phase of his inspiration, has handled classical subjects with fine taste and singular delicacy; and his "Ulysses" and "Ænone" show how beautifully the Hellenic idea may be wrought out in mellifluous English verse. But Tennyson knows his craft too well to adopt either the Greek phraseology or the Greek rhythm. Even in the choric hymns which he has once or twice attempted, he has spurned halt and ungainly metres, and given full freedom and scope to the cadence of his mother tongue. These antique scraps of the *Reveller* are further open to a still more serious objection, which indeed is applicable to most of his poetry. We read them, marking every here and there some image of considerable beauty; but, when we have laid down the book, we are unable for the life of us to tell what it is all about. The poem from which the volume takes its name is a confused kind of chant about Circe, Ulysses, and the Gods, from which no exercise of ingenuity can extract the vestige of a meaning. It has pictures which, were they introduced for any conceivable purpose, might fairly deserve some admiration; but, thrust in as they are, without method or reason, they utterly lose their effect, and only serve to augment our dissatisfaction at the perversion of a taste which, with so much culture, should have been capable of better things.

The adoption of the Greek choric metres, in some of the poems, appears to us the more inexplicable, because in others, when he descends from his classic altitudes, our author shows that he is by no means insensible to the power of melody. True, he wants that peculiar characteristic of a good poet—a melody of his own; for no poet is master of his craft unless his music is self-inspired: but, in default of that gift, he not unfrequently borrows a few notes or a tune from some of his contemporaries, and exhibits a fair command and mastery of his instrument. Here, for example, are a

few stanzas, the origin of which nobody can mistake. They are an exact echo of the lyrics of Elizabeth Barrett Browning:—

"Are the accents of your luring
More melodious than of yore?
Are those frail forms more enduring
Than the charms Ulysses bore?
That we sought you with rejoicings,
Till at evening we descry,
At a pause of siren voicings,
These vex branches and this howling sky?"

"Oh! your pardon. The uncouthness
Of that primal age is gone,
And the kind of dazzling smoothness
Screens not now a heart of stone.
Love has flushed those cruel faces;
And your slackened arms forego
The delight of fierce embraces;
And those whitening bone-mounds do not
grow."

"'Come,' you say; 'the large appearance
Of man's labour is but vain;
And we plead as firm adherence
Due to pleasure as to pain.'
Pointing to some world-worn creatures,
'Come,' you murmur with a sigh:
'Ah! we own diviner features,
Loflier bearing, and a prouder eye.'"

High and commanding genius is able to win our attention even in its most eccentric moods. Such genius belongs to Mrs. Browning in a very remarkable degree, and on that account we readily forgive her for some forced rhyming, intricate diction, and even occasional obscurity of thought. But what shall we say of the man who seeks to reproduce her marvellous effects by copying her blemishes? Read the above lines, and you will find that, in so far as sound and mannerism go, they are an exact transcript from Mrs. Browning. Apply your intellect to the discovery of their meaning, and you will rise from the task thoroughly convinced of its hopelessness. The poem in which they occur is entitled *The New Sirens*, but it might with equal felicity and point have been called *The New Harpers*, or *The Lay of the Hurdy-Gurdy*. It seems to us a mere experiment, for the purpose of showing that words placed together in certain juxtaposition, without any regard to their significance or propriety, can be made to produce a peculiar phonetic effect. The phenomenon is by no means a new one—it occurs whenever the manufacture of nonsense-verses is attempted; and it needed not the staining of innocent

wire-wove to convince us of its practicability. Read the following stanza—divorce the sound from the sense, and then tell us what you can make of it:—

"With a sad majestic motion—
With a stately slow surprise—
From their earthward bound devotion
Lifting up your languid eyes :
*Would you freeze my louder boldness,
Humbly smiling as you go ?*
One faint frown of distant coldness
Flitting fast across each marble brow !"

What say you, Parson Sir Hugh Evans? "The tawl with his tam; what phrase is this—*freeze my louder boldness?* Why, it is affectations."

If any one, in possession of a good ear, and with a certain facility for composing verse, though destitute of the inventive faculty, will persevere in imitating the style of different poets, he is almost certain at last to discover some writer whose peculiar manner he can assume with far greater facility than that of others. The *Strayed Reveller* fails altogether with Mrs. Browning; because it is beyond his power, whilst following her, to make any kind of agreement between sound and sense. He is indeed very far from being a metaphysician, for his perception is abundantly hazy; and if he be wise, he will abstain from any future attempts at profundity. But he has a fair share of the painter's gift, and were he to cultivate that on his own account, we believe that he might produce something far superior to any of his present efforts. As it is, we can merely accord him the praise of sketching an occasional landscape, very like one which we might expect from Alfred Tennyson. He has not only caught the trick of Tennyson's handling, but he can use his colours with considerable dexterity. He is like one of those second-rate artists, who, with Danby in their eye, crowd our exhibitions with fiery sunsets and oceans radiant in carmine; sometimes their pictures are a little overlaid, but, on the whole, they give a fair idea of the manner of their undoubted master.

The following extract will, we think, illustrate our meaning. It is from a poem entitled *Mycerinus*, which, though it does not possess the

interest of any tale, is correctly and pleasingly written:—

"So spake he, half in anger, half in scorn,
And one loud cry of grief and of amaze
Broke from his sorrowing people; so he spake,
And turning, left them there; and with brief
pause,

Girt with a throng of revellers, bent his way
To the cool regions of the grove he loved.
There by the river banks he wandered on,
From palm-grove on to palm-grove; happy trees,
Their smooth tops shining upwards, and beneath
Burying their unsau'd stems in grass and
flowers;

Where in one dream the feverish time of youth
Might fade in slumber, and the feet of Joy
Might wander all day long and never tire:
Here came the king, holding high feast, at morn
Rose-crown'd; and ever when the sun went
down,

A hundred lamps beam'd in the tranquil gloom
From tree to tree, all through the twinkling
grove,
Revealing all the tumult of the feast,
Flush'd guests, and golden goblets, foam'd with
wine,

While the deep burnish'd foliage overhead
Splinter'd the silver arrows of the moon."

This really is a pretty picture; its worst, and perhaps its only fault, being that it constantly reminds us of the superior original artist. Throughout the book indeed, and incorporated in many of the poems, there occur images to which Mr. Tennyson has a decided right by priority of invention, and which the *Strayed Reveller* has "conveyed" with little attention to ceremony. For example, in a poem which we never much admired, *The Vision of Sin*, Mr. Tennyson has the two following lines—

"And on the glimmering limit, far withdrawn,
God made himself an awful rose of dawn."

This image is afterwards repeated in the *Princess*. Thus—

"Till the sun
Grew broader toward his death and fell, and all
The rose heights came out above the lawns."

Young Danby catches at the idea, and straightway favours us with a copy—

"When the first rose flush was sleeping
All the snow peak's awful crown."

The image is a natural one, and of course open to all the world, but the diction has been clearly borrowed.

Not only in blank verse but in Lyrics does the Tennysonian tendency of our author break out, and to that ten-

dency we owe by far the best poem in the present volume. "The Forsaken Merman," though the subject is fantastic, and though it has further the disadvantage of directly reminding us of one of Alfred's early extravaganzas, is nevertheless indicative of considerable power, not only of imagery and versification, but of actual pathos. A maiden of the earth has been taken down to the depths of the sea, where for years she has resided with her merman lover, and has borne him children. We shall let the poet tell the rest of his story, the more readily because we are anxious that he should receive credit for what real poetical accomplishment he possesses, and that he may not suppose, from our censure of his faults, that we are at all indifferent to his merits.

"Children dear, was it yesterday
(Call yet once) that she went away?
Once she sat with you and me,
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
And the youngest sat on her knee.
She comb'd its bright hair, and she tended it well,
When down swung the sound of the far-off bell.
She sigh'd, she look'd up through the clear green sea.
She said, 'I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
In the little gray church on the shore to-day.
'Twill be Easter-time in the world—ah me!
And I lose my poor soul, Merman, here with thee.'
I said, 'Go up, dear heart, through the waves,
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves.'
She smil'd, she went up through the surf in the bay.
Children dear, was it yesterday?
"Children dear, were we long alone?
'The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan.
Long prayers,' I said, 'in the world they say.
Come,' I said, and we rose through the surf in the bay.
We went up the beach, by the sandy down
Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white wall'd town.
Through the narrow pav'd streets, where all was still,
To the little gray church on the windy hill.
From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers,
But we stood without in the cold-blowing airs.
We climbed on the graves, on the stones worn with rains,
And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded panes.
She sat by the pillar; we saw her clear:
'Margaret, hie! come quick, we are here.
Dear heart,' I said, 'we are long alone,
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan.'

But, ah, she gave me never a look,
For her eyes were sealed to the holy book.
Loud prays the priest; shut stands the door.
Come away, children, call no more
Come away, come down, call no more.
"Down, down, down,
Down to the depths of the sea.
She sits at her wheel in the humming town.
Singing most joyfully.
Hark, what she sings; 'O joy, O joy,
For the humming street, and the child with its toy.
For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well,
For the wheel where I spun,
And the bless'd light of the sun.'
And so she sings her fill,
Singing most joyfully,
Till the shuttle falls from her hand,
And the whizzing wheel stands still.
She steals to the window, and looks at the sand;
And over the sand at the sea;
And her eyes are set in a stare;
And anon there breaks a sigh,
And anon there drops a tear,
From a sorrow-clouded eye,
And a heart sorrow laden,
A long, long sigh,
For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaid, and the gleam of her golden hair."

Had the author given us much poetry like this, our task would indeed have been a pleasant one; but as the case is otherwise, we can do no more than point to the solitary pearl. Yet it is something to know that, in spite of imitation, and a taste which has gone far astray, this writer has powers, which, if properly directed and developed, might insure him a sympathy, which, for the present, must be withheld. Sympathy, indeed, he cannot look for, so long as he appeals neither to the heart, the affections, nor the passions of mankind, but prefers appearing before them in the ridiculous guise of a misanthrope. He would fain persuade us that he is a sort of Timon, who, despairing of the tendency of the age, wishes to wrap himself up in the mantle of necessity, and to take no part whatever in the vulgar concerns of existence. It is absolutely ridiculous to find this young gentleman—after confiding "to a Republican friend" the fact that he despises

"The barren, optimistic sophistries
Of comfortable moles, whom what they do
Teaches the limit of the just and true,
And for such doing have no need of eyes,"—

thus favouring the public in a sonnet

with his views touching the onward progress of society:—

"Yet, when I muse on what life is, I seem
Rather to patience prompted, than that proud
Prospect of hope which France proclaims so
loud—

France, famed in all good arts, in none
supreme.

Seeing this vale, this earth, whereon we
dream,

Is on all sides o'ershadowed by the high
Un'erleap'd mountains of necessity,
Sparing us narrower margin than we deem.

Nor will that day dawn at a human nod,
When, bursting through the network super-
pos'd

By selfish occupation—plot and plan,
Lust, avarice, envy—liberated man,
All difference with his fellow-man compos'd,
Shall be left standing face to face with God."

What would our friend be at? If he is a Tory, can't he find work enough in denouncing and exposing the lies of the League, and in taking up the cudgels for native industry? If he is a Whig, can't he be great upon sewerage, and the scheme of planting colonies in Connaught, to grow corn and rear pigs at prices which will not pay for the manure and the hogs'-wash? If he is a Chartist, can't he

say so, and stand up manfully with Julian Harney for "the points," whatever may be their latest number? But we think that, all things considered, he had better avoid politics. Let him do his duty to God and man, work six hours a-day, whether he requires to do so for a livelihood or not, marry and get children, and, in his moments of leisure, let him still study Sophocles and amend his verses. But we hope that, whatever he does, he will not inflict upon us any more such platitudes as "Resignation," addressed "to Fausta," or any sonnets similar to that which he has written in *Emerson's Essays*. We tender our counsel with a most sincere regard for his future welfare; for, in spite of his many faults, the *Strayed Reveller* is a clever fellow; and though it cannot be averred that, up to the present time, he has made the most of fair talents and a first-rate education, we are not without hope that, some day or other, we may be able to congratulate him on having fairly got rid of his affected misanthropy, his false philosophy, and his besetting sin of imitation, and that he may yet achieve something which may come home to the heart, and secure the admiration of the public.

NEW LIGHT ON THE STORY OF LADY GRANGE.

BEFORE we offer our readers some new light on this renowned mystery, it is necessary that we should give them, in a sentence, the briefest possible outline of the oft-told tale, so far as it has been hitherto known. John Erskine, Lord Grange, a judge of the Court of Session, and a leader of the ultra-religious party in Scotland, was married to the daughter of that Chiesley of Dalry who had shot the Lord President in the High Street of Edinburgh, for giving a decision against him. The marriage was a very unhappy one. The pious leader of a religious party was scandalised in various ways, obliged to live separate from his wife, and subjected to many outrages from her. At length her death was announced, her funeral was duly attended, and the widower preserved the decorous silence of one to whom death has brought relief from what is generally counted a calamity.

This occurred in January 1732. The lapse of nearly nine years had almost consigned the remembrance of the unfortunate woman to oblivion, when strange rumours gained circulation, that she who was believed to be dead and buried was living in bondage in the distant island of St. Kilda. The account she subsequently gave of her adventures, bore, that one night in her solitary lodging she was seized by some Highlanders, whom she knew to be retainers of Lord Lovat, and conveyed away, gagged and blindfolded, in the arms of a man seated in a sedan chair. It appears that she was kept in various places of confinement, and subjected to much rough usage, in the Low Country. At length she was conveyed north-westward, towards the Highland line. She passed through the grim solitudes of Glencoe, where recent murder must have awakened in the captive horrible associations, on to the western part of Lord Lovat's country, where any deed of tyranny or violence might be committed with safety. Thence she was transferred to the equally safe country of Glengarry, and, after crossing some of the highest mountains in Scotland, was shipped on the wild Loch Hourne, for ever darkened by the

shadow of gigantic mountains falling on its narrow waters. She was kept for some time on the small island of Heskir, belonging to Macdonald of Sleat, and was afterwards transferred to the still more inaccessible St. Kilda, which has acquired a sort of celebrity from its connexion with her strange history. In 1741, when a communication from the captive had, through devious courses, reached her friends in Edinburgh, an effort was made to release her; but it was baffled by her transference to another place of confinement, where she died in 1745.

Little did the old judge imagine, at the time when he had so successfully and so quietly got rid of his domestic curse—when the mock funeral had been performed, the family condolences acted over, and the victim safely conveyed to her distant prison, that on some future day the public, frantic with curiosity, would tear to pieces the covering of his great mystery, and expose every fragment of it to the admiring crowd. It was but a simple matter in the eyes of those who were concerned in it. The woman was troublesome—her husband was a judge, and therefore a powerful man—so he put her out of the way. Nor was he cruel or unscrupulous, according to the morality of the circle in which he lived, in the method he adopted to accomplish his end. He had advisers about him, who would have taken a shorter and a more effectual plan of ridding themselves of a troublesome woman, wife or not, and would have walked forth into the world without being haunted by any dread that rumours of remote captivities might rise up to disturb their peace. Indeed, when we remember the character of the instruments to whom Lord Grange committed the kidnapping and removal of his wife, it is only wonderful that they had patience enough to carry out so long and troublesome an operation; and that they did not, out of regard to themselves and to their employer, put a violent termination to the career of their troublesome charge, and send her at once to where

the weary are at rest. Had this been her fate, the affair of Lady Grange would have been one of secondary interest. Such things were too easily accomplished in those days. The chances would have been greatly against a discovery, and if it took place, equally great against the conviction and punishment of the offenders, unless the lady had a more powerful party at her back than the daughter of Chiesley the murderer would be likely to command. It would have created, so far as it was known, great excitement, and some little horror, at the time, but it would have speedily sunk to the level of the ordinary contents of the criminal records, and would never have bequeathed to the ensuing century an object which antiquarians have hunted out as religiously and zealously as if it had involved the fate of Europe.

In fact, Lord Grange was what was called in his day "a discreet man." He wished to avoid scandal, and bore a character for religious zeal, which appears to have been on occasion a very serious burden not easily borne. He dreaded scandal and notoriety, and therefore he shrouded his great act of iniquity in the most profound secrecy. Moreover, he kept a conscience—something that, like Rob Roy's honesty, might be called a conscience "after a kind." He said pretty accurately of himself in his *Diary*—"I have religion enough to spoil my relish and prosecution of this world, and not enough to get me to the next." We may probably believe that, even if he could have performed the deed with perfect secrecy and safety, so far as this world is concerned, he would not have murdered his wife, his conscience recoiling at the dreadful crime—his fear of the world causing him to shrink from exposure. Urged by these two conflicting motives, he adopted the expedient of the secret removal to a desolate and distant spot, believing that he had surrounded the whole project with a deep and impenetrable cloud of mystery. Never was human foresight more signally set at naught. It was this very machinery of intense mystery that, by ministering to one of the

cravings of the human imagination, has made the incident one of the most notorious of human events. It is almost satisfactory to know that this dreaded notoriety visited the hoary tyrant, for after he had for nine years enjoyed in secret the success of his plot, and kept his fair fame with the world, we find him, when legal proceedings were commenced against him, bitterly saying that "strange stories were spread all over the town of Edinburgh, and made the talk of coffee-houses and tea-tables, and sent, as I have ground to apprehend, to several other places of Great Britain."* One may notice, too, in the following discontented mumblings, the bitterness with which he contemplated the divulging of the secret,—it is in a letter to the imprisoned lady's champion, Mr. Hope of Rankeillor.

"Any of the smallest discretion will see what a worthy part *he* acts towards me and mine, and many others, and even towards the person pretended to be cared for, who, in such an occasion, begins by spreading through Great Britain strange stories, unexamined and unvouched, and not so much as communicated to us concerned; and next, when offered satisfaction, yet proceeds to fix such on public records, and to force others to bring on record sad and proved truths, which he himself knows and formerly has acknowledged to be truths, and that ought for ever to be sunk. This cannot be construed to be anything but an endeavour to fix, as far as in him lies, a lasting blot on persons and families. The first was defamation, and the next would be the same, under a cover of a pretended legal shape, but in itself more atrocious. One cannot doubt that this is a serious thing to many more than me, and cannot but be laid to heart."†

The text from which we are at present discoursing, is a bundle of confidential letters from Lord Grange, printed in the *Miscellany of the Spalding Club*, and not the least valuable and curious of the many contributions made by that useful and spirited institution, to the elucidation of Scottish history and manners. At the foot of the high conical hill of Bennochie, in a small group of forest-trees, there nestles one of those quaint small turreted mansions of old

* *Miscellany of the Spalding Club*, iii. 58.

† *Ibid.* 62-3.

French architecture so frequently to be seen in the north of Scotland. The owner of this mansion was an Erskine; he was related to Erskine of Grange, and it so happened that this relative was the person in whose ear he poured his secret sorrows, as a disappointed and morbid politician. Such confidential outpourings are not the most interesting of communications, even when one has the fortune to be so far connected with the wailer as to be the chosen vessel into which he pours the anguish of his heart. Some of these letters are portentous—they are absolute pamphlets—in their spirit as yellow and mildewed with discontent, as their outward aspect may have been by the cold damp air of Bennochie, when they were discovered in the worm-eaten chest. It requires a little zeal to peruse the whole series; but, unless we are greatly deceived, we think we can present our readers with a few plums picked out of the mass, which they may find not unacceptable. And here, by the way, let us observe, how great a service is done by those who ransack the repositories of our old Scottish houses, and make their contents accessible to the public. We are convinced that in dusty garrets, in vaults, in musty libraries, and crazy old oak-chests, there is still an almost inexhaustible wealth of curious lore of this description. The correspondence of the old Scottish families is generally far more interesting than that of English houses of the same rank. Since the civil wars of the seventeenth century, England may be said to have been internally undisturbed, and no private papers contain matters of state save those of the great families whose ancestors have been high in office. But in

Scotland, the various outbreaks, and the unceasing Jacobite intrigues, made almost all the country-gentlemen statesmen—made too many of them state offenders. The Essex squire, be he ever so rich, was still but the lord of a certain quantity of timber and oxen, grass and turnips. The Highland laird, be he ever so poor, was a leader of men—a person who had more or less the power of keeping the country in a state of war or danger—a sort of petty king reigning over his own people. Hence, while the letters of the last century one might pick up in a comfortable old English mansion, would relate to swing-gates and turnpike roads, game preserves and tithes, those found hidden behind the wainscot of a gaunt old cheerless Scottish fortalice would relate to risings at home, or landings from abroad—to the number of broadswords and targets still kept in defiance of the Arms Act—to communications received through French Jesuits, or secret missions “across the water.”*

We believe that the passages from these documents, on which we are now to comment, in the first place exhibit to us pretty plainly the motive of Lord Grange for the deportation of his wife; and, in the second place, prove that he entertained designs of a similar character against another female with whom he was nearly connected.

When Lady Grange's strange history was first communicated to the public, it was believed that the cause of her abduction was not merely her violent temper, but her possession of certain secrets which would enable her to compromise the safety of her husband and his friends, by proving

* We remember once in such a house—it was a rainy day, and for the amusement of the inmates a general rummage was made among old papers—that in a corner of a press of a law library were found a multitude of letters very precisely folded up, and titled—they had a most business-like and uninteresting appearance, but on being examined they were found to consist of the confidential correspondence of the leaders of the Jacobite army in 1745. Their preservation was accounted for by the circumstance that an ancestor of the owner of the house was sheriff of the county at the period of the rebellion. He had seized the letters; but, finding probably that they implicated a considerable number of his own relations, he did not consider himself especially called on to invite the attention of the law officers of the crown to his prize; while, on the other hand, the damnable documents were carefully preserved, lest some opportunity should occur of turning them to use. They are now printed in a substantial quarto, under the patronage of one of the book clubs.

their connexion with the Jacobite intrigues of the period. The view more lately taken of the mystery, has been that she was merely a mad woman, and that her abduction, with all its laborious mystery, was only an attempt to accommodate the judge, with a resource in which Scotland was then deficient—a lunatic asylum for insane relatives. Though, as we shall presently see, his confidential communications give other and darker revelations, this was the light in which Lord Grange wished the matter to be viewed, after his plot had been discovered; and in his controversial letter to Mr. Hope, always referred to, he gives an account of her frantic outbreaks, which certainly affords a picture of one likely to have been a most distressing partner in life to a grave judge, having a few secrets to conceal which required him to be peculiarly circumspect in his walk; and holding a high, but a rather precarious position, in the opinion of the religious world. After stating that she had agreed to a separation, he continues—

“Then it was hoped that I and the children (whom she used to curse bitterly when they went dutifully to wait on her) would be in quiet; but she often attacked my house, and from the streets, and among the footmen and chairmen of visitors, cried and raged against me and mine, and watched for me in the streets, and chased me from place to place in the most indecent and shameless manner, and threatened to attack me on the bench, which, dreading she would do every time I went to it, made my duty there very heavy on me, lest that honourable Court of Session should be disturbed and affronted on my occasion. And not content with these, and odd and very bad contrivances about the poor children, she waited on a Sunday's afternoon that my sister, Lady Jane Paterson, with my second daughter, came out of the Tron Church, and on the street, among all the people, fell upon her with violent scolding and curses, and followed her so down Merlin's Wynd, till Lady Jane and the child near the bottom of it got shelter from her and being exposed to the multitude in a friend's house. You also know, and may well remember, that before you and the rest advised the separation, and till she went from my house, she would not keep herself in that part

of it (the best apartment) which was assigned her, but abused all in the family, and when none were adverting broke into the room of an old gentlewoman, recommended to me for housekeeper, and carried off and destroyed her accounts, &c., and committed outrages, so that at length I was forced to have a watch in my house, and especially in the night time, as if it had been in the frontier of an enemy's country, or to be spoiled by robbers.”

This was doubtless the truth, but not the whole truth. Founding apparently on these statements, which are Lord Grange's vindication of himself, the editor of the collection of letters says—“The letters now printed must considerably impair the mystery of the reasons which led to the abduction of Lady Grange. They may be held conclusively to refute the supposition that the affair had any connexion with the political intrigues of the period.” On the contrary, we cannot read the confidential portion of the correspondence without feeling that it almost conclusively establishes the fact, that the affair *had* a “connexion” with the political intrigues of the period; and that the reason why so many people of rank and political influence aided the plot, why the removal was conducted with so much secrecy, and the place of seclusion was so remote and inaccessible, was because Lady Grange was possessed of dangerous secrets, which compromised her husband and his friends. The general tone of the letters, and their many cautious and mysterious, yet unmistakable references to the proceedings of friends across the water, show that the judge confided to the owner of the old mansion at the foot of Bennochie some things which it would be dangerous for an enemy to know. But we shall cite just one passage, which we consider sufficient of itself to support our position. It is taken from a letter dated 22d March 1731, just ten months before his wife was seized and carried off. There is something very peculiar in the structure of the letter; and, whether in pursuit of some not very appreciable joke, or to waylay the penetration of any hostile party who might take the liberty of opening the

packet on its journey, the writer speaks of himself during the most curious and important part of it, in the third person. Talking of a very difficult and hazardous project in which he is about to be engaged, he thus passes a neat commendation on himself,—“but I am sure he never yet was frightened from what was right in itself, and his duty towards his friends, by his own trouble or danger, and he seems as little frightened now, as ever in his life.” He then approaches the subject of his wife's character and intentions, like a man treading on the verge of a frightful pit-fall. “I have found that in such a case, there is no bounds set to such mischief, and it is pushed on though it should go the length of your utter ruin, and of Tyburn itself, or the Grassmarket,”—the one being the place where the gibbet of London, the other where that of Edinburgh stood. From such portentous associations he passes immediately to his wife and her proceedings. To make the passage more distinct, we fill up the names, of which the letter contains only the first and last letters; it will be remarked that he still assumes the third person, and that he himself is the person about to depart for London.

“Then I am told that Lady Grange is going to London. She knows nothing of his going, nor is it suspected here, nor shall be till the day before he goes off, and so she cannot pretend it is to follow him. She will certainly strive to get access to Lady Mary Wortley, Lady Mar's sister. (whom she openly blesses for her opposition to our friends,) and to all where her malice may prompt her to hope she can do hurt to us. You will remember with what lying impudence she threatened Lord Grange, and many of his friends, with accusations of high treason and other capital crimes, and spoke so loud of her accusing directly by a signed information to Lord Justice Clerk, that it came to his ears, and she was stopped by hearing he said, that, if the mad woman came to him, he would cause his footman turn her down stairs. What effect her lies may have, where she is not so well

known, and with those who, from opposition to what Lord Grange is about, may think their interest to encourage them, one cannot certainly know; but if proper measures be not fallen on against it, the creature may prove troublesome; at any rate, this whole affair will require a great deal of diligence, caution, and address.”*

He talks of her as mad; and so far as passion and the thirst of vengeance make people mad, she undoubtedly was so. He speaks of her intended accusations as lies—that is, of course, a convenient expression to use towards them. But what is very clearly at the bottom of all the trepidation, and doubt, and difficulty, is, that she might be able, mad and false as she was, to get facts established which called up very ugly associations with Tyburn and the Grassmarket. A minute incident stated in the common histories of the affair, that Lady Grange planned a journey to London for the purpose of taking her accusation to the fountain-head of political power, is confirmed by this extract. It may easily be believed that, among Grange's official colleagues—some of whom had also their own secrets to keep—the lady's frantic accusations met with little encouragement. The Justice-clerk referred to in the extract, Adam Cockburn of Ormiston, was, like Grange himself, a great professed light of the church, and what sort of interview he would have held with the furious lady, may be inferred from the character given of him by a contemporary,—“He became universally hated in Scotland, where they called him the curse of Scotland; and when ladies were at cards, playing the nine of diamonds, commonly called ‘the curse of Scotland,’ they called it the Justice-Clerk. He was, indeed, of a hot temper, and violent in all his measures”†

In the old narratives of the affair, it is stated that Grange felt his position to be the more dangerous, as some letters had been intercepted tending to inculcate him with the Jacobites on the Continent. It is singular that this should also be pretty satisfactorily proved by the present

* *Miscellany of the Spalding Club*, iii. 6.

† *Houston's Memoirs*, 92.

correspondence. It will be remembered that Grange was a brother of the Earl of Mar, whose prominence in the affairs of 1715 had driven him into exile. A strong attachment to this unfortunate man is, on the whole, the most pleasing feature in the character of the more cautious and more fortunate judge. It was natural that the brothers should keep up a correspondence, and quite as natural that Sir Robert Walpole should be particularly anxious to discover what they said to each other. Grange conducted some negotiations with the government for his brother's pardon and restoration, and we find him defeated in his aim, and receiving some very significant hints about the nature of his correspondence.

Sir Robert told me in wrath that he would have nothing to do with Lord Mar, that he had dealt ill with him, and he should not have his pardon; and he would by no means give me any reason for it, but Lord Townsend did, whom they had stirred up; for he in anger told me Sir Robert had intercepted his letters to me with very odd things in them, injurious to Sir Robert and his friends.

Soon after this, Ilay, with cloudy looks, began to make insinuations of some discoveries against me too, and at length told me that Sir Robert said that he had also intercepted bad letters of mine to Lord Mar, but confessed they were not directed to Lord Mar, and neither subscribed by me nor in my hand of write, but that by the contents they knew them to be mine to Lord Mar. I answered that they might assert what they pleased of letters said to be directed to me, and which they owned I had never seen, but that I must know of letters wrote by myself, and that I ever wrote any such was a damned, villainous, malicious lie; and let Sir Robert or any else be the asserter of it, whoever did assert it, was a liar.*

This is a very successful outbreak of virtuous indignation, and does considerable credit to its author, as a pupil of that school of which his dear friend Lord Lovat was the undoubted head.

We cannot help considering that it is a question of some historical in-

terest and importance whether the abduction of Lady Grange was or was not a measure adopted for political reasons, and that the letters before us, by finally deciding the question, throw an important light on the political state of Scotland in the early part of the eighteenth century. If we suppose that the lady was carried under circumstances of such profound mystery, and by the agency of some conspicuous and distinguished personages, to the distant island of St. Kilda, merely because she was a lunatic who required to be in custody, we only see that many important and sagacious people were taking a very complex and cumbrous method of accomplishing what might have been done with ease; for in those days, few would have troubled themselves about the wretched woman, if her husband had chosen to keep her in any place of confinement, telling the neighbourhood that she was insane. But when we find that the Jacobite party in Scotland were powerful enough to kidnap a person obnoxious to them, and keep her for nine years in a place to which the laws of the realm and the authority of the crown nominally extended, but where their own power was the real operative authority, we have a very formidable notion of the strength and compactness of the Jacobite union during Walpole's apparently powerful ministry.

The correspondence of Lord Grange admits its reader to a species of confidential intercourse with him, which can scarcely be called agreeable. It exhibits one of the most disgusting of all the moral diseases—the rankling of the arrow of disappointment in the heart of a defeated political schemer. It is not the man of brave and bold designs, baffled, or the utopian enthusiast disappointed of the fulfilment of his golden dreams, or the adherent of one absorbing political idea looking at it lying broken to pieces at his feet; in all of these there is a dash of noble and disinterested sentiment, and the politician defeated in his conflict with the world has still the consolation of an honest if mistaken heart, into which he can retire without the sting of self-reproach. But all Grange's

disappointments were connected with paltry schemes of personal aggrandisement. Fawn and flatter as he might, Sir Robert Walpole, and his Scottish coadjutor Ilay, knew him and distrusted him, and, when he came to court them, gave him but fair words, and sometimes not even that. With Sir Robert he carried on an unequal war. Believing that he could scourge the minister in parliament, while he was a judge of the Court of Session, he resolved to obtain a seat, and thereupon the all-powerful minister at once checkmated him, by carrying an act to prohibit judges of the Court of Session from holding seats in the House of Commons—it was a less invidious proceeding than the dismissal of his lordship from the bench would have been, and it had the appearance of being dictated by a desire for the public good. Grange preferred the senate to the bench, and resigned his judgeship, but he never achieved political eminence. In the mean time, he acquired Dr. Johnson's desideratum of an honest hatred towards his enemy, and indeed hatred appears to have been the only honest ingredient in his character. He expressed it so well towards Walpole, that we must quote his confidential opinion of that mighty statesman:—

“An insolent and rapacious minister, who has kept us under the expense of war in time of peace, yet hindered us to fight to vindicate our trade, so grossly violated by Spanish robberies, and when we could have put a stop to it, and corrected them without drawing upon us the arms of any other nation, maintained his hollow and expensive peace by ridiculous contradictory treaties, trying us to take part in all the quarrels of Europe, and sometimes to be on both sides, and at the same time allowing confederacies to go on so powerful, and which we are not of, that now when a war is breaking out we know not where to turn us; laying plots to devour the land by new swarms of officers of the revenue, to put the merchants' stocks in the possession of these vermin, and trade under their power, &c., as by that most damned excise scheme; openly protecting the frauds and villains that plunder the stocks and ruin multitudes, and must sink the kingdom; plundering the revenue, and using all his art, and power, and

bribes to stop all inquiry into, or the least amendment of these things, either by parliament or otherwise; openly ridiculing all virtue and uprightness; enhancing* all power to himself and his brother, and suffering almost none else to do or know anything; barefaced and avowed bribing of members of parliament and others, and boasting of it; heaping up immense wealth to himself and his most abject profligate creatures of both sexes, while the public treasure and trade of the nation is ruined; suffering and encouraging these locusts to get large bribes, and giving considerable employment at their recommendation, while men of merit and service, and of the best families and interest, are neglected or abused, employing insignificant brutes or the greatest rogues, and favouring almost none but such; maltreating and insulting all whom his rascals and jades complain of. But the list is too long to go through with here.”*

Grange thought at one time that he had great claims on Walpole and Lord Ilay; and he seems to have very diligently performed one class of duties which politicians sometimes think sufficient to establish a claim for reward—he had been an indefatigable petitioner for ministerial favours. We have heard somewhere of a story of a political economist, who during a long walk is pestered by an Irish beggar, who asks his honour just to give him a sixpence, “for the love of God.” The economist turns round to argue the matter: “I deny,” says he, “that I would be showing my love to the Deity by giving an idle rascal like you money; if you can state any service you have ever done to me worth the sixpence, you shall have it.” “Why, then,” says the mendicant thus appealed to, “haven't I been keeping your honour in discourse this half hour?” Such seems to have been the character of Grange's claim on the ministry—he kept them in unceasing “discourse” as a petitioner. Not that he did not profess some claims of another kind. “During all this time,” he says, “I ran their errands and fought their battles in Scotland.” Nor did he fail sometimes to allude to his services as a religious professor, so ill-required that he taunts Ilay with having “already effectually interposed for

Tom (now Baron) Kennedy, who had been Queen's advocate, and obnoxious to all the Presbyterian party, *which I was not.*" And how was he rewarded for all this running errands, fighting battles, and being religious enough not to be obnoxious? "Ilay showed me no countenance, and Argyle shunned to see me. . . . He [Ilay] never speaks nor writes to me of any business, but to sham me (as you have seen) about my own: and, these three or four years past, has visibly to all the world drawn off by degrees from all familiarity with me, and has dropped me even from his conversation about trifles or mirth. I could give you many strong instances of this." Here is an incident told with a pathos sufficient to move a whole antechamber to tears:—

"Before I came from London in November last, he bade me wait on Sir Robert at his levee. I told him I had always done so, but was not in the least noticed, or had so much as a smile or a gracious nod from him. But said he, 'I promise you I'll tell him to take particular notice of you, and to assure you of favour, and that he will do for you: which (said his lordship) will make my game more easy when I ask anything for you; and he bid me come to him that he might carry me to the levee in his coach. This was done, and I set myself in Sir Robert's eye in the front of the crowd that surrounded him, and Ilay was by and looking on. Sir Robert came and went by me without the least regard. Ilay slipped into another room; and, that I might not wait longer in so silly a figure, I made up without being called to the great knight; and told him I came to testify my respect, and ask his commands for Scotland. His answer, with a very dry look, and odd air, was, 'I have nothing to say to you, my lord. I wish you a good journey.' I saw Ilay afterwards, and he said there was nothing in it. Sir Robert had only forgot, and I am sure (said he) he will do for you what I desired of him."*

In the sequel he exclaims, "Can such usage be bore, even by the spirit of a poor mouse!"—deeming probably that its endurance by a *rat* was quite out of the question.

It is singular enough to find from these revelations of Lord Grange's character and habits, that while he was plotting the abduction of one mad woman, he was busily engaged in attempting the release of another. Yes, as a first step, he was intending to release her; but there are a few hints, slight in themselves, but wonderfully suggestive when they are associated with his wife's history, showing us that his ultimate intention was to make a second victim. In this scheme he was defeated by a spirit less crafty, but more audacious than his own—by no less renowned a person than Lady Mary Wortley Montague, whose name has already been mentioned as "openly blessed" by Lady Grange for her "opposition to our friends," meaning the Jacobites. We have among the papers the history of the baffled attempt—at least one side of the history, and, when shaken free of the dust of Grange's prolix grumblings, it is infinitely amusing. The intended victim in this instance was Lady Mar, Lady Mary's sister, the wife of Grange's brother. Lady Mar was insane, and in some shape or other committed to the guardianship of her sister. There were some pecuniary matters depending on the question of her detention or release, so vaguely hinted at that it is not easy to discover their nature. It would appear that Lady Mar was allowed by the favour of the court, and probably through the interest of her relatives, a jointure of £500 a-year over the estates which were forfeited from her husband. Lord Mar was then living in poverty abroad; and Lord Grange was inclined to think that this sum would be better administered by himself and his friends than by Lady Mary. Looking at the £500 from his own side, he of course saw Lady Mary on the other, and judged that her motives were as parallel to his own as the one jaw of a shark is to the other—so he says, "Lady Mar, they say, is quite well; and so as in common justice she can no longer be detained as a lunatic; but she is obstinately averse to appearing in chancery, that

the sentence may be taken off. Her sister probably will oppose her liberty, for thereby she would lose, and Lord Mar in effect gain, £500 yearly: and the poor lady, being in her custody, and under her management, had need to be very firmly recovered, for the guardian may at present so vex, tease, and plague her, that it would turn anybody mad.*

It was believed that if Lady Mar were released from Lady Mary Wortley Montague's influence, means might be taken for so arranging matters that her husband should participate in her jointure. There was another matter, however, in which Grange himself had a more particular prospect of pecuniary advantage. Lady Mar appears to have had a beneficiary interest in a lease of a house in Whitehall, forming part of the royal demesne. An arrangement seems to have been made by which, during her incapacity from insanity, her own term was conveyed to her brother-in-law, Lord Grange, while he at the same time obtained a reversion of the lease in his own favour. He had, it appears, sold his whole interest in the property—both the lease he had obtained from Lady Mar's guardians and his own reversionary interest. He was now, therefore, in endeavouring to procure the release of Lady Mar, on the ground of her restoration to sanity, about to enable her to revoke the transference that had been made to him of her own share in the lease. In his own words, "On Lady Mar's being at freedom, the assignment of her lease to Lord Grange becomes void, and so does the sale he has made of it; and in that sale the lease to Lady Mar was valued at £800 sterling, which will be lost by the avoidance of it." Such is the danger; and now, in a very brief continuation of the quotation, let us observe the way in which it was to be met, for, considering who was the writer, it is really well worthy of observation. "Were Lady Mar in her freedom, in right hands, she would ratify the bargain, but if in her sister's, probably she will not." Such was the plot; she was to be restored to her freedom

that she might be put "in right hands,"—in hands in which there was no chance of her refusing what might be demanded. But there was a lion in the way, or rather a lioness, as we shall see. Lord Grange's anticipations of Lady Wortley Montague's operations is not the least remarkable of his revelations. It is "the power within the guilty breast" working as in Eugene Aram's dream. What Lady Mary suspected it were difficult to say, but he who ventured to predict her suspicions spoke from his own guilty conscience—spoke as the kidnapper and secret prisoner. We pay attention to the remarkable expressions with which the following quotation closes:—

"May not an artful woman impose on one in such circumstances, and whose mind cannot yet be very firm? And this is the more to be feared, because at the beginning of her illness the sister said loudly, and oftener than once to Lord Grange himself, that her husband's bad usage had turned her [Lady Mar] mad. Supposing, then, the sister tell and persuade her to this purpose: 'You see your husband's friends quite neglect you. Lord Erskine, though in the place, seldom comes near you. How easy were it for Lord Grange to have made you a visit on hearing you were so well. Surely it became the fellow to pay you that regard, and he would have done it had he any kindness for you; and, if the husband had, he would have laid such commands on his son and brother which they could not have resisted. Now, you may get your freedom, but can you again trust yourself in their hands?' Quite separated from your father's and mother's friends, and from your country, *locked up in Scotland or foreign parts, and wholly in their power*, what can you expect? Your friends here could give you no relief, and you should be wholly at the barbarous mercy of those whose sense get not sufficiently the better of their hatred or contempt, as to make them carry with seeming respect to you till they get you in their power. *What will they not do when they have you?*"†

Such are Lord Grange's "imaginary conversations" of Lady Mary Wortley—like many others, a more accurate reflection of the thoughts habitually dwelling in the writer's own mind,

* *Miscellany of the Spalding Club*, iii. 4.

† *Ibid.* p. 6.

than of those of the person in whose name they are uttered. And then, in continuation, he paints the formidable effect of the imaginary pleading—"Such things to a woman so lately of a disturbed brain, constantly inculcated by so near a relation whom she only sees, and her creatures, and depends on her entirely for the time—what may they not produce? And if they have their effect, then the consequences are these: the lady being at freedom legally, but *de facto* still under her sister's absolute government, the bargain about her jointure becomes void, and thereby she (or rather the sister) gets more by £500 sterling yearly, and our friend has nothing at all." Then follows the statement about the lease; and the meaning of the whole is, that Lady Mar, as a free woman, would be entitled to live with her sister, and dispose of her own property, unless she were put in the "right hands" to make her "ratify" any desired bargain.

The interchange of compliments between the parties, when they came to actual conflict, is extremely instructive. "She concluded with rage," says the judge, "that we were both rascals, with many other ridiculous things." But perhaps more people will think her ladyship's penetration was not more ridiculously at fault on this than on other occasions. Horace Walpole left an unfavourable testimony to her treatment of her sister, when he alluded to "the unfortunate Lady Mar, whom she treated so hardly when out of her senses." Pope caught up the same charge in the insinuation—

1. "Who starves a sister, or denies a debt."

Lord Grange, for his own part, has the merit, when characterising his opponent, of a coincidence with the illustrious poet—at least in the bestowal of an epithet. Every one remembers Pope's—

"Avidien and his wife, no matter which;
For him you call a dog, and her a —."

It is satisfactory to find on the most palpable evidence, that Lord Grange had sufficient poetical genius to supply this rhyme, though whether his poetic powers went any farther, we are un-

able, and perhaps no one will ever be able, to determine.

We must quote, unmutated, one of Grange's conflicts with Avidien's wife. Though the scene be roughly described, it has an interest, from the unscrupulous vehemence of the principal actors, and the eminence of the little group, who cluster round it like a circle of casual passengers round the centre of disturbance, where the wife and the brother-bacchanalian compete, on the pavement, for the possession of some jovial reveller, whose half-clouded mind remains vibrating between the quiet comforts of home and the fierce joys of the tavern. There is something affecting in the vacillating miseries of the poor invalid—we wonder how much of the cruel contest can be true; for, that it is all true, it is impossible to believe—yet Lady Mary could be violent, and she could be hard, when she was attacked or baffled; and she had a rough and uncrupulous nature to combat with, in the historian of their warfare.

"Lady Mary, perceiving how things were like to go, did what I was always afraid of, and could not possibly prevent; she went in rage to her poor sister, and so swaggered and frightened her, that she relapsed. While she was about that fine piece of work, Lord Erskine happened to go to Lady Mar's; and in his presence Lady Mary continued to this purpose with her sister: 'Can you pretend to be well? Don't you know you are still mad? You shan't get out of my custody; and if Lord Grange and his confederates bring you before Lord Chancellor, I'll make you, in open court, in presence of the world, lay your hand on the Gospel, and swear by Almighty God, whether you can say you are yet well. Your salvation shall be at stake; for, remember, perjury infers damnation—your eternal damnation.' So soon as I was informed of this, I assured my lady (and so did others) that in law no such oath could be put to her, and that Lady Mary had only said so to fright her. But so strong was the fright, that nothing we could say was able to set her right again. And Lady Mary, having thus dismounted her, came again and coaxed her, and (as I found by diverse instances) strove to give her bad impressions of her family, and everybody but Lady Mary's sweet self. Yet next day Lady Mar went and dined at Mr. Baillie's in town, and there saw a deal of company, and behaved very well. And Dr. Arbuthnot, who, among others, saw

her there, said he thought her very well ; and had not the turn happened you will presently hear of, he and Dr. Monro (son to Mr. Monro who, at the Revolution, was Principal of Edinburgh College, and is now physician to Bedlam,) and Dr. Mead, were to have gone to her with me next day and afterwards, that they might have vouched her condition before the chancellor. I believed it best for me not to be at Mr. Baillie's, that all might appear as it was, free and natural, and not conducted by any art of mine ; only I went thither about seven at night, and found her in a room with Ladies Harvey, Binning, Murray, Lady Grizzle Baillie, and others. She was behaving decently, but with the gravity of one that is wearied and tired. Mr. Baillie himself, and the other gentlemen and ladies, (a great many being in the next room,) now and then joined us, and she seemed not in anything discomposed, till the conversation turned on her sister's late insult, which, it was visible, gave a shock to her, and disconcerted her ; and when Lady Murray and I went home with her to Knightsbridge, she was so dumphish that she scarcely said one word. When I went to her next day, I saw how strongly Lady Mary's physis wrought, and dissipated her poor returning senses. She had before urged me earnestly to proceed faster than was fit, to get her before the chancellor, and do everything needful for her liberation, that she might go to her husband and family. But now she told me she would not for the world appear before the chancellor, and that neither she nor any other must make oath as to her recovery (at this time, indeed, it had been a very bold oath) ; and that she preferred her soul's salvation to all things. And, among other things, she said, what a dismal condition shall I be in if, after all, the chancellor send me back under Mary's government ; how shall I pass my time after such an attempt ? In short, she was bambouled, and frightened quite. But that her head was really turned by Lady Mary's threats of damnation, farther appeared by this instance : Lady Grizzle Baillie and Lady Murray having gone to take leave of her (their whole family is gone to Spa,) when I saw her next day, she gravely told me that Lady Murray was no more her friend, having endeavoured, when taking leave, to deprive her of all the comfort left her—the hope of heaven. And though (said she) I was bred to the Church of England, and she to that of Scotland, yet merely the difference is not so great that she must pronounce me in a state of

damnation : and she asked me seriously, what Lady Murray had said to me about her being damned ? Never in my life, madam, answered I, did she or any London lady speak to me about salvation or damnation ; but I'm sure my Lady Murray loves you as her sister, and heartily wishes your happiness here and hereafter. Then she gave me a sealed letter to Lady Murray, begging me to deliver it and bring an answer. I read it with Lady Murray. It was long, and all expostulatory why she pronounced her to be damned ; and said many odd things. Lady Murray's answer was the proper one—short and general, but very kind, which I also delivered ; and Lady Mar said no more to me on that head. Before she took this turn, perceiving her so vapourish and easily disconcerted, I would not venture to put the case wholly on perfect recovery, but stated it also as I really thought it—viz., recovered from all that could properly be called lunacy, yet exceeding weak and apt to be overturned. And I had prepared a memorial in law on that supposition, which I was to have laid before Mr. Talbot, solicitor-general, and other counsel, the very day she took this wrong turn ; but thereupon stopt altogether. At parting, she appeared to me as one who, fearing to provoke a worse fate by attempting to be better, sat down in a sort of sullen despairing, content with her present condition, which she (justly) called misery. Thus seemed she to be as to any sense that remained with her ; but all her sense was clouded, and, indeed, fancies which now perplexed her brain were, like the clouds, fleeting, inconstant, and sometimes in monstrous shapes.*

We have no more of this affair until the lapse of several months, when the judge, at the very moment of apparent victory, is routed by his watchful antagonist. He had obtained possession of Lady Mar—she was on her way to Scotland, "in right hands," but had not crossed the border. This was in 1733, a few months after Lady Grange had been safely conveyed to the grim solitudes of Hesker. Surely some bird of the air had whispered the matter to Lady Mary ; for her measures were prompt and stern, and they draw from the baffled plotter many hard expressions and insinuations. "But on the road, she [Lady Mar] was seized by Lord Chief-Justice's warrant, procured on false affidavit of her sister Lady

Mary, &c., and brought back to London—declared lunatic, and by Lord Chancellor (whose crony is Mr. Wortley, Lady Mary's husband) delivered into the custody of Lady Mary, to the astonishment and offence even of all the English, (Sir Robert among the rest;) and Ilay pretended to be angry at it, yet refused to give me that relief by the king in council, which by law was undoubtedly competent.”*

The people with whom his London connexion brought the judge in contact, display a gathering of dazzling names in the firmament of fashion and wit. Bolingbroke, Windham, and “the courtly Talbot” are casually mentioned. Grange says in passing, “I am acquainted with Chesterfield.” He has something to say of “sweet Lepel,” the “wife of that Lord Hervey who last winter wrote the pamphlet against Mr. Pulteney, and on Mr. Pulteney’s answer, fought with him and was wounded.” Arbuthnot, and the prince of classical collectors, Richard Mead, mix with the ordinary actors of the scene. Young Murray, not then a crown lawyer—but sufficiently distinguished for wit, eloquence, and fashionable celebrity, to have called forth the next to immortal compliments of Pope—*must* have been one of the brilliant circle; and in the early period of his intercourse with his brother’s sister-in-law, accident would be strangely against him, if he did not sometimes meet in the ordinary circle the pale distorted youth, with noble intellectual features and an eye of fire, whose war of wit and rancour with “furious Sappho” left the world uncertain whether to laugh with their fierce wit, or lament the melancholy picture of perverted genius, exhibited by a hatred so paltry yet so unquenchable.

In his autobiographical revelations, the economical old judge leaves some traces of his consciousness that his journeys from Merlyn’s Wynd to Whitehall were a decided transition from the humble to the great world. He thus describes one of these journeys, in the letter already cited, in which he gratified his humour by talking of himself in the third person.

“Lord G. is now pretty well acquainted

with the ways there; his personal charges, he is sure, will be small in comparison; he will not be in expensive companies or houses, but when business requires it; nor at any diversion but what he finds necessary for keeping up the cheerfulness of his own spirit, and the health of his body. He wears plain and not fine clothes. When there last he kept not a servant, but had a fellow at call, to whom he gave a shilling a-day such days as he was to be at court or among the great, and must have a footman as necessarily as a coat on his back or a sword by his side. He never was nice and expensive in his own eating, and less now than ever; for this winter he has quite lost the relish of French claret, the most expensive article in London. He is to travel without a servant, for whom he knows not any sort of use on the road, and only has a post-boy, whom he must have, had he twenty servants of his own; and so he travelled last year.”†

Strange indeed were the social extremes between which this journey lay. At the one end we see the brilliant assemblages of the most brilliant age of English fashion. The rays of the wax-lights glitter back from stars and sword-hilts, diamond buttons and spangles. Velvet coats, huge laced waistcoats, abundant hoops, spread forth their luxurious wealth—the air is rich and thick with perfumed powder—the highest in rank, and wealth, and influence are there, so are the first in genius and learning. Reverse the picture, and take the northern end of the journey. In an old dark stone house, at the end of a dismal alley, Lovat’s ragged banditti throttle a shrieking woman—a guilty cavalcade passes hurriedly at night across the dark heath—next opens a dreary dungeon in a deserted feudal fortalice—a boat tosses on the bosom of the restless Atlantic—and the victim is consigned to the dreary rock, where year follows year, bringing no change with it but increasing age. The contrast is startling. Yet, when we read Lady Grange’s diary and Lady Mary Wortley’s letters together, they leave one doubtful whether most to shudder at the savage lawlessness of one end of the island, or the artificial vices that were growing out of a putrid civilization in the other.

* *Houston’s Memoirs*, p. 31.

• *Ibid.* p. 8.

THE ROYAL PROGRESS.

QUESTION—"What is a King?"
ANSWER—"A monster who devours the human race." Such was a part of the catechism taught to all the children of France during the first fervour of the Revolution in 1789. "I wonder the people should die of want," said a princess during the dreadful famine of 1774; "for my part, if I was one of them, I should live on beef-steaks and porter, rather than perish." Such are the feelings with which the members of the same community, children of the same family, unhappily sometimes come to regard each other during periods of democratic excitement, or mutual estrangement. Ignorance, worked on by falsehood, and misled by ambition, is the main cause of this fatal severance. Nothing removes it so effectually as bringing them together. So natural are the feelings of loyalty to the human heart, so universally do they spring up when the falsehood which has smothered them is neutralised by the evidence of the senses, that it may be considered as one of the greatest evils which can afflict society, when circumstances occur which keep sovereigns aloof from their people, and one of the greatest blessings when they can rejoin each other. Of this, a signal example occurred on the return of the royal family of France from the fatal journey to Varennes, when Barnave, who had been sent down with Petion, as one of the most vehement and stern republicans, to bring them back to Paris, was so impressed with the philanthropic benevolence of the King, and so melted by the heroic magnanimity of the Queen, that he became thenceforward one of the most faithful defenders of the royal cause. "How often," says Thiers, in recounting this remarkable conversion, "would factions the most inveterate be reconciled, if they could meet and read each other's hearts!"

The sudden change often produced in the general mind, by the veil of ignorance and prejudice being withdrawn, which had concealed from them the real character of their rulers, is not to be ascribed merely to the lustre

of royalty, or the dazzling of the public gaze by the magnificent pageants which, on such occasions, generally surround it. It arises mainly from a different cause: it is allied to the generous affections—it springs from the feelings planted by the Author of nature in the human heart, to bind society together. It is often seen most strongly when the royal pageants are the most unpretending, and the royal personages, laying aside their previous state, mingle almost without distinction, save from the superior grace of their manners, with the ordinary citizens. It is more like the irresistible gush of affection which overpreads every heart, when the members, long severed, of a once united family are reassembled; or when the prodigal returns to his father's home, only the more dear from the events which had estranged him from it.

It is sometimes said that loyalty is an instinctive principle, meant to supply the place of reason before the intellectual faculties have grown to their full strength among a people, but unnecessary, and which gradually dies out, when society, under the direction of self-government, has come to be regulated by the rational faculties. There never was a greater mistake; and every day's experience may convince us that it is not only false, but directly the reverse of the truth. The time will never come, when the aid of loyalty will not be required to bind society to its chief; and if the time should ever come that its generous influence is no longer felt, it may safely be concluded that the sun of national prosperity has set, and that a night of darkness and suffering is at hand. Mankind cannot be attached, save in a passing moment of fervour, to an abstract principle, or a vast community without a head, or something which may supply its want to the senses. The aid of individuals or localities is required to concentrate and keep alive the patriotic affections, where they are not centred on an individual sovereign. What the Acropolis was to Athens, the Capitol to Rome, St. Mark's to Venice, that

the sovereign is to a monarchical community, and so it will remain to the end of the world. All the fervour of the Revolution could not supply in France the want of one chief, till Napoleon concentrated the loyal affections on himself. The real enemy to loyalty is not reason, but selfishness. It dies away, not under the influence of enlarged education, but under that of augmented corruption; and till that last stage of national decay has arrived, its flame will only burn the more steadily from reason adding the fuel by which it is to be fed.

If any doubt could be entertained, by a well-informed mind, of the incalculable importance of loyalty, as the chief and often the only bond which holds society together, it would be removed by two events which have occurred in our own times,—the Moscow invasion, and the steadiness of England during the mind-quake of 1848. On the first occasion, this sacred principle defeated the mightiest armament ever assembled by the powers of intellect against the liberties of mankind; on the last, it preserved unshaken and unscathed the ark of the constitution in the British islands, amidst the deluge which had shaken the thrones of almost all the other European monarchies. In these two examples, where two states in the opposite extremes of infancy and civilisation were successively rescued from the most appalling dangers, amidst the ruins of all around them, by the influence of this noble principle, we may discern the clearest proof of its lasting influence upon man, and of the incalculable blessings it is fitted to confer, not less in the most enlightened than the most unenlightened ages of society. But for it, the social institutions of Great Britain would have been overturned on the 10th April 1848, and England, with all its education, civilisation, and habits of freedom, would have been consigned to destruction by a deluge of civilised barbarians, compared to whom, as Macaulay has well said, those that followed the standard of Attila or Alaric were humane and temperate warriors. Hence we may learn how wonderfully loyalty is *strengthened*, instead of being weakened, by the progress of knowledge and the spread

of civilisation in a really free community; and what force that noble principle acquires when, to the generous enthusiasm which binds the unlettered warrior to his chief, is added the determination of freemen to defend a throne which all feel to be the keystone in the arch of the national fortunes.

It is a fortunate, perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say a providential circumstance, that a QUEEN, during the late eventful years, has been on the throne of the British empire. Had a king been there, still more one of unpopular manner or retired habits, when all the thrones of Europe were falling around us, the event might have been very different, and England, with all its glories, have been sunk in the bottomless pit of revolution. The feelings of loyalty to a Queen, especially if she is young and handsome, and unites the virtues to the graces of her sex, are very different from those which, under the most favourable circumstances, can be awakened in favour of a king. The natural gallantry of man, the feelings of chivalry, the respect due to the softer sex, are mingled in overwhelming proportions with the abstract passions of loyalty, when a young and interesting woman, endowed with masculine energy, but adorned with feminine beauty, surrounded by the husband of her choice and the children of her love, is seen braving the risks and enduring the fatigues of a journey through lands recently convulsed by civil dissension, solely to win the love of her subjects, to heal the divisions of the great family of which she forms the head.

History affords numerous examples of the far greater power, in periods of intestine troubles, queens have than kings in winning the affections or calming the exasperation of their subjects. Despite all her errors, notwithstanding her faults, Queen Mary exercised a sway over a large part of her subjects which no man in similar circumstances could have done. Austria would have been crushed by the arms of France and Bavaria in 1744, but for the chivalrous loyalty which led the Hungarian nobles to exclaim in a transport of generous enthusiasm, "*Moriatur pro Rege nostro, Maria Theresa.*"

"Fair Austria spreads her mournful charms,
The Queen, the beauty, sets the world in
arms."

And it is doubtful if all the fervours of the Reformation could have enabled England to withstand the assault of the Catholic league, headed by Spain in the time of Philip II., if in defence of the nation had not been joined the chivalrous loyalty of a gallant nobility to their queen, as well as the stern resolution of a Protestant people in behalf of their religion and their liberties.

But the passion of loyalty, as all other passions, requires aliment for its support. Like love, it can live on wonderfully little hope, but it absolutely requires some. A look, a smile, a word from a sovereign, doubtless go a great way; but entire and long-continued absence will chill even the warmest affections. It is on this account that royal progresses have so important an influence in knitting together the bonds which unite a people to their sovereign. They have one inestimable effect—they make them known to each other. The one sees in person the enthusiastic affection with which the sovereign is regarded by the people, the latter the parental interest with which the people are regarded by their sovereign. Prejudices, perhaps, nourished by faction or fostered by party, melt away before the simple light of truth. A few hours of mutual intercourse dispels the alienation which years of separation and the continued efforts of a guilty ambition during a generation, may have produced. The generous affections spring up unbidden, when the evidence of the senses dispels the load of falsehood by which they had been restrained. Mutual knowledge produces mutual interest; and the chances of success to subsequent efforts to bring about an estrangement are materially lessened, by the discovery of how wide had been the misapprehension which had formerly existed, and how deep the mutual affection which really dwelt in the recesses of the heart, and was now brought to light by the happy approximation of the sovereign and her people.

It was a noble spectacle to behold a young Queen, at a time when scarce a monarch in Europe was secure on his throne, setting out with her illustrious

consort and family to make a royal progress through her dominions, and selecting for the first place of her visit the island which had so recently raised the standard of rebellion against her government, and for the next the city which had first in the empire responded to the cry of treason raised in Paris, on the overthrow of the throne of Louis Philippe. Nor has the result failed to correspond, even more happily than could have been hoped, to the gallant undertaking. If it be true, as is commonly reported, that our gracious sovereign said, "She went to Ireland to *make friends*, but to the Land of Cakes to *find them*," she must by this time have been convinced that the generous design has, in both islands, proved successful beyond what her most enthusiastic friends could have dared to hope. Who could have recognised in the multitudes which thronged to witness her passage through Cork, Dublin, and Belfast, and the universal acclamations with which she was everywhere received by all classes of her subjects, the chief cities of an island long torn by civil dissension, and which had only a year before broken out into actual rebellion against her government? Who could have recognised in the youthful sovereign visiting the public buildings of Dublin, like a private peeress, without any of the state of a Sovereign, and chiefly interested with her royal consort in the institutions devoted to beneficence, the Head of a Government whom *The Nation* had so long represented as callous to all the sufferings of the people? And during the magnificent spectacle of the royal progress through Glasgow, where five hundred thousand persons were assembled from that great city, and the neighbouring counties, to see their Queen—and she passed for three miles through stately structures, loaded with loyalty, under an almost continued archway of flags amidst incessant and deafening cheers—who could have believed he was in a city in which democratic revolt had actually broken out only eighteen months before, and the walls had all been placarded, on the day when London was menaced, with treasonable proclamations, calling on the people to rise in their thousands and tens of thousands against

the throne? And how blessed the contrast to the condition of Scotland when her *last Queen* had been in that neighbourhood, and the towers of Glasgow cathedral looked down on Morton issuing from the then diminutive borough, to assail, in the immediate vicinity at Langside, the royal army, headed by Mary, and drive her to exile, captivity, and death.*

We are not foolish enough to expect impossibilities from the Queen's visit, —how splendid and gratifying soever its circumstances may have been. We know well how many and deep-rooted are the social evils which in both islands afflict society, and we are not so simple as to imagine that they will be removed by the sight of the Sovereign, as the innocent peasants believe that all physical diseases will be cured by the royal touch. We are well aware that the impression of even the most splendid pageants is often only transitory, and that sad realities sometimes return with accumulated force after they are over, from the contrast they present to imaginative vision. Still a step, and that, too, a most important one, has been taken in the right direction. If great, and, in some respects, lasting good has been done—if evils remain, as remain they ever will, in the pre-

sent complicated condition of society, and the contending interests which agitate its bosom—one evil, and that the *greatest of all*, is lessened, and that is an estrangement between the People and their Sovereign. Crimes may return; but the recurrence of the greatest of all, because it is the parent of all others—high treason—is for a time, to any extent at least, rendered impossible. The most sacred and important of all bonds, that which unites the sovereign and her subjects, has been materially strengthened. The most noble of all feelings, the disinterested affection of a people to their Queen, has been called into generous and heart-stirring action. The “unbought loyalty of men, the cheap defence of nations,” is *not* at an end. And if the effect of the Royal Visit were only that, in the greatest cities of her dominions, our gracious sovereign, in an age unusually devoted to material influences, has succeeded, by the sweetness and grace of her manners, in causing the hearts of some hundred thousands of her subjects to throb with loyal devotion, and, for a time at least, supplanted the selfish by the generous emotions—the effect is not lost to the cause of order and the moral elevation of her people.

* It is a curious coincidence, that the *first man* whom her majesty met with and addressed, when she landed in Glasgow, was the *Earl of Morton*, the lineal descendant of the ruthless baron whose arms then proved so fatal to her beautiful and unfortunate ancestress.

Dies Boreales.

No. IV.

CHRISTOPHER UNDER CANVASS.*SCENE—The Pavilion.**TIME—One P.M.***BULLER—SEWARD—TALBOYS—NORTH.****TALBOYS.**

Here he is—here he is! I traced him by Crutch-print to the Van—like an old Stag of Ten to his lair by the Slot.

SEWARD.

Thank heaven! But was this right, my dear Sir?

BULLER.

Your Majesty ought not thus to have secreted yourself from your subjects.

SEWARD.

We feared you had absconded—abdicated—and retired into a Monastery.

BULLER.

We have all been miserable about you since an early hour in the morning—invisible to mortal eye since yester bed-going gong—regal couch manifestly unslept in—tent after tent scrutinised as narrowly as if for a mouse—Swiss Giantess searched as if by custom-house officers—no Christopher in the Encampment—what can I compare it to—but a Bee-hive that had lost its Queen. The very Drones were in a ferment—the workers demented—dismal the hum of grief and rage—of national lamentation and civil war.

NORTH.

Billy could have told you of my retreat.

SEWARD.

Billy was in a state of distraction—rushed to the Van—and, finding it empty, fainted.

NORTH.

Billy saw me in the Van—and I told him to shut the spring smartly—and be mum.

BULLER.

Villain!

NORTH.

Obedience to orders is the sum-total of Duty. Most of the men seem tolerably sober—those whom despair had driven to drink have been sent to sleeping-quarters—the Camp has recovered from its alarm—and is fit for Inspection by the General Commanding the Forces.

SEWARD.

But have you breakfasted, my dear sir?

NORTH.

Leave me alone for that. What have you all been about?

TALBOYS.

We three started at Five for Luib, in high glee.

NORTH.

What! in face of my prediction? Did I not tell you that in that dull, dingy, dirty, ochre sunset—in that wan moon and those tallow-candle stars—I saw the morning's Deluge.

BULLER.

But did you not also quote Sir David Brewster? "In the atmosphere in which he lives and breathes, and the phenomena of which he daily sees, and feels, and describes, and measures, the philosopher stands in acknowledged ignorance of the laws which govern it. He has ascertained, indeed, its extent, its weight, and its composition; but though he has mastered the law of heat and moisture, and studied the electric agencies which influence its condition, he cannot predict, or even approximate to a prediction, whether on the morrow the sun shall shine, or the rain fall, or the wind blow, or the lightning descend."

NORTH.

And all that is perfectly true. Nevertheless, we weather-wise and weather-foolish people—not Philosophers but Empirics—sailors and shepherds—with all our eyes on the lower and the higher heavens—gather up prognostications of the character of the coming time—an hour or a day—take in our canvases and set our storm-jib—or run for some bay where the prudent ship shall ride at anchor, as safe and almost as motionless as if she were in a dry-dock; or off to the far hill-side to look after the silly sheep—yet not so silly either—for there they are, instinctive of a change, lying secured by that black belt of Scotch-Firs against the tempest brewing over Lockerby or Lochmaben—far from the loun Bilholm Braes!—You Three started at Five o'clock for Luib!

TALBOYS.

I rejoice we did. A close carriage is in all weathers detestable—your vehicle should be open to all skyey influences—with nothing about it that can be set up or let down—otherwise some one or other of the party—on some pretence or other—will be for shutting you all in. And then—Farewell, Thou green Earth—Thou fair Day—and ye Skies! It had apparently been raining for some little time——

NORTH.

For six hours, and more heavily, I do think, than I ever heard it rain before in this watery world. Having detected a few drops in the ceiling of my cubiculum, I had slipt away to the Van on the first blash of the business—and from that hour to this have been under the Waterfall—as snug as a Kelpie.

TALBOYS.

In we got—well jammed together—a single gentleman, or even two, would have been blown out—and after some remonstrances with the old Greys, we were off to Luib. Long before we were nearly half-way up the brae behind the Camp, Seward complained that the water was running down his back—but ere we reached the top, that inconvenience and every other was merged. The carriage seemed to be in a sinking state, somewhere about Achlian; and rolling before the rain-storm—horses we saw none—it needed no great power of imagination to fear we were in the Loch. At this juncture we came all at once close upon—and into—an appalling crash, and squash, and splash—a plunging, rushing, groaning, and moaning, and roaring—which for half-a-minute baffled conjecture. The Bridge—you know it, sir—the old Bridge, that Seward was never tired of sketching—going—going—gone; down it went—men, horses, all, at the very parapet, and sent us with a *jaup* in among the Woods.

NORTH.

Do you mean to say you were on the Bridge as it sunk?

TALBOYS.

I know nothing about it. How should I? We were in the heart of the Noise—we were in the heart of the Water—we were in the heart of the Wood—we, the vehicle, the horses—the same horses, I believe, that were standing behind the Camp when we mounted—though I had not seen them

distinctly since, till I recognised them madly galloping in their traces up and down the foaming banks.

NORTH.

Were you all on this side of the river?

TALBOYS.

Ultimately we were—else how could we have got here? You seem incredulous, sir. Mind me—I don't say we were on the Bridge—and went down with it. It is an open question—and in the absence of dispassionate witnesses must be settled by probabilities. Sorry that, though the Driver saved himself, the Vehicle in the mean time should be lost—with all the Rods.

NORTH.

They will be recovered on a change of weather. How and when got ye back?

TALBOYS.

On horseback. Buller behind Seward—myself before a man who occasionally wore a look of the Driver. I hope it was he—if it was not—the *Driver* must have been drowned. We had now the wind—that is, the storm—that is, the hurricane in our faces—and the animals every other minute wheeled about and stood rooted for many minutes to the road, with their tails towards Cladich. My body had fortunately lost all sensation hours before we regained the Camp.

NORTH.

Hours! How long did it take you to accomplish the two miles?

TALBOYS.

I did not time it; but we entered the Great Gate of the Camp to the sound of the Breakfast Bagpipes.

SEWARD.

As soon as we had changed ourselves—as you say in Scotland—

TALBOYS.

Let's bother Mr. North no more about it. With exception of the Bridge 'tis not worth talking of—and we ought to be thankful it was not Night. Then what a delightful feeling of security now, sir, from all intrusion of vagrant visitors from the Dalmally side! By this time communication must be cut off with Edinburgh and Glasgow—*via* Inverary—so the Camp is virtually insulated. In ordinary weather, there is no calling the Camp our own. So far back as yesterday only, 8 English—4 German—3 French—2 Italian—1 Irish, all Male, many mustached—and from those and other countries, nearly an equal number of Female—some mustached too—"but that not much."

NORTH.

Impossible indeed it is to enjoy one hour's consciousness of secure solitude, in this most unседentary age of the world.—Look there. Who the deuce are you, sir? Do you belong to Cloud-land—and have you made an involuntary descent in the deluge? Or are you of the earth earthy? Off, sir,—off to the back premises. Enter the Pavilion at your peril, you Phenomenon. Turn him out, Talboys.

TALBOYS.

Then I must turn out myself. I stepped forth for a moment to the Front—

NORTH.

And have in that moment been transmogrified into the Man of the Moon. A false alarm. But methinks you might have been satisfied with the Bridge.

TALBOYS.

It is clearing up, sir—it is clearing up—pails and buckets, barrels and hogsheads, fountains and tanks, are no longer the order of the day. Jupiter Pluvius is descending on Juno with moderated impetuosity—is restricting himself to watering pans and garden engines—there is reason to suspect, from the look of the atmosphere, that the supplies are running short—that in a few hours the glass will be up to Stormy—and hurrah, then, for a week of fine, sunshiny, shadowy, breezy, balmy, angling Weather! Why, it is almost fair now. I do trust that we shall have no more of those dry, dusty, sandy, gravelly

days, so unlike Lochawe-side, and natural only in Modern Athens or the Great Desert. Hark! it is clearing up. That is always the way with thorough-bred rain—desperate spurt or rush at the end—a burst when blown—dead-beat—

SEWARD.

Mr North, matters are looking serious, sir.

NORTH.

I believe there is no real danger.

SEWARD.

The Pole is cracking—

TALBOYS.

Creacking. All the difference in the world between these two words. The insertion of the letter E converts danger into safety,—trepidation into confidence—a tent into a Rock.

BULLER.

I have always forgot to ask if the Camp is insured?

NORTH.

An insurance was effected, on favourable terms, on the Swiss Giantess before she came into my possession—the Trustees are answerable for the Van—the texture of the Tents is tough to resist the Winds—and the stuff itself was re-steeped during winter in pyroligneous acid of my own invention, which has been found as successful with canvass as with timber. Deeside, the Pavilion and her fair Sisterhood are impervious alike to Wet and Dry Rot—Fire and Water.

TALBOYS.

You can have no idea, sir, of the beautiful running of our drains. When were they dug?

NORTH.

Yestreen—at dusk. Not a field in Scotland the worse of being drained—my lease from Monzie allows it—a good landlord deserves a good tenant; and though it is rather late in the year for such operations, I ventured on the experiment—partly for sake of the field itself, and partly for sake of self-preservation. Not pioneers, and miners, and sappers alone—the whole Force were employed under the Knave of Spades—open drains meanwhile—to be all covered in—with tiles—ere we shift quarters.

TALBOYS.

A continuance of this weather for a day or two will bring them up in shoals from the Loch—Undoubtedly we shall have Eels. I delight in drain-angling. Silver Eels! Gold Fish! You shall be wheeled out, my dear sir, in Swing, and the hand of your own Talboys shall disengage the first “Fish without Fins” from the Wizard’s Hook.

SEWARD.

And he shall be sketched by his own Seward, in a moment of triumph, and lithographed by Schenck for the forthcoming Edition of Tom Stoddart.

BULLER.

And his own Buller shall make the chips fly like Michael Angelo—and from the marble block evolve a Christopher Piscator not unworthy a Steele—or a Macdonald.

NORTH.

Lay aside your tackle, Talboys, and let us talk.

TALBOYS.

I am never so talkative as over my tackle.

BULLER.

Lay it aside then, Talboys, at Mr. North’s request.

TALBOYS.

Would, my dear Sir, you had been with me on Thursday, to witness the exploits of this GRIESLY PALMER. Miles up Glensrae, you come—suddenly on the left—in a little glen of its own—on such a jewel of a Waterfall. Not ten feet fall—in the pleasure-grounds of a lowland mansion ’twould be called a Cascade. But soft as its voice is, there is something in it that speaks the

Cataract. You discern the Gaelic gurgle—and feel that the Fountain is high up in some spot of greensward among heather-hills. Snow-white it is not—almost as translucent as the pool into which it glides. You see through it the green ledge it slides over with a gentle touch—and seeking its own way, for a few moments, among some mossy cones, it slips, without being wearied, into its place of rest, which it disturbs not beyond a dimple that beautifies the quivering reflection of the sky. A few birch-trees—one much taller than the rest—are all the trees that are there—but that sweetest of all scents assures you of the hawthorn—and old as the hills—stunted in size—but full-leaved and budded as if in their prime—a few hawthorns close by among the clefts. But why prattle thus to you, my dear sir?—no doubt you know it well—for what beautiful secret in the Highlands is unknown to Christopher North?

NORTH.

I do know it well; and your description—so much better than I could have drawn—has brought it from the dimmer regions of memory, “into the study of imagination.”

TALBOYS.

After a few circling sweeps to show myself my command of my gear, and to give the Naid warning to take care of her nose, I let drop this GRIESLY PALMER, who alighted as if he had wings. A Grilse! I cried—a Grilse! No, a Sea-trout—an Amber Witch—a White Lady—a Daughter of Pearl—whom with gentle violence and quick despatch I solicited to the yellow sands—and folding not my arms, as is usual in works of fiction, slightly round her waist—but both hands, with all their ten fingers, grasping her neck and shoulders to put the fair creature out of pain—in with her—in with her into my Creel—and again to business. It is on the First Victim of the Day, especially if, as in this case, a Bouncer, an angler fondly dwells in reminiscence—each successive captive—however engrossing the capture—loses its distinct individuality in the fast accumulating crowd; and when, at close of day, sitting down among the broom, to empty and to count, it is on the First Victim that the angler's eye reposes—in refilling, it is the first victim you lay aside to crown the treasure—in wending homewards it is on the First Victim's biography you muse; and at home—in the Pavilion—it is the First Victim you submit to the critical ken of Christopher—

BULLER.

Especially if, as in this case, she be a Bouncer.

NORTH.

You pride yourself on your recitation of poetry, Talboys. Charm us with the finest descriptive passage you can remember from the British Poets. Not too loud—not too loud—this is not Exeter Hall—nor are you about to address the Water-witch from the top of Ben-Lomond.

TALBOYS.

“But thou, Clitumnus! in thy sweetest wave
Of the most living crystal that was e'er
The haunt of river nymph, to gaze and lave
Her limbs where nothing hid them, thou dost rear
Thy grassy banks, whereon the milk-white steer
Grazes; the purest god of gentle waters!
And most serene of aspect, and most clear;
Surely that stream was unprofaned by slaughters—
A mirror and a bath for Beauty's youngest daughters!

“And on thy happy shore a Temple still,
Of small and delicate proportion, keeps,
Upon a mild declivity of hill,
Its memory of thee; beneath it sweeps
Thy current's calmness; oft from out it leaps
The finny darter with the glittering scales,
Who dwells and revels in thy glassy deeps;
While, chance, some scatter'd water-lily sails
Down where the shallower wave still tells its bubbling tales.

"Pass not unblest the genius of the place!
 If through the air a zephyr more serene
 Win to the brow, 'tis his; and if ye trace
 Along his margin a more eloquent green,
 If on the heart the freshness of the scene
 Sprinkle its coolness, and from the dry dust
 Of weary life a moment lave it clean
 With Nature's baptism,—'tis to him ye must
 Pay orisons for this suspension of disgust."

NORTH.

Admirably said and sung. Your low tones, Talboys, are earnest and impressive; and you recite, like all true lovers of song, in the spirit of soliloquy, as if you were yourself the sole listener. How I hate Spouting. Your elocutionist makes his mouth a *jet d'eau*—and by his gestures calls on all the auditors to behold the performance. From the lips of the man who has music in his soul, the words of inspiration flow as from a natural fountain, for his soul has made them its own—and delights to feel in their beauty an adequate expression of its own emotions.

TALBOYS.

I spoke them to myself—but I was still aware of *your* presence, my dear air.

NORTH.

The Stanzas are fine—but are they the finest in Descriptive Poetry?

TALBOYS.

I do not say so, sir. Any request of yours I interpret liberally, and accede to at once. Finer stanzas there may be—many; but I took them because they first came to heart. "Beautiful exceedingly" they are—they may not be faultless.

NORTH.

Sir Walter has said—"Perhaps there are no verses in our language of happier descriptive power than the two stanzas which characterise the Clitumnus."

TALBOYS.

Then I am right.

NORTH.

Perhaps you are. Scott loved Byron—and it is ennobling to hear one great Poet praising another: yet the stanzas which so delighted our Minstrel may not be so felicitous as they seemed to be to his moved imagination.

TALBOYS.

Possibly not.

NORTH.

In the First Stanza what do we find? An apostrophe—"Thou Clitumnus," not yet quite an Impersonation—a few lines on, an Impersonation of the Stream—

"——the purest God of gentlest waters!
 And most serene of aspect, and most clear."

What is gained by this Impersonation? Nothing. For the qualities here attributed to the River-God are the very same that had already been attributed to the water—purity—serenity—clearness. "Sweetest wave of the most living crystal"—affects us just as much—here I think more than the two lines about the God. And observe, that no sooner is the God introduced than he disappears. His coming and his going are alike unsatisfactory—for his coming gives us no new emotion, and his going is instantly followed by lines that have no relation to his Godship at all.

TALBOYS.

Why—why—I really don't know.

NORTH.

I have mildly—and inoffensively to all the world—that is, to all us Four—shown one imperfection; and I think—I feel there is another—in this Stanza. "The sweetest wave of the most living crystal" is visioned to us in the opening lines as the haunt "of river nymph, to gaze and lave her limbs where no—

thing hid them,"—and we are pleased; it is visioned to us, in the concluding line, as "the mirror and the bath for Beauty's youngest daughters"—and we are not pleased; or if we are, but for a moment—for it is, as nearly as may be, the same vision over again—a mirror and a bath!

TALBOYS.

But then, sir—

NORTH.

Well?

TALBOYS.

Go on, sir.

NORTH.

I am not sure that I understand "Beauty's youngest daughters."

TALBOYS.

Why, small maidens from ten to twelve years old, who in their innocent beauty may bathe without danger, and in their innocent self-admiration may gaze without fear.

NORTH.

Then is the expression at once commonplace and obscure.

TALBOYS.

Don't say so, sir.

NORTH.

Think you Byron means the Graces?

TALBOYS.

He does—he does—the Graces sure enough—the Graces.

NORTH.

Whatever it means—it means no more than we had before. A descriptive Stanza should ever be progressive, and at the close complete. To my feeling, "slaughters" had better been kept far away from the imagination as from the eyes. I know Byron alludes here to the Sanguinetto of the preceding Stanza. But he ought not to have alluded to it—the contrast was complete without such reference—between the river we are delighting in and the blood-named torrent that has passed away. Why, then, force such an image back upon us—when of ourselves we should never have thought of it, and it is the last image we should desire to see?

TALBOYS.

Allow me a few minutes to consider—

NORTH.

A day. Will you be so good, Talboys, as tell me in ten words the meaning of—in the next Stanza—"keeps its memory of Thee"?

TALBOYS.

I will immediately.

NORTH.

To my mind—angler as I am—

TALBOYS.

The Prince of Anglers.

NORTH.

To my mind, two lines and a half about Fishes are here too much—"finny darter" seems conceited—and "dwells and revels" needlessly strong—and the frequent rising of "finny darters with the glittering scales" to me seems hardly consistent with the solemn serenity inspired by the Temple "of small and delicate proportion" "keeping its memory of Thee,"—whatever that may mean;—nor do I think that a poetical mind like Byron's, if fully possessed in ideal contemplation with the beauty of the whole, would have thought so much of such an occurrence, or dwelt upon it with so many words.

TALBOYS.

I wish that finny darters with the glittering scales had oft leaped from out thy current's calmness, Thou Glenorchy, yesterday—but not a fin could I stir with finest tackle and Double-Nothings.

NORTH.

That is no answer, either one way or another, to my gentle demur to the

perfection of the stanzas. The "scattered water-lily" may be well enough—so let it pass—with this ob, that the flower of the water-lily is not easily separated from its stalk—and is not, in that state, eligible as an image of peace.

TALBOYS.

It is of beauty.

NORTH.

Be it so. But is "scattered" the right word? No. A water-lily to be *scattered* must be *lorn*—for you scatter many, not one—a fleet, not a ship—a flock of sheep, not one lamb. A solitary water-lily—broken off and drifting by, has, as you said, its own beauty—and Byron doubtlessly intended that—but he has not said it—he has said the reverse—for a "scattered" water-lily is a dishevelled water-lily—a water-lily no more—a dispersed or dispersing multitude of leaves—of what had been a moment before—a Flower.

TALBOYS.

The image pleases everybody—take it as you find it, and be content.

NORTH.

I take it as I find it, and am not content; I take it as I don't find it, and am. Then I gently demur to "still tells its bubbling tales." In Gray's line—

"And pore upon the brook that babbles by,"

the word "babbles" is the right one—a mitigated "bawling"—a continuous murmur without meaning, till you give it one or many—like that of some ceaseless female human being, pleasantly accompanying your reveries that have no relation to what you hear. Her blameless babble has that effect—and were it to stop, you would awake. But Byron's "shallower wave still tells its *bubbling tales*"—a tale is still about something—however small—and pray what is that something? Nothing. "Tales," then, is not the *very* word here—nor will "bubbling" make it so—at best it is a prettyism rather than Poetry. The Poet is becoming a Poetaster.

TALBOYS.

I shall never recite another finest descriptive passage from the whole range of our British Poets—during the course of my life—in this Pavilion.

NORTH.

Let us look at the Temple.

TALBOYS.

Be done, I beseech you, sir.

NORTH.

Talboys, you have as logical—as legal a head as any man I know.

TALBOYS.

What has a logical or legal head to do with Byron's description of the Clitumnus?

NORTH.

As much as with any other "Process." And you know it. But you are in a most contradictory—I had almost said captious mood, this forenoon—and will not imbibe genially—

TALBOYS.

Imbibe genially—acids—after having imbibed in the body immeasurable rain.

NORTH.

Let us look at the Temple. "A Temple still" might mean a still temple.

TALBOYS.

But it doesn't.

NORTH.

A Poet's meaning should never, through awkwardness, be ambiguous. But no more of that. "Keeps its Memory of Thee" suggests to my mind that the Temple, dedicated of old to the River-God, retains, under the new religion of the land, evidence of the old Deification and Worship. The Temple survives to express to us of another day and faith, a Deification and worship of Thee—Clitumnus—dictated by the same apprehension of thy characteristic Beauty in the hearts of those old worshippers that now possesses ours looking on Thee.

Thou art unchanged—the sensitive and imaginative intelligence of Thee in man is unchanged—although times have changed—states, nations—and, to the eyes of man, the heavens themselves! If all this be meant—all this is not said—in the words you admire.

TALBOYS.

I cannot say, as an honest man, that I distinctly understand you, my dear sir.

NORTH.

You understand me better than you understand Byron.

TALBOYS.

I understand neither of you.

NORTH.

The poetical thought seems to be here—that the Temple rises up spontaneously on the bank—under the power of the Beautiful in the river—a permanent self-sprung reflexion of *that* Beautiful—as indeed, to imagination, all things appear to create themselves!

TALBOYS.

You speak like yourself now, sir.

NORTH.

But look here, my good Talboys. The statue of Achilles may “keep its memory”—granting the location to be good, which it is not—of Achilles—for Achilles is no more. Sink—in a rapture of thought—the hand of the artist—think that the statues of Achilles *came of themselves*—as unsown flowers come—for poets to express to all ages the departed Achilles. They keep—as long as they remain unperished—“their memory of Achilles”—they were from the beginning voluntary and intentional conservators of the Memory of the Hero. But *Clitumnus is here*—alive to this hour, and with every prospect of outliving his own Temple. What do you say to that?

TALBOYS.

To what?

NORTH.

Finally—if that reminiscence of the Heathen deification, which I first proposed, was in Byron’s mind—and he means by “still keeps its memory of Thee” memory of the River-God—and of the Worship of the River-God—then all he says about the mere natural river—its leaping fishes, and so forth, is wide of his own purpose—and what is worse—implies an absurdity—a reminiscence—not of the past—but of the present.

TALBOYS.

If all that were submitted to me for the Pursuer, in Printed Papers—I should appoint answers to be given in by the Defender—within seven days—and within seven days after that—give judgment.

NORTH.

Keep your temper, Mr. Testy. As I have no wish to sour you for the rest of the day, I shall say little about the Third Stanza. “Pass not unblest the Genius of the Place,” would to me be a more impressive prayer, if there were more *spirituality* in the preceding stanzas—and in the lines which follow it; for the Genius of the Place has been acting, and continues to act, almost solely on the Senses. And who is the Genius of the Place? The River-God—he to whom the Gentile worship built that Temple. But Byron says, most unpoetically, “along his margin”—along the margin of the Genius of the Place! Then, how flat—how poor—after “the Genius of the Place”—“*the freshness of the Scene*”—for the freshness of *the Scene* bless the genius of *the Place*! Is that language flowing from the emotion of a Poet’s heart? And the last line spoils all; for he whom we are to bless—the River God—or the Genius of the Place—has given the heart but a “moment’s” cleanness from dry dust—but a moment’s, and no more! And never did hard, coarse Misanthropy so mar a Poet’s purpose as by the shocking prose that is left grating on our souls—“*suspension of disgust!*” So, after all this beauty—and all this enjoyment of beauty—well or ill painted by the Poet—you *must* pay orisons to the River-God or the Genius—whom you had been called on to *bless*—for a mere

momentary suspension of disgust to all our fellow-creatures—a disgust that would return as strong—or stronger than ever—as soon as you got to Rome.

TALBOYS.

I confess I don't like it.

NORTH.

"Must!" There are NEEDS of all sorts, shapes, and sizes. There is terrible necessity—there is bitter necessity—there is grinding necessity—there is fine—delicate—loving—playful necessity.

TALBOYS.

Sir?

NORTH.

There are MUSTS that fly upon the wings of devils—Musts that fly upon the wings of angels—Musts that walk upon the feet of men—Musts that flutter upon the wings of Fairies—But I am dreaming!—Say on.

TALBOYS.

I think the day's clearing—let us launch Gutta Percha, Buller, and troll for a Ferox.

NORTH.

Then fling that Tarpaulin over your Feather-Jacket, on which you plume yourself, and don't forget your Gig-Parasol, Longfellow—for the rain-gauge is running over, so are the water-butts, and I hear the Loch surging its way up to the Camp. The Cladich Cataract is a stunner. Sit down, my dear Talboys. Recite away.

TALBOYS.

No.

NORTH.

Gentlemen, I call on Mister Buller.

BULLER.

"The roar of waters!—from the headlong height
Velino cleaves the way-worn precipice;
The fall of waters! rapid as the light
The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss;
The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,
And boil in endless torture; while the sweat
Of their great agony, wrung out from this
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet
That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set,

"And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again
Returns in an unceasing shower, which round,
With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain
Is an eternal April to the ground,
Making it all one emerald! how profound
The gulf! and how the giant element
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,
Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn and rent
With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent

"To the broad column which rolls on, and shows
More like the fountain of an infant sea
Torn from the womb of mountains by the throes
Of a new world, than only thus to be
Parent of rivers, which flow gushingly
With many windings, through the vale;—Look back;
Lo! where it comes like an eternity,
As if to sweep down all things in its track,
Charming the eye with dread,—a matchless cataract,

"Horribly beautiful! but on the verge,
From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,
An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,
Like Hope upon a death-bed, and unworn

Its steady dyes, while all around is torn
By the distracted waters, hears serene
Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn ;
Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,
Love watching Madness with unalterable mien."

NORTH.

In the First Stanza there is a very peculiar and a very striking form—or construction—The Roar of Waters—the Fall of Waters—The Hell of Waters.

BULLER.

You admire it.

NORTH.

I do.

TALBOYS.

Don't believe him, Buller. Let's be off—there is no rain worth mentioning—see—there's a Fly. Oh! 'tis but a Red Professor dangling from my bonnet—a Red Professor with tinay and a tail. Come, Seward, here's the Chess-Board. Let us make out the Main.

NORTH.

The four lines about the Roar and the Fall are good——

TALBOYS.

Indeed, sir.

NORTH.

Mind your game, sir. Seward, you may give him a Pawn. The next four—about Hell—are bad.

TALBOYS.

Indeed, sir.

NORTH.

Seward, you may likewise give him a Knight. As bad as can be. For there is an incredible confusion of tormented and tormentor. They howl, and hiss, and boil in endless torture—they are suffering the Pains of Hell—they are in Hell. "But the sweat of their great agony is wrung out from this their Phlegethon." Where is this their Phlegethon? Why, this their Phlegethon is—themselves! Look down—there is no other river—but the Velino.

BULLER.

Hear Virgil——

"Mœnia lata videt, triplici circumdata muro,
Quæ rapidus flammis ambit torrentibus amnis
Tartareus Phlegethon, torquetque sonantia saxa."

No Phlegethon with torrents of fire surrounding and shaking Byron's Hell. I do not understand it—an unaccountable blunder.

NORTH.

In next stanza, what is gained by

"How profound
The gulf! and how the giant element
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound?"

Nothing. In the First Stanza, we had the "abyss," "the gulf," and the agony—all and more than we have here.

SEWARD.

Check-mate.

TALBOYS.

Confound the beard!—no, not the board—but Hurwitz himself could not play in such an infernal clatter.

NORTH.

Buller has not got to the word "infernal" yet, Phillidor—but he will by-and by. "Crushing the Cliffs"—crushing is not the right word—it is the wrong one—for not such is the process—visible or invisible. "Downward worn" is silly. "Fierce footsteps," to my imagination, is tame and out of place—though it may not be to yours;—and I thunder in the ears of the Chess-players that the first half of the next stanza—the third—is as bad writing as is to be found in Byron.

TALBOYS.

Or in North.

NORTH.

Seward—you may give him likewise a Bishop—

“Look back:

Lo! where it comes like an Eternity!”

I do not say that is not sublime. If it is an image of Eternity—sublime it must be—but the Poet has chosen his time badly for inspiring us with that thought—for we look back on what he had pictured to us as falling into hell—and then flowing diffused “only thus to be parents of rivers that flow gushingly with many windings through the vale”—images of Time.

“As if to sweep down all things in its track,”

is well enough for an ordinary cataract, but not for a cataract that comes “like an Eternity.”

TALBOYS.

“Charming the eye with dread—a matchless cataract,
Horribly beautiful.”

SEWARD.

One game each.

TALBOYS.

Let us go to the Swiss Giantess to play out the Main.

NORTH.

In Stanza Fourth—“But *on the verge*,” is very like nonsense—

TALBOYS.

Not at all.

NORTH.

The Swiss Giantess is expecting you—good-bye, my dear Talboys. Now, Buller, I wish you, seriously and calmly, to think on this image—

“An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,
Like Hope upon a death-bed.”

Did Hope—could Hope ever sit by *such* a death-bed! The infernal surge—the hell of waters—the howling—the hissing—the boiling in endless torture—the sweat of the great agony wrung out—and more of the same sort—*these image the death-bed*. Hope has sat beside many a sad—many a miserable death-bed—but not by such as this; and yet, here, such a death-bed is hinted at as not uncommon—in a few words—“like Hope upon a death-bed.” The smile came not of itself—it was sought for—and had far better have been away. There is much bad writing here, too—“unworn”—“unshorn”—“torn”—“dyes”—“hues”—“beams”—“torture of the scene”—epithet heaped on epithet, without any clear perception, or sincere emotion—the Iris changing from Hope upon a death-bed to Love watching Madness—both of which I pronounce, before that portion of mankind assembled in this Tent, to be on the *FALSETTO*—and wide from the thoughts that visit the suffering souls of the children of men remembering this life’s greatest calamities.

SEWARD.

Yet throughout, sir, there is Power.

NORTH.

Power! My dear Seward, who denies it? But great Power—true poetical Power—is self-collected—not turbulent though dealing with turbulence—in its own stately passion dominating physical nature in its utmost distraction—and in her blind forces seeing a grandeur—a sublimity that only becomes visible or audible to the senses, through the action of imagination creating its own consistent ideal world out of that turmoil—making the fury of falling waters appeal to our Moral Being, from whose depths and heights rise emotions echoing all the tones of the thundering cataract. In these stanzas of Byron, the main Power is in the Cataract—not in the Poetry—loud to the ear—to the eye flashing and foaming—full of noise and fury, signifying not much to the soul, as it stuns and confounds the senses—while its more spiritual signifi-

cations are uncertain, or unintelligible, accepted with doubt, or rejected without hesitation, because felt to be false and deceitful, and but brilliant mockeries of the Truth.

TALBOYS.

Spare Byron, who is a Poet—and castigate some popular Versifier.

NORTH.

I will not spare Byron—and just because he is a Poet. For popular Versifiers, they may pipe at their pleasure, but aloof from our Tents—chirp anywhere but in this Encampment; and if there be a Gowdspink or Yellow-hammer among them, let us incline our ear kindly to his chattering or his yammering, “low down in the broom,” or high up on his apple-tree, in outfield or orchard, and pray that never naughty schoolboy may harry his nest.

SEWARD.

Would Sir Walter's Poetry stand such critical examination?

NORTH.

All—or nearly so—directly dealing with War—Fighting in all its branches. Indeed, with any kind of Action he seldom fails—in Reflection, often—and, strange to say, almost as often in description of Nature, though there in his happier hours he excels.

SEWARD.

I was always expecting, during that discussion about the Clitumnus, that you would have brought in Virgil.

NORTH.

Ay, Maro—in description—is superior to them all—in the *Æneid* as well as in the *Georgics*. But we have no time to speak of his Pictures now—only just let me ask you—Do you remember what Payne Knight says of *Æneas*?

SEWARD.

No, for I never read it.

NORTH.

Payne Knight, in his *Analytical Inquiry into the Principles of Taste*—a work of high authority in his own day, and containing many truths vigorously expounded, though characterized throughout by arrogance and presumption—speaks of that “selfish coldness with which the *Æneas* of Virgil treats the unfortunate princess, *whose affections he had seduced*,” and adds, that “Every modern reader of the *Æneid* finds that the Episode of Dido, though in itself the most exquisite piece of composition existing, weakens extremely the subsequent interest of the Poem, it being impossible to sympathise either cordially or kindly with the fortunes or exertions of a hero who sneaks away from his high-minded and much-injured benefactress in a manner so base and unmanly. When, too, we find him soon after imitating all the atrocities, and surpassing the utmost arrogance, of the furious and vindictive Achilles, without displaying any of his generosity, pride, or energy, he becomes at once mean and odious, and only excites scorn and indignation; especially when, at the conclusion, he presents to Lavinia a hand stained with the blood of her favoured lover, whom he had stabbed while begging for quarter, and after being rendered incapable of resistance.” Is not this, Seward, much too strong?

SEWARD.

I think, sir, it is not only much too strong, but outrageous; and that we are bound, in justice to Virgil, to have clearly before our mind his own Idea of his Hero.

TALBOYS.

To try that *Æneas* by the rules of poetry and of morality; and if we find his character such as neither our imagination nor our moral sense will suffer us to regard with favour—to admire either in Hero or Man—then to throw the *Æneid* aside.

BULLER.

And take up his *Georgics*.

TALBOYS.

To love Virgil we need not forget Homer—but to sympathise with *Æneas*, our imaginations must not be filled with Achilles.

SEWARD.

Troy is dust—the Son of Thetis dead. Let us go with the Fugitives and their Leader.

TALBOYS.

Let us believe from the first that they seek a Destined Seat—under One Man, who knows his mission, and is worthy to fulfil it. Has Virgil so sustained the character of that Man—of that Hero? Or has he, from ineptitude, and unequal to so great a subject—let him sink below our nobler sympathies—nay, unconscious of failure of his purpose, as Payne Knight says, accommodated him to our contempt?

SEWARD.

For seven years he has been that Man—that Hero. One Night's Tale has shown him—as he is—for I presume that Virgil—and not Payne Knight—was his Maker. If that Speech was all a lie—and the Son of Anchises, not a gallant and pious Prince, but a hypocrite and a coward—shut the Book or burn it.

TALBOYS.

Much gossip—of which any honest old woman, had she uttered the half of it, would have been ashamed before she had finished her tea—has been scribbled by divers male pens—stupid or spritely—on that magnificent Recital. *Æneas*, it has been said, by his own account, skulked during the Town Sack—and funked during the Sea Storm. And how, it has been asked, came he to lose Creusa? Pious indeed! A truly pious man, say they, does not speak of his piety—he takes care of his household gods without talking about Lares and Penates. Many critics—some not without name—have been such—unrepentant—old women. Come we to Dido.

NORTH.

Be cautious—for I fear I have been in fault myself towards *Æneas* for his part in that transaction.

TALBOYS.

I take the account of it from Virgil. Indeed I do not know of any scandalous chronicle of Carthage or Tyre. A Trojan Prince and a Tyrian Queen—say at once a Man and a Woman—on sudden temptation and unforeseen opportunity—*Sin*—and they continue to sin. As pious men as *Æneas*—and as kingly and heroic too, have so sinned far worse than that—yet have not been excommunicated from the fellowship of saints, kings, or heroes.

SEWARD.

To say that *Æneas* “seduces Dido,” in the sense that Payne Knight uses the word, is a calumnious vulgarity.

TALBOYS.

And shows a sulky resolution to shut his eyes—and keep them shut.

SEWARD.

Had he said that in the Schools at Oxford, he would have been plucked at his Little-go. But I forget—there was no plucking in those days—and indeed I rather think he was not an University Man.

NORTH.

Nevertheless he was a Scholar.

SEWARD.

Not nevertheless, sir—notwithstanding, sir.

NORTH.

I sit corrected.

SEWARD.

Neither did Infelix Elissa seduce him—desperately in love as she was—'twas not the storm of her own will that drove her into that fatal cave.

TALBOYS.

Against Venus and Juno combined, alas! for poor Dido at last!

SEWARD.

Æneas was in her eyes what Othello was in Desdemona's. No Desdemona she—no “gentle lady”—nor was Virgil a Shakspeare. Yet those remonstrances—and that raving—and that suicide!

TALBOYS.

Ay, Dan Virgil feared not to put the condemnation of his Hero into those lips of fire—to let her winged curses pursue the Pious Perfidious as he puts to sea. But what is truth—passion—nature from the reproachful and raving—the tender and the truculent—the repentant and the revengeful—the true and the false Dido—for she had forgot and she remembers Nychæus—when cut up into bits of bad law, and framed into an Indictment through which the Junior Jehu at the Scottish Bar might drive a Coach and Six!

SEWARD.

But he forsook her! He did—and in obedience to the will of heaven. Throughout the whole of his Tale of Troy, at that fatal banquet, he tells her whither, and to what fated region, the fleet is bound—he is not sailing under sealed orders—Dido hears the Hero's destiny from the lips of Mœsissimus Hector, from the lips of Creusa's Shade. But Dido is deaf to all those solemn enunciations—none so deaf as those who will not hear; the Likeness of Aecanius lying by her on her Royal Couch fired her vital blood—and she already is as insane as to dream of lying ere long on that God-like breast. He had forgot—and he remembers his duty—yes—his duty; according to the Creed of his country—of the whole heathen world—in deserting Dido, he obeyed the Gods.

TALBOYS.

He sneaked away! says Knight. Go he must—would it have been more heroic to set fire to the Town, and embark in the General Illumination?

SEWARD.

Would Payne Knight have seriously advised Virgil to marry *Æneas*, in good earnest, to Dido, and make him King of Carthage?

BULLER.

Would they have been a happy couple?

SEWARD.

Does not our sympathy go with *Æneas* to the Shades? Is he unworthy to look on the Campos Lugentes? On the Elysian Fields? To be shown by Anchises the Shades of the predestined Heroes of unexisting Rome?

TALBOYS.

Do we—because of Dido—despise him when first he kens, on a calm bright morning, that great Grove on the Latian shore near the mouth of the Tiber?

*“Æneas, primique duces, et pulcher Iulus,
Corpora sub ramis deponunt arboris altæ,
Instituuntque dapes.”*

SEWARD.

But he was a robber—a pirate—an invader—an usurper—so say the Payne Knights. Virgil sanctifies the Landing with the spirit of peace—and a hundred olive-crowned Envoys are sent to Laurentum with such peace-offerings as had never been laid at the feet of an Ausonian King.

TALBOYS.

Nothing can exceed in simple grandeur the advent of *Æneas*—the reception of the Envoys by old Latinus. The right of the Prince to the region he has reached is established by grant human and divine. Surely a father, who is a king, may dispose of his daughter in marriage—and here he must; he knew, from omen and oracle, the Hour and the Man. Lavinia belonged to *Æneas*—not to Turnus—though we must not severely blame the fiery Rutulian because he would not give her up. Amata, in and out of her wits, was on his side; but their betrothment—if betrothed they were—was unhallowed—and might not blind in face of Fate.

BULLER.

Turnus was in the wrong from beginning to end. Virgil, however, has made him a hero—and idiots have said that he eclipses *Æneas*—the same idiots, who, at the same time, have told us that Virgil could not paint a hero at all.

TALBOYS.

That his genius has no martial fervour. Had the blockheads read the Rising—the Gathering—in the Seventh *Æneid*?

NORTH.

Sir Walter himself had much of it by heart—and I have seen the “repeated air” kindle the aspect, and uplift the Lion-Port of the greatest War-Poet that ever blew the trumpet.

SEWARD.

Æneas at the Court of *Evander*—that fine old Grecian! There he is a Hero to be loved—and *Pallas* loved him—and he loved *Pallas*—and all men with hearts love *Virgil* for their sakes.

TALBOYS.

And is he not a Hero, when relanding from sea at the mouth of his own *Tiber*, with his *Etrurian Allies*—some thousands strong? And does he not then act the Hero? *Virgil* was no War-Poet! Second only to *Homer*, I hold—

SEWARD.

An imitator of *Homer*! With fights of the Homeric age—how could he help it? But he is, in much, original on the battle-field—and is there in all the *Æneid* a *Lausus*, or a *Pallas*?—

BULLER.

Or a *Camilla*?

SEWARD.

Fighting is at the best a sad business—but *Payne Knight* is offensive on the cruelty—the ferocity of *Æneas*. I wish *Virgil* had not made him seize and sacrifice the Eight Young Men to appease the Manes of *Pallas*. Such sacrifice *Virgil* believed to be agreeable to the manners of the time—and, if usual to the most worthy, here assuredly due. In the final Great Battle,

“Away to heaven, respective Lenity,
And fire-eyed Fury be my conduct now.”

BULLER.

Knight is a ninny on the Single Combat. In all the previous circumstances regarding it, *Turnus* behaved ill—now that he must fight, he fights well: ’tis as fair a fight as ever was fought in the field of old Epic Poetry; tutelary interposition alternates in favour of either Prince; the bare notion of either outliving defeat never entered any mind but *Payne Knight*’s: nor did any other fingers ever fumble such a charge against the hero of an Epic as “Stabbing while begging for quarter”—but a momentary weakness in *Turnus* which was not without its effect on *Æneas*, till at sight of *that Bell*, he sheathed the steel.

TALBOYS.

Payne works himself up, in the conclusion of the passage, into an absolute maniac.

NORTH.

Good manners, Talboys—no insult—remember Mr. *Knight* has been long dead.

TALBOYS.

So has *Æneas*—so has *Virgil*.

NORTH.

True. Young gentlemen, I have listened with much pleasure to your animated and judicious dialogue. Shall I now give Judgment?

BULLER.

Lengthy?

NORTH.

Not more than an hour.

BULLER.

Then, if you please, my Lord, to-morrow.

NORTH.

You must all three be somewhat fatigued by the exercise of so much critical acumen. So do you, Talboys and Seward, unbend the bow at another game

of Chess; and you, Buller, reanimate the jaded Moral Sentiments by a sharp letter to Marmaduke, insinuating that if he don't return to the Tents within a week, or at least write to say that he and Hal, Volusene and Woodburn, are not going to return at all, but to join the Rajah of Sarawak, the Grand Lama, or Prester John—which I fear is but too probable from the general tone and tenor of their life and conversation for some days before their Secession from the Established Camp—there will be a general breaking of Mothers' hearts, and in his own particular case, a cutting off with a shilling, or disinheriting of the heir apparent of one of the finest Estates in Cornwall. But I forget—these Entails will be the ruin of England. What! Billy, is that you?

BILLY.

Measter, here's a Fish and a Ferocious.

TALBOYS.

Ha! what Whappers!

BULLER.

More like Fish before the Flood than after it.

SEWARD.

After it indeed! During it. What is Billy saying, Mr. North! That Coomerlan' dialect's Hottentot to my Devonshire ears.

NORTH.

They have been spoiled by the Doric delicacies of the "Exmoor Courtship." He tells me that Archy McCallum, the Cornwall Clipper, and himself, each in a cow-hide, having ventured down to the River Mouth to look after and bale Gutta Percha, foregathered with an involuntary invasion of divers gigantic Fishes, who had made bad their landing on our shores, and that after a desperate resistance they succeeded in securing the Two Leaders—a *Salmo Salar* and a *Salmo Ferox*—see on snout and shoulder tokens of the Oar. Thirty—and Twenty Pounders—Billy says; I should have thought they were respectively a third more. No mean Windfall. They will tell on the Spread. I retire to my Sanctum for my Siesta.

TALBOYS.

Let me invest you, my dear Sir, with my Feathers.

BULLER.

Do—do take my Tarpaulin.

SEWARD.

Billy, your Cow-hide.

NORTH.

I need none of your gimcracks—for I seek the Sanctum by a subterranean—beg your pardon—a Subter-Awning Passage.

SCENE II.

SCENE—*Deeside.*

TIME—*Seven P.C.*

NORTH—BULLER—SEWARD—TALBOYS.

NORTH.

How little time or disposition for anything like serious Thinking, or Reading, out of people's own profession or trade, in this Railway World! The bun-bodies of these rattling times, even in their leisure hours, do not affect an interest in studies their fathers and their grandfathers, in the same rank of life, pursued, even systematically, on many an Evening sacred from the distraction that ceased with the day.

TALBOYS.

Not all busy-bodies, my good sir—think of——

NORTH.

I have thought of them—and I know their worth—their liberality and their enlightenment. In all our cities and towns—and villages—and in all orders of the people—there is Mind—Intelligence, and Knowledge; and the more's the shame in that too general appetite for mere amusement in literature, perpetually craving for a change of diet—for something new in the light way—while anything of any substance, is “with sputtering noise rejected” as tough to the teeth, and hard of digestion—however sweet and nutritious; would they but taste and try.

SEWARD.

I hope you don't mean to allude to Charles Dickens?

NORTH.

Assuredly not. Charles Dickens is a man of original and genial genius—his popularity is a proof of the goodness of the heart of the people; and the love of him and his writings—though not so thoughtful as it might be—does honour to that strength in the English character which is indestructible by any influences, and survives in the midst of frivolity, and folly, and of mental depravations, worse than both.

SEWARD.

Don't look so savage, sir.

NORTH.

I am not savage—I am serene. Set the Literature of the day aside altogether—and tell me if you think our conversation since dinner would not have been thought *dull* by many not altogether uneducated persons, who pride themselves not a little on their intellectuality and on their full participation in the Spirit of the Age?

TALBOYS.

Our conversation since dinner DULL!! No—no—no. Many poor creatures, indeed, there are among them—even among those of them who work the Press—pigmies with pap feeding a Giant who sneezes them away when sick of them into small offices in the Customs or Excise;—but not one of our privileged brethren of the Guild—with a true ticket to show—but would have been delighted with such dialogue—but would be delighted with its continuation—and thankful to know that he, “a wiser and a better man, will rise to-morrow morn.”

SEWARD.

Do, my dear sir—resume your discoursing about those Greeks.

NORTH.

I was about to say, Seward, that those shrewd and just observers, and at the same time delicate thinkers, the ancient Greeks did, as you well know, snatch from amongst the ordinary processes which nature pursues, in respect of inferior animal life, a singularly beautiful Type or Emblem, expressively imaging to Fancy that bursting disclosure of Life from the bosom of Death, which is implied in the extrication of the soul from its corporeal prison, when this astonishing change is highly, ardently, and joyfully contemplated. Those old festal religionists—who carried into the solemnities of their worship the buoyant gladness of their own sprightly and fervid secular life, and contrived to invest even the artful splendour and passionate human interest of their dramatic representations with the name and character of a sacred ceremony—found for that soaring and refulgent escape of a spirit from the dungeon and chains of the flesh, into its native celestial day, a fine and touching similitude in the liberation of a beautiful Insect, the gorgeously-winged aërial Butterfly, from the living tomb in which nature has, during a season, cased and urned its torpid and death-like repose.

SEWARD.

Nor, my dear sir, was this life-conscious penetration or intuition of a keen and kindling intelligence into the dreadful, the desolate, the cloud-covered Future, the casual thought of adventuring Genius, transmitted in some happier

verse only, or in some gracious and visible poesy of a fine chisel; but the Symbol and the Thing symbolised were so bound together in the understanding of the nation, that in the Greek language the name borne by the Insect and the name designating the Soul is one and the same—ΨΥΧΗ.

NORTH.

Insects! They have come out, by their original egg-birth, into an active life. They have crept and eaten—and slept and eaten—creeping and sleeping, and eating—still waxing in size, and travelling on from fitted pasture to pasture, they have in not many suns reached the utmost of the minute dimensions allotted them—the goal of their slow-footed wanderings, and the term, shall we say—*of their life*.

SEWARD.

No! But of that *first period*, through which they have made some display of themselves as living agents. They have reached *this term*. And look at them—now.

NORTH.

Ay—look at them—now. Wonder on wonder! For now a miraculous instinct guides and compels the creature—who has, as it were, completed one life—who has accomplished one stage of his existence—to entomb himself. And he accordingly builds or spins himself a tomb—or he buries himself in his grave. Shall I say, that she herself, his guardian, his directress, Great Nature, *coffins* him? Enclosed in a firm shell—hidden from all eyes—torpid, in a death-like sleep—*not dead*—he waits the appointed hour, which the days and nights bring, and which having come—his renovation, his resuscitation is come. And now the sepulture no longer holds him! Now the prisoner of the tomb has right again to converse with embalmed air and with glittering sunbeams—now, the reptile that *was*—unrecognisably transformed from himself—a glad, bright, mounting creature, unfurls on either side the translucent or the richly-hued pinions that shall waft him at his liking from blossom to blossom, or lift him in a rapture of aimless joyancy to disport and rock himself on the soft-flowing undulating breeze.

SEWARD.

My dearest sir, the Greek in his darkness, or uncertain twilight of belief, has culled and perpetuated his beautiful emblem. Will the Christian look unmoved upon the singular imaging, which, amidst the manifold strangely-charactered secrets of nature, he finds of his own sealed and sure faith?

NORTH.

No, Seward. The philosophical Theologian claims in this likeness more than an apt simile, pleasing to the stirred fancy. He sees here an ANALOGY—and this Analogy he proposes as one link in a chain of argumentation, by which he would show that Reason might dare to win from Nature, as a Hope, the truth which it holds from God as revealed knowledge.

SEWARD.

I presume, sir, you allude to Butler's Analogy. I have studied it.

NORTH.

I do—to the First Chapter of that Great Work. This parallelism, or apprehended resemblance between an event continually occurring and seen in nature, and one unseen but continually conceived as occurring upon the uttermost brink and edge of nature—this correspondency, which took such fast hold of the Imagination of the Greeks, has, as you know, my dear friends, in these latter days been acknowledged by calm and profound Reason, looking around on every side for evidences or intimations of the Immortality of the Soul.

BULLER.

Will you be so good, sir, as let me have the volume to study of an evening in my own Tent?

NORTH.

Certainly. And for many other evenings—in your own Library at home.

TALBOYS.

Please, sir, to state Butler's argument in your own words and way.

NORTH.

For Butler's style is hard and dry. A living being undergoes a vicissitude by

which on a sudden he passes from a state in which he has long continued into a new state, and with it into a new scene of existence. The transition is from a narrow confinement into an ample liberty—and this change of circumstances is accompanied in the subject with a large and congruous increment of powers. They believe this who believe the Immortality of the Soul. But the fact is, that changes bearing this description do indeed happen in Nature, under our very eyes, at every moment; this method of progress being universal in her living kingdoms. Such a marvellous change is literally undergone by innumerable kinds, the human animal included, in the instant in which they pass out from the darkness and imprisonment of the womb into the light and open liberty of this breathing world. Birth has been the image of a death, which is itself nothing else than a birth from one straightened life into another ampler and freer. The ordering of Nature, then, is an ordering of Progression, whereby new and enlarged states are attained, and, simultaneously therewith, new and enlarged powers; and all this is not slowly, gradually, and insensibly, but suddenly and *per saltum*.

TALBOYS.

This analogy, then, sir, or whatever there is that is in common to *birth* as we know it, and to *death* as we conceive it, is to be understood as an evidence set in the ordering of Nature, and justifying or tending to justify such our conception of Death?

NORTH.

Exactly so. And you say well, my good Talboys, "justifying or tending to justify." For we are all along fully sensible that a vast difference—a difference prodigious and utterly confounding to the imagination—holds betwixt the case *from* which we reason, *birth*—or that further expansion of life in some breathing kinds which might be held as a *second birth*—betwixt these cases, I say, and the case to which we reason, *DEATH*!

TALBOYS.

Prodigious and utterly confounding to the imagination indeed! For in these physiological instances, either the same body, or a body changing by such slow and insensible degrees that it seems to us to be the same body, accompanies, encloses, and contains the same life—from the first moment in which that life comes under our observation to that in which it vanishes from our cognisance; whereas, sir, in the case to which we apply the Analogy—our own Death—the life is supposed to survive in complete separation from the body, in and by its union with which we have known it and seen it manifested.

NORTH.

Excellently well put, my friend. I see you have studied Butler.

TALBOYS.

I have—but not for some years. The Analogy is not a Book to be forgotten.

NORTH.

This difference between the case from which we reason, and the case to which we reason, there is no attempt whatever at concealing—quite the contrary—it stands written, you know, my friend, upon the very Front of the Argument. This difference itself is the very motive and occasion of the Whole Argument! Were there not *this difference* between the cases which furnish the Analogy, and the case to which the Analogy is applied—had we certainly known and seen a Life continued, although suddenly passing out from the body where it had hitherto resided—or were *Death* not the formidable disruption which it is of a hitherto subsisting union—the cases would be identical, and there would be nothing to reason about or to inquire. There is this startling difference—and accordingly the Analogy described has been proposed by Butler merely as a first step in the Argument.

TALBOYS.

It remains to be seen, then, whether any further considerations can be proposed which will bring the cases nearer together, and diminish to our minds the difficulty presented by the sudden separation.

NORTH.

Just so. What ground, then, my dear young friends—for you seem and

are young to me—what ground, my friends, is there for believing that the Death which we see, can affect the living agent which we do not see? Butler makes his approaches cautiously, and his attack manfully—and this is the course of his Argument. I begin with examining my present condition of existence, and find myself to be a being endowed with certain Powers and Capacities—for I act, I enjoy, I suffer.

TALBOYS.

Of this much there can be no doubt; for of all this an unerring consciousness assures me. Therefore, at the outset, I hold this one secure position—that I exist, the possessor of certain powers and capacities.

NORTH.

But that I do now before Death exist, endued with certain powers and capacities, affords a presumptive or *præ mâ facie* probability that I shall after death continue to exist, possessing these powers and capacities—

BULLER.

How is that, sir?

NORTH.

You do well to put that question, my dear Buller—a *præ mâ facie* probability, unless there be some positive reason to think that death is the “destruction of Me, the living Being, and of these my living Faculties.”

BULLER.

A presumptive or *præ mâ facie* probability, sir? Why does Butler say so?

NORTH.

“Because there is in every case a probability that *all* things will continue as we experience they are, in *all* respects, except those in which we have some reason to think they will be altered.”

BULLER.

You will pardon me, sir, I am sure, for having asked the question.

NORTH.

It was not only a proper question, but a necessary one. Butler wisely says—“This is that kind of Presumption or Probability from Analogy, expressed in the very word CONTINUANCE, which seems our only natural reason for believing the course of the world will continue to-morrow, as it has done so far as our experience or knowledge of history can carry us back.” I give you, here, the Bishop’s very words—and I believe that in them is affirmed a truth that no scepticism can shake.

TALBOYS.

If I mistake not, sir, the Bishop here frankly admits, that were we not fortified against a natural impression, with some better instruction than unreflecting Nature’s, the spontaneous disposition of our Mind would undoubtedly be an expectation that in this great catastrophe of our mortal estate, We Ourselves must perish; but he contends—does he not, sir?—that it would be a blind fear, and without rational ground.

NORTH.

Yes—that it is an impression of the illusory faculty, Imagination, and not an inference of Reason. There would arise, he says, “a general confused suspicion, that in the great shock and alteration which we shall undergo by death, We, i. e. our living Powers, might be wholly destroyed;”—but he adds solemnly, “there is no particular distinct ground or reason for this apprehension, so far as I can find.”

TALBOYS.

Such “general confused suspicion,” then, is not justified?

NORTH.

Butler holds that any justifying ground of the apprehension that, in the shock of death, I, the living Being, or, which is the same thing, These my powers of acting, enjoying, and suffering, shall be extinguished and cease, must be found either in “the reason of the Thing,” itself, or in “the Analogy of Nature.” To say that a legitimate ground of attributing to the sensible mortal change a power of extinguishing the inward life is to be found in the Reason of the Thing, is as much as to say, that when considering the essential nature of this great and tremendous, or at least dreaded change, Death,

and upon also considering *what* these powers of acting, of enjoying, of suffering, truly *are*, and in *what manner*, absolutely, they subsist in us—there does appear to lie therein demonstration, or evidence, or likelihood, that the change, Death, will swallow up such living Powers—and that *We* shall no longer *be*.

TALBOYS.

In short, sir, that from considering *what* Death is, and *upon what* these Powers and their exercise depend, there is *reason* to think, that the Powers or their exercise will or *must* cease with Death.

NORTH.

The very point. And the Bishop's answer is bold, short, and decisive. We cannot *from* considering what Death is, draw this or any other conclusion, *for we do not know what Death is!* We know only certain effects of Death—the stopping of certain sensible actions—the dissolution of certain sensible parts. We can draw no conclusion, for we do not possess the premises.

SEWARD.

From your Exposition, sir, I feel that the meaning of the First Chapter of the Analogy is dawning into clearer and clearer light.

NORTH.

Inconsiderately, my dear sir, we seem indeed to ourselves to know what Death is; but this is from confounding the Thing and its Effects. For we see effects: at first the stoppage of certain sensible actions—afterwards, the dissolution of certain sensible parts. But *what* it is that has happened—*wherefore* the blood no longer flows—the limbs no longer move—that we do not see. We do not see it with our eyes—we do not discern it by any inference of our understanding. It is a *fact* that seems to lie shrouded forever from our faculties in awful and impenetrable mystery. That fact—the produce of an instant—which has happened *within*, and in the *dark*—that fact come to pass in an indivisible point of time—that stern fact—ere the happening of which the Man was alive—an inhabitant of this breathing world—united to ourselves—our Father, Brother, Friend—at least our Fellow Creature—by the happening, *he* is gone—is for ever irrecoverably sundered from this world, and from us its inhabitants—IS DEAD—and that which lies outstretched before our saddened eyes is only his mortal remains—a breathless corpse—an inanimate, insensible clod of clay:—Upon that interior *sudden* fact—*sudden*, at last, how slowly and gradually soever prepared—since the utmost attenuation of a thread is a thing totally distinct from its ending, from its becoming no thread at all, and since, up to that moment, there was a possibility that some extraordinary, perhaps physical application might for an hour or a few minutes have rallied life, or might have reawakened consciousness, and eye, and voice—upon that elusive *Essence* and *self* of Death no curious searching of ours has laid, or, it may be well assumed, will ever lay hold. When the organs of sense no longer minister to Perception, or the organs of motion to any change of posture—when the blood stopped in its flow thickens and grows cold—and the fair and stately form, the glory of the Almighty's Hand, the burning shrine of a Spirit that lately rejoiced in feeling, in thought, and in power, lies like a garment done with and thrown away—"a kneaded clod"—ready to lose feature and substance—and to yield back its atoms to the dominion of the blind elements from which they were gathered and compacted—*What is Death?* And what grounds have we for inferring that an event manifested to us as a phenomenon of the Body, which alone we touch, and hear, and see, has or has not reached into the Mind, which is for us Now just as it always was, a Thing utterly removed and exempt from the cognisance and apprehension of our bodily senses? The Mind, or Spirit, the unknown Substance, in which Feeling, and Thought, and Will, and the Spring of Life were—was united to this corporeal frame; and, being united to it, animated it, poured through it sensibility and motion, glowing and creative life—crimsoned the lips and cheeks—flashed in the eye—and murmured music from the tongue; *now*, the two—Body and Soul—are *disunited*—and we behold one-half the consequence—the Thing of dust relapses to the dust;—we dare to divine the other half of the consequence—the quickening Spark, the sentient

Intelligence, the Being gifted with Life, the Image of the Maker, in Man, has reascended, has returned thither whence it came, into the Hand of God.

SEWARD.

If, sir, we were without light from the revealed Word of God, if we were left, by the help of reason, standing upon the brink of Time, dimly guessing, and inquiringly exploring, to find for ourselves the grounds of Hope and Fear, would your description, my dear Master, of that which has happened, seem to our Natural Faculties impossible? Surely not.

NORTH.

My dear Seward, we have the means of rendering some answer to that question. The nations of the world have been, more or less, in the condition supposed. Self-left, they have borne the burden of the dread secret, which for them only the grave could resolve; but they never were able to sit at rest in the darkness. Importunate and insuppressible desire, in their bosoms, knocked at the gate of the invisible world, and seemed to hear an answer from beyond. The belief in a long life of ages to follow this fleet dream—imaginary revelations of regions bright or dark—the mansions of bliss or of sorrow—an existence to come, and often of retribution to come—has been the religion of Mankind—here in the rudest elementary shape—here in elaborated systems.

SEWARD.

Ay, sir; methinks the Hell of Virgil—and his Elysian Fields are examples of a high, solemn, and beautiful poetry. But they have a much deeper interest for a man studious, in earnest, of his fellow-men. Since they really express the notions under which men have with serious belief shadowed out for themselves the worlds to which the grave is a portal. The true moral spirit that breathes in his enumeration of the Crimes that are punished, of the Virtues that have earned and found their reward, and some scattered awful warnings—are impressive even to us Christians.

NORTH.

Yes, Seward, they are. Harken to the attestation of the civilised and the barbarous. Universally there is a cry from the human heart, beseeching, as it were, of the Unknown Power which reigns in the Order and in the Mutations of Things, the prolongation of this vanishing breath—the renovation, in undiscovered spheres, of this too brief existence—an appeal from the tyranny of the tomb—a prayer against annihilation. Only at the top of Civilisation, sometimes a cold and barren philosophy, degenerate from nature, and bastard to reason, has limited its sullen view to the horizon of this Earth—has shut out and refused all ulterior, happy, or dreary anticipation.

SEWARD.

You may now, assured of our profound attention—return to Butler—if indeed you have left him——

NORTH.

I have and I have not. A few minutes ago I was expounding—in my own words—and for the reason assigned, will continue to do so—his argument. If, not knowing what death is, we are not entitled to argue, from the nature of death, that this change must put an end to Ourselves, and those essential powers in our mind which we are conscious of exerting—just as little can we argue from the nature of these powers, and from their manner of subsisting in us, that they are liable to be affected and impaired, or destroyed by death. For what do we know of these powers, and of the conditions on which we hold them, and of the mind in which they dwell? Just as much as we do of the great change, Death itself—that is to say—NOTHING.

TALBOYS.

We know the powers of our mind solely by their manifestations.

NORTH.

But people in general do not think so—and many metaphysicians have written as if they had forgot that it is only from the manifestation that we give name to the Power. We know the fact of Seeing, Hearing, Remembering, Reasoning—the feeling of Beauty—the actual pleasure of Moral Approbation, the pain of Moral Disapprobation—the state—pleasure or pain of loving

—the state—pleasure or pain of hating—the fire of anger—the frost of fear—the curiosity to know—the thirst for distinction—the exultation of conscious Power—all these, and a thousand more, we know abundantly: our conscious Life is nothing else but such knowledge endlessly diversified. But the Powers themselves, which are thus exerted—what *they* are—how they subsist in us ready for exertion—of this we know—NOTHING.

TALBOYS.

We know something of the Conditions upon which the exercise of these Powers depends—or by which it is influenced. Thus we know, that for seeing, we must possess that wondrous piece of living mechanism, the eye, in its healthy condition. We know further, that a delicate and complicated system of nerves, which convey the visual impressions from the eye itself to the seeing power, must be healthy and unobstructed. We know that a sound and healthy state of the brain is necessary to these manifestations—that accidents befalling the Brain totally disorder the manifestations of these powers—turning the clear self-possessed mind into a wild anarchy—a Chaos—that other accidents befalling the same organ suspend all manifestations. We know that sleep stops the use of many powers—and that deep sleep—at least as far as any intimations that reach our waking state go—stops them all. We know that a nerve tied or cut stops the sensation—stops the motory volition which usually travels along it. We know how bodily lassitude—how abstinence—how excess—affects the ability of the mind to exert its powers. In short, the most untutored experience of every one amongst us all shows bodily conditions, upon which the activity of the faculties which are seated in the mind, depends. And within the mind itself we know how one manifestation aids or counteracts another—how Hope invigorates—how Fear disables—how Intrepidity keeps the understanding clear—

NORTH.

You are well illustrating Butler, Talboys. Then again we know that *for Seeing*, we must have that wonderful piece of living mechanism perfectly constructed, and in good order—that a certain delicate and complicated system of nerves extending from the eye inwards, is appointed to transmit the immediate impressions of light from this exterior organ of sight to the percipient Mind—that these nerves allotted to the function of seeing, must be free from any accidental pressure; knowledge admirable, curious, useful; but when all is done, all investigated, that our eyes, and fingers, and instruments, and thoughts, can reach—*What*, beyond all this marvellous Apparatus of seeing, is *That which sees*—what the percipient Mind is—that is a mystery into which no created Being ever had a glimpse. Or what is that immediate connexion between the Mind itself, and those delicate corporeal adjustments—whereby certain *tremblings*, or other momentary changes of state in a set of nerves, upon the sudden, turn into Colours—into Sight—INTO THE VISION OF A UNIVERSE.

SEWARD.

Does Butler say all that, sir?

NORTH.

In his own dry way perhaps he may. These, my friends, are Wonders into which Reason looks, astonished; or, more properly speaking, into which she looks not, nor, self-knowing, attempts to look. But, reverent and afraid, she repeats that attitude which the Great Poet has ascribed to “brightest cherubim” before the footstool of the Omnipotent Throne, who

“Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.”

TALBOYS.

For indeed at the next step beyond lies only the mystery of Omnipotence—that mystery which connects the world, open and known to us, to the world withheld and unknown.

NORTH.

The same with regard to Pleasure and Pain. *What* enjoys Pleasure or suffers Pain!—all that is, to our clearest, sharpest-sighted science, nothing else but darkness—but black unfathomable night. Therefore, since we know not what Death itself is—and since we know not what this Living Mind is, nor

what any of its powers and capacities are—what conclusion, taken in the nature of these unknown subjects, can we possibly be warranted in drawing as to the influence which this unknown change, Death, will exert upon this unknown Being—Mind—and upon its unknown faculties and sensibilities?—None.

SEWARD.

Shall unknown Death destroy this unknown Mind and its unknown capacities? It is just as likely, for anything that Reason can see, that it will set them free to a larger and more powerful existence. And if we have any reason upon other grounds to expect this—then by so much the more likely.

NORTH.

We know that this Eye and its apparatus of nerves no longer shall serve for *seeing*—we know that these muscles and their nerves shall no longer serve for *moving*—we know that this marvellous Brain itself no longer shall serve, as we are led to believe that it now serves, for *thinking*—we know that this bounding heart never again shall throb and quicken, with all its leaping pulses, with joy—that pain of this body shall never again *tire* the mind, and that pain of this mind shall never again *tire* this body, once pillowed and covered up in its bed of imperturbable slumber. And there ends our knowledge. But that this Mind, which, united to these muscles and their nerves, sent out vigorous and swift motions through them—which, united to this Brain, compelled this Brain to serve it as the minister of its thinkings upon this Earth and in this mode of its Being—which, united to this Frame, in it, and through it, and from it, felt for Happiness and for Misery—that this Mind, once *dissuited* from all these, its instruments and servants, shall therefore perish, or shall therefore forego the endowment of its powers, which it manifested by these its instruments—of that we have no warranty—of that there is no probability.

TALBOYS.

Much rather, sir, might a probability lie quite the other way. For if the structure of this corporeal frame places at the service of the Mind some five or six senses, enabling it, by so many avenues, to communicate with this external world, this very structure shuts up the Mind in these few senses, ties it down to the capacities of exactness and sensibility for which *they* are framed. But we have no reason at all to think that these few modes of sensibility, which we call our external senses, are *all* the modes of sensibility of which our spirits are capable. Much rather we must believe that, if it pleased, or shall ever please, the Creator to open in this Mind, in a new world, new modes of sensation, the susceptibility for these modes is already there for another set of senses. Now we are confined to an eye that sees distinctly at a few paces of distance. We have no reason for thinking that, united with a finer organ of sight, we should not see far more exquisitely; and thus, sir, our notices of the dependence in which the Mind now subsists upon the body do of themselves lead us to infer its own self-subsistency.

NORTH.

What we are called upon to do, my friends, is to set Reason against Imagination and against Habit. We have to lift ourselves up above the limited sphere of sensible experience. We have to *believe* that something more is than that which we see—than that which we know.

TALBOYS.

Yet, sir, even the facts of Mind, revealed to us living in these bodies, are enough to show us that more is than these bodies—since we feel that **WE ARE**, and that it is impossible for us to regard these bodies otherwise than as *possessions of ours*—utterly impossible to regard them as Ourselves.

NORTH.

We distinguish between the acts of Mind, inwardly exerted—the acts, for instance, of Reason, of Memory, and of Affection—and acts of the Mind communicating through the senses with the external world. But Butler seems to me to go too far when he says, “I confess that in sensation the mind uses the body; but in reflection I have no reason to think that the mind uses the body.” But, my dear friends, I, Christopher North, think, on the contrary, that the

Mind uses the Brain for a thinking instrument; and that much thought fatigues the Brain, and causes an oppressive flow of the blood to the Brain, and otherwise disorders that organ. And altogether I should be exceedingly sorry to rest the Immortality of the Soul upon so doubtful an assumption as that the Brain is not, in any respect or sort, the Mind's Organ of Thinking. I see no need for so timid a sheltering of the argument. On the contrary, the simple doctrine, to my thought, is this—The Mind, as we know it, is implicated and mixed up with the Body—*throughout*—in all its ordinary actions. This corporeal frame is a system of organs, or Instruments, which the Mind employs in a thousand ways. They are its *instruments*—all of them are—and none of them is itself. What does it matter to me that there is one more organ—the Brain—for one more function—thinking? Unless the Mind were in itself a seeing thing—that is, a thing able to see—it could not use the Eye for seeing; and unless the Mind were a thinking thing, it could not use the Brain for thinking. The most intimate implication of itself with its instruments in the functions which constitute our consciousness, proves nothing in the world to me, against its essential distinctness from them, and against the possibility of its living and acting in separation from them, and when they are dissolved. So far from it, when I see that the body chills with fear, and glows with love, I am ready to call fear a cold, and love a warm passion, and to say that the Mind uses its bodily frame in fearing and in loving. All these things have to do with manifestations of my mind to itself. Now, whilst implicated in this body. Let me lift myself above imagination—or let my imagination soar and carry my reason on its wings—I leave the body to moulder, and I go sentient, volent, intelligent, whithersoever I am called.

TALBOYS.

It seems a timidity unworthy of Butler to make the distinction. Such a distinction might be used to invalidate his whole doctrine.

NORTH.

It might—if granted—and legitimately. But the course is plain, and the tenor steadfast. As a child, you think that your finger is a part of yourself, and that you feel with it. Afterwards, you find that it can be cut off without *diminishing you*: and physiologists tell you, and you believe, that it does not feel, but sends up antecedents of feeling to the brain. Am I to stop anywhere? Not in the body. As my finger is no part of Me, no more is my liver, or my stomach, or my heart—or *my brain*. When I have overworked myself, I feel a lassitude, distinctly local, in my brain—*inside of my head*—and therewithal an indolence, inertness, inability of thinking. If reflection—as Butler more than insinuates—hesitatingly says—is independent of my brain and body, whence the lassitude? And how did James Watt get unconquerable headaches with meditating Steam-engines?

TALBOYS.

It is childish, sir, to stagger at degrees, when we have admitted the kind. The Bishop's whole argument is to show, that the thing in us which feels, wills, thinks, is distinct from our body; that I am one thing, and my body another.

NORTH.

Have we SOULS? If we have—they can live after the body—cannot perish with it; if we have not—wo betide us all!

SEWARD.

Will you, sir, be pleased to sum up the Argument of the First Chapter of the Analogy?

NORTH.

No. Do you. You have heard it—and you understand it.

SEWARD.

I cannot venture on it.

NORTH.

Do you, my excellent Talboys—for you know the Book as well as I do myself.

TALBOYS.

That the Order of Nature shows us great and wonderful changes, which the living being undergoes—and arising from beginnings inconceivably

law, to higher and higher conditions of consciousness and action;—That hence an exaltation of our Powers by the change Death, would be congruous to the progress—which we have witnessed in other creatures, and have experienced in ourselves;—That the fact, that before Death we possess Powers of acting, and suffering, and enjoying, affords a *prima facie* probability that, after death, we shall continue to possess them; because it is a constant presumption in Nature, and one upon which we constantly reason and rely, speculatively and practically, that all things will continue as they are, unless a cause appear sufficient for changing them;—But that in Death nothing appears which should suffice to *destroy* the Powers of Action, Enjoyment, and Suffering, in a Living Being;—For that in all we know of Death we know the destruction of parts *instrumental* to the uses of a Living Being;—But that of any destruction reaching, or that we have reason to suppose to reach the Living Being, we know nothing;—That the Unity of Consciousness persuades us that the Being in which Consciousness essentially resides is one and indivisible—by any accident, Death inclusive, indiscernible;—That the progress of diseases, growing till they kill the mortal body, but leaving the Faculties of the Soul in full force to the last gasp of living breath, is a particular argument, establishing this independence of the Living Being—the Spirit—which is the Man himself—upon the accidents which may befall the perishable Frame.

NORTH.

Having seen, then, a Natural Probability that the principle within us, which is the seat and source of Thought and Feeling, and of such Life as can be imparted to the Body, will subsist undestroyed by the changes of the Body—and having recognised the undoubted Power of the Creator—if it pleases Him—indefinitely to prolong the life which He has given—how would you and I, my dear Friends, proceed—from the ground thus gained—and on which—with Butler—we take our stand—to speak farther of reasons for believing in the Immortality of the Soul?

SEWARD.

I feel, sir, that I have already taken more than my own part in this conversation. We should have to inquire, sir, whether in His known attributes, and in the known modes of His government, we could ascertain any causes making it probable that He will thus prolong our existence—and we find many such grounds of confidence.

NORTH.

Go on, my dear Seward.

SEWARD.

If you please, sir, be yours the closing words—for the Night.

NORTH.

The implanted longing in every human bosom for such permanent existence—the fixed anticipation of it—and the recoil from annihilation—seem to us intimation vouchsafed by the Creator of His designs towards us;—the horror with which Remorse awakened by sin looks beyond the Grave, partakes of the same prophetic inspiration. We see how precisely the lower animals are fitted to the places which they hold upon the earth, with instincts that exactly supply their needs, with no powers that are not here satisfied—while we, as if out of place, only through much difficult experience can adapt ourselves to the physical circumstances into which we are introduced—and thus, in one respect, furnished below our condition, are, on the other hand, by the aspirations of our higher faculties, raised infinitely above it—as if intimating that whilst those creatures *here* fulfil the purposes of their creation, *here* we do not—and, therefore, look onward;—That whilst our other Powers, of which the use is over, decline in the course of nature as Death approaches, our Moral and Intellectual Faculties often go on advancing to the last, as if showing that they were drawing nigh to their proper sphere of action;—That whilst the Laws regulating the Course of Human Affairs visibly proceed from a Ruler who favours Virtue, and who frowns upon Vice, yet that a just retribution does not seem uniformly carried out in the good success of well-doers, and the ill success of evil-doers—so that we are led on by the

constitution of our souls to look forward to a world in which that which here looks like Moral Disorder, might be reduced into Order, and the Justice of the Ruler and the consistency of his Laws vindicated;—That in studying the arrangements of this world, we see that in many cases dispositions of Human affairs, which, upon their first aspect, appeared to us evil, being more clearly examined and better known, resulted in good—and thence draw a hope that the stroke which daunts our imagination, as though it were the worst of evils, will prove, when known, a dispensation of bounty—"Death the Gate of Life," opening into a world in which His beneficent hand, if not nearer to us than here, will be more steadily visible—no clouds interposing between the eyes of our soul and their Sun;—That the perplexity which oppresses our Understanding from the sight of this world, in which the Good and Evil seem intermixed and crossing each other, almost vanishes, when we lift up our thoughts to contemplate this mutable scene as a place of Probation and of Discipline, where Sorrows and Sufferings are given to school us to Virtue—as the Arena where Virtue strives in the laborious and perilous contest, of which it shall hereafter receive the well-won and glorious crown;—That we draw confidence in the same conclusions, from observing how closely allied and agreeing to each other are the Two Great Truths of Natural Religion, the Belief in God and the Belief in our own Immortality; so that, when we have, received the idea of God, as the Great Governor of the Universe, the belief in our own prolonged existence appears to us as a necessary part of that Government; or if, upon the physical arguments, we have admitted the independent conviction of our Immortality, this doctrine appears to us barren and comfortless, until we understand that this continuance of our Being is to bring us into the more untroubled fruition of that Light, which here shines upon us, often through mist and cloud;—That in all these high doctrines we are instructed to rest more securely, as we find the growing harmony of one solemn conviction with another—as we find that all our better and nobler Faculties co-operate with one another—and these predominating principles carry us to these convictions—so that our Understanding then first begins to possess itself in strength and light when the heart has accepted the Moral Law;—But that our Understanding is only fully at ease, and our Moral Nature itself, with all its affections, only fully supported and expanded, when both together have borne us on to the knowledge of Him who is the sole Source of Law—the highest Object of Thought—the Favourer of Virtue—towards whom Love may eternally grow, and still be infinitely less than His due—till we have reached this knowledge, and with it the steadfast hope that the last act of this Life joins us to Him—does not for ever shut us up in the night of Oblivion;—And we have strengthened ourselves in inferences forced upon us by remembering how humankind has consented in these Beliefs, as if they were a part of our Nature—and by remembering further, how, by the force of these Beliefs, human Societies have subsisted and been held together—how Laws have been sanctioned, and how Virtues, Wisdom, and all the good and great works of the Human Spirit have, under these influences, been produced;—Surely GREAT IS THE POWER of all these concurrent considerations brought from every part of our Nature—from the Material and the Immaterial—from the Intellectual and Moral—from the Individual and the Social—from that which respects our existence on this side of the grave, and that which respects our existence beyond it—from that which looks down upon the Earth, and that which looks up towards Heaven.

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VOL. LXVI.

THE CAXTONS.—PART THE LAST.

CHAPTER CI.

ADIEU, thou beautiful land! Canaan of the exiles, and Ararat to many a shattered ark! Fair cradle of a race for whom the unbounded heritage of a future, that no sage can conjecture, no prophet divine, lies afar in the golden promise-light of Time!—destined, perchance, from the sins and sorrows of a civilisation struggling with its own elements of decay, to renew the youth of the world, and transmit the great soul of England through the cycles of Infinite Change. All climates that can best ripen the products of earth, or form into various character and temper the different families of man, "rain influences" from the heaven, that smiles so benignly on those who had once shrunk, ragged, from the wind, or scowled on the thankless sun. Here, the hardy air of the chill Mother Isle, there the mild warmth of Italian autumns, or the breathless glow of the tropics. And with the beams of every climate, glides subtle HOPE. Of her there, it may be said as of Light itself, in those exquisite lines of a neglected poet—

"Through the soft ways of heaven, and air,
and sea,
Which open all their pores to thee;
Like a clear river thou dost glide—

All the world's bravery, that delights our
eyes,
Is but thy several liveries;
Thou the rich dye on them bestowest;
Thy nimble pencil paints the landscape as
thou goest."*

Adieu, my kind nurse and sweet foster-mother!—a long and a last adieu! Never had I left thee but for that louder voice of Nature which calls the child to the parent, and woos us from the labours we love the best by the chime in the Sabbath-bells of Home.

No one can tell how dear the memory of that wild Bush-life becomes to him who has tried it with a *fitting spirit*. How often it haunts him in the commonplace of more civilised scenes! Its dangers, its risks, its sense of animal health, its bursts of adventure, its intervals of careless repose—the fierce gallop through a very sea of wide rolling plains—the still saunter, at night, through woods never changing their leaves—with the moon, clear as sunshine, stealing slant through their clusters of flowers. With what an effort we reconcile ourselves to the trite cares and vexed pleasures, "the quotidian ague of frigid impertinences," to which we return! How strong and black stands my pencil-mark in this passage of the poet from which I have just quoted before!—

"We are here among the vast and noble scenes of Nature—we are there among the pitiful shifts of policy; we walk here, in the light and open ways of the Divine Bounty—we grope there, in the dark and confused labyrinth of human malice."†

But I weary you, reader. The New World vanishes—now a line—now a

* Cowley's *Ode to Light*.

† Cowley on *Town and Country*. (Discourse on Agriculture.)

speck : let us turn away, with the face to the Old.

Among my fellow-passengers, how many there are returning home disgusted, disappointed, impoverished, ruined, throwing themselves again on those unsuspecting poor friends, who thought they had done with the luckless good-for-naughts forever. For don't let me deceive thee, reader, into supposing that every adventurer to Australia has the luck of Pisistratus. Indeed, though the poor labourer, and especially the poor operative from London and the great trading towns, (who has generally more of the quick knack of learning—the *adaptable faculty*—required in a new colony, than the simple agricultural labourer,) are pretty sure to succeed, the class to which I belong is one in which failures are numerous, and success the exception—I mean young men with scholastic education and the habits of gentlemen—with small capitals and sanguine hopes. But this, in ninety-nine times out of a hundred, is not the fault of the colony, but of the emigrants. It requires, not so much intellect as a peculiar turn of intellect, and a fortunate combination of physical qualities, easy temper, and quick

mother-wit, to make a small capitalist a prosperous Bushman.* And if you could see the sharks that swim round a man just dropped at Adelaide or Sydney, with one or two thousand pounds in his pocket! Hurry out of the towns as fast as you can, my young emigrant; turn a deaf ear, for the present at least, to all jobbers and speculators; make friends with some practised old Bushman; spend several months at his station before you hazard your capital; take with you a temper to bear everything and sigh for nothing; put your whole heart in what you are about; never call upon Hercules when your cart sticks in the rut, and, whether you feed sheep or breed cattle, your success is but a question of time.

But, whatever I owed to nature, I owed also something to fortune. I bought my sheep at little more than 7s. each. When I left, none were worth less than 15s., and the fat sheep were worth £1.† I had an excellent shepherd, and my whole care, night and day, was the improvement of the flock. I was fortunate, too, in entering Australia before the system mis-called "The Wakefield"‡ had diminished the supply of labour and raised

* How true are the following remarks :—

"Action is the first great requisite of a colonist, (that is, a pastoral or agricultural settler.) With a young man, the tone of his mind is more important than his previous pursuits. I have known men of an active, energetic, contented disposition, with a good flow of animal spirits, who had been bred in luxury and refinement, succeed better than men bred as farmers, who were always hankering after bread and beer, and market ordinaries of Old England. . . . To be dreaming when you should be looking after your cattle, is a terrible drawback. . . . There are certain persons who, too lazy and too extravagant to succeed in Europe, sail for Australia under the idea that fortunes are to be made there by a sort of legerdemain, spend or lose their capital in a very short space of time, and return to England to abuse the place, the people, and everything connected with colonisation."—*Sidney's Australian Handbook*—admirable for its wisdom and compactness.

† Lest this seem an exaggeration, I venture to annex an extract from a MS. letter to the author from Mr. Geo. Blakeston Wilkinson, author of *So. Australia*.

"I will instance the case of one person, who had been a farmer in England, and emigrated with about £2000 about seven years since. On his arrival, he found that the prices of sheep had fallen from about 30s. to 5s. or 6s. per head, and he bought some well-bred flocks at these prices. He was fortunate in obtaining a good and extensive run, and he devoted the whole of his time to improving his flocks, and encouraged his shepherds by rewards; so that, in about four years, his original number of sheep had increased from 2500 (which cost him £700) to 7000; and the breed and wool were also so much improved that he could obtain £1 per head for 2000 fat sheep, and 15s. per head for the other 5000, and this at a time when the general price of sheep was from 10s. to 16s. This alone increased his original capital, invested in sheep, from £700 to £5700. The profits from the wool paid the whole of his expenses and wages for his men."

‡ I felt sure, from the first, that the system called "The Wakefield" could

the price of land. When the change came, (like most of those with large allotments and surplus capital,) it greatly increased the value of my own property, though at the cost of a terrible blow on the general interests of the colony. I was lucky, too, in the additional venture of a cattle station, and in the breed of horses and herds, which, in the five years devoted to that branch establishment, trebled the sum invested therein, exclusive of the advantageous sale of the station.* I

was lucky, also, as I have stated, in the purchase and resale of lands, at Uncle Jack's recommendation. And, lastly, I left in time, and escaped a very disastrous crisis in colonial affairs, which I take the liberty of attributing entirely to the mischievous crotchets of theorists at home, who want to set all clocks by Greenwich time, forgetting that it is morning in one part of the world at the time they are tolling the curfew in the other.

CHAPTER CII.

London once more! How strange, lone, and savage I feel in the streets. I am ashamed to have so much health and strength, when I look at those slim forms, stooping backs, and pale faces. I pick my way through the crowd with the merciful timidity of a good-natured giant. I am afraid of jostling against a man for fear the collision should kill him. I get out of the way of a thread-paper clerk, and 'tis a wonder I am not run over by the omnibuses;—I feel as if I could run over them! I perceive, too, that there is something outlandish, peregrinate, and lawless about me. Beau Brummell would certainly have denied me all pretension to the simple air of a gentleman, for every third passenger turns back to look at me. I retreat to my hotel—send for bootmaker, hatter, tailor, and haircutter. I humanise myself from head to foot. Even Ulysses is obliged to have recourse to the arts of Minerva, and, to speak unmetaphorically, “smartens himself up,” before the faithful Penelope condescends to acknowledge him. The artificers promise all despatch. Meanwhile I hasten to re-make acquaintance with my mother country

over files of the *Times*, *Post*, *Chronicle*, and *Herald*. Nothing comes amiss to me, but articles on Australia; from those I turn aside with the true pshaw-supercilious of your practical man.

No more are leaders filled with praise and blame of Trevanion. “Percy's spur is cold.” Lord Ulverstone figures only in the *Court Circular* or “*Fashionable Movements*.” Lord Ulverstone entertains a royal duke at dinner, or dines in turn with a royal duke, or has come to town, or gone out of it. At most, (faint Platonic reminiscence of the former life,) Lord Ulverstone says in the House of Lords a few words on some question, not a party one; and on which (though affecting perhaps the interests of some few thousands, or millions, as the case may be) men speak without “hears,” and are inaudible in the gallery; or Lord Ulverstone takes the chair at an agricultural meeting, or returns thanks when his health is drank at a dinner at Guildhall. But the daughter rises as the father sets, though over a very different kind of world.

“First ball of the season at Castle-ton House!” Long descriptions of

never fairly represent the ideas of Mr. Wakefield himself, whose singular breadth of understanding, and various knowledge of mankind, belied the notion that fathered on him the clumsy execution of a theory wholly inapplicable to a social state like Australia. I am glad to see that he has vindicated himself from the discreditable paternity. But I grieve to find that he still clings to one cardinal error of the system, in the discouragement of small holdings, and that he evades, more ingeniously than ingenuously, the important question—“What should be the minimum price of land?”

* “The profits of cattle-farming are smaller than those of the sheepowner, (if the latter have good luck, for much depends upon that,) but cattle-farming is much more safe as a speculation, and less care, knowledge, and management are required. £2000, laid out on 700 head of cattle, if good runs be procured, might increase the capital in five years, from £2000 to £6000, besides enabling the owner to maintain himself, pay wages, &c.”—*MS. letter from G. B. Wilkinson.*

the rooms and the company; above all, of the hostess. Lines on the Marchioness of Castleton's picture in the "Book of Beauty," by the Hon. Fitzroy Fiddledum, beginning with, "Art thou an angel from," &c.—a paragraph that pleased me more on "Lady Castleton's Infant School, at Raby Park;" then again—"Lady Castleton, the new patroness at Almacks;" a criticism more rapturous than ever gladdened living poet, on Lady Castleton's superb diamond stomacher, just re-set by Storr and Mortimer; Westmacott's bust of Lady Castleton; Landseer's picture of Lady Castleton and her children, in the costume of the olden time. Not a month in that long file of the *Morning Post* but what Lady Castleton shone forth from the rest of womankind—

"—Velut inter ignes

Luna minores."

The blood mounted to my cheek. Was it to this splendid constellation in the patrician heaven that my ob-

scure, portionless youth had dared to lift its presumptuous eyes? But what is this? "Indian intelligence—Skilful Retreat of the Sepoys, under Captain de Caxton!" A captain already—what is the date of the newspaper? Three months ago. The leading article quotes the name with high praise. Is there no heaven of envy amidst the joy at my heart? How obscure has been my career—how laurel-less my poor battle with adverse fortune! Fie, Pisistratus! I am ashamed of thee. Has this accursed Old World, with its feverish rivalries, diseased thee already? Get thee home, quick, to the arms of thy mother, the embrace of thy father—hear Roland's low blessing, that thou hast helped to minister to the very fame of that son. If thou wilt have ambition, take it, not soiled and foul with the mire of London. Let it spring fresh and hardy in the calm air of wisdom; and fed, as with dews, by the loving charities of Home.

CHAPTER CIII.

It was at sunset that I stole through the ruined courtyard, having left my chaise at the foot of the hill below. Though they whom I came to seek knew that I had arrived in England, they did not, from my letter, expect me till the next day. I had stolen a march upon them; and now, in spite of all the impatience which had urged me thither, I was afraid to enter—afraid to see the change more than ten years had made in those forms, for which, in my memory, Time had stood still. And Roland had, even when we parted, grown old before his time. Then, my father was in the meridian of life, now he had approached to the decline. And my mother, whom I remembered so fair, as if the freshness of her own heart had preserved the soft bloom to the cheek—I could not bear to think that she was no longer young. Blanche, too, whom I had left a child—Blanche, my constant correspondent during those long years of exile, in letters crossed and re-crossed, with all the small details that make the eloquence of letter writing, so that in those epistles I had seen her mind gradually grow

up in harmony with the very characters—at first vague and infantine—then somewhat stiff with the first graces of running hand, then dashing off, free and facile; and, for the last year before I left, so formed, yet so airy—so regular, yet so unconscious of effort—though in truth, as the caligraphy had become thus matured, I had been half vexed and half pleased to perceive a certain reserve creeping over the style—wishes for my return less expressed from herself than as messages from others; words of the old childlike familiarity repressed; and "Dearest Sisty" abandoned for the cold form of "Dear Cousin." Those letters, coming to me in a spot where maiden and love had been as myths of the bygone, phantasms and *eidola*, only vouchsafed to the visions of fancy, had by little and little, crept into secret corners of my heart; and out of the wrecks of a former romance, solitude and reverie had gone far to build up the fairy domes of a romance yet to come. My mother's letters had never omitted to make mention of Blanche—of her forethought and tender activity, of her warm heart

and sweet temper—and, in many a little home picture, presented her image where I would fain have placed it, not “crystal-seeing,” but joining my mother in charitable visits to the village, instructing the young, and tending on the old, or teaching herself to illuminate, from an old missal in my father’s collection, that she might surprise my uncle with a new genealogical table, with allshields and quarterings, blazoned *or*, *sable*, and *argent*; or flitting round my father where he sat, and watching when he looked round for some book he was too lazy to rise for. Blanche had made a new catalogue and got it by heart, and knew at once from what corner of the Heraclea to summon the ghost. On all these little traits had my mother been eulogistically minute; but somehow or other she had never said, at least for the last two years, whether Blanche was pretty or plain. That was a sad omission. I had longed just to ask that simple question, or to imply it delicately and diplomatically; but, I know not why, I never dared—for Blanche would have been sure to have read the letter—and what business was it of mine? And, if she *was* ugly, what question more awkward both to put and to answer? Now, in childhood, Blanche had just one of those faces that might become very lovely in youth, and would yet quite justify the suspicion that it might become gryphonousque, witch-like, and grim. Yes, Blanche, it is perfectly true! If those large, serious black eyes took a fierce light, instead of a tender—if that nose, which seemed then undecided whether to be straight or to be aquiline, arched off in the latter direction, and assumed the martial, Roman, and imperative character of Roland’s manly proboscis—if that face, in childhood too thin, left the blushes of youth to take refuge on two salient peaks by the temples (Cumberland air, too, is famous for the growth of the cheek-bone!)—if all that should happen, and it very well might, then, O Blanche, I wish thou hadst never written me those letters; and I might have done wiser things than steel my heart so obdurately to pretty Ellen Bolding’s blue eyes and silk shoes. Now, combining together all these doubts and apprehensions,

wonder not, O reader, why I stole so stealthily through the ruined courtyard, crept round to the other side of the tower, gazed wistfully on the sun setting slant on the high casements of the hall, (too high, alas, to look within,) and shrunk yet to enter;—doing battle, as it were, with my heart.

Steps!—one’s sense of hearing grows so quick in the Bushland!—steps, though as light as ever brushed the dew from the harebell! I crept under the shadow of the huge buttress mantled with ivy. A form comes from the little door at an angle in the ruins—a woman’s form. Is it my mother?—it is too tall, and the step is more bounding. It winds round the building, it turns to look back, and a sweet voice—a voice strange, yet familiar—calls, tender, but chiding, to a truant that lags behind. Poor Juba! he is trailing his long ears on the ground: he is evidently much disturbed in his mind; now he stands still, his nose in the air. Poor Juba! I left thee so slim and so nimble—

“Thy form, that was fashioned as light as a
fay’s
Has assumed a proportion more round.”

Years have sobered thee strangely, and made thee obese and Primmis-like. They have taken too good care of thy creature comforts, O sensual Mauritanian! still in that mystic intelligence we call instinct, thou art chasing something that years have not swept from thy memory. Thou art deaf to thy lady’s voice, however tender and chiding. That’s right,—come near—nearer—my cousin Blanche; let me have a fair look at thee. Plague take the dog! he flies off from her: he has found the scent—he is making up to the buttress! Now—pounce—he is caught! whining ungallant discontent. Shall I not yet see the face? it is buried in Juba’s black curls. Kisses too! Wicked Blanche, to waste on a dumb animal what, I heartily hope, many a good Christian would be exceedingly glad of! Juba struggles in vain, and is borne off. I don’t think that those eyes can have taken the fierce turn, and Roland’s eagle nose can never go with that voice which has the coo of the dove.

I leave my hiding-place, and steal after the Voice, and its owner. Where can she be going? Not far. She springs up the hill whereon the lords of the castle once administered justice—that hill which commands the land far and wide, and from which can be last caught the glimpse of the western sun. How gracefully still is that attitude of wistful repose! Into what delicate curves do form and drapery harmoniously flow! How softly distinct stands the lithe image against the purple hues of the sky! Then again comes the sweet voice, gay and carolling as a bird's—now in snatches of song, now in playful appeals to that dull four-footed friend. She is telling him something that must make the black ears stand on end, for I just catch the words, "He is coming," and "home!"

I cannot see the sun set where I lurk in my ambush, amidst the brake and the ruins; but I *feel* that the orb has passed from the landscape, in the fresher air of the twilight, in the deeper silence of eve. Lo! Hesper

comes forth: at his signal, star after star, come the hosts—

"Ch'eran con lui, quando l'amor divino,
Mosse da prima quelle cose belle!"

and the sweet voice is hushed.

Then slowly the watcher descends the hill on the opposite side—the form escapes from my view. What charm has gone from the twilight? See, again, where the step steals through the ruins and along the desolate court. Ah! deep and true heart, do I divine the remembrance that leads thee? I pass through the wicket, down the dell, skirt the laurels, and behold the face, looking up to the stars—the face which had nestled to my breast in the sorrow of parting, years, long years ago: on the grave where we had sat, I the boy, thou the infant—there, O Blanche! is thy fair face—(fairer than the fondest dream that had gladdened my exile)—vouchsafed to my gaze!

"Blanche, my cousin!—again, again—soul with soul, amidst the dead! Look up, Blanche; it is I."

CHAPTER CIV.

"Go in first, and prepare them, dear Blanche: I will wait by the door. Leave it ajar, that I may see them."

Roland is leaning against the wall—old armour suspended over the gray head of the soldier. It is but a glance that I gave to the dark cheek and high brow: no change there for the worse—no new sign of decay. Rather, if anything, Roland seems younger than when I left. Calm is the brow—no shame on it now, Roland: and the lips, once so compressed, smile with ease—no struggle now, Roland, "not to complain." A glance shows me all this.

"Papè!" says my father, and I hear the fall of a book, "I can't read a line. He is coming to-morrow!—to-morrow! If we lived to the age of Methusalem, Kitty, we could never reconcile philosophy and man; that is, if the poor man's to be plagued with a good affectionate son!"

And my father gets up and walks to and fro. One minute more, father—one minute more—and I am on thy breast! Time, too, has dealt gently

with thee, as he doth with those for whom the wild passions and keen cares of the world never sharpen his scythe. The broad front looks more broad, for the locks are more scanty and thin; but still not a furrow!

Whence comes that short sight?

"What is really the time, Blanche? Did you look at the turret clock? Well, just go and look again."

"Kitty," quoth my father, "you have not only asked what time it is thrice within the last ten minutes, but you have got my watch, and Roland's great chronometer, and the Dutch clock out of the kitchen, all before you, and they all concur in the same tale—to-day is not to-morrow."

"They are all wrong, I know," said my mother, with mild firmness; "and they've never gone right since he left."

Now out comes a letter—for I hear the rustle—and then a step glides towards the lamp: and the dear, gentle, womanly face—fair still, fair ever for me—fair as when it bent over my pillow, in childhood's first sickness, or when we threw flowers at each other

on the lawn at sunny noon! And now Blanche is whispering; and now the flutter, the start, the cry—"It is true! it is true! Your arms, mother.

Close, close round my neck, as in the old time. Father! Roland, too! Oh joy! joy! joy! home again—home till death!"

CHAPTER CV.

From a dream of the Bushland, howling dingoes,* and the war-whoop of the wild men, I wake and see the sun shining in through the jasmine that Blanche herself has had trained round the window—old school-books, neatly ranged round the wall—fishing rods, cricket-bats, foils, and the old-fashioned gun—and my mother seated by the bedside—and Juba whining and scratching to get up. Had I taken thy murmured blessing, my mother, for the whoop of the blacks, and Juba's low whine for the howl of the dingoes?

Then what days of calm exquisite delight!—the interchange of heart with heart; what walks with Roland, and tales of him once our shame, now our pride; and the art with which the old man would lead those walks round by the village, that some favourite gossips might stop and ask, "What news of his brave young honour?"

I strive to engage my uncle in my projects for the repair of the ruins—for the culture of those wide bogs and moorlands: why is it that he turns away, and looks down embarrassed? Ah, I guess!—his true heir now is restored to him. He cannot consent that I should invest this dross, for which (the Great Book once published) I have no other use, in the house and the lands that will pass to his son. Neither would he suffer me so to invest even his son's fortune, the bulk of which I still hold in trust for that son. True, in his career, my cousin may require to have his money always forthcoming. But I, who have no career,—pooh! these scruples will rob me of half the pleasure my years of toil were to purchase. I must contrive it somehow or other: what if he would let me house and moorland on a long improving lease? Then, for the rest, there is a pretty little property to be sold close by, on which I can retire when my cousin, as heir of the family, comes, perhaps with a wife, to reside

at the Tower. I must consider of all this, and talk it over with Bolt when my mind is at leisure from happiness to turn to such matters; meanwhile I fall back on my favourite proverb,—"*Where there's a will there's a way.*"

What smiles and tears, and laughter and careless prattle with my mother, and roundabout questions from her, to know if I had never lost my heart in the Bush; and evasive answers from me, to punish her for not letting out that Blanche was so charming. "I fancied Blanche had grown the image of her father, who has a fine martial head certainly, but not seen to advantage in petticoats! How could you be so silent with a theme so attractive?"

"Blanche made me promise."

Why? I wonder. Therewith I fall musing.

What quiet delicious hours are spent with my father in his study, or by the pond, where he still feeds the carps, that have grown into Cephiranian leviathans. The duck, alas! has departed this life—the only victim that the Grim King has carried off; so I mourn, but am resigned to that lenient composition of the great tribute to Nature. I am sorry to say the Great Book has advanced but slowly—by no means yet fit for publication, for it is resolved that it shall not come out as first proposed, a part at a time, but *totus, teres, atque rotundus*. The matter has spread beyond its original compass; no less than five volumes—and those of the amplest—will contain the History of Human Error. However, we are far in the fourth, and one must not hurry Minerva.

My father is enchanted with Uncle Jack's "noble conduct," as he calls it; but he scolds me for taking the money, and doubts as to the propriety of returning it. In these matters my father is quite as Quixotical as Roland. I am forced to call in my mother as umpire between us, and she settles the matter at once by an appeal to feeling.

* *Dingoes*—the name given by Australian natives to the wild dogs.

"Ah, Anstin! do you not humble me, if you are too proud to accept what is due to you from my brother?"

"*Velit, nolit, quod amica*," answered my father, taking off and rubbing his spectacles—"which means, Kitty, that when a man's married he has no will of his own. To think," added Mr. Caxton, musingly, "that in this world one cannot be sure of the simplest mathematical definition! You see, Pisistratus, that the angles of a triangle so decidedly scalene as your Uncle Jack's, may be equal to the angles of a right-angled triangle after all!"*

The long privation of books has quite restored all my appetite for them. How much I have to pick up!—what a compendious scheme of reading I and my father chalk out. I see enough to fill up all the leisure of life. But, somehow or other, Greek and Latin stand still: nothing charms me like Italian. Blanche and I are reading *Metastasio*, to the great indignation of my father, who calls it "rubbish," and wants to substitute *Dante*. I have no associations at present with the souls

"Che son contenti
Nel fuoco;"

I am already one of the "*beate gente*." Yet, in spite of *Metastasio*, Blanche and I are not so intimate as cousins ought to be. If we are by accident alone, I become as silent as a Turk, as formal as Sir Charles Grandison. I caught myself calling her *Miss Blanche* the other day.

I must not forget thee, honest Squills!—nor thy delight at my health and success; nor thy exclamation of pride, (one hand on my pulse and the other griping hard the "ball" of my arm,) "It all comes of my citrate of iron; nothing like it for children; it has an effect on the cerebral developments of hope and combativeness." Nor can I wholly omit mention of poor Mrs. Primmins, who still calls me "Master Sisty," and is breaking her

heart that I will not wear the new flannel waistcoats she had such pleasure in making—"Young gentlemen just growing up are so apt to go off in a galloping 'sumption!" "She knew just such another as Master Sisty, when she lived at Torquay, who wasted away, and went out like a *snuff*, all because 'he would not wear flannel waiscoats." Therewith my mother looks grave, and says, "One can't take too much precaution."

Suddenly the whole neighbourhood is thrown into commotion. Trevanion—I beg his pardon, Lord Ulverstone—is coming to settle for good at Compton. Fifty hands are employed daily in putting the grounds into hasty order. Fourgons, and waggons, and vans have disgorged all the necessaries a great man requires, where he means to eat, drink, and sleep—books, wines, pictures, furniture. I recognise my old patron still. He is in earnest, whatever he does. I meet my friend, his steward, who tells me that Lord Ulverstone finds his favourite seat, near London, too exposed to interruption; and, moreover, that as he has there completed all improvements that wealth and energy can effect, he has less occupation for agricultural pursuits, to which he has grown more and more partial, than on the wide and princely domain which has hitherto wanted the master's eye. "He is a bra' farmer, I know," quoth the steward, "so far as the theory goes; but I don't think we in the north want great lords to teach us how to follow the plough." The steward's sense of dignity is hurt; but he is an honest fellow, and really glad to see the family come to settle in the old place.

They have arrived, and with them the Castletons, and a whole *posse comitatus* of guests. The County Paper is full of fine names.

"What on earth did Lord Ulverstone mean by pretending to get out of the way of troublesome visitors?"

"My dear Pisistratus," answered

* Not having again to advert to Uncle Jack, I may be pardoned for informing the reader, by way of annotation, that he continues to prosper surprisingly in Australia, though the Tibbets' Wheal stands still for want of workmen. Despite of a few ups and downs, I have had no fear of his success until this year, (1849,) when I tremble to think what effect the discovery of the gold mines in California may have on his lively imagination. If thou escapest that snare, Uncle Jack, *res age, tutis eris*,—thou art safe for life!

my father to that exclamation, "it is not the visitors who come, but the visitors who stay away, that most trouble the repose of a retired minister. In all the procession, he sees but the images of Brutus and Cassius—that are *not* there! And depend on it, also, a retirement so near London did not make noise enough. You see, a retiring statesman is like that fine carp—the farther he leaps from the water, the greater splash he makes in falling into the weeds! But," added Mr. Caxon, in a repentant tone, "this jesting does not become us; and, if I indulged it, it is only because I am heartily glad that Trevanion is likely now to find out his true vocation. And as soon as the fine people he brings with him have left him alone in his library, I trust he will settle to that vocation, and be happier than he has been yet."

"And that vocation, sir, is—"

"Metaphysics!" said my father. "He will be quite at home in puzzling over Berkeley, and considering whether the Speaker's chair, and the official red boxes, were really things whose ideas of figure, extension, and hardness, were all in the mind. It will be a great consolation to him to agree with Berkeley, and to find that he has only been baffled by immaterial phantasma!"

My father was quite right. The repining, subtle, truth-weighting Trevanion, plagued by his conscience into seeing all sides of a question, (for the least question has more than two sides, and is hexagonal at least,) was much more fitted to discover the origin of ideas than to convince Cabinets and Nations that two and two make four—a proposition on which he himself would have agreed with Abraham Tucker, where that most ingenious and suggestive of all English metaphysicians observes, "Well persuaded as I am that two and two make four, if I were to meet with a person of credit, candour, and understanding, who should sincerely call it in question, I would give him a hearing; for I am not more certain of that than of the whole being greater than a part. And

yet I could myself suggest some considerations that might seem to controvert this point."* I can so well imagine Trevanion listening to "some person of credit, candour, and understanding," in disproof of that vulgar proposition that twice two make four! But the news of this arrival, including that of Lady Castleton, disturbed me greatly, and I took to long wanderings alone. In one of these rambles they all called at the Tower—Lord and Lady Ulverstone, the Castletons, and their children. I escaped the visit; and on my return home, there was a certain delicacy respecting old associations, that restrained much talk before me on so momentous an event. Roland, like me, had kept out of the way. Blanche, poor child, ignorant of the antecedents, was the most communicative. And the especial theme she selected—was the grace and beauty of Lady Castleton!

A pressing invitation to spend some days at the castle had been cordially given to all. It was accepted only by myself: I wrote word that I would come.

Yes; I longed to prove the strength of my own self-conquest, and accurately test the nature of the feelings that had disturbed me. That any sentiment which could be called love remained for Lady Castleton, the wife of another, and that other a man with so many claims on my affection as her lord, I held as a moral impossibility. But, with all those lively impressions of early youth still engraved on my heart—impressions of the image of Fanny Trevanion, as the fairest and brightest of human beings—could I feel free to love again?—Could I seek to woo, and rivet to myself for ever, the entire and virgin affections of another, while there was a possibility that I might compare and regret? No; either I must feel that, if Fanny were again single—could be mine without obstacle, human or divine—she had ceased to be the one I would single out of the world; or, though regarding love as the dead, I would be faithful to its memory and its ashes. My mother

* *Light of Nature*—chapter on Judgment.—See the very ingenious illustration of doubt, "whether the part is always greater than the whole"—taken from time, or rather eternity.

sighed, and looked fluttered and uneasy all the morning of the day on which I was to repair to Compton. She even seemed cross, for about the third time in her life, and paid no compliment to Mr. Stultz, when my shooting-jacket was exchanged for a black frock, which that artist had pronounced to be "splendid;" neither did she honour me with any of those little attentions to the contents of my portmanteau, and the perfect, "getting up" of my white waistcoats and cravats, which made her natural instincts on such memorable occasions. There was also a sort of querulous pitying ten-

derness in her tone when she spoke to Blanche, which was quite pathetic; though, fortunately, its cause remained dark and impenetrable to the innocent comprehension of one who could not see where the past filled the urns of the future, at the fountain of life. My father understood me better—shook me by the hand, as I got into the chaise, and muttered, out of Seneca—

"Non tanquam transfuga, sed tanquam explorator!"

'Not to desert, but examine.'

Quite right.

CHAPTER CVI.

Agreeably to the usual custom in great houses, as soon as I arrived at Compton I was conducted to my room, to adjust my toilet, or compose my spirits by solitude:—I wanted an hour to dinner. I had not, however, been thus left ten minutes, before the door opened, and Trevanion himself, (as I would fain still call him) stood before me. Most cordial were his greeting and welcome; and, seating himself by my side, he continued to converse, in his peculiar way—bluntly eloquent, and carelessly learned—till the half hour bell rang. He talked on Australia, the Wakefield system—cattle—books, his trouble in arranging his library—his schemes for improving his property, and embellishing his grounds—his delight to find my father look so well—his determination to see a great deal of him, whether his old college friend would or no. He talked, in short, of everything except politics, and his own past career—showing only his soreness in that silence. But (independently of the mere work of time), he looked yet more worn and jaded in his leisure than he had done in the full tide of business; and his former abrupt quickness of manner now seemed to partake of feverish excitement. I hoped that my father *would* see much of him, for I felt that the weary mind wanted soothing.

Just as the second bell rang, I entered the drawing-room. There were at least twenty guests present—each guest, no doubt, some planet of fashion or fame, with satellites of its own. But I saw only two forms distinctly—first, Lord Castleton, conspicuous with star and garter, somewhat ampler and portlier in proportions, and with a frank dash of gray in the silky waves of his hair, but still as pre-eminent as ever for that beauty—the charm of which depends less than any other upon youth—arising, as it does, from a felicitous combination of bearing and manner, and that exquisite suavity of expression which steals into the heart, and pleases so much that it becomes a satisfaction to admire! Of Lord Castleton, indeed, it might be said, as of Alcibiades, 'that he was beautiful at every age.' I felt my breath come thick, and a mist passed before my eyes, as Lord Castleton led me through the crowd, and the radiant vision of Fanny Trevanion, how altered—and how dazzling!—burst upon me.

I felt the light touch of that hand of snow; but no guilty thrill shot through my veins. I heard the voice, musical as ever—lower than it was once, and more subdued in its key, but steadfast and untremulous—it was no longer the voice that made "my soul plant itself in the ears."* The

* Sir Philip Sidney.

event was over, and I knew that the dream had fled from the waking world for ever.

"Another old friend!" as Lady Ulverstone came forth from a little group of children, leading one fine boy of nine years old, while one, two or three years younger, clung to her gown. "Another old friend!—and," added Lady Ulverstone, after the first kind greetings, "two new ones, when the old are gone." The slight melancholy left the voice, as, after presenting to me the little viscount, she drew forward the more bashful Lord Albert, who indeed had something of his grandsire's and namesake's look of refined intelligence in his brow and eyes.

The watchful tact of Lord Castleton was quick in terminating whatever embarrassment might belong to these introductions, as, leaning lightly on my arm, he drew me forward, and presented me to the guests more immediately in our neighbourhood, who seemed by their earnest cordiality to have been already prepared for the introduction.

Dinner was now announced, and I welcomed that sense of relief and segregation with which one settles into one's own "particular" chair at your large miscellaneous entertainments.

I stayed three days at that house. How truly had Trevanion said that Fanny would make "an excellent great lady." What perfect harmony between her manners and her position; just retaining enough of the girl's seductive gaiety and bewitching desire to please, to soften the new dignity of bearing she had unconsciously assumed—less, after all, as great lady than as wife and mother: with a fine breeding, perhaps a little languid and artificial, as compared with her lord's—which sprang, fresh and healthful, wholly from nature—but still so void of all the chill of condescension, or the subtle impertinence that belongs to that order of the inferior *noblesse*, which boasts the name of "exclusives;" with what grace, void of prudery, she took the adulation of the flutterers, turning from them to her children, or escaping lightly to Lord Castleton, with an ease that drew round her at once the protection of hearth and home.

And certainly Lady Castleton was more incontestably beautiful than Fanny Trevanion had been.

All this I acknowledged, not with a sigh and a pang, but with a pure feeling of pride and delight. I might have loved madly and presumptuously, as boys will do; but I had loved worthily;—the love left no blush on my manhood; and Fanny's very happiness was my perfect and total cure of every wound in my heart not quite scarred over before. Had she been discontented, sorrowful, without joy in the ties she had formed, there might have been more danger that I should brood over the past, and regret the loss of its idol. Here there was none. And the very improvement in her beauty had so altered its character—so altered—that Fanny Trevanion and Lady Castleton seemed two persons. And, thus observing and listening to her, I could now dispassionately perceive such differences in our nature as seemed to justify Trevanion's assertion, which once struck me as so monstrous, "that we should not have been happy had fate permitted our union." Pure-hearted and simple though she remained in the artificial world, still that world was her element; its interests occupied her; its talk, though just chastened from scandal, flowed from her lips. To borrow the words of a man who was himself a courtier, and one so distinguished that he could afford to sneer at Chesterfield,* "*She had the routine of that style of conversation which is a sort of gold leaf, that is a great embellishment where it is joined to anything else.*" I will not add, "but makes a very poor figure by itself;"—for that Lady Castleton's conversation certainly did not do—perhaps, indeed, because it was not "by itself"—and the gold leaf was all the better for being thin, since it could not cover even the surface of the sweet and amiable nature over which it was spread. Still, this was not the mind in which now, in maturer experience, I would seek to find sympathy with manly action, or companionship in the charms of intellectual leisure.

There was about this beautiful favourite of nature and fortune a cer-

* Lord Hervey's *Memoirs of George II.*

tain helplessness, which had even its grace in that high station; and which perhaps tended to insure her domestic peace, for it served to attach her to those who had won influence over her, and was happily accompanied by a most affectionate disposition. But still, if less favoured by circumstances, less sheltered from every wind that could visit her too roughly—if, as the wife of a man of inferior rank, she had failed of that high seat and silken canopy reserved for the spoiled darlings of fortune—that helplessness might have become querulous. I thought of poor Ellen Bolding and her silken shoes. Fanny Trevanion seemed to have come into the world with silk shoes—not to walk where there was a stone or a briar! I heard something, in the gossip of those around, that confirmed this view of Lady Castleton's character, while it deepened my admiration of her lord, and showed me how wise had been her choice, and how resolutely he had prepared himself to vindicate his own. One evening, as I was sitting a little apart from the rest, with two men of the London world, to whose talk—for it ran upon the *on-dits* and anecdotes of a region long strange to me—I was a silent but amused listener; one of the two said—"Well, I don't know anywhere a more excellent creature than Lady Castleton; so fond of her children—and her tone to Castleton so exactly what it ought to be—so affectionate, and yet, as it were, respectful. And the more credit to her, if, as they say, she was not in love with him when she married, (to be sure, handsome as he is, he is twice her age!) And no woman could have been more flattered and courted by Lotharios and lady-killers than Lady Castleton has been. I confess, to my shame, that Castleton's luck puzzles me, for it is rather an exception to my general experience."

"My dear * * *," said the other, who was one of those wise men of pleasure, who occasionally startle us into wondering how they come to be so clever, and yet rest contented with mere drawing-room celebrity—men who seem always idle, yet appear to have read everything; always indifferent to what passes before them, yet who know the characters and divine the secrets of everybody—"my dear

***," said the gentleman, "you would not be puzzled if you had studied Lord Castleton, instead of her ladyship. Of all the conquests ever made by Sedley Beaudesert, when the two fairest dames of the Faubourg are said to have fought for his smiles in the *Bois de Boulogne*—no conquest ever cost him such pains, or so tasked his knowledge of women, as that of his wife after marriage! He was not satisfied with her hand, he was resolved to have her whole heart, 'one entire and perfect chrysolite;' and he has succeeded! Never was husband so watchful, and so little jealous—never one who confided so generously in all that was best in his wife, yet was so alert in protecting and guarding her wherever she was weakest! When, in the second year of marriage, that dangerous German Prince Von Leibenfels attached himself so perseveringly to Lady Castleton, and the scandal-mongers pricked up their ears in hopes of a victim, I watched Castleton with as much interest as if I had been looking over Deschappelles playing at chess. You never saw anything so masterly: he pitted himself against his highness with the cool confidence, not of a blind spouse, but a fortunate rival. He surpassed him in the delicacy of his attentions, he outshone him by his careless magnificence. Leibenfels had the impertinence to send Lady Castleton a bouquet of some rare flowers just in fashion. Castleton, an hour before, had filled her whole balcony with the same costly exotics, as if they were too common for nosegays, and only just worthy to bloom for her a day. Young and really accomplished as Leibenfels is, Castleton eclipsed him by his grace, and fooled him with his wit: he laid little plots to turn his mustache and guitar into ridicule; he seduced him into a hunt with the buckhounds, (though Castleton himself had not hunted before, since he was thirty,) and drew him, spluttering German oaths, out of the slough of a ditch; he made him the laughter of the clubs; he put him fairly out of fashion—and all with such suavity and politeness, and bland sense of superiority, that it was the finest piece of high comedy you ever beheld. The poor prince, who had been coxcomb enough to lay a bet with a French-

man as to his success with the English in general, and Lady Castleton in particular, went away with a face as long as Don Quixote's. If you had but seen him at S—— House, the night before he took leave of the island, and his comical grimace when Castleton offered him a pinch of the Beaudesert mixture! No! the fact is, that Castleton made it the object of his existence, the master-piece of his art, to secure to himself a happy home, and the entire possession of his wife's heart. The first two or three years, I fear, cost him more trouble than any other man ever took, with his own wife at least—but he may now rest in peace; Lady Castleton is won, and for ever."

As my gentleman ceased, Lord Castleton's noble head rose above the group standing round him; and I saw Lady Castleton turn with a look of well-bred fatigue from a handsome young fop, who had affected to lower his voice while he spoke to her, and, encountering the eyes of her husband, the look changed at once into one of such sweet smiling affection, such frank unmistakable wife-like pride, that it seemed a response to the assertion—"Lady Castleton is won, and for ever."

Yes, that story increased my admiration for Lord Castleton: it showed me with what forethought and earnest sense of responsibility he had undertaken the charge of a life, the guidance of a character yet undeve-

loped; it lastingly acquitted him of the levity that had been attributed to Sedley Beaudesert. But I felt more than ever contented that the task had devolved on one whose temper and experience had so fitted him to discharge it. That German prince made me tremble from sympathy with the husband, and in a sort of relative shudder for myself! Had that episode happened to me, I could never have drawn "high comedy" from it!—I could never have so happily closed the fifth act with a pinch of the Beaudesert mixture! No, no; to my homely sense of man's life and employment, there was nothing alluring in the prospect of watching over the golden tree in the garden, with a "woe to the Argus, if Mercury once lull him to sleep!" Wife of mine shall need no watching, save in sickness and sorrow! Thank Heaven, that my way of life does not lead through the roseate thoroughfares, beset with German princes laying bets for my perdition, and fine gentlemen admiring the skill with which I play at chess for so terrible a stake! To each rank and each temper, its own laws. I acknowledge that Fanny is an excellent marchioness, and Lord Castleton an incomparable marquis. But, Blanche! if I can win thy true simple heart, I trust I shall begin at the fifth act of high comedy, and say at the altar—

"Once won, won for ever!"

CHAPTER CVII.

I rode home on a horse my host lent me; and Lord Castleton rode part of the way with me, accompanied by his two boys, who bestrode manfully their Shetland ponies, and cantered on before us. I paid some compliment to the spirit and intelligence of these children—a compliment they well deserved.

"Why, yes," said the marquis, with a father's becoming pride, "I hope neither of them will shame his grandsire, Trevanion. Albert (though not quite the wonder poor Lady Ulverstone declares him to be) is rather too precocious; and it is all I can do to prevent his being spoilt by flattery to his cleverness, which, I think, is much

worse than even flattery to rank—a danger to which, despite Albert's destined inheritance, the elder brother is more exposed. Eton soon takes out the conceit of the latter and more vulgar kind. I remember Lord —— (you know what an unpretending good-natured fellow he is now) strutting into the play-ground, a raw boy with his chin up in the air, and burly Dick Johnson (rather a tuft-hunter now, I'm afraid) coming up, and saying, 'Well, sir, and who the deuce are you?' 'Lord ——,' says the poor devil unconsciously, 'eldest son of the Marquis of ——.' 'Oh, indeed!' cries Johnson; 'then, there's one kick for my lord, and two for the Marquis!'

I am not fond of kicking, but I doubt if anything ever did — more good than those three kicks! But," continued Lord Castleton, "when one flatters a boy for his cleverness, even Eton itself cannot kick the conceit out of him. Let him be last in the form, and the greatest dunce ever flogged, there are always people [to say that your public schools don't do for your great geniuses. And it is ten to one but what the father is plagued into taking the boy home, and giving him a private tutor, who fixes him into a prig for ever. A coxcomb in dress," said the marquis smiling, "is a trifle it would ill become me to condemn, and I own that I would rather see a youth a fop than a sloven; but a coxcomb in ideas—why, the younger he is, the more unnatural and disagreeable. Now, Albert, over that hedge, sir."

"That hedge, papa? The pony will never do it."

"Then," said Lord Castleton, taking off his hat with politeness, "I fear you will deprive us of the pleasure of your company."

The boy laughed, and made gallantly for the hedge, though I saw by his change of colour that it a little alarmed him. The pony could not clear the hedge; but it was a pony of tact and resources, and it scrambled through like a cat, inflicting sundry rents and tears on a jacket of Raphael blue.

Lord Castleton said, smiling, "You see I teach them to get through a difficulty one way or the other. Between you and me," he added seriously, "I perceive a very different world rising round the next generation from that in which I first went forth and took my pleasure. I shall rear my boys accordingly. Rich noblemen must now-a-days be useful men; and if they can't leap over briars, they must scramble through them. Don't you agree with me?"

"Yes, heartily."

"Marriage makes a man much wiser," said the marquis, after a pause. "I smile now, to think how often I

sighed at the thought of growing old. Now I reconcile myself to the gray hairs without dreams of a wig, and enjoy youth still—for" (pointing to his sons) "it is *there*."

"He has very nearly found out the secret of the saffron bag now," said my father, pleased, and rubbing his hands, when I repeated this talk with Lord Castleton. "But I fear poor Trevanion," he added, with a compassionate change of countenance, "is still far away from the sense of Lord Bacon's receipt. And his wife, you say, out of very love for him, keeps always drawing discord from the one jarring wire."

"You must talk to her, sir."

"I will," said my father angrily; "and scold her too—foolish woman! I shall tell her Luther's advice to the Prince of Anhalt."

"What was that, sir?"

"Only to throw a baby into the river Maldon, because it had sucked dry five wet-nurses besides the mother, and must therefore be a changeling. Why, that ambition of hers would suck dry all the mother's milk in the genus mammalian! And such a withered, ricketty, malign little changeling too! She shall fling it into the river, by all that is holy!" cried my father; and, suiting the action to the word, away went the spectacles he had been rubbing indignantly for the last three minutes, into the pond. "Papæ!" faltered my father aghast, while the Cephridæ, mistaking the dip of the spectacles for an invitation to dinner, came scudding up to the bank. "Its all your fault," said Mr. Caxton, recovering himself. "Get me the new tortoise-shell spectacles and a large slice of bread. You see that when fish are reduced to a pond they recognise a benefactor, which they never do when rising at flies, or groping for worms, in the waste world of a river. Hem!—a hint for the Ulverstones. Besides the bread and the spectacles, just look out and bring me the old black-letter copy of St. Anthony's *Sermon to Fishes*."

CHAPTER CVIII.

Some weeks now have passed since my return to the Tower: the Castletons are gone, and all Trevanion's gay guests. And since these departures, visits between the two houses have been interchanged often, and the bonds of intimacy are growing close. Twice has my father held long conversations apart with Lady Ulverstone, (my mother is not foolish enough to feel a pang now at such confidences,) and the result has become apparent. Lady Ulverstone has ceased all talk against the world and the public—ceased to fret the galled pride of her husband with irritating sympathy. She has made herself the true partner of his present occupations, as she was of those in the past; she takes interest in farming, and gardens, and flowers, and those philosophical peaches which come from trees academical that Sir William Temple reared in his graceful retirement. She does more—she sits by her husband's side in the library, reads the books he reads, or, if in Latin, coaxes him into construing them. Insensibly she leads him into studies farther and farther remote from Blue Books and Hansard; and, taking my father's hint,

“Allures to brighter worlds, and leads the way.”

They are inseparable. Darby-and-Joan-like, you see them together in the library, the garden, or the homely little pony-phaeton, for which Lord Ulverstone has resigned the fast-trotting cob, once identified with the eager looks of the busy Trevanion. It is most touching, most beautiful! And to think what a victory over herself the proud woman must have obtained!—never a thought that seems to murmur, never a word to recall the ambitious man back from the philosophy into which his active mind flies for refuge. And with the effort her brow has become so serene! That careworn expression, which her fine features once wore, is fast vanishing. And what affects me most, is to think that this change (which is already settling into happiness) has been wrought by Austin's counsels and appeals to her sense and affection. “It is to you,” he said, “tha Trevanion must look

for more than comfort—for cheerfulness and satisfaction. Your child is gone from you—the world ebbs away—you two should be all in all to each other. Be so.” Thus, after paths so devious, meet those who had parted in youth, now on the verge of age. There, in the same scenes where Austin and Ellinor had first formed acquaintance, he aiding her to soothe the wounds inflicted by the ambition that had separated their lots, and both taking counsel to insure the happiness of the rival she had preferred.

After all this vexed public life of toil, and care, and ambition,—to see Trevanion and Ellinor drawing closer and closer to each other, knowing private life and its charms for the first time,—verily it would have been a theme for an elegiast like Tibullus.

But all this while a younger love, with no blurred leaves to erase from the chronicle, has been keeping sweet account of the summer time. “Very near are two hearts that have no guile between them,” saith a proverb, traced back to Confucius. O ye days of still sunshine, reflected back from ourselves—O ye haunts, endeared evermore by a look, tone, or smile, or rapt silence; when more and more with each hour, unfolded before me that nature, so tenderly coy, so cheerful though serious, so attuned by simple cares to affection, yet so filled, from soft musings and solitude, with a poetry that gave grace to duties the homeliest;—setting life's trite things to music. Here nature and fortune concurred alike: equal in birth and pretensions—similar in tastes and in objects,—loving the healthful activity of purpose, but content to find it around us—neither envying the wealthy, nor vying with the great; each framed by temper to look on the bright side of life, and find founts of delight, and green spots fresh with verdure, where eyes but accustomed to cities could see but the sands and the mirage. While afar (as man's duty) I had gone through the travail that, in wrestling with fortune, gives pause to the heart to recover its losses, and know the value of love, in its graver sense of life's earnest realities; heaven had reared, at the

thresholds of home, the young tree that should cover the roof with its blossoms, and embalm with its fragrance the daily air of my being.

It had been the joint prayer of those kind ones I left, that such might be my reward; and each had contributed, in his or her several way, to fit that fair life for the ornament and joy of the one that now asked to guard and to cherish it. From Roland came that deep, earnest honour—a man's in its strength, and a woman's in its delicate sense of refinement. From Roland, that quick taste for all things noble in poetry, and lovely in nature—the eye that sparkled to read how Bayard stood alone at the bridge, and saved an army—or wept over the page that told how the dying Sidney put the bowl from his burning lips. Is that too masculine a spirit for some? Let each please himself. Give me the woman who can echo all thoughts that are noblest in man! And that eye, too—like Roland's,—could pause to note each finer mesh in the wonderful webwork of beauty. No landscape to her was the same yesterday and to-day,—a deeper shade from the skies could change the face of the moors—the springing up of fresh wild flowers, the very song of some bird unheard before, lent variety to the broad rugged heath. Is that too simple a source of pleasure for some to prize? Be it so to those who need the keen stimulants that cities afford. But if we were to pass all our hours in those scenes, it was something to have the tastes which own no monotony in Nature.

All this came from Roland; and to this, with thoughtful wisdom, my father had added enough knowledge from books to make those tastes more attractive, and to lend to impulsive perception of beauty and goodness the culture that draws finer essence from beauty, and expands the Good into the Better by heightening the site of the survey: hers, knowledge enough to sympathise with intellectual pursuits, not enough to dispute on man's province—Opinion. Still, whether in nature or in lore, still

“The fairest garden in her looks,
And in her mind the choicest books!”
And yet, thou wise Austin—and thou Roland, poet that never wrote a verse,

—yet your work had been incomplete, but then Woman stepped in, and the mother gave to her she designed for a daughter the last finish of meek everyday charities—the mild household virtues,—“the soft word that turneth away wrath,”—the angelic pity for man's rougher faults—the patience that bideth its time—and, exacting no “rights of woman,” subjugates us, delighted, to the invisible thrall.

Dost thou remember, my Blanche, that soft summer evening when the vows our eyes had long interchanged stole at last from the lip? Wife mine! come to my side,—look over me while I write; there, thy tears—(happy tears, are they not, Blanche?)—have blotted the page! Shall we tell the world more? Right, my Blanche, no words should profane the place where those tears have fallen!

* * * * *

And here I would fain conclude; but alas, and alas! that I cannot associate with our hopes, on this side the grave, him who, we fondly hoped, (even on the bridal day, that gave his sister to my arms,) would come to the hearth where his place now stood vacant, contented with glory, and fitted at last for the tranquil happiness, which long years of repentance and trial had deserved.

Within the first year of my marriage, and shortly after a gallant share in a desperate action, which had covered his name with new honours, just when we were most elated, in the blinded vanity of human pride—came the fatal news! The brief career was run. He died, as I knew he would have prayed to die, at the close of a day ever memorable in the annals of that marvellous empire, which valour without parallel has annexed to the Throne of the Isles. He died in the arms of Victory, and his last smile met the eyes of the noble chief who, even in that hour, could pause from the tide of triumph by the victim it had cast on its bloody shore. “One favour,” faltered the dying man; “I have a father at home—he too is a soldier. In my tent is my will; it gives all I have to him—he can take it without shame. That is not enough! Write to him—you—with your own hand, and tell him how his son fell!” And the hero fulfilled the prayer, and

that letter is dearer to Roland than all the long roll of the ancestral dead! Nature has reclaimed her rights, and the forefathers recede before the son.

In a side chapel of the old Gothic church, amidst the mouldering tombs of those who fought at Acre and Agincourt, a fresh tablet records the death of HERBERT DE CAXTON, with the simple inscription—

HE FELL ON THE FIELD :

HIS COUNTRY MOURNED HIM,

AND HIS FATHER IS RESIGNED.

Years have rolled away since that tablet was placed there, and changes have passed on that nook of earth which bounds our little world: fair chambers have sprung up amidst the desolate ruins; far and near, smiling corn-fields replace the bleak, dreary moors. The land supports more retainers than ever thronged to the pennon of its barons of old; and Roland can look from his tower over domains that are reclaimed, year by year, from the waste, till the ploughshare shall win a lordship more opulent than those feudal chiefs ever held by the tenure of the sword. And the hospitable mirth that had fled from the ruin has been renewed in the hall; and rich and poor, great and lowly, have welcomed the rise of an ancient house from the dust of decay. All those dreams of Roland's youth are fulfilled; but they do not gladden his heart as does the thought that his son, at the last, was worthy of his line, and the hope that no gulf shall yawn between the two when the Grand Circle is rounded, and man's past and man's future meet where Time disappears. Never was that lost one forgotten!—never was his name breathed but tears rushed to the eyes; and, each morning, the peasant going to his labor might see Roland steal down the dell to the deep-set door of the chapel. None presume there to follow his steps, or intrude on his solemn thoughts; for there, in sight of that tablet, are his orisons made, and the remembrance of the dead forms a part of the commune with heaven. But the old man's step is still firm, and his brow still erect; and you may see in his face that it was no hollow boast which proclaimed that

the "father was resigned;" and ye who doubt if too Roman a hardness might not be found in that Christian resignation, think what it is to have feared for a son a life of shame, and ask, then, if the sharpest grief to a father is in a son's death of honour.

Years have passed, and two fair daughters play at the knees of Blanche or creep round the footstool of Austin, waiting patiently for the expected kiss when he looks up from the Great Book, now drawing fast to its close; or, if Roland enter the room, forget all their sober demureness, and, unawed by the terrible "Papæ!" run clamorously for the promised swing in the orchard, or the fiftieth recital of "Chevy Chase."

For my part, I take the goods the gods provide me, and am contented with girls that have the eyes of their mother; but Roland, ungrateful man, begins to grumble that we are so neglectful of the rights of heirs-male. He is in doubt whether to lay the fault on Mr. Squills or on us: I am not sure that he does not think it a conspiracy of all three to settle the representation of the martial De Caxtons on "the spindle side." Whosoever be the right person to blame, an omission so fatal to the straight line in the pedigree is rectified at last; and Mrs. Primmins again rushes, or rather rolls—in the movement natural to forms globular and spherul—into my father's room with—

"Sir, sir—it is a boy!"

Whether my father asked also this time that question so puzzling to metaphysical inquirers, "What is a boy?" I know not; I rather suspect he had not leisure for so abstract a question: for the whole household burst on him, and my mother, in that storm peculiar to the elements of the Mind Feminine—a sort of sunshiny storm between laughter and crying—whirled him off to behold the *Neogilos*.

Now, some months after that date, on a winter's evening, we were all assembled in the hall, which was still our usual apartment, since its size permitted to each his own segregated and peculiar employment. A large screen fenced off from interruption my father's erudite settlement; and quite out of sight, behind that impermeable barrier, he was now calmly winding

up that eloquent peroration which will astonish the world whenever, by Heaven's special mercy, the printer's devils have done with "The History of Human Error." In another nook my uncle had ensconced himself—stirring his coffee, (in the cup my mother had presented to him so many years ago, and which had miraculously escaped all the ills the race of crockery is heir to,) a volume of *Ivanhoe* in the other hand: and, despite the charm of the Northern Wizard, his eye *not* on the page. On the wall behind him, hangs the picture of Sir Herbert de Caxton, the soldier-comrade of Sidney and Drake; and, at the foot of the picture, Roland has slung his son's sword beside the letter that spoke of his death, which is framed and glazed: sword and letter had become as the last, nor least honoured, Penates of the hall:—the son was grown an ancestor.

Not far from my uncle sat Mr. Squills, employed in mapping out phrenological divisions on a cast he had made from the skull of one of the Australian aborigines—a ghastly present which (in compliance with a yearly letter to that effect,) I had brought him over, together with a stuffed "wombat" and a large bundle of sarsaparilla. (For the satisfaction of his patients, I may observe, parenthetically, that the skull and the "wombat"—that last is a creature between a miniature pig and a very small badger—were not precisely packed up with the sarsaparilla. Farther on stood open, but idle, the new pianoforte, at which, before my father had given his preparatory hem, and sat down to the Great Book, Blanche and my mother had been trying hard to teach me to bear the third in the glee of "The Chough and Crow to roost have gone,"—vain task, in spite of all flattering assurances that I have a very fine "bass," if I could but manage to humour it. Fortunately for the ears of the audience, that attempt is now abandoned. My mother is hard at work on her tapestry—the last pattern in fashion—to wit, a rosy-checked young troubadour playing the lute under a salmon-coloured balcony: the two little girls look gravely on, prematurely in love, I suspect, with the troubadour; and Blanche and

I have stolen away into a corner, which, by some strange delusion, we consider out of sight, and in that corner is the cradle of the *Neogilos*. Indeed it is not our fault that it is there—Roland would have it so; and the baby is so good, too, he never cries—at least so say Blanche and my mother: at all events, he does not cry to-night. And indeed, that child is a wonder! He seems to know and respond to what was uppermost at our hearts when he was born; and yet more, when Roland (contrary, I dare say, to all custom) permitted neither mother, nor nurse, nor creature of womankind, to hold him at the baptismal font, but bent over the new Christian his own dark, high-featured face, reminding one of the eagle that laid the infant in its nest, and watched over it with wings that had battled with the storm: and from that moment the child, who took the name of HERBERT, seemed to recognize Roland better than his nurse, or even mother—seemed to know that, in giving him that name, we sought to give Roland his son once more! Never did the old man come near the infant but it smiled and crowed, and stretched out its little arms; and then the mother and I would press each other's hands secretly, and were not jealous. Well, then, Blanche and Pisistratus were seated near the cradle, and talking in low whispers, when my father pushed aside the screen and said—

"There—the work is done! and now it may go to press as soon as you will."

Congratulations poured in—my father bore them with his usual equanimity; and standing on the hearth, his hand in his waistcoat, he said musingly, "Among the last delusions of Human Error, I have had to notice Rousseau's phantasy of Perpetual Peace, and all the like pastoral dreams which preceded the bloodiest wars that have convulsed the earth for more than a thousand years!"

"And to judge by the newspapers," said I, "the same delusions are renewed again. Benevolent theorists go about, prophesying peace as a positive certainty, deduced from that sibyl-book the ledger; and we are never again to buy cannons, provided only we can exchange cotton for corn.

MR. SQUILLS, (*who, having almost wholly retired from general business, has, from want of something better to do, attended sundry "Demonstrations in the North," since which he has talked much about the march of improvement, the spirit of the age, and "us of the nineteenth century."*)—I heartily hope that these benevolent theorists are true prophets. I have found, in the course of my professional practice, that men go out of the world quite fast enough, without hacking them into pieces, or blowing them up into the air. War is a great evil.

BLANCHE, (*passing by Squills, and glancing towards Roland.*)—Hush!

Roland remains silent.

MR. CAXTON.—War is a great evil; but evil is admitted by Providence into the agency of creation, physical and moral. The existence of evil has puzzled wiser heads than ours, Squills. But, no doubt, there is One above who has His reasons for it. The combative bump seems as common to the human skull as the philo-progenitive; if it is in our organisation, be sure it is not there without cause. Neither is it just to man, nor wisely submissive to the Disposer of all events, to suppose that war is wholly and wantonly produced by human crimes and follies—that it conduces *only* to ill, and does not as often arise from the necessities interwoven in the framework of society, and speed the great ends of the human race, conformably with the designs of the Omniscent. Not one great war has ever desolated the earth, but has left behind it seeds that have ripened into blessings incalculable.

MR. SQUILLS, (*with the groan of a dissentient at a "Demonstration."*)—Oh! oh! oh!

Luckless Squills! Little could he have foreseen the shower-bath, or rather *douche*, of erudition that fell splash on his head, as he pulled the spring with that impertinent *Oh! oh!* Down first came the Persian War, with Median myriads disgorging all the rivers they had drunk up in their march through the East—all the arts, all the letters, all the sciences, all the notions of liberty that we inherit from Greece—my father rushed on with them all, sousing Squills with his proofs that, without the Persian War,

Greece would never have risen to be the teacher of the world. Before the gasping victim could take breath down came Hun, Goth, and Vandal on Italy and Squills.

"What, sir!" cried my father, "don't you see that, from those eruptions on demoralised Rome, came the regeneration of manhood; the rebaptism of earth from the last soils of paganism; and the remote origin of whatever of Christianity yet exists, free from the idolatries with which Rome contaminated the faith?"

Squills held up his hands, and made a splutter. Down came Charlemagne—paladins and all! There my father was grand! What a picture he made of the broken, jarring, savage elements of barbaric society. And the iron hand of the great Frank—settling the nations, and founding existent Europe. Squills was now fast sinking into coma, or stupefaction but, catching at a straw, as he heard the word "Crusades" he stuttered forth, "Ah! *there* I defy you!"

"Defy me, *there*!" cries my father; and one would think the ocean was in the shower-bath, it came down with such a rattle. My father scarcely touched on the smaller points in excuse for the Crusades, though he recited very volubly all the humane arts introduced into Europe by that invasion of the East; and showed how it had served civilisation, by the vent it afforded for the rude energies of chivalry—by the element of destruction to feudal tyranny that it introduced—by its use in the emancipation of burghs, and the disruption of serfdom. But he showed, in colours vivid as if caught from the skies of the East, the great spread of Mahometanism, and the danger it menaced to Christian Europe—and drew up the Godfreys, and Tancreds, and Richards, as a league of the Age and Necessity, against the terrible progress of the sword and the Koran. "You call them madmen," cried my father, "but the frenzy of nations is the statesmanship of fate! How know you that—but for the terror inspired by the hosts who marched to Jerusalem—how know you that the Crescent had not waved over other realms than those which Roderic lost to the Moor? If Christianity had been less a passion,

and the passion had less stirred up all Europe—how know you that the creed of the Arab (which was then, too, a passion) might not have planted its mosques in the forum of Rome, and on the site of Notre Dame? For in the war between creeds—when the creeds are embraced by vast races—think you that the reason of sages can cope with the passion of millions? Enthusiasm must oppose enthusiasm. The crusader fought for the tomb of Christ, but he saved the life of Christendom."

My father paused. Squills was quite passive; he struggled no more—he was drowned.

"So," resumed Mr. Caxton, more quietly—"so, if later wars yet perplex us as to the good that the All-wise One draws from their Evils, our posterity may read their uses as clearly as we now read the finger of Providence resting on the barrows of Marathon, or guiding Peter the Hermit to the battle-fields of Palestine. Nor, while we admit the evil to the passing generation, can we deny that many of the virtues that make the ornament and vitality of peace sprang up first in the convulsions of war!" Here Squills began to evince faint signs of resuscitation, when my father let fly at him one of those numberless waterworks which his prodigious memory kept in constant supply. "Hence," said he, "hence not unjustly has it been remarked by a philosopher, shrewd at least in worldly experience—(Squills again closed his eyes, and became exanimate)—'It is strange to imagine that war, which of all things appears the most savage, should be the passion of the most heroic spirits. But 'tis in war that the knot of fellowship is closest drawn; 'tis in war that mutual succour is most given—mutual danger run, and common affection most exerted and employed; for heroism and philanthropy are almost one and the same!'"

My father ceased, and mused a little. Squills, if still living, thought it prudent to feign continued extinction.

"Not," said Mr. Caxton, resuming—"not but what I hold it our duty never to foster into a passion what we

must rather submit to as an awful necessity. You say truly, Mr. Squills—war is an evil; and woe to those who, on slight pretences, open the gates of Janus,

—'The dire abode,
And the fierce issues of the furious god.'"

Mr. Squills, after a long pause, (employed in some of the more handy means for the reanimation of submerged bodies, supporting himself close to the fire in a semi-erect posture, with gentle friction, self-applied, to each several limb, and copious recourse to certain steaming stimulants which my compassionate hands prepared for him,) stretches himself, and says feebly, "In short, then, not to provoke farther discussion, you would go to war in defence of your country. Stop, sir—stop, for God's sake! I agree with you—I agree with you! But, fortunately, there is little chance now that any new Boney will build boats at Boulogne to invade us."

MR. CAXTON.—I am not so sure of that, Mr. Squills. (*Squills falls back with a glassy stare of deprecating horror.*) I don't read the newspapers very often, but the past helps me to judge of the present.

Therewith my father earnestly recommended to Mr. Squills the careful perusal of certain passages in Thucydides, just previous to the outbreak of the Peloponnesian War, (*Squills hastily nodded the most servile acquiescence.*) and drew an ingenious parallel between the signs and symptoms foreboding that outbreak, and the very apprehension of coming war which was evinced by the recent *Io poems* to peace. And, after sundry notable and shrewd remarks, tending to show where elements for war were already ripening, amidst clashing opinions and disorganised states, he wound up with saying,—“So that, all things considered, I think we had better just keep up enough of the bellicose spirit, not to think it a sin if we are called upon to fight for our pestles and mortars, our three per cents, goods, chattels, and liberties. Such a time must come, sooner or later, even though the whole world were spinning cotton, and printing sprigged calicoes. *We* may not see it, Squills, but that

young gentleman in the cradle, whom you have lately brought into light, may."

"And if so," said my uncle abruptly, speaking for the first time—"if indeed it is for altar and hearth!"

My father suddenly drew in and pished a little, for he saw that he was caught in the web of his own eloquence.

Then Roland took down from the wall his son's sword. Stealing to the cradle, he laid it in its sheath by the infant's side, and glanced from my father to us with a beseeching eye. Instinctively Blanche bent over the cradle, as if to protect the *Neogilos*; but the child, waking, turned from her, and, attracted by the glitter of the hilt, laid one hand lustily thereon, and pointed with the other, laughingly, to Roland.

"Only on my father's proviso," said I hesitatingly. "For hearth and altar—nothing less!"

"And even in that case," said my father, "add the shield to the sword!" and on the other side of the infant he placed Roland's well-worn Bible, blistered in many a page with secret tears.

There we all stood, grouping round the young centre of so many hopes and fears—in peace or in war, born alike for the Battle of Life. And he, unconscious of all that made our lips silent, and our eyes dim, had already left that bright bauble of the sword, and thrown both arms round Roland's bended neck.

"Herbert," murmured Roland; and Blanche gently drew away the sword,—and left the Bible.

LYNMOUTH REVISITED.

BY THE SKETCHER.

NEARLY sixteen years ago, there appeared in the pages of *Maga*, descriptions of the scenery of Lynmouth, North Devon. As Sketcher, I then proposed to myself to analyse the impressions which landscape scenery makes upon the minds of artists and lovers of nature, and to show that there must be in the artist a higher aim than imitation; and that the pleasure of the unpractising admirer will be in proportion to his power of extracting from the insensitive matter of nature, the poetic life of thought; to rescue both art and nature from the degradation they suffer when disconnected with the higher senses; to show that nature, to be the worthy object of art, should be suggestive. Its charm is to elicit, to draw out finely, and to embellish what is already, in a ruder state, in the mind. If there be poverty within, there is no room for the reception of the riches so profusely surrounding us in the external world. Neither artists nor amateurs are generally sufficiently aware, that a previous education is necessary to make sketching effective and expressive. We find *ourselves* everywhere. Whatever be the scenery, the sketcher brings little back that he does not take with him. Hence the diversity in the character of sketches—of different sketchers—and the one character that pervades the portfolio of each. I have heard of an artist who visited our lakes, and brought back with him only cottages! Morland would have added, or rather made the principal, the sty and pigs; and even Gainsborough's sketch-book may have shown little more than ragged pollards, and groups of rustic children. To know what is in nature, you must know what is in yourself. If you are ignorant of art, your sketches can only be accidentally good. It is possible to be a very close observer, even of minute beauties, and yet be a very bad sketcher. One of an original genius will convert, and by a bold dissimilitude in non-essentials, incor-

porate into his own previous conceptions whatever is before him; and thus, by preserving the great suggestive characteristics, represent nature with a far greater truth, exhibiting her very life and feeling, than they who aim at truth through exact and minute imitation.

Let this be exemplified in Salvator Rosa. Do his wild scenes of rock, and rugged rock-engendered trees, exist to the general eye, exactly in their form, and colour, and composition, as he has represented them? The exact sketcher would have found a less correspondence in branches and foliage—a less marked living feeling between the rocks and trees; he would have found much in the colouring, especially in the green leaves, where they are so few and scattered, of an inconsistent gaiety. These would have been distracting; but his educated eye, toned by a one bold feeling, rejected these, and seized the wilder characteristic, to which he resolutely, under the impulse of his genius, made all the rest subservient and suggestive. He embodied what he saw with what he felt, and marred not the savage freedom by attractive littlenesses, but gave it full play; and with an execution as bold and free, which the minute critic would pronounce not natural, though most natural, as most expressive of that spontaneous out-flung unconstrainedness of nature's growth, which really pervades all, he harmoniously brought all the parts under the dominion of one poetic feeling. Take his foliage even in form—to say nothing of its actual unnaturalness of colour in the exact sense—there is a raggedness, as torn and storm-beaten, in the individual leafage, which the untutored sketcher will in vain look for in his beat; but all this stamps one great truth, and that speaks more of nature than many small ones. I do not mean here to give the palm to Salvator Rosa, as if he were "Lord of Landscape;" I mention him as a

strong example, as the boldest deviator from that which the unpoetic eye sees, and minds totally uncharmed by poetry can conceive. I think it well here to lay some stress upon these preliminary remarks, because much has been written, with a great fascination of language, recommending, as I believe too strongly, a close observation in detail of the phenomena of nature; overlooking the great phenomenon—the accordance of external nature with the heart, feelings, and very life and soul of man. One writer in particular, with great ability, and audacious confidence, because in his blindness he, uneducated to it, sees not in nature what such great men as Salvator Rosa and Gaspar Poussin have extracted from it, and yet made it nature's and their own, flings upon their established fame the *brutum fulmen* of his contempt and abuse. *Damnat quod non intelligit*. He knows not the true principles of art which exist to perfection in their works, nor knows how strictly these principles belong to art and nature only through and by their connexion with the mind of man. You may study meteorology in the *Penny Magazine*, or geology and botany, most scientifically; but it will further you a very little way, while your portfolio is under your arm, and your eye in search of a picturesque which you have not learned to find. Nay, it may happen, for it often does happen, that the more you sketch the farther you are from art. It is possible, also, for the most accomplished artist to sketch too much; and to stay the power of his invention, by referring too constantly to the preciseness and individuality of scenery. He dares not so much trust his palette as his portfolio, as it were his register of nature, to which he has bound himself beyond the usual apprenticeship.

It has been remarked by sketchers, amateurs, and artists by profession, that, upon a sketching expedition, "their hands are not in" for some days. I doubt if the fault be so much in the hand as in the eye; for in most cases the hand had come from the immediate practice of the studio: but the eye is distracted by the many beauties which now force themselves into observation, and which in the

home-practice, and in following the mind's bent on the canvass, the memory did not vividly present as not wanted. It is more difficult, therefore, at first to generalise, to escape the fascinations of local form and colour, which keep the eye from the instant acknowledgment of a whole. We are thus at first apt to begin with the detail, instead of leaving it to the last, by which means we have more than we want, or less accurately and accommodatingly what is wanted. When we have learned again to reject, and to see, we are surprised with a facility we at first despaired of. We do, then, because we know what to do.

I would recommend, therefore, before setting out on such expeditions, where it be practicable, to visit daily, and all day, during a week or fortnight, the best galleries of pictures, such as contain all schools, that as much as possible there may be no bias, but such as every one must find in himself before he reaches the gallery. I would do this to confirm, and fasten upon the memory, the principles of art,—breadth, greatness, truth, expression, colouring, sentiment, and how obtained. Here will be a grammar without its drudgery; for every lesson will be a delight, if we go to it with no conceited opinions of our own, and no cavilling spirit bringing ourselves down to an admission that these great men of former days had some foundation upon which they built their fame, their acknowledged fame—so searching, we shall see the reasons of their doings—why they, each for their own purpose, adopted this or that style of colour or of composition, or *chiaro-scuro*. Going then immediately to nature from art, we shall see how very true art is—a secret that, without this immediate comparison, would be very apt to be hidden from us. No man in his senses would begin a science from his own observation alone. It was not the first shepherd who, studying the stars, laid open the study of astronomy. We shall learn nothing by despising all that has been learnt before we were born. So it is in art; some principles have been established, which it is well to know thoroughly; and, the more we know them, the more enthusiastic will be

our admiration, the love of art through nature, and of nature through art.

During my former visits to the beautiful scenery of Lynmouth, I had seldom taken any whole view, but chiefly studied parts for use in the detail of compositions; and this I think to be a good practice for the landscape painter, which term I use here in contradistinction to the painter of views. There is so great a pleasure in as it were creating—in being the ποιητής, the maker—that, to one accustomed to and at all skilled in composing, it becomes an irksome task to make a “view.” The continued habit of view-painting must necessarily check invention, and limit unworthily the painter’s aim. In revisiting Lynmouth, I changed my purpose; and this, not under the idea of making pictures of any of the sketches, but for the practice of noting how a picture, framed in from nature, as if it were a work of art, would be brought to its completion; for sketching with such an object, I cannot but think of as great importance as the other method. We must learn from nature to make a whole, as well as the use of the parts separately. With this purpose the sketcher will look out for subjects, not detail; he will be curious to see how nature composes now, and when it is that scenes are most agreeable—made so by what combination of lines, by what agreement of colours, by what proportions of light, and gradations of shadow: for he will often find, when nature looks her best, that light and shade are employed as substitutes for lines which, in the actual and true drawing of them, would be unfortunate. How often is it that a scene strikes the eye at once for its great beauty, that, when we come to it again, seems entirely to have lost its charm! Now these spots should be visited again and again, till the causes be ascertained of the charm and of the deterioration: for here must lie the principles of art, nature assuming and putting off that which is most agreeable to us, that in which our human sympathies are engaged. Sketchers often pass hastily these spots that are no longer beautiful; but they are wrong, for they can learn best, by accurate observation of the changes

presented to them. And they will thus learn to remedy deficiencies, and acquire a better power of selecting scenes, by knowing where the deficiencies lie; the mind’s eye will not dwell upon them, or will fill them up, and the composition show itself to them in a manner quite otherwise than it would have appeared, had no such previous observations been made. There are sometimes good lines marred by bad effects, and bad lines remedied by skilful management of effects—of light and shadow. It must be a practised eye that can properly abstract and separate lines from effects, and effects from lines. We play with colour, but our serious business is with light and shade; the real picture is more frequently in black and white, than those who addict themselves to colour will credit. I will here but refer to some passages in the early numbers of *The Sketcher*, on the composition of lines, wherein I showed, and I believe truly explained, the principle of composition upon which many of the old masters worked. And I particularly exemplified the principle in the pictures of Gaspar Poussin, whom Thompson calls learned Poussin, (unless he meant Nicolo, who, though in other respects he may with equal justice be called learned, is, in this art of the composition of lines, in no way to be compared with his brother-in-law.) I showed that there was one simple rule which he invariably adopted. We may likewise go to nature, and find the rule there, when nature, as a composition, looks her best.

I think it will be found that any scene is most pleasing when its variety is in the smallest portion—that is, when the greatest part of the picture is made up of the most simple and pervading lines, and the intricacies, all variety, and alternations, and interchanges of lines and parts, shall be confined to a very small portion; for thus a greatness, a largeness, an importance, is preserved and heightened, and at the same time monotony is avoided—though there be much in it, the piece is not crowded. There is a print from a picture by Smith of Chichester, who, by the bye, obtained the prize against Richard Wilson, which attracted my

attention the other day at a print-seller's window. It was meant, I presume, as an imitation of Claude, Claude reduced to the then English vulgarity. If multiplicity of parts would make a picture, doubtless Richard Wilson, with his simple, sweeping, free lines, could have no chance in competition with such a painter. Every niche was crowded—and equally so—every niche might have made a picture, such as it was, but all the niches made none, or a bad one. Why, the variety was universal; it should have been confined to the smaller space. The picture is objectionable in other points of view; but this ignorance of the very nature of composition was fatal. Yet this work was evidently an imitation of Claude, whose variety, however, of distance, the modern imitator brought into his very foreground. He could not see the simplicity of Claude. Not that Claude himself was a learned composer; his lines are often incongruous, and there is not unfrequently a poverty of design, scarcely concealed by the magic of his colouring. Now, I find, in looking over my sketches, that I had selected those scenes where the passages of variety lay in the distance, and, it being a narrow valley, they occupied but a small space; but, though small, it was mostly the place of interest—there was the more vivid light or the deeper shade, the change, the life of the picture, and the embellished way of escape out of a defile, that from its closeness would have been otherwise painful. In saying "painful," I seem to point to a defect in this Lynmouth valley. Indeed, it will not suit those who do not love close scenery. That certainly is its character. Yet is it not so close, but that there is room for this kind of variety. I think what I have said upon this point, of interest and variety lying in the smaller portion of the canvass—for I here speak even of nature as a picture—may be applicable generally to light. I imagine those scenes will be found most pleasing, where the light is by far the smallest portion, the half-tone by far the larger, and the dark but to show the power of both. Take, for instance, a garden scene—a broad walk, trees on each

side—all is in broad light, but all is in painful glare, monotony, and sameness of endless detail. Let a shadow pass over it, a broad shadow—or rather a half-tone of light, that shall only show the local colour subdued—now, let a gleam pass across it, and just touch here and there the leafage, and seem to escape behind it—how small is the light, but it has given life to the picture. I cannot but think it a fault of our day that half-tone is neglected; light is made a glare, and therefore the very object of light is lost. I believe it was the aim at a mere novelty that first introduced this false principle. It was recommended to Guido, but he failed in it: pictures so painted by him are far from being his best. Rubens erred in it; but modern artists have carried the false principle to the utmost limit; and, in doing so, are liable to a palpable incongruity, an impossibility in nature, which they profess to imitate. For it is the property of light to take away colour; yet in this school, the whitest light, and the most vivid colours, are in the same piece. The old painters, aware of this property of light, in their out-of-door scenes, avoid, not to say a white, but even a light sky—especially the Venetian—so that their great depth and power of colour was rendered natural, by the depth of their skies. Their blues were dark—intensely so—but they were sustained by the general colour. If it be said the Italian skies are notoriously the bluest, Mr. Ruskin has, in contradiction, pronounced them to be white; but I believe the fact is, that the great painters considered colour, as a beauty in art, *sui generis*, and that there was no need of a slavish adherence, in this respect, to nature herself. Indeed, they delighted, even when aiming at the richest colouring, to subdue all glare, and to preserve rather a deep half-tone.

I believe they studied nature through coloured glasses; and we learn from Mrs. Merrifield that Gaspar Poussin used a black mirror, which had been bequeathed to him by Bamboccio. The works of some of the Flemish painters evidently show that they used such a mirror.

Have I not, then, reached Lyn-

mouth yet? I found it in full leafage, and the little river as clear as amber, and like it in colour. It is always beautiful, and variable too—after rain it assumes more variety of colour, and of great richness. For most part of the time of my visit, it was more shallow than I had ever seen it. I was pleased that it was so, though I heard many complaints on that score. To those who sketch close to the water, it is, in fact, an advantage; for where the scenery is so confined, it is a great thing to be able to reach the large stones in mid-stream, and thus many new views are obtained; and when you are pretty close to water, whether it be a fall, or still, there is really but very little difference whether the river be full or not—the falls still retain sufficient body, and the still pools are sufficiently wide.

There are but two parties who know anything of the painter-scenery of Lynmouth—the sketchers and the anglers. The common road generally taken by tourists shows not half the beauty of the place. Did Lynmouth appear less beautiful?—certainly not. I easily recognised the chosen spots, and was surprised to find what little change had taken place. I knew individual trees perfectly, and, strange to say, they did not seem to have acquired growth. There were apparently the same branches stretching over the stream.

In one spot where large ledges of rock shoot out in mid-stream, down whose grooves the river rushes precipitously, (I had, sixteen years ago, sketched the scene,) there was growing out of the edge of the rock a young ash-tree shoot—to my surprise, there it was still, or the old had decayed, and a similar had sprung up. There is something remarkable in this continued identity, year after year, as if the law of mutability had been suspended. Yet there were changes. I remember sketching by a little fall of the river, where further progress was staid by a large mass of projecting rock. I felt sure there must be fine subjects beyond, and in my attempt to reach it from the opposite side by climbing, and holding by the boughs of a tree, one broke off, and I fell into the cauldron. I found now that the whole mass of this ledge of

rock had given way and opened a passage, and one of no great difficulty. Here, as I suspected, were some very fine studies. The place where I descended is about half a mile, or less, from Lynmouth, where the road turns, near to a little bridge across a water-course intercepting the road. The view of this little fall from above is singularly beautiful; and, being so much elevated, you see the bed of the river continuous for a long distance, greatly varied. I know no place where there are such fine studies of this kind, though they are rarely taken, being only parts for composition—the whole not making a view.

Was Lynmouth, then, to me as it was?—not quite. The interval of years had not, I trust, been lost. If there was little change in the place, there was a change in the mind's eye and head of the sketcher. Though I recognised nearly all the spots where I had sketched, I found many new—some that might have escaped me, because I had not taken the feeling with me, at least not in the degree in which I now possessed it. During all the years that had intervened, I had scarcely painted a single view. I could not but observe that the new scenes were those more especially suggestive, leading to the ideal.

A friend who was part of the time with me observed that he had thought some of my pictures, which he had seen, compositions without the warranty of nature; but he now saw that nature supplied me with what I wanted, and acknowledged that the sketches were correct. It was then I observed that the sketcher may find almost everywhere what he has learnt to look for. The fact is, that it is not whole and large scenery, nor the most beautiful, that best suits the painter, but those parts which he can combine. The real painter looks to nature for form and colour, the elements of his art; upon these he must work; and they seldom reach any great magnitude, or are diffused over large space.

Why is it, that generally what we term beautiful scenery was seldom the ground of the old painters? They were not, generally speaking, painters of views; and why not? There the pictures were made for them. They

and all the world had the thing before them to love and to admire—it was already done; there was no room for their genius, which is a creative, not an imitative faculty. The scene for every eye was not theirs. They found that, by their art, they could take nature's best feeling, even from her fragments. It requires not an Alp to portray grandeur. Fifty feet of rock, precipitous or superimposing, will better represent the greatness of danger; for it is a more immediate and solid mass to crush the intruder, and the form may frown with a demon malice. The whole awe of darkness may be felt in a cavern of a few feet space. Indeed, it may be almost said that largeness is not to be obtained on the canvass, by the largeness of whole extensive scenes in nature, but by the continuous lines of near masses; whatever is actually largest in nature—the forest and the mountain—in art may with advantage occupy the smallest space. For the best magnitude here is in perspective, and in that aerial tone which, as a veil, half conceals, and thereby makes mysterious, and converts into one azure whole the parts which would, otherwise seen, but break up the great character. The Arabian genii were greatest when dimly seen through smoke and vapour.

Art, indeed, differs from nature in this, as regards the pleasure derived through the eye, that nature allows you many unperspective views at many instant glances, and therefore surprises you, if I may so express it, with a perspective impossibility, of which the judgment at the time is not cognisant; whereas art is bounded by a rule, looks not all around, and comprehends by mind beyond the eye, but is constrained to frame in the conception. It must, therefore, make to itself another power—and this power it finds in form, in light and shade, and colour, all which are in greater intensity and force in the fragmentary parts than in the whole and larger scenes. It is a step for the young artist to believe that art and nature are not and should not be the same—that they are essentially different, and use their materials differently, have other rules of space and largeness. If art be more limited, its power is greater by

being more condensed,—and its impressions more certain, because more direct, and not under the vague and changeable process of making an idea from many perspectives.

If there be truth in these remarks, we may see why the old masters left untouched those scenes which are the delight of tourists. To copy the scene before them was to put their creative faculty in abeyance. It was only to work after a given pattern—and that pattern imperfect—of a whole which defied the laws of optics. I here speak almost entirely of the Italian masters, both the historical, and more strictly the landscape painters. The Flemish and Dutch schools had mostly another aim, and were more imitative; hence they are more easily understood, but felt with a far less passion. But even these, far from undervaluing the conventional aids of art, applied as much of them as the nature of their subjects would admit.

But the sketcher must not consider himself in his studies when he is out with his portfolio. However he may select, he must be faithful. And this fidelity I have seen painters of great skill often unwisely condemn, become too conventional, both in their drawing and colouring. It requires much practice of the eye, as well as that knowledge which constitutes taste, to frame in as it were pictures, from the large space that fills the eye. Nothing is more useful than to carry in the portfolio a light frame of stiff paper or wood, and to hold it up, so as actually to frame in pictures, and thus to experimentalise upon the design, and see what shiftings of the frame make the best choice. It is an assistance even to the most practised in composition.

Lynnmouth is greatly improved of late years in accommodation; many new lodging-houses are built, and there are some residents who have shown great taste in laying out their grounds, and in their buildings. The little pier has been rendered picturesque, by the erection of a small look-out house after a model from Rhodes. There is not much here at any time that would deserve the name of shipping; but a few fishing boats, and such small craft compose well with the little pier. The even-

ings are very fine, the sun setting over the Channel; and the Welsh coast in the distance assumes, occasionally, a very beautiful ultramarine blue, like a glaze over warm colouring. When the tide comes in, and the little vessels are afloat, these are good subjects, the water being of a gray green, softening the reflections. I began a sketch when the boats were aground; but the tide, coming in rapidly, soon so altered the position of the vessels that I did not proceed. When the tide receded, leaving the vessels aground, they were not in the same direction in which I had sketched them; and an artist who was present remarked, that the beauty of the scene as a composition was gone, and referred to the sketch. This led to some discussion, as to the cause—Why should it be less good now, said he, than when you drew it? I believe I saw the reason, and pointed it out. There was a sloop, larger by much than all the rest, which were indeed, though having masts, but boats. The larger vessel was the principal object, even more so than the buildings on the pier, towards which it leaned; and this leaning was important, for a union and certain connexion of parts was everything here, for it made one of many things. Accordingly, the smaller boats on each side the larger vessel inclined their masts towards it; so that this manifest uniting, and the belonging of one to the other, was the pleasing idea, and invested the whole with a kind of life and sensitiveness; but in the alteration, after the receding of the tide, this communication of the one with the other was gone, and, on the contrary, there was left an uncomfortable feeling of disunion.

This reasoning was admitted, and we further discussed the principle involved in the remarks, as applicable to all scenes and subjects. It is this correspondence of part with part which animates the works of nature, invests them with an ideal sensitiveness; and through this fond belief of their life, our own sensitiveness is awakened to a sympathy with them. Whatever inanimate objects we in our fancy invest with life, through our own sympathy, we clothe with a kind of humanity; and thus we look

on trees and rocks, and water, as to a degree our fellow creatures, in this great wild world. We love accordingly. *Nihil humanum a me alienum puto*. The very winds speak to us as human voices, as do the trees in their whisperings or complainings; and the waters are ever repeating their histories and their romances to our willing ears. As we walked we tested the principle, and were believers in its truth. "Mark," said our friend, "that bank of fern—how graceful, how charming, is their bending, their interchange, their masses and their hollow shades, their little home-depths, wherein they grow, and retire as their home-chambers: there is throughout the pleasing idea of a family enjoying their quiet existence, and all in one small green world of their own." He enjoys nature most worthily, and most intensely, who carries with him this sense of nature's life, and of a mutuality, a co-partnership with the blessings of existence with himself. There are some fine rocks at the base of the precipitous cliffs—of fine form and colour; I never went sufficiently near to sketch them, having no fancy to be caught by the tide. I have seen sketches made amongst them that prove them to afford very good subjects. Many years ago, while sitting under these cliffs, I heard a groan; I thought at the time it must have been a delusion, but on that evening a man had fallen over the cliffs. His body was, I think, found the next day. It fell from Countessbury Hill, the road on which is certainly not sufficiently protected. And this reminds me to speak of an alarming occurrence on the road, about half a mile from Lynmouth. We were a small party, and had taken shelter from rain against the receding part of the rocks cut for the widening the road. I and another were reading a newspaper. Looking up, we suddenly saw a woman on horseback very near us. The animal started, and was frightened at the newspaper. Our endeavour to conceal it made the matter worse; the horse retreated from us, and I think his hind legs could not have been many inches from the precipice. It was a trying moment; one step more

back would have been certain death to both the woman and the horse. We were truly happy when, by a little management, we contrived to get them past us. The road, too, is in these dangerous places very narrow; yet the people venture to drive at a good pace, and without reins, their uncouth and apparently unmanageable teams—neither quite dray nor cart—fearlessly. It is surprising that accidents do not often occur, especially as there is some danger from the falling of masses of stone from above; and even such as the sheep remove with their feet may frighten horses, and precipitate all to sure destruction. There are great rents in huge masses of rock, close to the road, and some apparently are kept firm with but little earth, and seem to threaten a move. I have had some blows on the back occasionally from small stones, cast down by passing sheep, while I have been sketching down by the water; and once so large a one took the corner of my portfolio, that with my best speed I quitted the place. That was some years ago; but I have recently seen not very small fragments fall very near me. I would, therefore, caution the sketcher to choose as safe a position as he can, which he may generally find under some projection of rock. Some of the masses in the bed of the river are of enormous size; and let me here remark upon the fine, bold character these masses in the river possess—they are very fine in form, and the beauty and variety in their colouring are quite wondrous. Some are very dark, entirely covered with brown, and some with bright golden moss. But most of them when dry are gray—but one name will not describe that gray, varying as it does from the blue to the green and pink hues. They are commonly in bold relief against the dark water—yet themselves show dark, edged by the white foam, where the water, sloping insinuatingly, falls and rushes by them. Here and there, in some deep-shaded, wild, lonely places, they are of gigantic size, and look like huge Titans turned to stone, amid the fragments that had hurled them down. The sketcher may easily imagine himself in the territory of magic. Shall I confess that, in such

places, I do not like to sketch alone? And why not? Why should there be a something like a superstitious awe of the spot, the "*severi religio loci*?"

Doubtless it is because we do feel contradicting knowledge, in this consciousness of all nature in its own life and power. Nor can we divest ourselves of a kind of natural poetry—a feeling that the rocks, the wild trees, and the somewhere though unseen "*genius loci*" all look at us, and we fancy ourselves but under sufferance, and know not how long our presence may be endured. It is surprising how a sense of such presences possesses us when alone. I could often have fancied voices, and mocking ones too, in the waters, and threats that thundered in the ear, and went off as if to fetch and bring whole cataracts down upon me. In such places I do not like to be caught by the dusk of the evening, being quite alone.

The fact is, nature, to a real lover and sketcher, is at all times powerful. Scenes affect him as they affect no other. I have often surprised people by the assertion that I could not live in the midst of fine scenery; it is too powerful, it unnerves one with an unrelaxing watchfulness. The presence of the mountain will not be shaken off. It becomes a nightmare upon the spirits, holds communion with the wild winds and storms, and has fearful dealings I would not dream of in the dark, howling, dismal nights. Nor, when the sombre light of a melancholy day just obscures the clouds that have been gathering round it, would I in imagination draw the curtain to behold the unearthly drama.

There is something terrific in the sound of unseen rushing water. When all else is still in the dark night, and you are uncertain of the path, and feel the danger that a false footing may plunge you into an abyss of waters, that seem to cry out and roar for a victim, have you not felt both fear and shame? Recently I experienced this in Lynmouth, having in the darkness lost my way. To the poet and the painter, here is a source of the sublime. Plunge your pencil boldly into this eclipse, and work into it a few dim lights, formless and undefined—the obscure will be of a grand mystery. The night-darkness

that settles over fine mountainous scenery does not remove the sense of its presence; as its lakes blacken, they become fabulous, of unknown depths, below which may be infernal "bolge." But I am wandering into strange regions now, and far from Lynmouth, whose scenes, after all, are not of a very severe beauty, unless we will to make it so. It will then answer the demand imagination makes upon it. Many are the scenes of a purely quiescent kind, still and calm, and of gentle repose, where the shallow river shows its amber bed, wherein the gleams rest upon the well-defined ledges beneath, whose gray shadows melt into golden tints; and beyond, in the deeper pools, the green of the trees is reflected greener still, across which here and there is a gray streak, showing the river's silent onward movement; and further on, some dark stones send their brown and purple hues, mirrored and softened down into the green, just dotted here and there with white. Then the trees shoot out lovingly from the bank overhead, and reach and communicate pleasantly with those on the opposite side; and here a bough sends down and just forbears to touch the stream, Narcissus-like, loving its own image. The gray stones in the foreground, half beneath the water, are of a delicate hue, blue intermingling with pale greenish and lakey tints; for there is nothing violent in all this scene of peaceful repose. Very many spots of this kind are there that court the sketcher. Let him wind his way over masses of stone, and roots of trees, beyond these—the scene how changed! The masses of stone are huge, blocking up, in various positions; the free passage of the river, which chafes and foams between them, throwing off its whiteness into the brown and green water depths. One broad shadow is over the dark stones; and beyond that rise the tops of other masses, gray illuminated; and beyond them, a gleam or two of falling water. Wilder are the trees that shoot out, from rocky fragments near, and lock their branches with those on the other side; while in the hollow space beneath their arching boles, distant and fantastic stems cross the stream. Opposite are huge masses, ledges

with precipitous and brown-mossed sides; above which the high rocky bank sends forth large trees, their roots twisting about the rocks and coming out again through the fissures, and met by green weed leafage. The trees are darker than the dun-red ground, but edged with greenish light; and above them the yellow sunlight gleams through, and the dotted blue of sky is just seen; and, as avoiding the light, a huge branch, or limb rather, shoots down, edged with the light on its upper surface, and dark underneath, and throws a scanty defined leafage across over the depth of the river. But this precipitous bank again terminates towards the ledges in fine masses, rocks that project and recede, partially luminous with reflected light, and then falling back into extreme brown and purple darkness, down into which the ivy falls clustering and perpendicular, with innumerable briar-like shoots and tendrils. Here are severer studies. They are to be found by crossing the Lyn by the wooden bridge, not far from Lynmouth, and following the path through the wood some way, and seeking the bed of the river by a scarcely discernible sheep-path, till it be lost at the edge of a downward way, not very difficult of descent. Within a very small space, there are fine and very different subjects. One of scarcely less grandeur than the last described, if it had not more beauty blended with it; but it must be seen in the sun's eye—the best time will be about 3 o'clock. Reach a large stone that juts out from the river's side, climb it, and look down the stream. You must sketch rapidly, for the charm will not last—it is most lovely in colour, and the forms are very beautiful. The opposite side of the river may be termed a mountain side, broken into hollows, in which rock and vegetation deepen into shade. The top is covered with trees, very graceful, the sun edges their tops, and rays flow through them, touching with a white and silver light the ivied rock, which is here perpendicular. Beyond this mountain-side, which juts out, is another clothed cliff, terminating at the base in bold and bare rock; beyond this, and high above, shooting into the sky, are piled rocks of a wild

and broken character, gray, but dark against the distant mountain range, of an ultramarine haze, over warm and slightly marked downward passages; above is the illumined and illuminating sky. On the side of the river from which this lovely view is seen, are large masses, backed by trees, which shoot across, but high overhead, so that in the sketch the leafage would drop as it were from the sky into the middle of the picture. The river itself is quite accordant in colour, and in the forms and light and shade of the stones, that, though so large, are dwarfed by the large precipitous rocks perpendicular above them. The course of the stream is away from the eye of the spectator—is in parts darkly transparent and deep—here and there showing the white foam, and in other parts its amber and reddish bed.

A little further back from this point of view is another of the same scene; I am doubtful which would make the best picture. On the very same stone from which I sketched the scene described, turning, with my back to the opposite site of the river, I was much struck with the fine forms and solemn light and shade of a rock, that was cavernously hollow at its base, and very near the stream. Above it, and declining into the middle of the picture, the sunlit boles of coppice-trees, rising among the light-green leafage, made the only positive sunlight of the picture: whatever else of light there was, was shade luminous. This rock was united with another across the picture, that thus made a centre and opening for the coppice, dotted with the blue sky; but all that side of the picture was in very dark shadow, being rock perpendicular, through the depth of which light and boldly formed trees rose to the top of the picture, and threw down leafage into the deep shade. The colouring of the cavernous hollow was remarkable: it was dark, yet blending gray, and pink, and green. The scene was of an ideal character; and I doubt if the sketch, though taken with as much truth as I could reach, would be thought to be from nature. The same rocky mass, taken in another direction, supplies a very different but perhaps equally good subject for the pencil. I say these sketches are of an ideal kind. It may be

asked—Are they not true?—are they not in nature? They are; but still for a better use than the pleasure of the imitation a mere sketch offers. These are the kinds of scenes for the painter's invention, into which he is to throw his mind, and to dip his pencil freely into the gloom of his palette, and concentrate depths, and even change the forms, and even to omit much of the decorative detail, and make severity severer. He would give the little trees a wilder life, a more visible power, as if for lack of inhabitant they only were sentient of the scene. If a figure be introduced, they would be kept down, but shoot their branches towards him, for there would be an agreement, a sentient sympathy. But what figure? It is not peaceful enough for a hermit; too solemn for the bandit, such as a *Salvator* would love to introduce; an early saint, perhaps a *St. Jerome*—no unapt place for him and his lion: and somehow it must be contrived to have the water perhaps entering even into the retreat, and reflecting the aged, the hoary bearded saint. Is not then the subject ideal, and the sketch only suggestive? And here let me remark, with regard to that favourite word "finish,"—an elaborate finish of all the detail, either of objects or colouring, would ruin the sketch; it would lose its suggestive character, which is its value. I have here described, I know how inadequately, several very striking scenes; yet are they scarcely a stone's throw apart. I mention them exclusively on that account, for, where there is so much, it must be the more worth the while of the sketcher to take some pains to find out the spot.

What do we mean by the "ideal" of landscape? The "naturalists" ask the question in a tone of somewhat more than doubt. The sketcher is apt to be caught in the snare of nature's many beauties, and, growing enamoured of them in detail, to lose the higher sense in his practical imitation. This is a danger he must avoid, by study, by reflection, by poetry. If the "ideal" be in himself, he will find it in nature. If he sees in mountains, woods, and fields but materials for the use of man, and what the toil of man has made them, he may be a good workman in his imitation, but he will be a poor designer. The "ideal" grows out of

a reverence, which he can scarcely feel. If the earth be nothing to him but for the plough, and the rivers for the mill, and its only people are the present people—doomed to toil, bearing about them parochial cares, and tasteless necessity, ignorant and regardless of the history of the earth they tread—he may boast of his love of nature; but his love is, in fact, the love of his technical skill, of his imitation. He thinks more of the how to represent, than what the scene may represent. The ideal ranges beyond the present aspect, and he who has a belief in it will reverence this ancient earth, the cradle wherein he and all living things took form from their creation. He will see visions of the past, and dream dreams of its future aspects and destiny; and will learn, in his meditations, to recall the people of old, and imprint its soil with imaginary footsteps. The painter is no true artist if he feel not the greatness of nature's immortality—at least, that as it rose from the creation so will it be, throwing forth its bounty, and beaming with the same vigorous beauty, till it shall pass away as a scroll. The painter-poet must be of a loving superstition, must acknowledge powers above his own—beings greater between him and the heavens. They may be invisible as angels, yet leave some understanding of their presence. They will voice the woods and the winds, and tell everywhere that all of nature is life. Are there not noble elements here for the landscape painter, and can neither history nor fable supply him with better figures than toil-worn labourers, drovers taking their cattle or sheep to the butchers, and paupers walking to the poorhouse? I like not the "naturalist's" poverty of thought. If the art be not twin sister with poetry, her charm is only for the eye. Nothing great ever came from such hands.

"And deeper faith—intenser fire—
Fed sculptor's chisel—poet's pen;
What nobler theme might art require
Than gods on earth, and godlike men?
Yea, gods then watched with loving care,
(Or such, at least, the fond belief)
E'en lifeless things of earth and air—
The cloud, the stream, the stem, the leaf:
Iris, a goddess! tinged the flower
With more than merely rainbow hues;
Great Jove himself sent down the shower,
Or freshen'd earth with healing dews!"

KENYON'S *Poems*.

How do such thoughts enhance all nature's beauties! The sketcher's real work is to see, to feel them all, and to fit them to the mind's poetic thoughts.

I seem to be forgetting that the reader and myself are all this while at the water's edge, and under deep-brow'd rocks; that sunshine has left us, and in it time to climb to the path that leads toward Lynmouth. For such an hour we are on the wrong side of the stream. Now the woods are mapped, and edged only by the sun hastening downward. Yet after a while we shall not regret that we are in this path. Escaping the closer and shaded wood, we shall reach a more open space, and see the flood of evening's sunlight pouring in. Here it is; my sketch was poor indeed, for there was neither time nor means to do anything like justice to the scene. Here is a narrow, winding rocky path, a little above the river, from whose superimposing bank, trees that now look large shoot across the landscape, and a bold stem or two rises up boldly to meet them; the river stretches to some distance, wooded on this side to the edge, and wooded hills in front, and in perspective. The distant hills are most lovely in colour, pearly and warm gray; the river, the blazing sky reflected, yet showing how rich the tone, by a few yellowish-gray lighter streaks that mark its movement. The fragments of rock in the river are of a pinkish-gray, and, though not dark, yet strongly marked against the golden stream,—the whole scene great in its simplicity of effect and design. In broad day the scene would be passed unnoticed; it would want that simplicity which is its charm, and be a scene of detail; but now the lines are the simplest, and, happily, where the river really turns, its view is lost in the reflection of the shaded wood. And here, in this smallest portion of the picture, the hills on each side seem to meet and fold, giving the variety in the smallest space, upon which I have made remarks in this paper. This beautiful picture of nature I visited several evenings, and it little varied. But the charm lasts not long—the sun sets, or is behind the wooded hill, before its actual setting, yet leaves its tinge of

lake blushing above the gold in the sky—the life of the scene has faded, and it is still and solemn. I cannot better describe the impression it left, than by a quotation from an old play, in which the lover sees his mistress, who had swooned, or was in a death-like sleep:—

“ANTONIO.
At the first sight I did believe her dead—
Yet in that state so awful she appeared, —
That I approached her with as much respect
As if the soul had animated still
That body which, though dead, scarce mortal
seemed. —
But as the sun from our horizon gone,
His beams do leave a tincture on the skies,
Which shows it was not long since he with-
drew;
So in her lovely face there still appeared
Some scattered streaks of those vermilion
beams
Which used to irradiate that bright firmament.
Thus did I find that distressed miracle,
Able to wound a heart, as if alive—
Incapable to cure it, as if dead.

Thus is there sympathy between our hearts and nature—a sympathy, the secret of taste, which, above all, the sketcher should cultivate as the source of his pleasure, and (may it not be added?) of his improvement.

I will not proceed further with description of scenes; Lynmouth will be long remembered. I scarcely know a better spot for the study of close scenery. On reviewing my former impressions with the present, I should not say that Lynmouth has lost, but I have certainly gained some knowledge, and, I think, improved my

sympathies with nature; and if I have not enjoyed so enthusiastically as I did sixteen years ago, I have enlarged my sight and extended my power. I am practically a better sketcher. The hand and the eye work together; the improvement of one advances the other.

I know no better method of sketching than the mixture of transparent and semi-opaque colouring. It best represents the variety and the power of nature; and as it more nearly resembles in its working the practice of oil-painting, so is it the more likely to improve the painter. I have remarked that, even in depth of colour, the semi-opaque is very much more powerful than the transparent, however rich; for the one has, besides its more varied colour, the solidity of nature; whereas the most transparent has ever an unsubstantial look—you see through to the paper or the canvass. Semi-opaque, (or degrees of opacity, till it borders on the transparent,) as it hides the material, and throws into every part the charm of atmosphere, so it will ever bestow upon the sketch the gift of truth.

I did not begin this paper on Lynmouth Revisited with any intention of entering upon the technicalities of art; so I will refrain from any further remarks tending that way, which leads to far too wide a field for present discussion.

WHAT HAS REVOLUTIONISING GERMANY ATTAINED?

It is now rather more than a year since we asked, "What would revolutionising Germany be at?" A full year has passed over the dreamy, theorising, restless, and excited head of Germany, then confused and staggering, like "a giant drunken with new wine," but loudly vaunting that its strong dose of revolution had strengthened and not fuddled it, and that it was about to work out of its troubled brains a wondrous system of German Unity, which was to bring it infinite and permanent happiness; and now we would once more ask, What is the result of the attempted application of German revolutionising theory to practice? In fact, what has revolutionising Germany attained? Our first question we asked without being able to resolve an answer. The problem was stated: an attempt was made to arrive at something like a solution out of the distracting hurly-burly of supposed purposes and so-called intentions; but, after every effort to make out our "sum" in any reasonable manner, we were obliged to give it up, as a task impossible to any political mathematician, not of German mould; to declare any definite solution for the present hopeless,—and to end our amount of calculation by arriving only in a *circle vicieux* at the statement of the problem with which we started, and asking, as despairingly as a tired schoolboy with a seemingly impracticable equation before him, "What, indeed, *would* revolutionising Germany be at?" Are we any further advanced now? We will not attempt the difficult sum again, or we might find ourselves obliged to avow ourselves as much deficient in the study of German political mathematics as before. But we may at least try to undertake a mere sum of addition, endeavour to cast up the amount of figures the Germans themselves have laid before us, and make out, as well as we can, what, after a year's hard—and how hard!—work, revolutionising Germany has attained. The species of sum-total, as far as the addition can yet go, to which we may arrive, may be still a

very confused and unsatisfactory one; but in asking, "What has revolutionising Germany attained?" we will not take it entirely to our own charge, if the answer attempted to be made is thus confused and unsatisfactory. German political sums are all too puzzling for English heads.

Last year Germany was, as yet, very young in its revolutionary career. It galloped over the country like an unbroken colt, or rather like a mad bull, "running a-muck" it scarcely knew, and seemingly little cared, at what, provided that it trampled beneath its hoofs all that stood, and, with proper culture, might have flourished and borne fruit. It tried to imitate the frantic caperings of its fellow-revolutioniser in the next paddock, just over the Rhine; but it imitated this model in so clumsy a fashion, that it might have been very aptly compared to the ass in the fable, had not the demonstrations it sought to make been destructive kicks, and not mistaken caresses; and the model it sought to copy resembled the blood-hound rather than the lap-dog. It kicked out to the right and to the left, and, with its kicks, inflicted several stunning blows, from which the other states, upon whose heads the kicks fell, found some difficulty in recovering. Even the maddest of the drivers who spurred it on, however, found it necessary to present some goal, at which it was eventually to arrive in its mad career—that goal was called "German Unity" in one great powerful united Germany. Where this visionary goal existed, or how it was to be attained—by what path, or in what direction, none seemed to know; but the cry was, "On, on, on!" That it should miss this goal, thus visionary and indistinct, and plunge on past it, through the darkness of anarchy, to another winning-post, just as indistinct and visionary, called "a universal republic," was a matter of little consideration, or was even one of hope, to those of its principal drivers who whipped, and spurred, and hooted it, with deafening and distracting cries, like the Roman drivers of the un-

ridden horses in the Corso races. A breaker-in was attempted, however, to be placed, and not, at first, precisely by those who most wished to check it, upon the back of the tearing beast, in order to moderate its paces, and canter it as gently as might be, onwards to the denied goal—which still, however, lay only in a most misty distance, to which none seemed to know the road. In this rider, called a central Frankfort parliament, men began to place their hopes; they trusted confidently that it might ride the animal to its destination, although they know not where that lay. The revolution, then, was decked out with colours of red, and black, and gold—the colours of an old German empire, and of a new derived German unity—and the rider mounted into the saddle. How the rider endeavoured to show the animal's paces—how he strove to guide him forwards—how sometimes he seemed, indeed, to be proceeding along a path, uncertain, it is true, but apparently leading *somewhere*—how often he stumbled—how often, in his inexperience, he slipped in his saddle—how, at last he slipped and fell from it altogether, in vain endeavouring, maimed, mutilated, bruised, and half stunned, to spring into the saddle again, are matters of newspaper history that need no detail here. It suffices to say, that the rider was unhorsed—that the animal gave a last desperate plunge, kicking and wounding the only one of the states around that strove to the last to caress and soothe it with gentle treatment—that it now stands perspiring, shaking, quivering in every limb—snorting in vain struggle, and champing the bit of the bridle which Prussian military force has thrown upon it. To what, then, has Germany attained in its revolutionising career? It has, at all events, not reached that imaginary goal to which men strove to ride it without direction-post. The goal is as far off as ever, perhaps farther off than before, as may be shown. It remains just as vague, and visionary, and misty. Not one step seems to have been taken towards it. Has no farther step whatever been taken, then, after all this mad rushing hither and thither? And if any, how, and whither? We shall endeavour to

see, as far as we are able. Our readers must, then, judge whether it be forwards or backwards; or whether, in fact, it be any step at all.

The Frankfort parliament has fallen from its seat. Last year, when we gave a sketch of its sittings in that Lutheran church of St. Paul in Frankfort—now bearing a stamp which its sober-minded architect probably never dreamt of, as a historical building—it was young, still in hopes; and amidst its inexperience, its vapouring declamation upon impracticable theories, its noise and confusion, its clamorous radicalism, and its internal treachery, that sought every pretext for exciting to anarchy and insurrection, it put forward men of note and ability—who, however lacking in practical experience, gave evidence of noble hearts if not sound heads, and good intentions, if not governmental power. It contained, amidst much bad, many elements of good; and, if it has no other advantageous result, it has proved a school of experience, tact, and reason—as far at least as Germans, in the present condition of their political education, have been able to profit by its lessons and its teaching. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* as far as possible! It is defunct. What its own inability, want of judgment, internal disorganisation, and “vaulting ambition, that o'erleaps its sell,” commenced, was completed by the refusal of the principal northern German states to acknowledge its ill-digested constitution. It sickened upon over-feeding of conceit, excess of supposed authority, and a naturally weak constitution, combined with organic defects, weakened still more by a perpetual and distracting fever; it was killed outright by what the liberals, as well as the democrats, of Germany choose to call the ill-faith and treachery of Prussia in declining to accept its offers, and ultimately refusing to listen to its dictates. Its dying convulsions were frightful. It fled to Stuttgart, in the hopes that change of air might save it in its last extremity; and there it breathed its last. Its very home is a wreck; its furniture has been sold to pay the expenses of its burial; its lucubrations, and its mighty acts, in which it once fondly hoped to have swayed all Germany, if not the world,

have been dispersed, in their recorded form, among cheesemongers and green-grocers as waste-paper, at so much the pound. Its house—the silent, sad, and denuded church of St. Paul—looks now like its only mausoleum; and on its walls remains alive the allegorical picture of that great German empire, which it deemed it had but to will to found—the grim, dark, shaded face of which grows grimmer and darker still, day by day; whilst the sun that rises behind it, without illuminating its form, daily receives its thicker and thicker cloud of dust to obscure its painted rays. Of a sooth, the allegory is complete. It is dead, and resolved to ashes. Its better and brighter elements have given up their last breath, as, in their meeting at Gotha, they made a last effort to discuss the acceptance of the constitution which Prussia offered in lieu of their own, and strove, although only still wearing a most ghostly semblance of life, to propose to themselves the best ultimate means of securing that desideratum, which they still seem to consider as the panacea for all evils—the great and powerful “United Germany” of their theoretical dreams. This last breath was not without its noble aspirations. Its less pure, more self-seeking, and darker elements have striven, by wild and no longer (even in appearance) legal means, to galvanise themselves into a false existence; their last struggles were such hideous and distracted contortions as are usually produced by such galvanic applications; and now the German papers daily record the arrest of various members of the so-called “Rump Parliament,” (so nicknamed by the application or rather misapplication of an English historical term,) which received its final extinguishing blow at Stuttgart, mixed up, in these days of imprisonment, as the consequence of mistaken liberty, along with insurgents and rebels engaged in the late disastrous scenes acted in the duchy of Baden. Such was to be their fate. But, be it for good or for evil, the Frankfort parliament has died, as was prophesied, and not without convulsions: its purposes have proved null; its hopes have been dispersed to the winds; its very traces have been swept away; its memory is all but a

bitter mockery. Thus far, then, we may indeed shake our heads despairingly as we ask—“What has revolutionising Germany as yet attained?”

What has it attained? Let us go on. In the first place, what remains, of the gigantic cloud, which men attempted to catch, embody, and model into a palpable form, although with hands inexperienced, and with as little of the creative and vivifying health really within its power, as Frankenstein, when he sought to remould the crumbling elements he possessed into a human form, and produced a monster. What remains of the great united German empire of men's dreams? Nothing but a phantom of a central power, grasping the powerless sceptre of a ghostly empire; surrounded by ministers whose dictates men despise and disregard, in veritable exercise of their functions, as ghostly as itself. The position of the Imperial administration has become a byword and a scoff; and it is lamentable to see a prince, whose good intentions never have been doubted, and whose popular sympathies have been so often shown, standing thus, in a situation which borders upon the ridiculous—an almost disregarded and now useless puppet—a *quasi* emperor without even the shadow of an empire; and yet condemned to play at empire-administrating—as children play at kings and queens—none heeding their innocent and bootless game. How far the edicts of the defunct Frankfort parliament, and the decrees of the government of the Imperial Vicarage—paralysed in all real strength, if not utterly defunct now—are held as a public mockery, is very pithily evidenced to the least open eyes of any traveller to the baths of Germany, at most of which the gambling tables—supposed to be suppressed, and declared to be illegal by the shade of the “central power”—openly pursue their manœuvres, and earn their gains as of yore; or, at most, fix upon the doors of their hells a ticket, written “*salons réservés*,” to give them the faint appearance of private establishments, and thus adopt a very flimsy pretext, and effect a most barefaced evasion of a hitherto useless law.

Croupiers and gamblers sit squatting, most disrespectfully, at almost every bathing-place, upon the Imperial edict—as the toads and frogs squatted upon King Log—treating him as a jest, and covering him with their filthy slime. By what authority—of the same Imperial Vicar also—the whole country around Frankfort is overrun with Prussian soldiers, it would be difficult to show. That the so-called free city itself should be occupied by a joint garrison of Prussian and Austrian troops for its protection, may be looked upon as a legal measure, adopted and authorized by a new parliament, and a central power, such as it is, as by the old Diet. But when we see in every village round about—in every house, in almost every hovel—those hosts of Prussian spiked helmets gleaming in the sun—those Prussian bayonets planted before every door—those Prussian uniforms, studding, with variegated colour, every green rural scene; when we never cease to hear upon the breeze—wherever we may wander in the country—the clang of Prussian military bands, and the tramp of Prussian infantry; when we find the faces of Prussian military at every window, and observe Prussian soldiers mixing in every action of the common everyday life of the country; and then turn to ask how it comes that Prussian soldiers swarm throughout a part of the land in no way belonging to Prussia, we are able to receive no more reasonable answer than that “they are there because they are there”—an explanation which has a more significant meaning in it than the apparently senseless words seem to express. “They are there because they are there”—that is to say, without any recognised authority from any central German power. “They are there because they are there,”—because Prussia has sent them. Where, then, is the central power?—what is its force? what its authority? what its sense? If, then, all that still remains, in living form, of that great united Germany of men’s dreams, is but the “shadow of a shade,” in power—a power disregarded—even more, despised and ridiculed—what has revolutionising Germany attained in its

chase after the phantom of its hopes?

If in this respect it has attained nothing which it can show, after more than a year’s revolution, for the avowed or pretended purpose of obtaining some result to this very end, it cannot be said, however, that nothing remains to Germany of its dream of unity. Spite of sad experience—spite of the uselessness of every effort—spite of sacrifices made and sorrows suffered—Germany still pursues its phantom with as much ardour as before. Like the prince in the fairy-tale, who, panting, breathless, half-dead with exhaustion and fatigue, still hunted without rest for the imaginary original of the fair portrait placed in his hands—untired and unyielding, after the repeated disappointments of lifting veil after veil from forms which he thought might be that of the beloved one—still driven on by an incurable longing—still yearning despairingly, and with false hope,—so does Germany, after lifting veil after veil only to find delusive spectres beneath, still yearn and long for the object of its adoration. It is impossible to travel, even partially, through the country, without discovering, from every conversation with all classes, that the intense craving for this object—this great blessing of a grand and powerful United Germany—is as strong as ever—far stronger than ever! For what was not very long ago only the watchword of the fancied liberal student, in his play of would-be conspirator—what was but the pretext of really conspiring and subversive democrats—what grew only by degrees into the cry of the people, who clamoured, not knowing what they clamoured for—has taken evidently the strongest root throughout the whole mass of German nationality, and *grows*—grows in despite of the rottenness of the branches it has as yet sent forth—grows in despite of the lopping, breaking, and burning of its first offshoots—grows in despite of the atmosphere of contention, rather than of union, that becomes thicker and more deleterious to its growth, around it, and of the blight it daily receives from the seemingly undispersable mildew of hatred, suspicion,

and total want of sympathy between Southern and Northern Germany, which formerly arose only from uncongeniality of temperament, mixed up more or less with indifference of religious creed, but now is generated by a thousand causes. This intense craving for the possession of the phantom—increasing, it would seem, in proportion as the phantom flies farther and farther from the grasp—is no longer expressed by the student, the democrat, and the man of the people: it pervades all classes from below to above; it is in the mouth of the man of caution and of sense, as in that of the wild and poetico-political enthusiast; it becomes more and more universal, and it amounts to a mania. Ask of whom you will, Whither tends German hope? and the answer will still and ever be the same—"German unity." But ask no more; for if you inquire, as last year, into the "how," the "when," the "where," the answer will in most cases be given in the same strain of incomprehensible and still more impracticable rhapsody—visionary, poetical, noble sometimes, but purposeless as before; or men will shrug their shoulders, shake their heads, and sigh, but still dream on the dream of German unity—still clamour for it loudly. And well may they shake their heads and groan, if such be the end and aim of all German aspirations! for where, indeed, is the path that leads to it? That which Germany is itself following up, leads (for the present at least) visibly from it, and not towards it. Prussia has promulgated its constitution,—and we may ask, *par parenthèse*, whether *that* is to be put forward as the great end which revolutionising Germany has attained, after more than a year's revolution? Prussia has called upon all Germany to join with it, hand in hand, in this constitution, granted and given, but not accepted, at the hands of a Frankfurt parliament. In answer to its call, it has found the cleft between Northern and Southern Germany—the cleft of envy and jealousy, suspicion and mistrust—growing wider and wider to oppose it. It has attempted to form a partial union of Northern Germany—between the more northern states of Prussia, Hanover, and

Saxony; but even in this union has been disunion—reticence, and suspicion, and doubt, and indecision, among the proposed allies themselves; while Austria, Bavaria, and even Würtemberg, have held aloof to sulk and scoff, and have seemed to bide that time when Austria should be less shackled, and could better oppose the supremacy of Northern German influence. Coalitions even now are talked of, to which, if Prussia be not a stranger, it is to be admitted only as a humbled ally. With these feelings, which exist not only between powers, but in the people, the cry of United Germany is but a jest—the longing a green-sickness. Certainly revolutionising Germany has not thus far attained any step in its progress towards the great desideratum of its nationality. The only semblance of progress has been, in the advances of Prussia towards supremacy, in the cession of the principality of Hohenzollern Sigmaringen to its territory, (an example which other small German principalities may follow,) in its present occupation of the free town of Hamburg, in its military occupation of the duchy of Baden, of which more further on. But if these be steps towards a united Germany, tell it to Southern Germany, and hear what it will say!

If so little, then, has been attained by revolutionising Germany, in its progress towards its most loudly clamoured desire, let us see what else it has attained. After a year's labour, which was not without its throes, revolutionising Germany as represented by its central parliament, brought forth its constitution—a rickety child, but fully expected by its fond, and in many respects infatuated parents, to grow into a giant, and flourish under the edifice of a United German Empire. The implicit adoption of this bantling by the several German states, as their heir and future master, was declared by revolutionisers to be the *sine quâ non* of their sufferance still to exist at all, under the will of the people. Unhappy bantling, decked out with all sorts of promised gifts for the future weal of mankind by its would-be fairy godmothers! it proved but a changeling—or rather an imp, pro-

vided with every curse, instead of every blessing; as if the gifts it was intended to bestow had been reversed by a wicked fairy among the god-mothers, who had more power than the rest. And, of a truth, there was such a one among them: and her name was Anarchy or Subversion, although the title she gave herself was Red Republic, and the beast on which she rode was Self-interest. The consequence was, that the very contrary occurred to that which revolutionisers had prophesied or rather menaced. Prussia, and the other states, which refused to adopt the bantling, thus menacingly thrown into their arms, have gone on, we cannot say the "even," but uneven "tenor of their way"—no matter now by what means, for we speak only of the strange destinies of the much-laboured, long-expected, loudly-vaunted Frankfort constitution. Almost the only one—at least of the larger states the only one—that seemingly accepted the adoption forced upon it, with frankness, willingness, and openness, has been convulsed by the most terrible of civil wars. In Baden, the acceptance of the Frankfort constitution, and *not its rejection*, by a well-meaning, mild, but perhaps weak ruler, was eagerly seized upon as a pretext for disaffection, armed insurrection, civil war; while Würtemberg, where it was received by the king, although with evident unwillingness, or, as he himself expressed it, in a somewhat overstrained tone of pathos, "with bleeding and broken heart," narrowly escaped being involved in the same fearful issue. The process by which this result was attained in Baden was curious enough, although fully in accordance with the usual manœuvres of the anarchical leaders of the day, who, while denouncing Jesuitism, in many parts of the world, as the great evil and anti-popular influence against which they have most to contend, evidently adopt the supposed and most denounced principle of Jesuitism—that "the ends justify the means"—as their own peculiar line of conduct; and use every species of treachery, deceit, falsehood, and delusion, as holy and righteous weapons in the sacred cause of liberty, or of

that idol of their worship which they choose to nickname liberty. In showing what revolutionising Germany has, or rather perhaps has not, as yet, attained, we must briefly, then, revert once more to that insurrection and its suppression, that has so fearfully devastated the duchy of Baden, and its neighbouring province of the Palatinate, which, although belonging to Bavaria, is so distant and divided from that kingdom as to be included, without further distinction, in the same designation.

It was with almost prophetic spirit that we, last year, spoke of the unhappy duchy of Baden, which had then, as since, the least cause of complaint of any of the several subdivisions of Germany. "Nothing," it was then said, "can be more uneasy and disquieting than its appearance. In this part of Germany, the revolutionary fermentation appears far more active, and is more visible in the manner, attitude, and language of the lower classes, than even in those (at that time) hotbeds of revolutionary movements, Austria and Prussia. To this state of things the confinity with agitated France, and consequently a more active affinity with its ideas, caught like a fever from a next-door neighbour's house, the agency of the emissaries from the ultra-republican Parisian clubs, who find an easier access across the frontiers, and the fact also that the unhappy duchy has been, if not the native country, at least the scene of action of the republican insurgents, Hecker and Struve, have all combined to contribute." "It is impossible to enter the duchy, and converse with the peasant population, formerly and proverbially so peacefully disposed in patriarchal Germany—formerly so smiling, so ready, so civil, perhaps only too obsequious in their signs of respect, now so insolent and rude—without finding the poison of those various influences gathering and festering in all their ideas, words, and actions."

Such were the views written last year; and this state of things has since continued to increase, as regards popular fermentation, and disposition to insurrection. Demagogic agitators swarmed in the land, instilling poison wherever they went, and rejoicing as

they saw the *virus* do its work in the breaking out of festering sores. The tactics of this party, in all lands, has been to try their experiments upon the military; but it has only been in Baden, thus demoralised, and disorganised by weakness of sufferance, and a vain spirit of concession and looked-for conciliation, that these subjects were found fitting for the efforts of the experimentalisers. The *virus* had already done its work among them, to the utmost hopes of the poisoning crew, when the New Frankfort Constitution—the rejection of which was to be the signal for a *quasi*-legal insurrection—was accepted by the Grand-duke of Baden. But the agitators were not to be thus baffled. A pretence, however shallow and false, was easily found in the well-prepared fermentation of men's minds; and the military, summoned by demagogic leaders to tumultuous meetings, were easily persuaded that a false, or at least a defective draught of the new boasted constitution had been read to them and proclaimed—that, in the *real* constitution, an enactment provided that the soldiers were to choose and elect their own officers—that this paragraph had been carefully suppressed; and that the military had been thus deprived and cheated of their rights. Easily detected as might have been the falsehood, it nevertheless succeeded in its purposes. The military insurrection, in which the tumultuous and evil-disposed of the lower classes, and a great portion of the disaffected peasantry joined, broke out on the very evening of one of these great meetings; and, by means of a well-prepared and actively organised concentration of measures, in various parts of the duchy at the same time. Thus was the very acceptance of the revolutionary constitution made in Baden a pretext to stir the land to insurrection.

After the full account already published in these pages, it is needless to enter into detail, with regard to the events which marked the progress and suppression of this great insurrection. It is only to show the insensate state of mind to which revolutionary agents, left to do their will, were able to work up the mili-

tary; the confused ideas and purposes, with which these would-be revolutionising German heads were filled; the ignorance that was displayed among these men, said to be *enlightened* by "patriots," and their want of all comprehension of the very rights for which they pretended to clamour—in fact, the utter absence of any experience gained by the lower classes, and especially the military portion of them, after more than a year's revolutionising, that we briefly recapitulate some of the leading events of the outbreak. It was with a perfect headlong frenzy that the garrison of the fortress of Rastadt first revolted; it was with just as much appearance of madness that the mutiny broke out simultaneously in the other garrison towns. There was every evidence of rabid mania in the deplorable scenes which followed, when superior officers in vain attempted with zeal and courage to stem the torrent, and, in many instances, lost their lives at the hands of the infuriated soldiery; when others were cruelly and disgracefully mishandled, and two or three, unable to contend with the sense of dishonour and degradation which overwhelmed them as military men, rushed, maddened also, into suicide, to have their very corpses mutilated by the men whom they had treated, as it happened, with kindness and concession; when others again, who had escaped over the frontiers, were, by a violation of the Würtemberg territory, captured, led back prisoners, and immured under every circumstance of cruelty and ignominy, in the fortress they had in vain attempted loyally to guard. There was madness in all this; and then we learn, to complete the deplorable picture, from a very accurate account of all the circumstances, lately published by a Baden officer, as well as from another pamphlet, more circumscribed in detail, but fully as conclusive as regards narration of feeling, in almost every page, that when the insurgent soldiers were asked by their officers what they wanted, they could only answer, "Our rights and those of the people;" and when questioned further, "What are those rights?" either held their tongues and shook their heads in ignorance, or replied with the strangest *naïveté*,

"That you ought to know better than we." Still more strikingly characteristic of the insensate nature of the struggle are the examples where the infatuated soldiers parted from their officers with tears in their eyes, then, driven on by their agitators, hunted them to the death; and then, again, with eyes opened at last to their delusion, sobbed forth the bitterest repentance for their blindness.

It has been already seen how the Grand-duke fled the land, how Baden was given up, in a state of utter anarchy, to a Provisional government, that existed but long enough to be utterly rent and torn by the very instruments which its members had contributed to set in movement; and to a disorganised, tumultuous army, prepared to domineer and tyrannise in its newly acquired self-power; how the insurrection was suppressed, after an unwilling appeal to Prussia by the Grand-duke—how the insurgent troops were dispersed by means of a Prussian army—and how Rastadt was finally surrendered by the revolutionary leaders. As these events have already been detailed, and as it is our purpose to ask in general, "What has revolutionising Germany attained?" we need do no more on this head, than ask, "What, by its late movement, has revolutionising Baden attained?" "What then is the present position, and the present aspect of the country, after the armed suppression?"

What, indeed! Poor old Father Rhine, although still, in these revolutionary days, somewhat depressed in spirits, does not now, however, exhibit that aspect of utter melancholy and despair which we last year pictured; he has even contrived to reassume something of that conceited air which we have so often witnessed in his old face. Foreign tourists, if not in the pleasure-seeking shoals of aforetime, at least in very decent sprinklings, return again to pay him visits; and the hotels upon his banks give evidence that his courts are not wholly deserted. Ems, from various causes independent of its natural beauties—the principal one of which has been the pilgrimage of French Legitimists to the heir of the fallen Bourbons, during his short residence in that

sweet bathing-place—has overflowed with "guests." Homburg has had scarcely a bed to offer to the wanderer on his arrival. Rhenish Prussia, then, has profited, by its comparative state of quiet, somewhat to redeem its losses of last year. But the poor duchy of Baden still hangs its head mournfully; and Baden-Baden, the fairest queen of German watering-places, finds itself utterly deprived of its well-deserved crown of supremacy, and seems to have covered itself, in shame, with a veil of sadness. Although all now wears again a smiling face of peaceful quiet, and Prussian uniforms, which at least have the merit of studding with colour the gay scene, give warrant for peace by the force of the bayonet, yet tourists seem to avoid the scene of the late fearful convulsions, as they would a house in which the plague had raged, although now declared wholly disinfected. A few wandering "guests" only come and go, and tell the world of foreign wanderers with dismal faces, "Baden-Baden is empty!" Travellers seem to hurry through the country, as swiftly as the railroad can whirl them across it, towards Strasburg and Bale—ay! rather to republican France, or fermenting Switzerland: they appear unwilling to turn aside and seek rest among the beautiful hills of a country where the reek of blood, or the vapour of the cannon-smoke, may be still upon the air. In Baden-Baden bankrupt hotels are closed; and the lower classes, who have been accustomed to amass comparative wealth by the annual influx of foreigners, either by their produce, or in the various different occupations of attending upon visitors, wear the most evident expression of disappointment, listlessness, and want. Baden pays the bitter penalty of insurrection, by being utterly crippled in one of the branches of its most material interests. It bears as quiet an aspect outwardly, however, as if it were sitting, in humiliation and shame, upon the stool of repentance. There is nothing (if they go not beyond the surface) to prevent foreign pleasure or health seekers from finding their pleasure or repose in this sweet country; and in what has been simply, but correctly, termed "one of

the loveliest spots upon God's earth," as of yore; but they are evidently shy, and look askance upon it. Baden pays its penalty.

Although nature smiles, however, upon mountain and valley, and romantic village, as cheerily as before, and there is gaiety still in every sun-beam, yet traces of the horrors lately enacted in the land are still left, which cannot fail to strike the eye of the most listless, mere outward observer, as he whisks along the country—sometimes on the trampled plain, on which nature has not been as yet able to throw her all-covering veil again, and which shows where has been the battle-field, which should have been the harvest-field, and was not—sometimes in the shattered wall or ruined house—sometimes in the wood cut down and burned. At every step the traveller may be shown, by his guide, the spots on which battles or skirmishes have taken place, where the cannon has lately roared, where blood has been shed, where men have fallen in civil contest. Here he may be conveyed over the noble railway-bridge of the Neckar, and see the broken parapet, and hear how the insurgents had commenced their work of destruction upon the edifice, but were arrested in its accomplishment by the rapid advance of the Prussian troops. Here again he may mark the late repairs of the railroad, where it has been cut up into trenches, to prevent the speedy conveyance of the war-material of the enemy. If he lingers on his way, he may seek in vain in the capital, or other "residence towns" of Baden, where ducal palaces stand, for the treasures of antiquity which were their boast. Pillage has done its work: insurgents have appropriated these objects of value to themselves, in the name of the people; and the costly and jewelled trappings of the East, the rich gold inlaid armour, and the valuable arms, brought in triumph home by the Margrave Louis of Baden, after his Turkish campaigns, are now dispersed, none knows where, after having fed the greed of some French red-republican or Polish democrat. But it is more particularly in the neighbourhood of the fortress town of Rastadt, where the insurgents last

held out, that the strongest traces of the late convulsions may be found. Marks of devastation are everywhere perceptible in the country around; the remains of the temporary defences of the besiegers still lie scattered in newly dug trenches; and the blackened walls of a railway station-house, by the road-side, tell him how it was bombarded from the town by the besieged insurgents, and then burned to the ground, lest it should afford shelter to the besiegers. These are, however, after all, but slight evidences of what the duchy of Baden has attained by its late revolution. If we go below the surface, the dark spots are darker and far more frequent still.

It is impossible to enter into conversation with persons of any class, without discovering, either directly or indirectly, how deeply rooted still remains the demoralisation of the country. The bitterness of feeling, and the revolutionary mania of revolutionising, to obtain no one can tell what, may have been crushed down and overawed; but they evidently still smoulder below the surface and ferment. The volcano-mouth has been filled with a mass of Prussian bayonets; but it still burns below: it is clogged, not extinct. The democratic spirit has been too deeply infused to be drugged out of the mass of the people by the dose of military force. Fearful experience seems to have taught the sufferers little or nothing; and although, here and there, may be found evidences of bitter repentance, consequent upon personal loss of property, or family suffering, yet even below that may be constantly found a profound bitterness, and an eager rancour, against unknown and visionary enemies. Talk to the poor old woman, who sits with pale face upon a stile on the mountain-side. She will weep for the son she has lost among the insurgents, and deplore, with bitter tears, his error and his delusion; and yet, if you gain her confidence, she will raise her head, and, with some fire in her sunken eye, tell you that she has still a son at home, a boy, her last-born, who bides but his time to take up the musket against "those accursed enemies of the people and

the people's rights!" Enter into conversation with that shopkeeper behind his counter, or that hotel-keeper in his palace hotel—both are "well to do" in the world, or have been so, until revolutions shattered the commerce of the one, or deprived the other of wealthy visitors—you may expect to find in them a feeling taught them at least by experience, against any further convulsion. No such thing; they are as ripe for further revolution as the lower classes, and as eager to avenge their losses—not upon those who have occasioned them, but upon those who would have averted them. Even in the upper classes you will find that craving for the idol, "United Germany," to which we have before alluded, and which seems to invite revolutions, rather than to fear them. Of course exceptions may be found, and many, to the examples here given; but in putting these figures into the foreground of the picture to be painted of the state of Baden, (if not of Germany in general,) we firmly believe we have given characteristic types of the prevailing feelings of the country. German heads, once let loose into the regions of ideal fantasy, be it political or philosophical, or the strange and unpractical mixture of both, seem as if they were not to be recalled to the earth and the realms of palpable truth by the lessons of experience, however strongly, and even terribly, inculcated.

The prevailing feeling, however, at the present time in Baden, among the lower classes, seems the hatred of the occupation of the Prussian army, which has saved the land from utter anarchy. The very men who have been taught by their demagogues to clamour for "German Unity," as a pretext for insurrection, look on the Prussian military as usurping aliens and foreign oppressors. Military occupation is certainly the prevailing feature of the country. Prussian troops are everywhere—in every town, in every village, in every house, in every hovel. Whichever way you turn your eyes, there are soldiers—soldiers—soldiers—horse and foot. The military seem to form by far the greater half of the population; and, much disposed as many may have been to

greet the return of the Grand-duke to his states, as the symbol of the cause of order, yet, in spite of birthday *fêtes*, and banners, and garlands, and loyal devices in flowers, which have bedecked the road of the traveller in the land not long since, these same men will grumble to you of those "accursed Prussian soldiers," who alone were able to restore him to his country, when the Baden army, as troops to support their sovereign, existed no longer—when those who composed it fought at the head of the insurgents. The very shadow of a Baden army, even, is not now to be found. And it is this fact, and the evidences that an insurrectionary spirit is still widely spread abroad, which are given as the excuse of a continued Prussian occupation. It is difficult, certainly, for a traveller in a land so lately convulsed, and still placed in circumstances so peculiar, to arrive at truth. Prussian officers will tell him how, on the arrival of the Prussian army in the country, and the dispersion of the insurgents, flowers were strewn along its path by the populations, who thus seemingly hailed the Prussian soldiers as their deliverers; and in the next breath they will inform him that this was only done from *fear*, and that, were it not for this salutary *fear*, the insurrection would break forth again. He may suspect that this account is given as the pretext for a continued occupation of the land. But Baden officials will tell him that such is the case—that Prussian troops alone keep down a further rising; and if he still suspects his source, he will certainly find among the people, at all events, both the hatred and the fear. Meanwhile the Prussian officers seem to think that both these feelings are necessary for the pacification of the land; and, upon their own showing, or rather boasting, they inculcate them by flogging insolent peasants across the cannon, by shooting down insurgent prisoners, who spit upon them from prison windows, without any other form of trial, and by other autocratic repressive measures of a similar stamp. Meanwhile, also, they seem, by all their words as well as actions, to look upon Baden as a conquered province acquired to Prus-

sia, and openly and loudly vaunt their conquest. Let it not be supposed that this is exaggeration. It is the general tone of Prussian officers—ay, and even of the common Prussian soldiers, occupying the duchy of Baden—with a super-addition of true Prussian conceit in manner, indescribable by words. In spite of what we may read in late newspaper reports, then, of conciliation between the two great powers of Northern and Southern Germany, we may well ask, What will rival Austria say to this? Where is the prospect here of a great United Germany? And, after this *resumé* of the present position of Baden as a part, we may well ask, also, What has revolutionising Germany attained as a whole?

We have seen that the main object, and at all events the chief pretext of the revolution, the establishment of a great United Germany, is still further from the grasp of the revolutionising country than ever—although it remains still the clamour and the cry. Prussia may point in irony to its advances, by the occupation of the duchy of Baden and of Hamburg, and by its acquisition of the principality of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, and smile while it says that it has effected thus much towards a union of Germany under one head. Or, in more serious mood, it may put forward its projected alliance of the three northern German potentates. But, with regard to the former, what, in spite of the reports we hear of conciliation, will be the conduct of jealous Austria, now at last unshackled in its dealings? The latter only shows still more the cleft that divides the northern portion of the would-be united country from the southern. "United Germany" only remains, then, a plaything in the hands of dreamers and democrats—a pretty toy, about which they may build up airy castles to the one—an instrument blunted and notched, for the present, to the other. What has revolutionising Germany attained here?

What declared last year the manifesto of Prince Leiningen, then Minister for Foreign Affairs, and leading member of the cabinet of the newly established central power—put forward, as it was, as the *programme* of the new

government for all Germany? It denounced "jealousies between the individual states, and revilings of the northern by the southern parts of the empire," as "criminal absurdities;" and yet went on to say that "if the old spirit of discord and separation were still too powerfully at work—if the jealousy between race and race, between north and south, were still too strongly felt—the nation must convince itself of the fact, and return to the old feudal system." It declared, however, in the same breath as it were, that "to retrograde to a confederation of states would only be to create a mournful period of transition to fresh catastrophes, and new revolutions." Failing of the realisation of the great union, to which the revolution was supposed to tend, the manifesto then placed revolutionising Germany between the alternative of returning to a part, which it declared impossible, or further convulsions and civil wars. It put Germany, in fact, into a cleft stick. Has a year's revolution tended to extricate it from this position? The alternative remains the same—Germany sticks in the cleft stick as much as ever. Revolutionising Germany, with all its throes and all its efforts, has attained nothing to relieve it from this position. Without accepting the manifesto of Prince Leiningen, either as necessarily prophetic, or as a political dictum, from which there is no evasion or escape, it is yet impossible to look back upon it, while trying to discover what revolutionising Germany has attained, without sad presentiments, without looking with much mournful apprehension upon the future fate of the country. To return, however to the present state of Germany—for the investigation of that is our purpose, and not speculation upon the future, although none may look upon the present without asking with a sigh, "What is to become of Germany?"

We find the revolutionary spirit crushed by the events of the last year, but not subdued; writhing, but not avowing itself vanquished. The fermentation is as great as heretofore; experience seems to have taught the German children in politics no useful lesson. Now that the great object, for which the revolution appeared to

struggle, has received so notable a check, the confusion of purposes, (if German political rhapsodies may be called such;) of projects, (if, indeed, in such visionary schemes there be any,) and pretexts, (of a nature so evidently false,) is greater than ever—the confusion not only exists, but ferments, and generates foul air, which must find vent somewhere, be it even in imagination. Of the revolutionary spirits whom we sketched last year in Germany, the students alone seem somewhat to have learned a lesson of experience and tactics. Although many may have been found in the ranks of insurgents, yet the general mass has sadly sobered down, and, it may be hoped, acquired more reason and method. The Jews—we cannot again now inquire into the strange whys and wherefores—still remain the restless, gnawing, cankering, agitating agents of revolutionary movement. The insolence and coarseness of the lower classes increases into bitter rancour, and has been in no way amended by concession and a show of good-will. Among the middle-lower classes, the most restless and reckless spirits, it appears from well drawn statistical accounts, are the village schoolmasters, (as in France)—to exemplify that “a little learning is a dangerous thing”—the barbers, and the tailors. Had we time, it might form the subject of curious speculation to attempt to discover why these two latter occupations, (and especially the last one) induce, more than all others, heated brains and revolutionary habits; but we cannot stop on our way to play with such curious questions. Over all the relations of social, as well as public life, hover politics like a deleterious atmosphere, blighting all that is bright and fair, withering art in all its branches, science, and social intercourse. And, good heavens, what politics!—the politics of a bedlamite philosopher in his ravings. In the late festivities, given in honour of Goethe at Frankfort, the city of his birth, to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of that event, when it might have been supposed that all men might have, for once, united to do homage to the memory of one whom Germans considered their greatest spirit, politics again

interfered to thwart, and oppose, and spoil. The democratic party endeavoured to prevent the supplies offered to be given by the town for the festivities, because they saw the names of those they called the “aristocrats,” among the list of the committee, even although men of all classes were invited to join it; and, when a serenade was given before the house in which the poet was born, the musicians were driven away, and their torches extinguished, by a band of so-called “patriots,” who insisted upon singing, in the place of the appointed *cantato* composed for the occasion, the revolutionary chorus in honour of the republican Hecker—the now famous song of the revolutionary battle-field, the *Hecker-Lied*. And such an example of this fermentation of politics in all the circumstances of life, however far from political intents, is not singular: it is only characteristic of the every-day doings of the times. Among the upper classes, those feelings which we last year summed up in the characteristic words, “the dulness of doubt and the stupor of apprehension,” have only increased in intensity. None see an issue out of the troubled passage of the revolution. Their eyes are blinded by a mist, and they stumble on their way, dreading a precipice at every step. This impression depicts more especially the feelings of the so-called moderates and liberal conservatives, who had their representatives among the best elements of the Frankfort parliament, and who, with the vision of a united Germany before their eyes, laboured to reach that visionary goal, at the same time that they endeavoured to stem the ever-invading torrent of ultra-revolution and red-republicanism. “The dulness of doubt, and the stupor of apprehension,” seem indeed to have fallen upon them since the last vain meeting of the heads of their party in Gotha. They let their hands fall upon their laps, and sit shaking their heads. Gagern, the boldest spirit, and one of the best hearts that represents their cause and has struggled for its maintenance, is represented as wholly prostrate in spirit, unstrung—*missgestimmt*, as the Germans have it. He has retired entirely into private life, to await events with aching

heart. If any feeling is still expressed by the moderate liberals, it has been, of late, sympathy in the fate of Hungary, which the Prussians put forward visibly only out of opposition to Austria, at the same time that, with but little consistency, they condemn all the agents of the Hungarian struggle.

We have endeavoured to give a faint and fleeting sketch of what revolutionising Germany has attained, after a year's revolution. The picture is a dark one, of a truth, but we believe

in no ways overdone. In actual progress the sum-total appears to be a zero. The position of Germany, although calmer on the surface, is as difficult, as embarrassing, as much in the "cleft stick," as when we speculated upon it last year. All the well-wishers of the country and of mankind may give it their hopes; but when they look for realisation of their hopes, they can only shake their heads, with the Germans themselves, as they ask, "What will become of Germany?"

THE GREEN HAND—A "SHORT" YARN.

PART V.

THE next evening our friend the Captain found his fair audience by the taffrail increased to a round dozen, while several of the gentlemen passengers lounged near, and the chief officer divided his attention between the gay group of ladies below and the "fanning" main-topsail high up, with its corresponding studding-sail hung far out aloft to the breeze; the narrative having by this time contracted a sort of professional interest, even to his matter-of-fact taste, which enabled him to enjoy greatly the occasional glances of sly humour directed to him by his superior, for whom he evidently entertained a kind of admiring respect, that seemed to be enhanced as he listened. As for the commander himself, he related the adventures in question with a spirit and vividness of manner that contributed to them no small charm; amusingly contrasted with the cool, dry, indifferent sort of gravity of countenance, amidst which the keen gray seawardly eye, under the peak of the naval cap, kept changing and twinkling as it seemed to run through the experience of youth again—sometimes almost approaching to an undeniable wink. The expression of it at this time, however, was more serious, while it appeared to run along the dotted reef-band of the mizen-topsail above, as across the entry in a log-book, and as if there were something interesting to come.

"Well, my dear captain," asked his matronly relative, "what comes next?"

You and your friend had picked up a—a—what was it *now*?"

"Ah! I remember, ma'am," said the naval man, laughing; "the bottle—that was where I was. Well, as you may conceive, this said scrap of penmanship in the bottle *did* take both of us rather on end; and for two or three minutes Westwood and I sat staring at each other and the uncouth-looking fist, in an inquiring sort of way, like two cocks over a beetle. Westwood, for his part, was doubtful of its being the Planter at all; but the whole thing, when I thought of it, made itself as clear to me, so far, as two half-hitches, and the angrier I was at myself for being *done* by a frog-eating, bloody-politeful set of Frenchmen like these. Could we only have clapped eyes on the villanous thieving craft at the time, by Jove! if I wouldn't have manned a boat from the Indian-man, leave or no leave, and boarded her in another fashion! But where they were now, what they meant, and whether we should ever see them again, heaven only knew. For all we could say, indeed, something strange might have turned up at home in Europe—a new war, old Boney got loose once more, or what not—and I could scarce fall asleep for guessing and bothering over the matter, as restless as the first night we cruised down Channel in the old Pandora.

Early in the morning-watch a sudden stir of the men on deck woke me, and I bundled up in five minutes' time. But

it was only the second mate setting them to wash decks, and out they came from all quarters, yawning, stretching themselves, and tucking up their trousers, as they passed the full buckets lazily along; while a couple of boys could be seen hard at work to keep the head-pump going, up against the gray sky over the bow. However, I was so anxious to have the first look-out ahead, that I made a bold push through the thick of it for the bowsprit, where I went out till I could see nothing astern of me but the Indianaman's big black bows and figure-head, swinging as it were, round the spar I sat upon, with the spread of her canvass coming dim after me out of the fog, and a lazy snatch of foam lifting to her cut-water, as the breeze died away. The sun was just beginning to rise; ten minutes before, it had been almost quite dark; there was a mist on the water, and the sails were heavy with dew; when a circle began to open round us, where the surface looked as smooth and dirty as in a dock, the haze seeming to shine through, as the sunlight came sifting through it, like silver gauze. You saw the big red top of the sun glare against the water-line, and a wet gleam of crimson came sliding from one smooth blue swell to another; while the back of the haze astern turned from blue to purple, and went lifting away into vapoury streaks and patches. All of a sudden the ship came clear out aloft and on the water, with her white streak as bright as snow, her fore-royal and truck gilded, her broad foresail as red as blood, and every face on deck shining as they looked ahead, where I felt like a fellow held up on a toasting-fork, against the fiery wheel the sun made ere clearing the horizon. Two or three strips of cloud melted in it like lumps of sugar in hot wine; and, after overhauling the whole seaboard round and round, I kept straining my eyes into the light, with the notion there was something to be seen in that quarter, but to no purpose; there wasn't the slightest sign of the brig or any other blessed thing. What struck me a little, however, was the look of the water just as the fog was clearing away: the swell was sinking down, the wind fallen for the time to a dead calm; and when the smooth

face of it caught the light full from aloft, it seemed to come out all over long-winding wrinkles and eddies, running in a broad path, as it were, twisted and woven together, right into the wake of the sunrise. When I came inboard from the bowsprit, big Harry and another grumpy old salt were standing by the bitts, taking a fore-castle observation, and gave me a squint, as much as to ask if I had come out of the east, or had been trying to pocket the flying-jib-boom. "D'you notice anything strange about the water at all?" I asked in an off-hand sort of way, wishing to see if the men had remarked aught of what I suspected. The old fellow gave me a queer look out of the tail of his eye, and the ugly man seemed to be measuring me from head to foot. "No, sir," said the first, carelessly; "can't say as how I does,"—while Harry coolly commenced sharpening his sheath-knife on his shoe. "Did you ever hear of currents hereabouts?" said I to the other man. "Here-away!" said he; "why, bless ye, sir, it's impossible as I *could* ha' heer'd tell on sich a thing, 'cause, ye see, sir, there ain't none so far out at sea, sir—al'ays axin' *your* pardon, ye know, sir!" while he hitched up his trousers and looked aloft, as if there were somewhat wrong about the jib-halliards.

The Indianaman by this time had quite lost steerage way, and came sheering slowly round, broadside to the sun, while the water began to glitter like a single sheet of quicksilver, trembling and swelling to the firm edge of it far off; the pale blue sky filling deep aloft with light, and a long white haze growing out of the horizon to eastward. I kept still looking over from the fore-chains with my arms folded, and an eye to the water on the starboard side, next the sun, where, just a fathom or two from the bright copper of her sheathing along the water-line, you could see into it. Every now and then little bells and bubbles, as I thought, would come up in it and break short of the surface; and sometimes I fancied the line of a slight ripple, as fine as a rope-yarn, went turning and glistening round one of the ship's quarters, across her shadow. Just then the old sailor behind me shoved his face over the bulwark, too,

all warts and wrinkles, like a ripe walnut-shell, with a round knob of a nose in the middle of it, and seemed to be watching to see it below, when he suddenly squirted his tobacco-juice as far out as possible alongside, and gave his mouth a wipe with the back of his tarry yellow hand; catching my eye in a shamefaced sort of way, as I glanced first at him and then at his floating property. I leant listlessly over the rail, watching the patch of oily yellow froth, as it floated quietly on the smooth face of the water; till all at once I started to observe that beyond all question it had crept slowly away past our starboard bow, clear of the ship, and at last melted into the glittering blue brine. The two men noticed my attention, and stared along with me; while the owner of the precious cargo himself kept looking after it wistfully into the wake of the sunlight, as if he were a little hurt; then aloft and round about, in a puzzled sort of way, to see if the ship hadn't perhaps taken a sudden sheer to port. "Why, my man," I said, meeting his oyster-like old sea-eye, "what's the reason of *that*?—perhaps there is some current or other here, after all, eh?" Just as he meant to answer, however, I noticed his watchmate give him a hard shove in the ribs with his huge elbow, and a quick screw of his weather top-light, while he kept the lee one doggedly fixed on myself. I accordingly walked slowly aft as if to the quarterdeck, and came round the long-boat again, right abreast of them. Harry was pacing fore and aft with his arms folded, when his companion made some remark on the heat, peering all about him, and then right up into the air aloft. "Well, then, shipmate," said Harry, dabbing his handkerchief back into his tarpaulin again, "I've seen worse, myself,—ownly, 'twas in the Bight o' Benin, look ye,—an' afore the end on it, d'ye see, we hove o'board nine of a crew, let alone six dozen odds of a cargo!" "Cargo!" exclaimed his companion in surprise. "Aye, black passengers they was, you know, old ship!" answered the ugly rascal, coolly; "an' I tell ye what it is, Jack, I never sails yet with passengers aboard, but some'at bad turned up in

the end,—al'ays one or another on 'em's got a foul turn in his conscience, ye see! I say, 'mate," continued he, looking round, "didn't ye note that 'ere 'long-shore looking customer as walked aft just now, with them bloody soft quest'ns o' his about—" "Why," said Jack, "it's him Jacobs and the larboard watch calls the Green Hand, an' a blessed good joke they has about him, to all appearance; but they keeps pretty close." "Close, be d—d!" growled Harry, "I doesn't like the cut of his jib, I tell ye, shipmate! Jist you take my word for it, that 'ere fellow's done some'at bad at home, or he's bent on some'at bad afloat—it's all one! Don't ye mark how he keeps boxhaulin' and skulking fore an' aft, not to say looking out to wind'ard every now an' again, as much as he expected a sail to heave in sight!" "Well, I'm blowed but you're right, Harry!" said the other, taking off his hat to scratch his head, thoughtfully. "Ay, and what's more," went on Harry, "it's just comed ath'art me as how I've clapped eyes on the chap somewheres or other afore this—d—n me if I don't think it was amongst a gang o' Spanish pirates I saw tried for their lives and let off, in the Havanney!" "Thank you, my man!" thought I, as I leant against the booms on the other side, "the devil you did!—a wonder it wasn't in the Old Bailey, which would have been more possible, though less romantic,—seeing in the Havannah I never was!" The curious thing was that I began to have a faint recollection, myself, of having seen this same cross-grained beauty, or heard his voice, before; though where and how it was, I couldn't for the life of me say at the moment. "Lord bless us, Harry!" faltered out the old sailor, "ye don't mean it!—sich a young, soft-looking shaver, too!" "Them smooth-skinned sort o' coves is kimmonly the worst, 'mate," replied Harry; "for that matter ye may be d—d sure he's got his chums aboard,—an' how does *we* know but the ship's *sold*, from stem to stern? There's that 'ere black-avizzed parson, now, and one or two more aft—cuss me if that ere feller smells brine for the first time! An' as for this here Bob Jacobs o' yours, blow

me if there an't over many of his kind in the whole larboard watch, Jack! A man-o'-war's man's al'ays a black-guard out on a man-o'-war, look-ye!" "Why, bless me, shipmate," said Jack, lowering his voice, "by that recknin', a man don't know his friends in this here craft! The sooner we gives the mate a hint, the better to my thinking?" "No, blow me, no, Jack," said Harry, "keep all fast, or ye'll kick up a worse nitty, old boy! Jist you hould on till ye see what's to turn up—ownly stand by and look out for squalls, that's all! There's the skipper laid up below in his berth, I hears,—and to my notions, that 'ere mate of ours is no more but a blessed soldier, with his navigation an' his head-work, an' be blowed to him—where's he runned the ship, I'd like to know, messmate!" "Well, strike me lucky if I'm fit to guess!" answered Jack, gloomily. "No, s'help me Bob, if he knows hisself!" said Harry. "But here's what *I* says, anyhow,—if so be we heaves in sight of a pirate, or bumps ashore on a ileyand i' the dark, shiver my tawsels if I doesn't have a clip with a handspike at that 'ere soft-sawderin' young blade in the straw hat!" "Well, my fine fellow," thought I, "many thanks to you again, but I certainly shall look out for *you*!" All this time I couldn't exactly conceive whether the sulky rascal really suspected anything of the kind, or whether he wasn't in fact sounding his companion, and perhaps others of the crew, as to how far they would go in case of an opportunity for mischief; especially when I heard him begin to speculate if "that 'ere proud ould beggar of a naboo, aft yonder, musn't have a sight o' gould and jewels aboard with him!" "Why, for the matter o' that, 'mate," continued he, "I doesn't signify the twinklin' of a marlinspike, mind ye, what lubberly trick they sarves this here craft,—so be ownly ye can get anyhow ashore, when all's done! It's nouthier ship-law nor shore-law, look ye, 'mate, as houlds good on a bloody dazart!" "Ay, ay, true enough, bo'," said the other, "but what o' that!—there an't much signs of a dazart, I reckon, in this here blue water!" "Ho!" replied Harry, rather scornfully, "that's 'cause you

blue-water, long-v'yage chaps isn't up to them, brother! There's you and that 'ere joker in the striped slops, Jack, chaffing away over the side jist now about a current,—confounded sharp he thinks hisself, too!—but d'ye think Harry Foster an't got his weather-eye open? For my part I thinks more of the streak o' haze yonder-away, right across the star-board bow, nor all the currents in—" "Ay, ay," said Jack, stretching out again to look, "the heat, you means?" "Heat!" exclaimed the ugly topman, "heat be blowed! Hark ye, 'mate, it *may* be a strip o' cloud, no doubt, or the steam over a sand-bank,—but so be the calm lasts so long, and you sees that 'ere streak again by sundown, with a touch o' yellow in't—" "What—*what*, shipmate?" asked Jack, breathless with anxiety. "Then, dammee, it's the black coast iv Africay, and no mistake!" said Harry. "And what's more," continued the fellow, coolly, after taking a couple of short turns, "if there *be's* a current, why, look ye, it'll set dead in to where the land lays—an' I'm blessed if there's one aboard, breeze or no breeze, as is man enough for to take her out o' the suck of a Africane current!" "The Lord be with us!" exclaimed the other sailor, in alarm, "what's to be done, Harry, bo',—when d'ye mean for to let them know, aft?" "Why, maybe I'm wrong, ye know, old ship," said Harry, "an' a man musn't go for to larn his betters, ye know,—by this time half o' the watch has a notion on it, at any rate. There's Dick White, Jack Jones, Jim Sidey, an' a few more Wapping men, means to stick together in case o' accidents—so d—n it, Jack, man, ye needn't be in sich an a taking! What the—" (here he came out with a regular string of top-gallant oaths) "when you finds a good chance shoved into your fist, none o' your doin', an't a feller to haul in the slack of it 'cause he's got a tarry paw, and ships before the mast? I tell ye what it is, old ship, 'tan't the first time you an' me's been cast away, an' I doesn't care the drawin' of a rope-yarn, in them here latitudes, if I'm cast away again! Hark ye, ould boy,—grog to the mast-head, a grab at the passengers' wallibles, when they han't no more use for 'em,

in course—an' the pick on the ladies, jist for the takin' o' them ashore!" "Lord love ye, Harry, belay there!" said Jack, "what's the good o' talkin' on what an't like to be?" "Less like things turns up!" said Harry. "More by token, if I hasn't pitched upon my fancy lass a'ready—an' who knows, old ship, but you marries a naboob's darter yet, and gets yourself shoved all square, like a rig'lar hare, into his heestate, as they calls it! For my part, I've more notion of the *maid*! An' it 'll go hard with me if we doesn't manage to haul that 'ere mishynar' parson safe ashore on the strength of it!" "God bless ye, Harry," answered Jack, somewhat mournfully, "I'm twice spliced already!" "Third time's lucky, though," replied Harry, with a chuckle, as he walked towards the side again, and looked over; the rest of the watch being gathered on the other bow, talking and laughing; the passengers beginning to appear on the poop, and the Scotch second-mate standing up aft on the taffrail, feeling for a breath of wind. The big top-man came slowly back to his companion, and leant himself on the spars again. "Blowed if I dont think you're right, 'mate," said he, "you and that 'ere lawyer. You'd a'most say there's a ripple round her larboard bow just now, sure enough—like she were broadside on to some drift or another. Hows'ever, that's nouthere here nor there,—for my part, I sets more count by the look o' the sky to east'ard, and be blowed, shipmate, if that same yonder don't make me think o' *woods*!" "Well," said Jack, "I goes by sunrise, messmate, an' I didn't like it overmuch myself, d'ye see! That 'ere talk o' yours, Harry, consarnin' dazarts and what not—why, bless me, it's all my eye,—this bout, at any rate—seein' as how, if we doesn't have a stiff snuffler out o' that very quarter afore twenty-four hours is over, you call me lubber?" "Ho, ho! old salt," chuckled Harry, "none o' them saws holds good hereaway, if it's the coast of Africay—d-n it, 'mate, *two* watches 'll settle our hash in them longitudes, without going the length o' *six*! Han't I knocked about the

bloody coast of it six weeks at a time, myself, let alone livin' as many months in the woods?—so I knows the breedin' of a turnady a cussed sight too well, not to speak on the way the land-blink looms afore you sights it!" "*Lived* in them there woods, did ye?" inquired Jack. "Ay, bo,' an' a rum rig it was too, sure enough," said Harry; "the very same time I tould you on, i' the Bight o' Benin." "My eye!" exclaimed the other, "a man never knows what he may come to. Let's into the rights of it, Harry, can't ye, afore eight-bells strikes?" "Woods!" said Harry, "I b'lieve ye, ould ship. I see'd enough o' woods, that time, arter all!—and 'twan't that long ago, either—I'll not say *how* long, but it wan't *last* v'yage. A sharp, clinker-built craft of a schooner, she wor, I'm not goin' to give ye her right name, but they called her the Lubber-hater,*—an' if there wan't all sorts on us aboard, it's blaming ye—an' a big double-jinted, man-eatin' chap of a Yankee was our skipper, as sly as slush—more by token, he had a wart alongside o' one eye, as made him look two ways at ye—Job Price by name—an' arter he'd made his fortin' I heerd he's took up a tee-total chapel afloat on the Mississippay. She'd got a hell of a long nose, that 'ere schooner, so my boy we leaves everything astarn, chase or race, I promise ye; an' as for a blessed ould ten-gun brig what kept a cruising thereaway, why, we jest got used to her, like, and al'ays lowers our mainsail afore takin' the wind of her, by way o' good bye, quite perlite. 'Blowed if it warn't rum, though, for to see the brig's white figger'ed over the swell, rollin' under a cloud o' canvass, sten-s'ls crowded out alow an' aloft, as she jogged arter us! Then she'd haul her wind and fire a gun, and go beating away up in chase of some other craft, as caught the chance for runnin' out whenever they sees the Lubber-hater well to sea—why s'elp me Bob, if the traders on the coast didn't pay Job Price half a dozen blacks a-piece every trip, jist for to play that 'ere dodge? At last, one time, not long after I joined the craft, what does he do but nigh-hand loses her an' her cargo, all owin' to

reckonin' over much on this here traverse. Out we comes one night in the tail of a squall, an' as soon as it clears, there sure enough we made out the brig, hard after us, as we thinks, —so never a rag more Job claps on, 'cause two of his friends, ye see, was jist outside the bar in the Noon river. Well, bloody soon the cruiser begins to overhaul us, as one gaff-taups'l wouldn't do, nor yet another, till the flying-gib and bonnets made her walk away from them in right 'arnest, —when slap comes a long-shot that took the fore-topmast out of us in a twinkling. So when the moonlight comed out, lo an' behold, instead o' the brig's two masts stiff and straight against the haze, there was *three* spanking sticks all ataunto my boy, in a fine new sloop-o'-war as had fresh came on the station—the Irish, they called her—and a fast ship she wor. But all said and done, the schooner had the heels of her in aught short of a reef-taups'l breeze,—though, as for the other two, the sloop-o'-war picked off both on 'em in the end." At this point of the fellow's account, I, Ned Collins, began to prick up my ears, pretty sure it was the dear old Iris he was talking of; and thought I, "Oho, my mate, we shall have you directly, —listening's fair with a chap of this breed."

"Well," said he, "'twas the next trip after that, we finds the coast clear, as commonly was—for, d'ye see, they couldn't touch us, if so be we hadn't a slave aboard,—in fact, we heerd as how the cruiser was up by Serry Lony, and left some young lufftenant or other on the watch with a sort o' lateen-rigged tender. A precious raw chap he was, by all accounts,—and sure enough, there he kept plying off and on, inshore, 'stead of out of sight to seaward till the craft would make a bolt; an' as soon as ye dropped an anchor, he'd send a boat aboard with a reefer, to ax if ye'd got slaves in the hold. In course, ye know, Job Price sends back a message, "palm-ile an' iv'ry, an' Gould if we can,"—h'ists the Portingee colours, brings up his Portingee papers, and makes the Portingee atoo'rd skipper for the spell,—but anyhow, bein' no less nor three slavers in the mouth of the Bonny river at the time, why, he meant to show fight

if need be, and jest manhandle the young navy sprig' to his heart's content. Hows'ever, the second or third night, all on a sudden we found he'd sheered off for decency's sake, as it might be, an hour or two afore we'd began to raft off the niggers. Well, 'mate, right in the midst of it there comes sich a fury of a turnady off the land, as we'd to slip cable and run fair out to sea after the other craft what had got sooner full,—one on 'em went ashore in sight, an' we not ninety blacks aboard yet, with barely a day's water stowed in. The next morning, out o' sight of land, we got the sea-breeze, and stood in again under everything, till we made *Fernandy* Po ileyand three leagues off, or thereby, an' the two ebony-brigs beating out in company,—so the skipper stands over across their course for to give them a hail, heaves to and pulls aboard the nearest, where he stays a good long spell and drinks a stiff glass, as ye may fancy, afore partin'. Back comes Job Price in high glee, and tould the mate as how that mornin' the brigs had fell foul of the man-o'-war tender, bottom up, an' a big Newfoundland dog a-howlin' on the keel—no doubt she'd turned the turtle in that 'ere squall—more by token he brought the dog alongst with him in a present. So away we filled again to go in for the Bonny river, when the breeze fell, and shortly after there we was all three dead becalmed, a couple o' miles betwixt us, sticking on the water like flies on glass, an' as hot, ye know, as blazes—the very moral o' this here. By sundown we hadn't a drop o' water, so the skipper sent to the nearest brig for some; but strike me lucky if they'd part with a bucketful for love, bein' out'ard bound. As the Spanish skipper said, 'twas either hard dollars or a stout nigger, and t'other brig said the same. A slight puff o' land-wind we had in the night, though next day 'twas as calm as ever, and the brigs farther off—so by noon, my boy, for two blessed casks, if Job Price hadn't to send six blacks in the boat. Shorter yarn, Jack,—but the calm held that night too, and 'blowed if the brigs would sell another breaker—what we had we couldn't spare to the poor devils under hatches,

and the next day, why, they died off like rotten sheep, till we hove the last on 'em o'board; and frightful enough it was, mind ye, for to see about fifty sharks at work all round the schooner at once, as long as it lasted. Well, in the afternoon we'd just commenced squabbling aboard amongst ourselves, round the dreg water, or whether to board one o' the brigs and have a fair fight, when off come a bit of a breeze, betwixt the two high peaks on Fernandy Po, both the brigs set stensails, and begins slipping quietly off—our skipper gave orders to brace after them, and clear away the long gun amidships; but all on a sudden we made out a lump of a brig dropping down before it round the ileyand, which we knowed her well enough for a Bristol craft as had lost half her hands up the Calabar, in the gould an' iv'ry trade. Down she comed, wondertle fast for the light breeze, if there hadn't been one o' yer currents besides off the ileyand, till about half-a-mile away she braces up, seemingly to sheer across it and steer clear of us. Out went our boat, an' the skipper bids every man of her crew to shove a short cutlash inside his trousers. Says he, "I guess we'll first speak 'em fair, but if we don't ha' water enough, it'll be 'tarnal queer, that's all," says he—an' Job was a man never swore, but he *looked* mighty *bad*, that time, I must say; so we out oars and pulls right aboard the trader, without answerin' ever a hail, when up the side we bundled on deck, one arter the other, mad for a drink, and sees the master with five or six of a crew, all as white as ghostesses, and two or three Kroomen, besides a long-legged young feller a-sittin' and kicking his feet over the kimpinion-hatch, with a tumblerful o' grog in his fist, as fresh to all seemin' as a fish, like a supper-cargo or some'at o' the sort, as them craft commonly has. "What schooner's that?" axes the master, all abroad like; an' says Job, says he out o' breath, "Never you mind; I guess you'll let's have some water, for we wants it almighty keen!" "Well," says the other, shaking his head, "I'm afeared we're short ourselves—anyhow," says he, "we'll give ye a dipper the piece,"—and accordingly they fista us along a dozen gulps,

hand over hand. "Twon't do, I guess, mister," says our skipper: "we wants a cask!" Here the master o' the brig shakes his head again, and giv a look to the young long-shore-like chap aft, which sings out as we couldn't have no more for love nor money,—an' I see Cap'en Price commence for to look savitch again, and feel for the handle on his cutlash. "Rather you'd ax iv'ry or gould-dust!" sings out the supper-cargo,— "how'ever," says he: "as ye've taken sich a fancy to it, short o' water as we is, why a fair exchange an't no robbery," says he: "you wants water, an' we wants hands; haven't ye a couple o' niggers for to spare us, sir, by way off a barter, now?" he says. Well, 'mate, I'll be blowed if I ever see a man turn so wicked fur'ous as Job Price turns at this here,—an' says he, through his teeth, "If ye'd said a nigger's nail-parin', I couldn't done it, so it's no use talkin'." "Oh come, captin'," says the young fellow, wonderfie angshis like, "say *one* jist—it's all on the quiet, ye know. Bless me, captin'," says he, "I'd do a deal for a man in a strait, 'tickerly for yerself—an' I think we'd manage with a single hand more. I'll give ye two casks and a bag o' gould-dust for *one* black, and we'll send aboard for him just now, ourselves!" "No!" roars Job Price, walkin' close up to him; "ye've riz me, ye cursed Britisher ye, an' I tell ye we'll *take* what we wants!" "No jokes, though, captin!" says the feller—"what's *one* to a whole raft-ful I heerd of ye shipping?" "Go an' ax the sharks, ye beggar!" says the skipper;—"here, my lads!" says he, an' makes grab at the other's throat, when slap comes a jug o' rum in his eye-lights, and the young chap ups fist in quick-sticks, and drops him like a cock, big as he was. By that time, though, in a twinklin', the master was flat on deck, and the brig's crew showed no fight—when lo an' behold, my boy, up bundles a score o' strapping men-o'-war's-men out of the cabin. One or two on us got a cut about the head, an' my gentleman supper-cargo claps a pistol to my ear from aft, so we knocked under without more to do. In five minutes time every man jack

of us had a seizing about his wrists and lower pins,—and says Job Price, in a givin-up sort o' voice, 'You're too cust spry for playin' jokes on, I calc'late, squire,' he says. 'Jokes!' says the young feller, 'why, it's no joke—in cource you knows me?' 'Niver see'd ye atween the eyes afore,' says Job, 'but don't bear no malice, mister, now.' 'That's it,' says the t'other, lookin' at the schooner again, '—no more I does—so jist think a bit, han't you really a nigger or so aboard o' ye—if it was jist one?' 'Squash the one,' says Job, shakin' his head nellicholly like,—an' 'Sorry for it,' says the chap, 'cause ye see I'm the luffenant belongin' to the Irish, an' I can't titch yer schooner if so be ye han't a slave aboard.' 'Lawk a'mighty!—no!' sings out Job Price, 'cause bein' half blinded he couldn't ha' noted the lot o' man-o'-war's-men sooner.—'But I *can*,' says the other, 'for piracy, ye see; an' what's more,' he says, 'there's no help for it now, I'm afear'd, mister what-they-call-ye!' Well, 'mate, after that ye may fancy our skipper turns terrible down in the mouth; so without a word more they parbuckles us all down below into the cabin—an' what does this here luffenant do but he strips the whole lot, rigs out as many of his men in our duds, hoists out a big caak o' water on the brig's far side, and pulls round for the schooner,—hissself togg'd out like the skipper, and his odd hands laid down in the boat's bottom." You won't wonder at my being highly amused with the fellow's yarn, since the fact was that it happened to be one of my own adventures in the days of the Iris, two or three years before, when we saw a good many scenes together, far more wild and stirring, of course, in the thick of the slave-trade; but really the ugly rascal described it wonderfully well.

"Well," said Harry, "I gets my chin shoved up in the starn-windy, where I see'd the whole thing, and tould the skipper accordently. The schooner's crew looked out for the water like so many oysters in a tub; the luffenant jumps up the side with his men after him, an' not so much as the cross of two cutlashes did we hear afore the onion-jack flew out

a-peak over her mains'l. In five minutes more, the schooner fills away before the breeze, and begins to slide off in fine style after the pair o' brigs, as was nigh half hull-down to seaward by this time. There we was, left neck an' heel below in the trader, and he hauled up seemin'ly for the land,—an' arter a bit says the skipper to me, 'Foster, my lad, I despise this way o' things,' says he, 'an't there no way on gettin' clear?' 'Never say die, cap'en!' I says; an' says he, 'I calc'late they left considerable few hands aboard?' 'None but them sleepy-like scum o' iv'ry men,' I says,—but be blowed if I see'd what better he was, till down comes a little nigger cabin-boy for some'at or other, with a knife in his hand. Job fixes his eyes on him—I've heerd he'd a way in his eye with niggers as they couldn't stand—an' says he, soft-sawderin' like, 'Come here, will ye, my lad, an' give us a drink,'—so the black come for'ad with a pannikin, one foot at a time, an' he houlds it out to the skipper's lips—for, d'ye see, all on us had our flippers lashed behind our backs. 'Now,' says he, 'thankee, boy,—look in atwixt my legs, and ye'll find a dollar.' With that, jest as the boy stoops, Job Price ketches his neck fast betwixt his two knees, an' blowed if he didn't jam them harder, grinning all the time, till down drops the little black throttled on the deck. 'That's for thankin' a bloody nigger!' says he, lookin' as savitch as the devil, and got the knife in his teeth, when he turned to and sawed through the seizing round my wrists—an' in cource I sets every man clear in quick-sticks. 'Now!' says Job, lookin' round, 'the quicker the better—that cussed lubber-ratin' hound's got my schooner, but maybe, my lads, this here iv'ry man 'll pay expenses—by th'almighty, if I'm made out a pirate, I'll arn the name!'

"Well, we squints up the hatch-way, and see'd a young midshipman a-standing with his back to us, watching the brig's crew at the braces, an' a pistol in one hand—when all at once our skipper slips off his shoes, run up the stair as quiet as a cat, an' caught the end of a capstan-bar as lay on the scuttle. With that down

he comes crash on the poor fellow's scull from aft, and brained him in a moment. Every man of us got bloody-minded with the sight, so we scarce knowed what we did, ye know, 'mate, afore all hands o' them was gone,—how, I an't goin' for to say, nor the share as one had in it more nor another. The long an' the short on it was, we run the brig by sundown in amongst the creeks up the Camarouns river, thinkin' to lie stowed away close thereabouts till all wor cold. Hows'ever they kicked up the devil's delight about a piracy, and the sloop-o-war comes back shortly, when night an' day there was that young shark of a lufftenant huntin' arter us, as sharp as a marlinspike—we dursn't come down the river nohow, till what with a bad conscience, fogs, and sleepin' every night within stink o' them blasted muddy mangroves an' bulrushes together, why, mate, the whole ten hands died off one arter the other in the fever—leaving ownly me an' the skipper. Job Price was like a madman over the cargo, worth, good knows how many thousand dollars, as he couldn't take out—but for my part, I gets the brig's punt one night and sculls myself ashore, and off like a hare into the bush by moonlight. No use, ye know, for to say what rum chances I meets with in the woods, livin' up trees and the like for fear o' illiphants, sarpen's, an' bloody high-annies,—but, blow me, if I didn't think the farther ye went aloft, the more monkeys an' parrykeets you rowsed out, jabberin' all night so as a feller couldn't close an eye—an' as for the sky, be blowed if I ever once sighted it. So, d' ye see, it puts all notions o' fruits an' flowers out o' my head, an' all them jummy-jessamy sort o' happy-go-lucky yarns about barbers' ileyands and shipherdresses what they used for to spell out o' dieshinars at school—all gammon, mate!" "Lord love ye, no, surely," said Jack; "it's in the Bible!" "Ay, ay," said Harry, "that's arter ye've gone to Davy Jones, no doubt; but I've been in the South-Sy ileyands since, myself, an' be blowed if it's much better there! Hows'ever, still anon, I took a new fancy, an' away I makes for the river,

in sarch of a nigger villache, as they calls 'em; and sure enough it warn't long ere right I plumps in the midst on a lot o' cane huts amongst trees. But sich a shine and a nitty as I kicks up, ye see, bein' half naked, for all the world like a wild man o' the woods, an' for a full hour I has the town to myself, so I hoists my shirt on a stick over the hut I took, by way of a flag o' truce, an' at last they all begins for to swarm in again. Well, ye see, I knowed the ways o' the natifs thereabouts pretty well, an' what does I do but I'd laid myself flat afore a blasted ugly divvie of a wooden himmache, as stood on the floor, an' I wriggles and twists myself, and groans like a chap in a fit—what they calls *fitish*, thereaway—an' in course, with that they logs me down at once for a rig'lar holy-possel from Jerusalem. The long an' the short on it was, the fitish-man takes me under charge, and sets me to tell fortins or the like with an ould quadrant they'd got somewhere—gives me a hut an' two black wives, begad! and there I lives for two or three weeks on end, no doubt, as proud as Tommy—when, one fine morning, what does I see off shore in the river but that confounded man-o-war tender, all ship-shape an' ataunto again. So, my boy, I gives 'em to understand as how, bein' over vallible at home with the King of England, in course he'd sent for to puckalow me away—an' no sooner said, but the whole town gets in a fluster—the fitish-man, which a knowin' chap he was, takes an' rubs me from heel to truck with ile out on a sartain nut, as turned me coal-black in half an hour, an' as soon as I looks in the creek, 'mate, be blowed if I'd a known myself from a nigger, somehow!" To tell the truth, as I thought to myself, it was no wonder, as Master Harry's nose and lips were by no means in the classic style, and his akin, as it was, didn't appear of the whitest. "So there, ye know, I sits before a hut grindin' away at maize, with nothink else but a waist-cloth round me, and my two legs stuck out, till such time as the lufftenant an' two bouts' crews had sarched the villache, havin' heerd, no doubt, of a white man thereabouts—an' at last off they went. Well, in course, at first this

here affair gives the fittish-man a lift in the niggerses eyes, by reason o' havin' turned a white man black—'cause, ye see, them fittish-men has a riglar-bred knowledge on plants and sichlike. But hows'ever, in a day or two I begins for to get rayther oneasy, seein' it didn't wash off, an' accordingly I made bekown as much to the fittish-man, when, my boy, if he doesn't shake his mop-head, and rubs noses, as much as to say, 'We an't agoin' to part.' 'Twas no use, and thinks I, 'Ye man-eatin' scum, be blowed if I don't put your neck out, then!' So I turns to with my knife on a log o' wood, carves a himmage twice as big an' ugly as his'n, and builds a hut over it, where I plays all the conjerin' tricks I could mind on—till, be hanged if the niggers didn't begin to leave the fittish-man pretty fast, an' make a blessed sight more o' me. I takes a couple more wives, gets drunk every day on palm-wine and toddy-juice—as for the hogs an' the yams they brought me, why I couldn't stow 'em away; an' in place o' wantin' myself white again, I rubs myself over an' over with that ere nut, let alone palm-ile, till the bloody ould fittish-man looks brown alongside o' me. At last the king o' the niggers thereaway—King Chimbey they called him, or some'at o' the sort—he sends for to see me, an' away to his town they takes me, a mile or two up the country, where I see'd him; but I'm blowed, Jack, if he'd got a crown on at all, ounly a ould red marine's coat, an' a pair o' top-boots, what was laid away when he warn't in state. Hows'ever he gives me two white beans an' a red un, in sign o' high favour, and gives me to know as I wor to stay there. But one thing I couldn't make out, why the black king's hut an' the 'oest-house, as they calls it, was all stuck round with bones an' dead men's skulls!—'twan't long, though, ere I finds it out, 'mate! 'That ere fittish-man, d'ye see, wor a right-down imp to look at, and devilish wicked he eyed me; but still anon I sends over for my wives, turns out a black feller out on his hut, an' slings a hammock in it, when the next day or so I meets the first fittish-man in the woods, an' the poor divvle looks wonderfle friendly-like, makin' me all kinds o'

woeful signs, and seemin'ly as much as to say for to keep a bright look-out on the other. All on a sudden what does he do, but he runs a bit, as far as a tree, picks up a sort of a red mushroom, an' he rubs with it across the back o' my hand, gives a wink, and scuttles off. What it meant I couldn't make out, till I gets back to the town, when I chanced to look at my flipper, and there I see a clean white streak alongst it! Well, I thinks, liberty's sweet, an' I'm blessed if a man's able to cruize much to windward o' right-down slavery, thinks I, if he's black! Hows'omever, thinks I, I'll jest hold on a *bit* longer. Well, next day, the black king had the blue-devils with drinkin' rum, an' he couldn't sleep nohow, 'cause, as I made out, he'd killed his uncle, they said—I doesn't know but he'd eaten him, too—anyhow, I see'd him eat as much of a fat hog, raw, as ud sarve out half the watch—so the fittish-man tells him there's nought for it but to please the fittish. What that wor, blowed if I knew; but no sooner sundown nor they hauls me out o' my hut, claps me in a stinking hole 'as dark as pitch, and leaves me to smell hell till mornin', as I thought. Jist about the end o' the mid-watch, there kicks up a rumpus like close-reef taups'ls in a hurricane—amash goes the sticks over me; I seed the stars, and a whole lot o' strange blacks with long spears, a-fightin', yellin', trampin', an' twistin' in the midst o' the huts,—and off I'm hoisted in the gang, on some feller's back or other, at five knots the hour, through the woods,—till down we all comes in a drove, plash amongst the very swamps close by the river, where, lo an' behold, I makes out a schooner afloat at her anchor. The next thing I feels a blasted red-hot iron come hiss across my shoulders, so I jumped up and sang out like blazes, in course. But, my flippers bein' all fast, 'twas no use: I got one shove as sent me head-foremost into a long canoe, with thirty or forty niggers stowed away like cattle, and out the men pulls for the schooner. A big bright fire there was ashore, astarn of us, I mind, where they heated the irons, with a chap in a straw hat earvin' out rum to the wild blacks from a cask; and

ye saw the pitch-black woods behind, with the branches shoved out red in the light on it, an' a bloody-like patch on the water under a clump o' sooty mangrooves. An' be d—d, Jack, if I didn't feel the life sick in me, that time—for, d'ye see, I hears nothin' spoke round me but cussed French, Portinguese, an' nigger tongue—specially when it jist lightens on me what sort on a case I were in; an' thinks I, 'By G— if I'm not took for a *slave*, arter all!—an' be hanged but I left that 'ere 'farnal mushroom a-lying under that there tree yonder!' I begins for to think o' matters an' things, an' about Bristol quay, an' my old mother, an' my sister as was at school—mind ye, 'mate, all atwixt shovin' off the mangroves an' coming bump again the schooner's side—an' blow me if I doesn't tarn to, an' nigh-hand commences for to blubber—when jist then what does I catch sight on, by the lantern over the side, but that 'ere villain of a fittish-man, an' what's more, King Chimbey hisself, both hauled in the net. And with that I gives a chuckle, as ye may suppose, an' no mistake; for, thinks I, so far as consarns myself, this here can't last long, blow me, for sooner or later I'll find some un to speak to, even an I niver gets rid o' this here outer darkness—be blowed if I han't got a white mind, any ways, an' free I'll be, my boy! But I laughs, in course, when I see'd the fittish-man grin at me,—for thinks I, my cocks, you're logged down for a pretty long spell of it!"

"Well, bo', somehow I knows no more about it till such time as I sort o' wakes up in pitch-dark, all choke and sweat, an' a feller's dirty big toe in my mouth, with mine in some un else's eye,—so out it spits it, an' makes scramble for my life. By the roll an' the splash, I knowed I wor down in the schooner's hold; an' be hanged if there wan't twenty or thirty holding on like bees to a open weather-port, where the fresh wind and the spray come a-blowing through—but there, my boy, 'twere no go for to get so much as the tip o' yer nose. Accordingly, up I prizes myself with my feet on another poor devil's wool,—for, d'ye see, by that time I minds a man's face no more nor so much timber!—an' I feels for the hatch over me,

where by good luck, as I thought, there I finds it not battened down yet, so I shoved my head through on deck like a blacksmith's hammer. Well, 'mate, there was the schooner's deck wet, a swell of a sea on round her, well off the land, no trifle of a morning gale, and the craft beeling to it—a lot o' hands up on her yards, a-reefing at the boom mains' and fo'taups', an' begod if my heart doesn't jump into my mouth with the sight, for I feels it for all the world like a good glass o' grog, settin' all to rights. Two or three there was walkin' ast the quarterdeck, so out I sings 'Hullo! hullo there, shipmates, give us a hand out o' this!' Two on 'em comes forud, one lifts a handspike, but both gives a grin, as much as to say it's some nigger tongue or other, in place o' good English—for, d'ye see, they'd half their faces black-beard, and rings i' their ears—when up walks another chap like the skipper, an' more the looks of a countryman. 'D—n it,' roars I again, 'I'm a free-born Briton!' with that he lends me a squint, looks to the men, an' gives some sort o' a sign—when they jame-to the hatch and nips me fast by the neck. 'Devil of a deep beggar, this here!' says he; 'jist give him the gag, my lads,' says he; 'the planters often thinks more of a dummy, 'cause he works the more, and a stout piece o' goods this is!' says he. Well, 'mate, what does they do but one pulls out a knife, an' be blowed if they warn't a-goin' for to cut out my tongue; but the men aloft sung out to hoist away the yards; so they left me ready clinched till they'd belay the ropes. Next, a hand forud, by good luck, hailed 'Sail-O,' and they'd some'at else to think o' besides me; for there, my boy, little more nor three miles to wind'ard, I see'd the Irish as she come driving bodily out o' the mist, shakin' out her three to'gallant-sails, an' a white spray flying with her off one surge to another. Bloody bad it was, mind ye, for my wind-pipe, for every time the schooner pitched, away swings my feet clear o' the niggers' heads,—'cause, d'ye see, we chanced for to be stowed on the 'tween-decks, an' another tier there was, stuffed in her lower hold—an' there I stuck, 'mate, so as I couldn't help watchin'

the whole chase, till at last the hatch slacks nip a bit, and down I plumps into the dark again."

"Well, bo', the breeze got lighter, an' to all seemin' the cursed schooner held her own; but hows'ever, the sloop-o'-war kept it up all day, and once or twice she tips us a long shot; till by sunset, as I reckoned, we hears no more on her. The whole night long, again, there we stews as thick as peas—I keeps harknin' to the sighs an' groans, an' the wash along the side, in a sort of a doze; an' s'help me, Bob, I fancies for a moment I'm swinging in my hammock in the fok'sle, an' it's no more but the bulkheads and timbers creakin'. Then I thinks it's some un else I dreams on, as is d—d on-easy, like to choke for heat and thirst; an' I'm a-chuckling at him—when up I wakes with the cockroaches swarming over my face. Another groan runs from that end to this, the whole lot on us tries hard, and kicks their neighbours to turn, an' be blowed if I knowed but I was buried in a church-yard, with the blasted worms all a-crawl about me. All on a sudden, nigh-hand to day-break it was, I hears a gun to wind'ard, so with that I contrives for to scramble up with my eye to the scuttle-port. 'Twas a stiffish breeze, an' I see'd some'at lift on a sea, like a albatrosse's wing, as one may say—though what wor this but the Irish's bit of a tender, standing right across our bows—for the schooner, ye see, changed her course i' the night-time, rig'lar slaver's dodge, thinkin' for to drop the sloop o'-war, sure enough. But as for the little f'lucca, why, they hadn't bargained for her at all, lying-to as she did, with a rag o'sail up, in the troughs of the sea, till the schooner was close on her. Well, no sooner does they go about, my boy, but the muskeety of a cruiser lets drive at her off the top of a sea, as we hung broadside to them in stays. Blessed if I ever see such a mark!—the shot jist takes our fore-top fair slap—for the next minute I see'd the fore-topmast come over the lee-side, an' astarn we begins to go directly. What's more, mate, I never see a small craft yet handled better in a sea, as that 'ere chap did—nor the same thing done, cleaner at any rate—for they jist comes nigh-

hand tip on our bowsprit end, as the schooner lifted—then up in the wind they went like clock-work, with a starway on as carried the f'lucca right alongside on us, like a coachman, backing up a lane, and *grind* we both heaved on the swell, with the topmast hamper an' its canvass for a fender atwixt us. Aboard jumps the man-o'-war's-men, in course, cutlash in hand, an' for five minutes some tough work there was on deck, by the tramp, the shots, an' the curses over our heads—when off they shoved the hatches, and I see'd a tall young feller in a gold-banded cap look below. Be blowed if I wasn't goin' to sing out again, for, d'y'e see, I'm blessed if I took mind on the chap at all, as much by 'reason o' the blood an' the smoke he'd got on his face as aught else. Hows'ever, I holds a bit meantime, on account o' Job Price, an' that ere piracy consarn—till what does I think, a hour or two arter, when I finds as this here were the very lufftenant as chased us weeks on end in the Camaroons. So a close stopper, sure enough, I keeps on my jaw; an' as for seentin' me ont amongst a couple o' hundred blacks in the hold, why, 'twere fit to paul my own mother herself.

"Well, Jack, by this time bein' near Serry Lone, next day or so we got in—where, what does they do but they *lubber-rates* us all as they calls it, into a barracoon ashore, till sich time as the slaver ud be condemned—an' off goes the tender down coast again. Arter that, they treats us well enough, but still I dursn't say a word; for one day, as we goed to work makin' our huts, there I twigs a printed bill upon the church-wall, holdin' out a reward, d'y'e see, consarnin' the piracy, with my own name and my very build logged down—ownly, be hanged if they doesn't tack on to it all, by way of a top-gallant ink-jury to a man, these here words—'He's a very ugly feiler, looks like a furriner.' Well, mate, I an't a young maiden, sure enough—but thinks I, afore I fell foul o' that blasted fittish-man an' his nut, cuss me if I looks jist so bad as that 'ere! So ye know this goes more to my heart ner aught else, till there I spells out another confounded lie in the bill, as how Cap'en Price's men

had mutinied again him, and muttered the brig's crew—when, in course, I sees the villain's whole traverse at once. So seein' I watched my chance one night, an' went aboard of a Yankee brig as were to sail next day: and I tells the skipper part o' the story, offerin' for to work my passage across for nothin'—which, says he, 'It's a hinter-essin' narratife'—them was his words: an', says he, 'It's a land o' freedom in the States, an' no mistake—an't there no more on ye in the like case?' he says. 'Not as I knows on, sir,' I answers; an' says he, 'Plenty o' coloured gen'lmen there is yonder, all in silks an' satins; an' I hear,' says he, 'there's one on 'em has a chance of bein President next time—anyhow I'm your friend,' says he, quite hearty. Well, the long an' short of it was, I says aboard the brig, works my spell in her, an' takes my trick at the helm—but I'm blowed, Jack, if the men ud let me sleep in the fok'sle, 'cause I was a black,—so I slung my hammock aft with the nigger stoo'rd. D'ye see, I misgived myself a bit when we sank the coast, for thinks I it's in Africay as that 'ere blessed mushroom are to be found, to take the colour off me—how's'ever, I think it can't but wear out in time, now I've got out o' that 'ere confounded mess, where, sure enough, things was against me—so at last the v'yage were up, an' the brig got into New Orleans. There I walks aft to the skipper for to take leave, when says he, wonderfule friendly like,— 'Now, my lad,' says he, 'I'm goin' up river a bit for to see a friend as takes a interest in your kind—an' if ye likes, why, I'll pay yer passage that far?' In course, I agrees, and up river we goes, till we lands at a fine house, where I'm left in a far-hand, ye know, while the skipper an' his friend has their dinner. All at once the gen'lman shoves his head out of a doure, takes a look at me, an' in again,—arter that I hears the chink o' dollars—then the skipper walks out, shuts the doure, an' says he to me, 'Now,' he says, 'that's a 'cute sort o' tale you tould me, my lad—but it's a lie, I guess!' 'Lie, sir!' says I, 'what d'ye mean?' for ye see that 'ere matter o' the iv'ry brig made me sing small, at first, 'No slack, Pumpey,' says he, liftin'

his fore-finger like a schoolmaster,— 'Ain't yer name, Pumpey?' says he. 'Pumpey be d—d!' says I, 'my name's Jack Brown'—for that wor the name I'd gived him, afore! 'Oh!' says he, 'jest say it's Giniral Washington, right off! Come,' says he, 'I guess I'd jest tell ye what tribe ye belongs to—you're a Mandingy nig-gur,' says he. 'It's all very well,' he says, 'that 'ere yarn, but that's wot they'd all say when they comes, they've been dyed black! Why,' says he, 'doesn't I see that 'ere brand one night on yer back—there's yer arms all over pagan tattooin'—' 'Bless ye, cap'en,' I says, a-holdin' up my arm, 'it's crowns and anchers!' 'Crowns!' says he, turnin' up his nose, 'what does we know o' crowns hereaway—we ain't barbers yet, I guess.—Of what he meaned by barbers here, mate, I'm hanged if I knowed—'sides,' says he, 'you speaks broken Aimericane!' 'Mer-ricain?' I says, 'why, I speaks goud English! an' good reason, bein' a free-born Briton—as white's yerself, if so be I could ownly clap hands for a minnet on some of them mushrooms I tould ye on!' 'Where does they grow, then?' axes he, screwin' one eye up. 'In Africay yonder, sir,' I says, 'more's the pity I hadn't the chance to lay hands on 'em again!' 'Phoo,' says he, 'glad they ain't here! An' does you think we're agoin' for to send all the way over to Africay far them mushrooms you talks on? Tell ye what, yer free papers 'ud do ye a sight more good here!' says he— 'it's no use with a black skin, for to claim white laws; an' what's more, ye're too tarnation ugly-faced for it, let alone colour, Pumpey, my man!' he says. 'I tell ye what it is, Cap'en Edwards,' says I, 'my frontispiece an't neither here nor there, but if you calls me Pumpey again, 'blowed an' I don't pitch inty ye!'—so with that I handles my bones in a way as makes him hop inside the doure—an' says the skipper, bouldin' it half shut, 'Harkee, lad,' he says, 'it's no go your tryin' for to run, or they'll make you think angels o' bo'sun's-mates. But what's more,' says he, 'niver you whisper a word o' what ye tells me, about nuts an' mushrooms, or sichlike trash—no

more will I; for d'ye see, my lad, in that case they had jest *hush ye up* for good!' 'Who d'ye mean?' I says, all abroad, an' of a shiver, like—mindin' on the slave-schooner again. 'Why, the planter's people,' says he, 'as I've sold ye to; an' with that he p'int's into his mouth, and shuts the door. Well, 'mate, ye may fancy how I feels! Here I stands, givin' a look round for a fair offing; but there was bulwarks two-fathom high all round the house, a big bloodhound chained, with his muzzle on his two-paws, an' nobody seems for to mind me. So I see'd it were all up wonst more; an' at the thou't of a knife in my tongue, I sits right down in the far-hand, rig'lar flabbergasted,—when out that 'ere blasted skipper shoots his head again, an' says he, 'Pumpy, my lad, good day,' says he; 'you knows some at o' the water, an' as they've boat-work at times here-away, I don't know but, if you behaves yourself, they'll trust you with an oar now an' then; for I tould yer master jist now,' says he, 'as how you can't speak no English!' Well, I gives him a damn, 'cause by that time I hadn't a word to throw at a dog; an' shortly arter, up comes the overseer with his black mate, walks me off to a shed, strips me, and gives me a pair o' cotton drawers an' a broad hat—so out I goes the next mornin' for to hoe sugar-cane with a gang o' niggers.

"Well, 'mate, arter that I kept close enough—says no more but mumbles a lot o' no-man's jargon, as makes 'em all log me down for a sort o' double-guinea savitch—, 'cause why, I were hanged afeared for my tongue, seein', if so be I lost it, I'd be a nigger for ever, sure enough. So the blacks, for most part bein' country bred, they talks nothing but a blessed jumble, for all the world like babbies at home: an' what does they do but they fancies me a rig'lar African nigger, as proud as Tommy, an' a'most ready for to worshup me they wor—why, the poor divvles ud bring me yams an' fish, they kisses my flippers an' toes as I'd been the Pope; an' as for the young girls, I'm blowed if I wan't all the go amongst 'em—though I can't say the same where both's white, ye know! What with the sun an' the cocoa-nut ile, to my

thinkin', I gets blacker an' blacker—'blessed if I didn't fancy a feller's very mind tarned nigger. I larns their confounded lingo, an' I answers to the name o' Pumpey, blast it, till I right-down forgets that I'd ever another. As for runnin', look ye, I knowed 'twas no use thereaway, as long as my skin tould against me, an' as long as Africay wor where it wor. So, my boy, I see'd pretty clear, ye know, as this here bloody world ud turn a man into a rig'lar built slave-nigger in the long run, if he was a angel out o' heaven!

"Well, 'mate, one day I'm in the woods amongst a gang, chopping fire-wood for the sugar-mill, when, by the Lord! what does I light on betwixt some big ground-leaves and sichlike, but a lot o' them very same red mushroom as the fittish-man shows me in Africay!—blowed if there warn't a whole sight o' them round about, too! So I pulls enough for ten, ye may be sure, stuffs 'em in my hat, an' that same night, as soon as all's dark, off I goes into the woods, right by the stars, for the nearest town 'twixt there and New Orleans. As soon as I got nigh hand it, there I sits down below a tree amongst the bushes, hauls off my slops, an' I turns to for to rub myself all over, from heel to truck, till daybreak. So, in course, I watches for the light anghis enough, as ye may suppose, to know what colour I were. Well, strike me lucky, Jack, if I didn't jump near a fathom i' the air, when at last I sees I'm *white* wonst more!—'blessed if I didn't feel myself a new man from stem to stern! I makes right for a creek near by, looks at my face in the water, then up I comes again, an' every bloody yarn o' them cussed slave-togs I pulls to bits, when I shoves 'em under the leaves. Arter that I took fair to the water for about a mile, jist to smooth out my wake, like; then I shins aloft up a tree, where I stowed myself away till noon—'cause, d'ye see, I knowed pretty well what to look for next. An' by this time, mind ye, all them queer haps made a feller wonderfe sharp, so I'd schemed out the whole chart aforehand how to weather on them cussed Yankees. Accordently, about noon, what does I hear but that 'ere blasted bloodhound comin' along up creek, with a set o'

slave catchers astern, for to smell out my track. With that, down I went in the water again, rounds a point into the big river, where I gets abreast of a landin'-place near the town, with craft laying out-stream, boats plying, an' all alive. D'ye see, bo', I'd got no clothes at all, an' how for to rig myself again, 'blowed if I knows—seein' as how by this time I'd tarned as white as the day I were born, an' a naked white man in a town arn't no better nor a black nigger. So in I swims like a porpus afore a breeze, an' up an' down I ducks in the shallow, for all the world like a chap a-takin' a bath; an' out I hollers to all an' sundry, with a Yankee twang i' my nose, for to know if they'd see'd my clothes, till a whole lot on 'em crowds on the quay. Hows'ever, I bethinks me on that 'ere blasted brand atwixt my shoulders, an' I makes myself out as modest as a lady, kicks out my legs, and splashes like a whale aground, an' sticks out my starn to em' for to let 'em see it's white. 'Hullo!' I sings out, 'han't ye seen my clothes?' 'No, stranger,' says they, 'some un's runned off with 'em, we calc'lates!' With that I tells 'em I'm a Boston skipper new comed up from New Orleans; an' not bein' used to the heat, why, I'd took a bath the first thing; an' I 'scribes the whole o' my togs as if I'd made 'em—'split new,' says I, 'an' a beaver hat, more by token there's my name inside it; an' says I, 'there's notes for a hundred dollars in my trowsers!' By this time down comes the slave-catchers, an' says they, hearin' on it, 'That 'ere tarnation niggur's gone off with 'em, we'll know un by them marks well enough,' says they, an' off they goes across river. 'Hullo!' I sings out to the folks, 'I'm a gettin' cold here, so I guess I'll come ashore again, slick off!' I twangs out. 'Guess ye can't, straunger!' they hails; 'not till we gets ye some kiverin's!—we're considerable proper here, we are!' 'An't this a free country, then?' I says, givin' a divvie of a splash; an' with that they begs an' axes me to hould on, an' they'd fix me, as they calls it, in no time. Well, mate, what does they do but one an' another brings me somethin' as like what I 'scribed as could

be, hands 'em along on a pole, an' I puts 'em on then an' there. Arter that, the ladies o' the place bein' blessed modest, an' all of a fright leest I'd a comed out an' gone through the town,—why, out o' grannytude, as they says, they gets up a supper-scription on a hundred dollars to make up my loss—has a public meetin' logged down for the evenin', when I'm for to indress the citizena, as they says, all about freedom an' top-gallantry, an' sich like. Hows'ever, I jist sticks my tongue in my cheek, eats a blessed good dinner in a hot-ell, watches my chance, an' off by a track-boat at sun-down to New Orleans, where I shipped aboard a English barque, an' gets safe out to sea wonst more." "Lord love ye, Harry!" exclaimed Jack hereupon, "the likes o' that now! But I've heerd say, them fittish-men you talks on has wonderful knowledge—why, mayhap it's them as keeps all the niggers black, now?" "Well, bo'," said Harry, "I don't doubt but if them 'Merricane slaves jist knowed o' them 'ere red mushroom, why, they'd show the Yankees more stripes nor stars! D'ye see, if a Yankee knowed as his own father were a-hoein' his sugar-canes, 'blowed if he wouldn't make him work up his liberty in dollars! All the stripes, d'ye see, 'mate, is for the blacks, an' all the stars is for the whites, in them Yankee colours as they brags so much about! But what I says is, it's curst hard to get through 'this here world, shipmate, if ye doesn't keep well to wind'ard of it!' I was the more amused with this account of the ugly rascal's adventures, that I remembered two or three of the occasions he mentioned, and he told them pretty exactly so far as I had to do with them. As for the fetish-man's curious nut, and that extraordinary mushroom of his, why 'ten to one' thought I, "but all the while the fellow never once touched a piece of *soap*! which, no doubt, had as much to do with it as anything besides. Somehow or other, notwithstanding, I had taken almost a fancy to the villain—such a rough sample of mankind he was, with his uncouth, grumpy voice and his huge black beard; and he gave the story in a cool, scornful sort of way that was laughable in itself. 'So, my lad,' I

thought, 'it seems you and I have met twice before; but if you play any of your tricks this time, Master Harry, I hope you've found your match;' and certainly, if I had fancied my gentleman was in the slaver's hold that time off the African coast, I'd have 'lubber-rated' him with a vengeance! "I say, 'mates," said he again, with a sulky kind of importance, to those of the watch who had gathered round during the last half of his yarn, "there's three things I hates—an' good reason!" "What be's they, Harry?" asked the rest. "One's a Yankee," said he, "an' be blowed to him! the second's a slaver; and the third is—I can't abide a nigger, nohow. But d'ye see, there's one thing as I likes——" Here eight bells struck out, and up tumbled the watch below, with Jacob's hearty face amongst them; so I made my way aft, and, of course, missed hearing what that said delightful thing might be, which this tarry Æsop approved of so much.

While I was listening, I had scarcely noticed, that within the last few minutes, a light air had begun to play aloft among the higher canvass, a faint cat's paw came ruffling here and there a patch of the water, till by this time the Indiaman was answering her wheel again, and moving slowly ahead, as the breeze came down and crept out to the leeches of her sails, with a sluggish lifting of her heavy fore-course. The men were all below at breakfast, forward, and, of course, at that hour, the poop above me was quite a Babel of idlers' voices: while I looked into the compass and watched the ship's head falling gradually off from north-east-by-north, near which it had stuck pretty close since day-break. The sun was brought before her opposite beam, and such a perfect gush of hazy white light shot from that quarter over the larboard bulwarks, that there-away, in fact, there might have been a fleet of ships, or a knot of islands, and we none the wiser, as you couldn't look into it at all. The chief mate came handing a wonderfully timid young lady down the poop ladder with great care, and as soon as they were safe on the quarterdeck, she asked with a confiding sort of lisp, "And where are we going

now then, Mr. Finch?" "Well, Miss," simpered he, "wherever you please, I'll be glad to conduct you!" "Oh, but the ship, I mean," replied she, giggling prettily. "Why," said Finch, stooping down to the binnacle, "she heads due south-east at present, Miss." "I am so glad you are going on again!" said the young lady; "but oh! when shall we see dear land once more, Mr. Finch?" "Not for more than a week, I fear," answered the mate, "when we arrive off the Cape of Good Hope. But there, Miss, your poetic feelings will be gratified, I assure you! The hills there, I might say, Miss Brodie," he went on, "not to speak of the woods, are quite dramatic! You mustn't suppose the rough mariner, rude as he seems, Miss Brodie, is entirely devoid of romance in his sentiments, I hope!" and he looked down for the twentieth time that morning at his boots, as he handed her down the cabin hatchway, longing to see the Cape, no doubt. "Much romance, as you call it, there is in ugly Harry yonder!" thought I; and comparing this sort of stuff, aft, with the matter-of-fact notions before the mast, made me the more anxious for what might turn up in a few hours, with this gallant first officer left in full charge, and the captain, as I understood, unable to leave his cot. A good enough seaman the fellow was, so far as your regular deep-sea work went, which those India voyagers had chiefly to do with then: but for aught out of the way, or a sudden pinch, why, the peace had just newly set them free of their leading-strings, and here this young mate brought his new-fangled school navigation, forsooth, to run the Seringapatam into some mess or other; whereas, in a case of the kind, I had no doubt he would prove as helpless as a child. By this time, for my part, all my wishes for some ticklish adventure were almost gone, when I thought of our feelings at the loss of the boat, as well as the number of innocent young creatures on board, with Lota Hyde herself amongst them: while here had I got myself fairly set down for a raw griffin. Yet neither Westwood nor I, unless it came to the very worst, could venture to make himself openly useful! I was puzzled both what to think of our

exact case, and what to do; whereas a pretty short time in these latitudes, as the foremast-man had said, might finish our business altogether; indeed, the whole look of things, somehow or other, at that moment, had a strange unsettled touch about it, out of which one accustomed to those parts might be sure some change would come. The air, a little ago, was quite suffocating, the heat got greater; and the breeze, though it seemed to strengthen aloft, at times sank quietly out of her lower canvass like a breath drawn in, and caught it again as quietly ere it fell to the masts. What with the slow huge heave of the water, as it washed glittering past, and what with the blue tropical sky overhead, getting paler and paler at the horizon astern, from fair heat—while the sunlight and the white haze on our larboard beam made it a complete puzzle to behold—why, I felt just like some fellow in one of those stupid dreams after a heavy supper, with nothing at all in them, when you don't know how long or how often you've dreamt it before. Deuce the hand or foot you can stir, and yet you've a notion of something horrid that's sure to come upon you. We couldn't be much more than a hundred miles or so to south'ard of St. Helena; but we might be two thousand miles off the land, or we might be fifty. I had only been once in my life near the coast there-away, and certainly my recollections of it weren't the most pleasant. As for the charts, so little was known of it that we couldn't depend upon them; yet there was no doubt the ship had been all night long in a strong set of water towards north-east right across her course. For my own part, I was as anxious as any one else to reach the Cape, and get rid of all this cursed nonsense; for since last night, I saw quite well by her look that Violet Hyde would never favour me, if I kept in her wake till the day of judgment. There was I, too, every time I came on deck and saw those round-house doors, my heart leapt into my throat, and I didn't know port from starboard! But what was the odds, that I'd have kissed the very pitch she walked upon, when *she* wasn't for *me*!—being deep in love don't sharpen the faculties, neither, and the

more I thought of matters the stupider I seemed to get. "Green Hand!" thought I, "as Jacobs and the larboard watch call me, it appears—why, they're right enough! A green hand I came afloat nine years ago, and by Jove! though I know the sea and what belongs to it, from sheer liking to them, as 'twere—it seems a green hand I'm to stick—seeing I know so blessed little of women-kind, not to speak of that whole confounded world ashore! With all one's schemes and one's weather-eye, something new always keeps turning up to show one what an ass he is; and hang me, if I don't begin to suppose I'm only fit for working small traverses upon slavers and jack-nasty-faces, after all! There's Westwood, without troubling himself, seems to weather upon me, with her, like a Baltimore clipper on a Dutch schuyt!" In short, I wanted to leave the Seringapatam as soon as I could, wish them all a good voyage together away for Bombay, sit down under Table Mountain, damn my own eyes, and then perhaps go and travel among the Hottentots by way of a change.

The chief officer came aft towards the binnacle again, with a strut in his gait, and more full of importance than ever, of course. "This breeze 'll hold, I think, Macleod?" said he to the second mate, who was shuffling about in a lounging, unseamanlike way he had, as if he felt uncomfortable on the quarterdeck, and both hands in his jacket pockets. "Well," said the Scotchman, "do ye not think it's too early begun, sir?" and he looked about like an old owl, winking against the glare of light past the mainsheet to larboard; "I'll not say but it will, though," continued he, "but 'odanke, sir, it's terrible warm!" "Can't be long ere we get into Cape Town, now," said the mate, "so you 'll turn the men on deck as soon as breakfast's over, Mr. Macleod, and commence giving her a coat of paint outside, sir." "Exactly, Mr. Finch," said the other, "all hands it 'll be, sir! For any sake, Mr. Finch, give thay lazy scoundrels something ado!" "Yes, all hands," said Finch; and he was going below when the second mate sidled up to him again, as if he had something particular to say.

"The captain 'll be quite better by this time, no doubt, Mr. Finch?" asked he. "Well—d'ye mean?" inquired the mate, rather shortly; "why no, sir—when the surgeon saw him in the morning watch, he said it was a fever, and the sooner we saw the Cape, the better for him." "No doubt, no doubt, sir," said the second mate, thoughtfully, putting his forefinger up his twisted nose, which I noticed he did in such cases, as if the twist had to do with his memory,— "no doubt, sir, that's just it! The doctor's a sharp Edinbro' lad—did he see aught bye common about the captain, sir?" "No," said Finch, "except that he wanted to go on deck this morning, and the surgeon took away his clothes, and left the door locked." "Did he though?" asked Macleod, shaking his head, and looking a little anxious; "dinna he ask for aught in particular, sir?" "Not that I heard of, Mr. Macleod," replied the mate; "what do you mean?" "Did he no ask for a green leaf?" replied the second mate. "Pooh!" said Finch, "what if he did?" "Well, sir," said Macleod, "neither you nor the doctor's sailed five voyges with the captain, like me. He's a quiet man, Captain Weelumson, an' well he knows his calling; but sometimes warm weather doesn't do with him, more especial siccan warm weather as this, when the moon's full, as it is the night, ye know, Mr. Finch. There's something else besides that, though, when he's taken that way." "Well, what is it?" asked the mate carelessly. "Oo!" said Macleod, "it can't be *that* this time, of course, sir—it's when he's near the *land*! The captain knows the smell of it, these times, Mr. Finch, as well 's a cockroach does—an' it's then he asks for a green leaf, and wants to go straight ashore—I mind he did it the voyge before last, sir. He's a quiet man, the captain, as I said, for ord'nar—but when he's roused, he's a ——" "Why, what was the matter with him?" said Finch, more attentive than before, "you don't mean to say—? go on, Mr. Macleod." The second mate, however, looked cautious, closed his lips firmly, and twirled his red whiskers, as he glanced with one eye

aloft again. "Hoo!" said he, carelessly, "hoo, it's nothing, nothing,—just, I'm thinking, sir, what they call digestion ashore—all frae the stomach, Mr. Finch! We used just for to lock the state-room door, an' never let on we heard—but at any rate, sir, this is no the thing at all, ye know!" "Mester Semm," continued he to the fat midshipman, who came slowly up from the steerage, picking his teeth with a pocket-knife, "go forred and get the bo'sun to turn up all hands."

"Sir," said I, stepping up to the mate next moment, before the round-house, "might I use the freedom of asking whereabouts we are at present?" Finch gave me a look of cool indifference, without stirring head or hand; which I saw, however, was put on, as, ever since our boating affair, the man evidently detested me, with all his pretended scorn. "Oh certainly, sir!" said he, "of course!—sorry I haven't the ship's log here to show you—but it's two hundred miles or so below St. Helena, eight hundred miles odd off south-west African coast, with a light westerly breeze bound for the Cape of Good Hope—so after that you can look about you, sir!" Are you sure of all that, sir?" asked I, seriously. "Oh, no, of course not!" said he, still standing as before, "not in the least, sir! It's nothing but quadrant, sextant, and chronometer work, after all—which every young gentleman don't believe in!" Then he muttered aloud, as if to himself, "Well, if the captain *should* chance to ask for a *green* leaf, I know where to find it for him!" I was just on the point of giving him some angry answer or other, and perhaps spoiling all, when I felt a tap on my shoulder, and on turning round saw the Indian judge, who had found me in the way either of his passage or his prospect, on stepping out of the starboard door. "Eh!" said he, jocularly, as I begged his pardon, "eh, young sir—I've nothing to do with pardons—always leave that to the governor-general and councillors! Been doing anything wrong, then? Ah, what's this—still calm, or some of your wind again, Mr. Officer?" "A fine breeze like to hold, Sir Charles," answered the mate, all bows and politeness. "So!" said Sir

Charica, "but I don't see Captain Williamson at all this morning—where is he?" "I am sorry to say he is very unwell, Sir Charles," said Finch. "Indeed!" exclaimed the Judge, with whom the captain stood for all the seamanship on board, and looking round again rather dissatisfied, "Don't like that, though! I hope he won't be long unable to attend to things, sir—let me know as soon as he is recovered if you please!" "Certainly, Sir Charles," said the chief officer, touching his cap with some appearance of pique, "but I hope, sir, I understand my duties in command, Sir Charles." "Daresay, sir," said the Judge, "as officer, probably. Commander absent!—horrible accidents already!" he muttered, crossly, changing his usual high sharp key to a harsh croak, like a saw going through a heavy spar, "something sure to go wrong—wish we'd done with this deuced tiresome voyage!" "Ha, young gentleman!" exclaimed he, turning as he went in, "d'ye play chess—suppose not—eh?" "Why yes, sir," said I, "I do." Well," continued he, overhauling me more carefully than he had done before, though latterly I had begun to be somewhat in his good graces when we met by chance, "after all, you've a chess eye, if you know the game at all. Come in, then, for godsake, and let's begin! Ever since the poor brigadier went, I've had only myself or a girl to play against! 'Gad, sir, there is something, I can't express how horrible to my mind, in being matched against *no-body*—or, what's worse, *damme*, a *woman*! But recollect, young gentleman, I can *not* bear a tyro!" and he glanced at me as we walked into the large poop-cabin, as sharply and as cold as a nor'-wester ere it breaks to windward. Now I happened to know the game, and to be particularly fond of it, so, restless as I felt otherwise, I gave the old nabob a quiet nod, laid down my griffin-looking straw-hat on the sofa, and in two minutes there we were, sitting opposite over a splendid China-made chess-board, with elephants, emperors, mandarins, and china-men, all square and ataunto, as if they'd been set ready for days. The dark kitmagar commenced fanning over his master's head with a bright feather punka, the other native

servant handed him his twisted hookah and lighted it, after which he folded his arms and stood looking down on the board like a pundit at some campaign of the Great Mogul—while the Judge himself waited for my first move, as if it had been some of our plain English fellows in Hindostan commencing against your whole big India hubbub and finery, to get hold of it in the end. For my part I sat at first all of a tingle and tremble, thinking how near his lovely daughter might be; and there were the breakfast cups laid out on a round table at the other side, behind me. However I made my move, Sir Charles made his, and pitched in to the game in a half impatient, half long-headed sort of way, anxious to get to the thick of it, as it were, once more. Not a word was said, and you only heard the suck of the smoke bubbling through the water bottle of his pipe, after each move the Judge made; till I set myself to the play in right earnest, and owing to the old gentleman's haste at the beginning, or his over-sharpness, I hooked him into a mess with which I used to catch the old hands at chess in the cock-pit, just by fancying what *they* meant to be at. The Judge lifted his head, looked at me, and went on again. "Your queen is in check, Sir Charles!" said I, next time, by way of a polite hint. "*Check*, though, young gentleman!" said he, chuckling, as he dropped one of his outlandish knights, which I wasn't yet up to the looks of, close to windward of my blessed old Turk of a king; so the skirmish was just getting to be a fair set-to, when I chanced to lift my eyes, and saw the door from the after-cabin open, with Miss Hyde coming through. "Now, papa," exclaimed she, on the moment, "you must come to breakfast,"—when all of a sudden, at seeing another man in the cabin, she stopped short. Being not so loud and griffin-like in my toggery that morning, and my hat off, the young lady didn't recognise me at first,—though the next minute, I saw by her colour and her astonished look, she not only did that, but something else—no doubt remembering at last where she had seen me ashore. "Well, child," said the Judge, "make haste with it, then!—Recollect where we

are, now, young gentleman,—and come to breakfast." She had a pink muslin morning-dress on, with her brown hair done up like the Virgin Mary in a picture, and the sea had taken almost all the paleness off her cheek that it had in the ball-room at Epsom, a month or two ago,—and, by Jove! when I saw her begin to pour out the tea out of the silver tea-pot, I didn't know *where* I was! "Oh, I forgot," said the Judge, waving his hand from me to her, in a hurry, "Mr. Robbins, Violet!—ho, Kitma-gar, curry l'ao!" "Oh," said she, stiffly, with a cold turn of her pretty lip, "I have met Mr.—Mr.—" "Col-lins, ma'am," said I. "I have met this gentleman by accident *before*." "So you have—so you have," said her father; "but you play chess well, Mr.—a—a—what's his name?—ah! Colley. Gad, you play *well*, sir,—we must have it out!" The young lady glanced at me again with a sort of astonishment; at last she said, no doubt for form's sake, though as indifferently as possible,—“You have known your friend the missionary gentleman long, I believe, sir?—the Reverend Mr. Thomas—I think that is his name?” “Oh no, ma'am!” said I hastily, for the Judge was the last man I wished should join Westwood and me together, “only since we crossed the Line, or so.” “Why I thought he said you were at school together!” said she, in surprise. “Why—hem—certainly not, ma'am—a—a—I—a—I don't remember the gentleman there,” I blundered out. “Eh, what?—check to your queen, young gentleman, surely?” asked Sir Charles. “What's this, though! Always like to hear a mystery explained, so”—and he gave me one of his sharp glances. “Why, why—surely, young man, now I think of it in that way, I've seen you before in some peculiar circumstances or other—on land, too. Why, where was it—let me see now?” putting his finger to his forehead to think: while I sat pretty uneasy, like a small pawn that had been trying to get to the head of the board, and turn into a knight or a bishop, when it falls foul of a grand figured-out king and queen.

However, the queen is the only piece you need mind at distance, and blessed hard it is to escape from *her*, of course. Accordingly, I cared little enough for the old nabob finding out I had gone in chase of them; but there sat his charming little daughter, with her eyes on her teacup; and whether the turn of her face meant coolness, or malice, or amusement, I didn't know—though she seemed a little anxious too, I thought, lest her father should recollect me.

“It wasn't *before* me, young man?” asked he, looking up of a sudden: “no, that must have been in India—*must* have been in England, when I was last there—let me see.” And I couldn't help fancying what a man's feelings must be, tried for his life, as I caught a side-view of his temples working, dead in my wake, as it were. The thing was laughable enough, and for a moment I met Lot's eye, as he mentioned England—'twas too short a glimpse, though, to make out: and, thought I, “he'll be down on Surrey directly, and then Croydon—last of all, the back of his garden wall, I suppose!” “Check” it was, and what I was going to say I couldn't exactly conceive, unless I patched up some false place or other, with matters to match, and mentioned it to the old fellow, though small chance of its answering with such a devil of a lawyer—when all at once I thought I heard a hail from aloft, then the second-mate's voice roared close outside, “Hullo!—aloft there!” The next moment I started up, and looked at Miss Hyde, as I heard plainly enough the cry, “On deck there—land O!” I turned round at once, and walked out of the round-house to the quarterdeck, where, two minutes after, the whole of the passengers were crowding from below, the Judge and his daughter already on the poop. Far aloft, upon the fore-to'gallant-yard, in the hot glare of the sun, a sailor was standing with his hand over his eyes, and looking to the horizon, as the Indianman stood quietly before the light breeze. “Where-away-ay?” was the next hail from deck. “Broad on our larboard bow, sir,” was the answer.

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.

WE have here combined the best of all books, and the best of all maps, for the study of the most interesting description of Geography. Mr. Johnston's *Physical Atlas*, now published in a form which renders it accessible to greater numbers, is without a rival as a companion and guide in this department of study; and by dwelling on its merits and utility, we should be only echoing a verdict which has already been pronounced by almost every journal of scientific or critical celebrity. And, indeed, the same might be said of our commendation of Mrs. Somerville's book; our praise comes lagging in the rear, and is well-nigh superfluous. But not only are we desirous to tender our tribute of respect to one who has done more than any other living writer to extend amongst us sound, as well as general knowledge of physical science; we are anxious also to recommend to our youth the enlarged method of studying geography, which her present work demonstrates to be as captivating as it is instructive.

Mrs. Somerville's *Physical Geography* does not assume so profound an aspect, nor has it so lofty an aim, as the *Cosmos* of Alexander Von Humboldt; neither can it claim, like that work, to be written by one who has himself surveyed the greater part of the terraqueous globe he undertakes to describe. This latter circumstance gives an extraordinary interest to the *Cosmos*. From time to time the professor of science, gleanng his knowledge from books, and laboratories, and museums, steps aside, and we hear, and almost see, the adventurous traveller, the man Humboldt himself, who seems to speak to us from the distant ocean he has traversed, or the sublime mountain heights he has ascended. Our countrywoman can claim no such peculiar prerogative. Who else can? To few—to none other—has it ever been permitted to combine so wide a range of knowledge with so wide a range of vision—to

have carried his mind through all science, and his eye over all regions. He is familiar with all the grandeurs of our earth. He speaks with the air of the mountain still around him. When he discourses of the Himalaya or the Andes, it is with the vivid impression of one whose footsteps are still lying uneffaced amongst their rarely-trodden and precipitous passes. The phenomena he describes he has seen. He can reveal to us, and make us feel with him, that strange impression which the "first earthquake" makes even upon the most educated and reflective man, who suddenly finds his old faith shaken in the stability of the earth. And what lecturer upon electricity could ever arrest the attention of his auditors by so charming a reference to his personal experience as is contained in the following passage?—

"It was not without surprise that I noticed, on the shores of the Orinoco, children belonging to tribes in the lowest stage of barbarism amusing themselves by rubbing the dry, flat, shining seeds of a leguminous climbing plant (probably a negretia) for the purpose of causing them to attract fibres of cotton or bamboo. It was a sight well fitted to leave on the mind of a thoughtful spectator a deep and serious impression. How wide is the interval which separates the simple knowledge of the excitement of electricity by friction, shown in the sports of these naked, copper-coloured children of the forest, from the invention of the metallic conductor, which draws the swift lightning from the storm-cloud—of the voltaic pile, capable of effecting chemical decomposition—of a magnetic apparatus, evolving light—and of the magnetic telegraph!"

The writer naturally reflects on the wide interval which separates the knowledge of electricity shown by these naked children on the banks of the Orinoco, and the inventions of modern science, which have taught the lightnings of heaven to do our messages on the earth. But, to our mind, this wide interval is far more strikingly displayed by the picture

which is here presented to the imagination of the profound and meditative European looking down, pleased and surprised, at the first unconscious steps in experimental philosophy which these copper-coloured children of the forest are making in their sport.

But if Mrs. Somerville's book has none of this extraordinary interest which the great traveller has thrown over his work, and if it does not aspire to that philosophic *unity* of view, (of which a word hereafter, in passing,) it must take precedence of this, and of all other works, as a useful compendium of the latest discoveries, and the soundest knowledge we possess, in the various subjects it embraces. Nowhere, except in her own previous work, *The Connexion of the Physical Sciences*, is there to be found so large a store of well-selected information, so lucidly set forth. In surveying and grouping together whatever has been seen by the eyes of others, or detected by their laborious investigations, she is not surpassed by any one; and the absence of all higher aim, or more original effort, is favourable to this distinctness of exposition. We have no obscurities other than what the imperfect state of science itself involves her in; no dissertations which are felt to interrupt or delay. She strings her beads distinct and close together. With quiet perspicacity she seizes at once whatever is most interesting and most captivating in her subject.

The *Cosmos* of Humboldt has the ambitious aim of presenting to us the universe, so far as we know it, in that *beauty* of harmony which results from *a whole*. Thus, at least, we understand his intention. He would domineer, as with an eagle's glance, over the known creation, and embrace it in its unity, displaying to us that beauty which exists in the harmony of all its parts. The attempt no one would depreciate or decry, but manifestly the imperfect state of science forbids its execution. We have attained no point of view from which we can survey the world as one harmonious whole. Our knowledge is fragmentary, uncertain, imperfect; and the most philosophic mind cannot reduce it into any shape in which it

shall appear other than uncertain and fragmentary. We cannot "stand in the sun," as Coleridge says in his fine verse, and survey creation; we have no such luminous standing-point. There never, indeed, was a time when the attempt to harmonise our knowledge, and view the universe of things "in the beauty of unity," was so hopeless, so desperate. For the old theories, the old methods of representing to the imagination the more subtle and invisible agencies of the physical world, are shaken, or exploded, and nothing new has been able to take their place. What is new, and what is old, are alike unsettled, unconfirmed. In reality, therefore, the work of Mrs. Somerville is as much a *Cosmos* as that of Von Humboldt; and, as a work of instruction, is far better for not aiming higher than it does. Mrs. Somerville presents to us each gospel of science—if we may give that title to its imperfect revelations—and does not bewilder or confuse by attempting that "harmony of the gospels" which the scientific expositor is, as yet, unable to accomplish.

As yet, we have said—but, indeed, will science be ever able to realise this aspiration of the intellect after unity and completeness of view? To the reflective mind, human science presents this singular aspect. Whilst the speculative reason of man continually seeks after unity, strives to see the many in the one—as the Platonist would express himself—or, as we should rather say, strives to resolve the multiplicity of phenomena into a few ultimate causes, so as to create for itself *a whole*, some rounded system which the intellectual vision can embrace; the discoveries of science, by which it hopes and strives to realize this end, do in fact, at every stage, increase the apparent complexity of the phenomena. The new agencies, or causes, which are brought to light, if they explain what before was anomalous and obscure, become themselves the source of innumerable difficulties and conjectures. Each discovery stirs more questions than it sets at rest. What, on its first introduction, promised to explain so many things, is found, on further acquaintance, to have added but one more to the inexplicable facts around us.

With each step, also, in our inquiry, the physical agents that are revealed to us become more subtle, more calculated to excite and to elude our curiosity. Already, half our science is occupied with matter that is invisible. From time to time some grand generalisation is proposed—electricity is now the evoked spirit which is to help us through our besetting difficulties—but, fast as the theory is formed, some new fact emerges that will not range itself within it; the cautious thinker steps back, and acknowledges that the effort is as yet premature. It always will be premature.

There is a perpetual antagonism between the intellectual tendency to reduce all phenomena to a harmonious and complete system, and that increase of knowledge which, while it seems to favour the attempt, renders it more and more impracticable. With our limited powers, we *cannot* embrace the whole; and therefore it must follow, that it is only when our knowledge is scanty, that we seem capable of the task. Every addition to that knowledge, from the time that Thales would have reduced all things to the one element of water, has rendered the task more hopeless. And as science was never so far advanced as at the present time, so this antagonism was never so clearly illustrated between the effort of reason to generalise, and the influx of broken knowledge, reducing the overtaken intellect to despair. How much has lately been revealed to us of the more subtle powers and processes of nature—of light, of heat, of electricity! How tempting the generalisations offered to our view! We seem to be, at least, upon the eve of some great discovery which will explain all; an illusion which is destined to prompt the researches of the ardent spirits of every age. They will always be on the eve of some great discovery which is to place the clue of the labyrinth into their hand. The new discovery, like its predecessor, will add only another chamber to the interminable labyrinth.

Let us, for instance, suppose that we have discovered, in electricity, the cause of that attraction to which we had confided the revolution of the

planets; of that chemical affinity to which we had ascribed the various combinations of those ultimate atoms of which the material world is presumed to be composed; of that vital principle which assimilates in the plant, and grows and feels in the animal. Let us suppose that this is a sound generalisation; yet, as electricity cannot be alone both attraction in the mass, and chemical affinity in the atom, and irritability and susceptibility in the fibre and the nerve, what has the speculative reason attained but to the knowledge of a new and necessary agent, producing different effects according to the different conditions in which, and the different co-agencies with which it operates? These conditions, these co-agencies, are all to be discovered. It is one flash of light, revealing a whole world of ignorance.

To the explanation of the most obstinate of all problems—the nature of the vital principle—we seem to have made a great step when we introduce a current of electricity circulating through the nerves. If this hypothesis be established, we shall probably have made a valuable and very useful addition to our stock of knowledge; but we shall be as far as ever from solving the problem of the vital principle. We have now a current of electricity circulating along the nerves, as we had before a current of blood, circulating through the veins and arteries; the one may become as prominent and as important a fact in the science of the physician as the other; but it will be equally powerless with the old discovery of Harvey to explain the ultimate cause of vitality. To the speculative reason it has but complicated the phenomena of animal life.

Within the memory of a living man, there has been such progress and revolution in science, that not one of the great generalisations taught him in his youth can be now received as uncontested propositions. Not many years ago, how commodiously a few words, such as attraction, caloric, affinity, rays of light, and others, could be used, and how much they seemed to explain! Caloric was a fluid, unseen indeed, but very obedient to the imagination—expanding

bodies, and radiating from one to the other in a quite orderly manner. What is it now? Perhaps the vibration of a subtle ether interfused through all bodies; perhaps the vibration of the atomic parts themselves of those bodies. Who will venture to say? Attraction and affinity are no longer the clearly defined ultimate facts they seem to be; we know so much at least, that they are intimately connected with electrical phenomena, though not to what extent. That electricity is implicated with chemical composition, and recomposition, is clearly recognised; and Sir J. Herschel has lately expressed his opinion, that it is impossible any longer to attempt the explanation of the movements of all the heavenly bodies by simple attraction, as understood in the Newtonian theory—these comets, with their trains perversely turned from the sun, deranging sadly our systematic views. The ray of light, which, with its reflection and its refraction, seemed a quite manageable substance, has deserted us, and we have an ethereal fluid—the same as that which constitutes heat, or another—substituted in its stead. Science has no language, and knows not how to speak. If she lectures one day upon the “polarisation” of light, she professes the next not to know what she means by the term; she is driven even to talk of “invisible rays” of light, or chemical rays. Never was it so difficult to form any scientific conception on these subjects, or to

speak of them with any consistency. Mrs. Somerville is a correct writer; yet she opens her brief section upon magnetism thus:—“Magnetism is one of those unseen imponderable existences, which, like electricity and heat, are known only by their effects. It is certainly identical with electricity, for,” &c. It is like, and it is identical, in almost the same sentence.

Even in the fields of astronomy, where we have to deal with large masses of matter, it is no longer possible for the imagination to form any embraceable system. We are plunged into hopeless infinitude, and the little regularities we had painfully delineated on the heavens are all effaced. The earth had been torn from its moorings and sent revolving through space, but it revolved round a central stationary sun. Here, at least, was something stable. The sun was a fixed centre for our minds, as well as for the planetary system. But the sun himself has been uprooted, and revolves round some other centre—we know not what—or else travels on through infinite space—we know not whither. A little time ago, the stately seven rolled round their central orb in clear and uninterrupted space; their number has been constantly increasing; we reckon now seventeen planetary bodies that can be reduced to no law of proportion or harmony, either as to their size, their orbits, the inclination of their axes, or any other planetary property;* and the space they circulate in is intruded on by other smaller

* “Nor are there,” writes Humboldt, “any constant relations between the distances of the planets from the central body round which they revolve, and their absolute magnitudes, densities, times of rotation, eccentricities and inclinations of orbit and of axis. We find Mars, though more distant from the sun than either the earth or Venus, inferior to them in magnitude; Saturn is less than Jupiter, and yet much larger than Uranus. The zone of the telescopic planets, which are so inconsiderable in point of volume, viewed in the series of distances commencing from the sun, comes next before Jupiter, the greatest in size of all the planetary bodies. Remarkable as is the small density of all the colossal planets which are farthest from the sun, yet neither in this respect can we recognise any regular succession. Uranus appears to be denser than Saturn, and (though the inner group of planets differ but little from each other in this particular) we find both Venus and Mars less dense than the earth, which is situated between them. The time of rotation increases, on the whole, with increasing solar distance, but yet it is greater in Mars than in the earth, and in Saturn than in Jupiter.” After other remarks of the same character, he adds, “The planetary system, in its relation of absolute magnitude, relative position of the axis, density, time of rotation, and different degrees of eccentricity of the orbits, has, to our apprehension, nothing more of natural necessity than the relative distribution of land and water on the surface of our globe, the configuration of continents, or the elevation of mountain chains. No general law, in these respects, is discoverable either in the regions of space or in the irregularities of the crust of the earth.”

and miscellaneous bodies, asteroids, and the like, some of which, it seems, occasionally fall to the earth. Comets come sweeping in from illimitable space, requiring, it is thought, some eight thousand years for their revolution round the sun. Some of these cross each other's orbits: one has crossed the orbit of the earth; and their decreasing circle round the sun, gives notice of some unknown ether suffused through the interstellar spaces. The outlying prospect, beyond our system, grows still more bewildering. The stars are no longer "fixed," nor is their brilliancy secured to them; this increases and diminishes with perplexing mystery. What seemed a single point of light, resolves itself into two stars revolving round each, perhaps reciprocally sun and planet. The faint and telescopic nebula, just reached by the glass in one age, is found in the next to be a congregation of innumerable stars. Our milky way is, at the same distance, just such another nebula. "The elder Herschel calculates that the light of the most distant nebula discovered by his forty-feet refractor, requires two millions of years to reach our eyes." Oh, shut up the telescope! the reason reels.

Science, in short, presents before us a field of perpetual activity—of endless excitement, and that of the highest order—of practical results of the greatest utility and most beneficial description; but it gives no prospect of any resting-place—any repose for the speculative reason—any position with which the scientific mind shall be content, and from which it shall embrace the scene before it in its unity and harmony. Always will it be

"Moving about in worlds half-realized."

Having touched upon these subtle agencies of light, and heat, and electricity, and on the increasing difficulty we have of framing to ourselves any distinct conception of them, we cannot refrain from alluding to a little work or pamphlet, by Mr. Grove, entitled, *The Correlation of Physical Forces*, in which this subject is treated with great originality. Mr. Grove has made himself a name in experimental science by his discoveries in electricity and chemistry; in this

pamphlet he shows, that he has the taste and power for enlarged speculation on the truths which experiment brings to light. We would recommend the perusal of his pamphlet to all who are interested in these higher and more abstract speculations. How far the wide generalisation he adopts is sustained by facts, we are not prepared to say. But it is a powerful work, and it is a singular one; for it is not often, in this country at least, that a man so well versed in the minutiae of science ventures upon so bold a style of generalisation. After reviewing some of the more lately discovered properties of electricity, heat, light, and magnetism, and showing how each of them is capable of producing or resolving itself into the others, he reasons that all the four are but the varied activity of one and the same element. He adds, that this element is probably no other than the primitive action itself; and that, in fact, these may be all regarded as affections of matter, which follow in their legal sequence, and not as the results of separate fluids or ethers. We are not sure that we do justice to his views, as we have not the work at hand, and it is some time since we read it; but we are persuaded that its perusal will be of interest to a philosophic reader, though its reasoning should fail to satisfy him.

But we have not placed the title of Mrs. Somerville's book at the head of this paper, as an occasion to involve ourselves in these dark and abstract discussions. We are for *out-of-door* life; we would survey this visible round world, whose various regions, with their products and their inhabitants, she has brought before us.

"Physical geography," thus commences our writer, "is a description of the earth, the sea, and the air, with their inhabitants animal and vegetable, of the distribution of these organized beings, and the causes of that distribution. Political and arbitrary divisions are disregarded: the sea and the land are considered only with respect to these great features, that have been stamped upon them by the hand of the Almighty; and man himself is viewed but as a fellow-inhabitant of the globe with other created things, yet influencing them to a certain extent by his actions, and influenced in return."

Physical geography stands thus in

contrast with political and historical geography. Russia is here no despotism, and America no democracy; they are only portions of the globe inhabited by certain races. To some persons it will doubtless seem a strange "geography" that takes no notice of the city, and respects not at all the boundaries of states. Those to whom the name recalls only the early labours of the school-room, when counties and county-towns formed a great branch of learning—where the blue and red lines upon the map were so anxiously traced, and where, doubtless, some suspicion arose that the earth itself was marked out by corresponding lines, or something equivalent to them—will readily admit that to be geography which takes no note of these essential demarcations, or allow that to be a map in which the very city they live in cannot be found. To them the Physical Atlas will still seem nothing but a series of maps, in which most of the names have still to be inserted. They unconsciously regard cities and provinces as the primary objects and natural divisions of the earth. They share something of the feeling of that good man, more pious than reflective, who noted it as an especial providence that all the great rivers ran by the great towns.

Others, however, will be glad to escape for a time from these landmarks which man has put upon the earth, and to regard it in its great natural lineaments of continent and sea, mountain and island. To do this with advantage, it is necessary to disembarass ourselves, both in the book and the map, of much that in our usual nomenclature ranks pre-eminently as geography. Nor is it easy to study this, more than the older branch of geography, without an appropriate atlas. To turn over the maps of Mr. Johnston's, and con the varied information which accompanies them, is itself a study, and no disagreeable one. Of the extent of this information we can give no idea by extract or quotation; it is manifestly in too condensed a form for quotation; it is a perfect storehouse of knowledge, gathered from the best authorities.

The first thing which strikes an observant person, on looking over a

map, or turning round a globe, is the unequal division and distribution of land and water. Over little more than one-fourth of the surface of the earth does dry land appear; the remaining three-fourths are overflowed by water. And this land is by no means equally disposed over the globe. Far the greater part of it lies in the northern hemisphere. "In the northern hemisphere it is three times greater than the south."

Of the form which this land assumes, the following peculiarities have been noticed:—

"The tendency of the land to assume a *peninsular form* is very remarkable, and it is still more so that almost all the peninsulas tend to the south—circumstances that depend on some unknown cause which seems to have acted very extensively. The continents of South America, Africa, and Greenland, are peninsulas on a gigantic scale, all tending to the south; the Asiatic peninsula of India, the Indo Chinese peninsula, those of Corea, Kamtchatka, of Florida, California, and Aliaska, in North America, as well as the European peninsulas of Norway and Sweden, Spain and Portugal, Italy and Greece, take the same direction. All the latter have a rounded form except Italy, whereas most of the others terminate sharply, especially the continents of South America and Africa, India and Greenland, which have the pointed form of wedges; while some are long and narrow, as California, Aliaska, and Malacca. Many of the peninsulas have an island, or group of islands, at their extremity—as South America, which terminates with the group of Terra del Fuego; India has Ceylon; Malacca has Sumatra and Banca; the southern extremity of New Holland ends in Van Diemen's Land; a chain of islands run from the end of the peninsula of Aliaska; Greenland has a group of islands at its extremity; and Sicily lies close to the termination of Italy. It has been observed, as another peculiarity in the structure of peninsulas, that they generally terminate boldly, in bluffs, promontories, or mountains, which are often the last portions of the continental chains. South America terminates in Cape Horn, a high promontory which is the visible termination of the Andes; Africa with the Cape of Good Hope; India with Cape Comorin, the last of the Ghauts; New Holland ends with South-East Cape in Van Diemen's Land; and Greenland's farthest point is the elevated bluff of Cape Farewell."

These are peculiarities interesting to notice, and which may hereafter explain, or be explained by, other phenomena. Resemblances and analogies of this kind, whilst they are permitted only to direct and stimulate inquiry, have their legitimate place in science. It was a resemblance of this description, between the zig-zag course of the metalliferous veins, and the path of the lightning, which first suggested the theory, based, of course, on very different reasonings, that electricity had essentially contributed to the formation of those veins—a theory which Mrs. Somerville has considered sufficiently sound to introduce into her work.

What lies *within* our globe is still matter of conjecture. The radius of the earth is 4000 miles, and by one means or another, mining, and the examination of the upheaved strata, and of what volcanoes have thrown out, we are supposed to have penetrated, with speculative vision, to about the depth of ten miles.

"The increase of temperature," writes Mrs. Somerville, "with the depth below the surface of the earth, and the tremendous desolation hurled over wide regions by numerous fire-breathing mountains, show that man is removed but a few miles from immense lakes or seas of liquid fire. The very shell on which he stands is unstable under his feet, not only from those temporary convulsions that seem to shake the globe to its centre, but from a slow, almost imperceptible, elevation in some places, and an equally gentle subsidence in others, as if the internal molten matter were subject to secular tides, now heaving and now ebbing; or that the subjacent rocks were in one place expanded and in another contracted by changes in temperature."

Perhaps these "immense lakes or seas of liquid fire" are a little too hastily set down here in our geography. But of these obscure regions beneath the earth, the student must understand he can share only in the best conjectures of scientific men. Geology is compelled, at present, in many cases, to content herself with intelligent conjecture.

To return again to the surface of the earth, the first grand spectacle that strikes us is the mountains. Before it was understood how the mountain was the parent of the river, the noble elevation was apt to be regarded in the light

of a ruin as evidence of some disastrous catastrophe; and Burnett, in his *Theory of the Earth*, conceived the ideal or normal state of our planet to be that of a smooth ball, smooth as an egg. The notion not only betrays the low state of scientific knowledge in his age, but a miserable taste in world-architecture, which, we may remark in excuse for poor Burnett, was, almost as much as his scientific ignorance, to be shared with the age in which he lived. For it is surprising, with the exception of a few poets, how destitute men were, in his time, of all sympathy with, and admiration of, the grander and more sublime objects of nature. "We have changed all that!" The mountain range, pouring down its streams into the valleys on both sides, is not only recognised as necessary to the fertility of the plain; but, strange to say, we become more and more awake to its surprising beauty and magnificence. The description of the mountain ranges of the several continents of the world, forms one of the principal attractions of the study of physical geography, and one of the great charms of Mrs. Somerville's book.

The mountains of Asia take precedence of all others in altitude and length of range.

"The mean height of the Himalaya is stupendous. Captain Gerard and his brother estimated that it could not be less than from 16,000 to 20,000 feet; but, from the average elevation of the passes over these mountains, Baron Humboldt thinks it must be under 15,700 feet. Colonel Sabine estimates it to be only 11,510 feet, though the peaks exceeding that elevation are not to be numbered, especially at the sources of the Sutlej. Indeed, from that river to the Kales, the chain exhibits an endless succession of the loftiest mountains on earth; forty of them surpass the height of Chimborazo, one of the highest of the Andes, and several reach the height of 25,000 feet at least. . . . The valleys are crevices so deep and narrow, and the mountains that hang over them in menacing cliffs are so lofty, that these abysses are shrouded in perpetual gloom, except where the rays of a vertical sun penetrate their depths. From the steepness of the descent the rivers shoot down with the swiftness of an arrow, filling the caverns with foam and the air with mist.

"Most of the passes over the Himalaya

are but little lower than the top of Mont Blanc; many are higher, especially near the Sutlej, where they are from 18,000 to 19,000 feet high; and that north-east of Khoonawur is 20,000 feet above the level of the sea, the highest that has been attempted. All are terrific, and the fatigue and suffering from the rarity of the air in the last 500 feet is not to be described. Animals are as much distressed as human beings, and many of them die; thousands of birds perish from the violence of the winds; the drifting snow is often fatal to travellers, and violent thunder-storms add to the horror of the journey. The Niti Pass, by which Mr. Moorcroft ascended to the sacred lake of Manasa, in Tibet, is tremendous: he and his guide had not only to walk bare-footed, from the risk of slipping, but they were obliged to creep along the most frightful chasms, holding by twigs and tufts of grass, and sometimes they crossed deep and awful crevices on a branch of a tree, or on loose stones thrown across. Yet these are the thoroughfares for commerce in the Himalaya, never repaired, nor susceptible of improvement, from frequent landslips and torrents.

"The loftiest peaks, being bare of snow, give great variety of colour and beauty to the scenery, which in these passes is at all times magnificent. During the day, the stupendous size of the mountains, their interminable extent, the variety and sharpness of their forms, and, above all, the tender clearness of their distant outline melting into the pale blue sky, contrasted with the deep azure above, is described as a scene of wild and wonderful beauty. At midnight, when myriads of stars sparkle in the black sky, and the pure blue of the mountains looks deeper still below the pale white gleam of the earth and snowlight, the effect is of unparalleled sublimity; and no language can describe the splendour of the sunbeams at daybreak streaming between the high peaks, and throwing their gigantic shadows on the mountains below. There, far above the habitation of man, no living thing exists, no sound is heard; the very echo of the traveller's footsteps startles him in the awful solitude and silence that reign in these august dwellings of everlasting snow."

The table-lands of Asia are on a scale corresponding with its mountains. But the same elevation, it is remarked, is not accompanied with the same sterility in these parts of the world, as in the temperate zone. Corn has been found growing at heights exceeding the summit of Mont Blanc.

"According to Mr. Moorcroft, the sacred lake of Manasa, in Great Tibet, and the surrounding country, is 17,000 feet above the sea, which is 1240 feet higher than Mont Blanc. In this elevated region wheat and barley grow, and many of the fruits of Southern Europe ripen. The city of H'Lassa, in eastern Tibet, the residence of the Grand Lama, is surrounded by vineyards, and is called by the Chinese 'the Realm of Pleasure!'" Nevertheless the general aspect of the tablelands is that of a terrific sterility. Here is a striking description of them. We should have been tempted to say, that in this singularly dark appearance of the sky at mid-day, there was something of exaggeration, if our own limited experience had not taught us to be very cautious in attributing exaggeration where the scenic effects of nature are concerned.

"In summer the sun is powerful at mid-day; the air is of the purest transparency, and the azure of the sky so deep that it seems black as in the darkest night. The rising moon does not enlighten the atmosphere; no warning radiance announces her approach, till her limb touches the horizon, and the stars shine with the distinctness and brilliancy of suns. In southern Tibet the verdure is confined to favoured spots; the bleak mountains and high plains are sternly gloomy—a scene of barrenness not to be conceived. Solitude reigns in these dreary wastes, where there is not a tree, nor even a shrub to be seen of more than a few inches high. The scanty, short-lived verdure vanishes in October; the country then looks as if fire had passed over it; and cutting dry winds blow with irresistible fury, howling in the bare mountains, whirling the snow through the air, and freezing to death the unfortunate traveller benighted in their defiles."

The description of the territory of the East India Company will be read with interest. We cannot afford space to extract it. Plains and valleys the very richest in the globe are to be found here, as also much rank marshy land, and also much jungle. "It has been estimated that a third of the East India Company's territory is jungle."

As a set-off against this jungle we have it intimated that, if proper search were made, gold would probably be found in this territory, as abundantly as in California. We sincerely hope

no such discovery will be made. If there is a sure specific for demoralising a people, it is to involve them in the chase for gold, instead of that profitable industry which produces the veritable wealth for which gold has become the symbol and representative. The discovery of gold in one of our colonies would not only demoralise, it would impoverish. It would demoralise, by substituting for steady industry, with steady returns, a species of enterprise which has all the uncertainty and fluctuation of gambling; and it would finally impoverish by diverting labour from the creation of agricultural and manufacturing wealth, to the obtaining of the dry barren symbol of wealth, which, apart from its representative character, has but very little value whatever.

We will not look back towards Chimborazo and the Andes, as we should involve ourselves in long and tempting descriptions. In Africa, it is remarkable that we are little acquainted with the mountains. "No European has yet seen the Mountains of the Moon!" What a challenge to enterprising travellers! We know the level sands of Africa better than these elevations which have assumed so magnificent a title. What a terrific sterility does a large portion of this the most ill-fated of the great continents present! "On the interminable sands and rocks of these deserts no animal—no insect—breaks the dread silence; not a tree nor a shrub is to be seen in this land without a shadow. In the glare of noon the air quivers with the heat reflected from the red sand, and in the night it is chilled under a clear sky sparkling with its host of stars." The wind of heaven, which elsewhere breathes so refreshingly, is here a burning blast fatal to life; or else it drives the sand in clouds before it, obscuring the sun, and stifling and burying the hapless caravan.

In the *new* continent of America—if it still retains that title—the desert is comparatively rare. But its enormous forests have, in some regions, proved that excessive vegetation can assume almost as terrific an appearance as this interminable sterility.

"The forests of the Amazons not only cover the basin of that river, from the Cor-

dillera of Chiquitos to the mountains of Parima, but also its limiting mountain-chains, the Sierra Dos Vertentes and Parima, so that the whole forms an area of woodland more than six times the size of France, lying between the 18th parallel of south latitude and the 7th of north, consequently inter-tropical and traversed by the equator. According to Baron Humboldt, the soil, enriched for ages by the spoils of the forest, consists of the richest mould. The heat is suffocating in the deep and dark recesses of these primeval woods, where not a breath of air penetrates, and where, after being drenched by the periodical rains, the damp is so excessive that a blue mist rises in the early morning among the huge stems of the trees, and envelops the entangled creepers stretching from bough to bough. A death-like stillness prevails from sunrise to sunset, then the thousands of animals that inhabit these forests join in one loud discordant roar, not continuous, but in bursts. The beasts seem to be periodically and unanimously roused by some unknown impulse, till the forests ring in universal uproar. Profound silence prevails at midnight, which is broken at the dawn of morning by another general roar of the wild chorus. The whole forest often resounds when the animals, startled from their sleep, scream in terror at the noise made by bands of its inhabitants flying from some night-prowling foe. Their anxiety and terror before a thunder-storm is excessive, and all nature seems to partake in the dread. The tops of the lofty trees rustle ominously, though not a breath of air agitates them; a hollow whistling in the high regions of the atmosphere comes as a warning from the black floating vapour; midnight darkness envelops the ancient forests, which soon after groan and creak with the blast of the hurricane. The gloom is rendered still more hideous by the vivid lightning, and the stunning crash of thunder."

One of the most interesting subjects, of which mention is made in the work before us, is the gradual elevation and subsidence observed in some portions of these continents themselves. Just when the imagination had become somewhat familiar with the sudden but very partial upheaving of the earth by volcanic agencies, this new discovery came to light of the slow rising and sinking of vast areas of the land, and unaccompanied with any earthquakes or volcanic eruptions. In some parts the crust of the earth has sunk and risen again; in others, a

sort of see-saw movement on a most gigantic scale has been detected.

"There is a line crossing Sweden from east to west, in the parallel of $56^{\circ} 3' N.$ lat., along which the ground is perfectly stable, and has been so for centuries. To the north of it for 1000 miles, between Gottenburg and North Cape, the ground is rising; the maximum elevation, which takes place at North Cape, being at the rate of five feet in a century, from whence it gradually diminishes to three inches in a century at Stockholm. South of the line of stability, on the contrary, the land is sinking through part of Christianstad and Malmo; for the village of Stassten in Scania is now 390 feet nearer to the Baltic than it was in the time of Linnæus, by whom it was measured eighty-seven years ago."

It is evident that the elevation of the land, in relation to the level of the sea, may be produced either by an uprising of the continent or a depression of the bed of the ocean, permitting the waters to sink; as also the apparent depression of the land may be occasioned by an elevation in the bed of the ocean. This renders the problem somewhat more difficult to solve, because the causes we are seeking to discover may be sometimes operating on that part of the crust of the earth which is concealed from our view. Mr. Lyell, who, in his *Principles of Geology*, has collected and investigated the facts bearing upon this subject, mentions the following as probable causes of the phenomena:—

1 "It is easy to conceive that the shattered rocks may assume an arched form during a convulsion, so that the country above may remain permanently upheaved. In other cases, gas may drive before it masses of liquid lava, which may thus be injected into newly opened fissures. The gas having then obtained more room, by the forcing up of the incumbent rocks, may remain at rest; while the lava, congealing in the rents, may afford a solid foundation for the newly raised district

2. "Experiments have recently been made in America by Colonel Patten, to ascertain the ratio according to which some of the stones commonly used in architecture expand with given increments of heat. . . . Now, according to the law of expansion thus ascertained,

a mass of sandstone, a mile in thickness, which should have its temperature raised $200^{\circ} F.$, would lift a superimposed layer of rock to the height of ten feet above its former level. But, suppose a part of the earth's crust one hundred miles in thickness, and equally expandable, to have its temperature raised 600° or 800° , this might produce an elevation of between two and three thousand feet. The cooling of the same mass might afterwards cause the overlying rocks to sink down again, and resume their original position. By such agency, we might explain the gradual rise of Scandinavia, or the subsidence of Greenland, if this last phenomenon should also be established as a fact on further inquiry.

3. "It is also possible that, as the clay in Wedgwood's pyrometer contracts, by giving off its water, and then by incipient vitrification; so large masses of argillaceous strata, in the earth's interior, may shrink, when subjected to heat and chemical changes, and allow the incumbent rocks to subside gradually. It may frequently happen that fissures of great extent may be formed in rocks, simply by the unequal expansion of a continuous mass heated in one part, while in another it remains in a comparatively low temperature. The sudden subsidence of land may also be occasioned by subterranean caverns giving way, when gases are condensed, or when they escape through newly formed crevices. The subtraction, moreover, of matter from certain parts of the interior, by the flowing of lava and of mineral springs, must, in the course of ages, cause vacuities below, so that the undermined surface may at length fall in."

Two agencies of the most opposite character have apparently been, at all times, acting on the crust of the earth to change its form, or add to the surface of dry land—the volcano and the insect!—the one the most sudden and violent imaginable, producing in a short time the most astonishing effects; the other gradual, silent, and imperceptible, yet leaving the most stupendous monuments of its activity. The volcano has thrown up a mountain in a single night; there is an instance too, on record, where a mountain has quite as suddenly disappeared, destroying itself in its own violent combustion, and breaking up with repeated and terrific explosions. On the other hand, besides what has been

long known of the works of the coral insect, the microscope has revealed to us that huge cliffs have been constructed of the minute fossil shells of animalculæ. These creatures, abstracting from the water, or the air, or both, the minute particles of vegetable or other matter they hold in solution, first frame of them their own siliceous shells, and then deposit these shells by myriads, so as ultimately to construct enormous solid mounds out of imperceptible and fluent particles.

Astonishing, indeed, is the new world of animals invisible to the naked eye, which science has lately detected.

"Professor Ehrenberg," says Mrs. Somerville, "has discovered a new world of creatures in the infusoria, so minute that they are invisible to the naked eye. He found them in fog, rain, and snow, in the ocean and stagnant water, in animal and vegetable juices, in volcanic ashes and pumice, in opal, in the dusty air that sometimes falls on the ocean; and he detected eighteen species twenty feet below the surface of the ground in peat earth, which was full of microscopic live animals; they exist in ice, and are not killed by boiling water. This lowest order of animal life is much more abundant than any other, and new species are found every day. Magnified, some of them seem to consist of a transparent vesicle, and some have a tail; they move with great alacrity, and show intelligence by avoiding obstacles in their course: others have siliceous shells. Language, and even imagination, fails in the attempt to describe the inconceivable myriads of these invisible inhabitants of the ocean, the air, and the earth."

With every great change, however brought about, in the surface of the earth, and the climate of its several regions, it appears that, either by the direct agency of the Omnipotent Creator, or through the intermediate operations of laws which are at present profound secrets to us, a corresponding change takes place in the forms of animal life, and in the whole vegetable kingdom. Modern science presents no subject to us of more interest than this, and none apparently so inscrutable. Nor does the examination of the globe, as it exists before us at this moment, with its various floras and faunas, at all assist us in forming any conception of the law by which the

geological series (if we may so term it) of animal life has been regulated, for the distribution of the several animals over the several countries and climates of the world, follows no rule that one can detect. Of course, no animal can exist where provision has not been made for its subsistence, but the provision has been made with the same abundance in two countries, and in the one the animal is found, and the other not. We should ask in vain why the horse was found a native of the deserts of Tartary, and why it was originally unknown to the plains of America? Nor can any cause be detected for the difference between the congeners, a representative species of one continent or island, and those of another. And not only have the larger animals an arbitrary territory marked out to them by nature, but birds, and even insects, are separated and grouped together in the same unaccountable manner. The chapters which Mrs. Somerville has devoted to this subject will be read, especially by those to whom the topic is new, with extreme interest. They are enlightened and judicious.

It is a natural supposition to make, that, in the series of animals which at great geological periods have been introduced upon the earth, there has been a *progression*, so that each new form of animal life has been, in some marked manner, superior to that which is substituted. The comparative anatomist has not sanctioned this opinion; he tells us that he finds the same "high organisation" in the fossil saurians of a by-gone world, as in the lions and leopards of the present day. But we would observe that the presence of this "high organisation" is not sufficient to determine the question. We should be surprised, indeed, if any creature were to be found whose structure was not perfectly adapted to the mode of life it was destined to lead. But it is permissible to compare one animal with another, in its whole nature, and the character of its existence. The pig has the same high organisation as the dog, yet we should certainly prefer the one animal to the other; we should say that it was calculated for a happier life. We cannot suppose that a bird is not a more joyous creature than a worm or

the snail. The adaptation of the whole form and structure to a pleasurable existence, and not what is termed high organisation, is that which we must regard, in estimating the superiority of one animal to another. Now, in this respect, there surely has been a progression from the earliest epochs. The crocodile and the tortoise are, amongst the animals which now exist, those which most resemble some of the more remarkable of the extinct genera. They are as perfectly adapted, no doubt, as any other creature, to their peculiar mode of being; but that mode of being is not an enviable one. The long stiff unwieldy body of the one, and the slow movement, with the oppressive carcase, of the other, are not consistent with vivid animal enjoyment. The crocodile, accordingly, lies motionless for hours together—*waits* for its prey—and slumbers gorged with food. As for the tortoise, it appears to lead a life as near to perpetual torpor as may be. Pass through a museum, and note those huger animals, the elephant and the rhinoceros, the seal or walrus, all those which most remind us of the gigantic creatures of the antediluvian world, and compare them with the horse, the deer, the dog, the antelope. Surely the latter present to us a type of animal life superior to the former—superior, inasmuch as the latter are altogether calculated for a more vivacious, sprightly, and happy existence. We must not venture to remark on their greater comparative *beauty*, for we shall be told that this is a matter for our own peculiar taste. We should not be contented to be so easily silenced on this head, but we should require far more space than we have now at our disposal to defend our æsthetic notions.

We have found ourselves imperceptibly conducted from the inanimate to the animate creation; we shall proceed, therefore, with the same topic, in the few farther extracts we shall be able to make from the work before us. Indeed, with so vast a subject, and so brief a space, it would be idle to affect any great precision in the arrangement of our topics; enough if they follow without abruptness, and are linked together by natural associations of thought.

“Three hundred thousand insects are known!” and every day, we were almost going to add, increases the number. They abound, as may be expected, in equatorial regions, and decrease towards the poles. “The location of insects depends upon that of the plants which yield their food; and as almost each plant is peopled with inhabitants peculiar to itself, insects are distributed over the earth in the same manner as vegetables; the groups, consequently, are often confined within narrow limits, and it is extraordinary that, notwithstanding their powers of locomotion, they often remain within a particular compass, though the plant, and all other circumstances in their immediate vicinity, appear equally favourable for their habitation.”

Mountain-chains, Mrs. Somerville observes, are a complete barrier to insects; they differ even in the two sides of the Col de Tende in the Alps, and they are limited in the choice of their food. If a plant is taken to a country where it has no congeners, it will be safe from the insects of that country; but if it has congeners, the insect inhabitants will soon find the way to it. Our cabbages and carrots, when transplanted to Cayenne, were not injured by the insects of that country; and the tulip tree, and other magnolias brought here, are not molested by our insects.

The insect is a race, or order, of creatures not friendly to man, or any of the larger animals.

“The musquito and culex are spread over the world more generally than any other tribe; they are the torment of men and animals from the poles to the equator, by night and by day; the species are numerous, and their location partial. . . . Of all places on earth, the Orinoco and other great rivers of tropical America, are the most obnoxious to this plague. The account given by Baron Humboldt is really fearful; at no season of the year, at no hour of the day or night, can rest be found; whole districts in the Upper Orinoco are deserted on account of these insects. Different species follow one another with such precision, that the time of day or night may be known accurately from their humming noise, and from the different sensations of pain which the different poisons produce. The only

respite is the interval of a few minutes between the departure of one gang and the arrival of their successors, for the species do not mix. On some parts of the Orinoco, the air is one dense cloud of poisonous insects to the height of twenty feet."

The sea, as well as the air, is populous with insect life. The discoloured portions of the ocean generally owe their tint to myriads of insects. The vermilion sea off California is probably to be accounted for from this cause, "as Mr. Darwin found red and chocolate-coloured water on the coast of Chili, over spaces of several square miles, full of microscopic animalcules, darting about in every direction, and sometimes exploding"—we hope for joy. "In the Arctic seas, where the water is pure transparent ultramarine colour, parts of twenty or thirty square miles, one thousand five hundred feet deep, are green and turbid, from the quantity of minute animalcules. Captain Scoresby calculated that it would require eighty thousand persons working unceasingly, from the creation of man to the present day, to count the number of insects contained in two miles of the green water."

Captain Scoresby must be very fond of calculations. We have noticed, by the way, on several occasions, how very bold these men of figures are! One pounds and pulverises the Pyrenees, and strews them over France, and tells us how many feet this would raise the level of the whole country. Another calculates how much soil the Mississippi brings down, per hour, to the ocean; and another, still bolder, undertakes to say what quantity of ice lies amongst the whole range of the Alps. Some of these calculations are laborious inutilities, as it is evident that no accurate data can be obtained to proceed upon. In the last instance, how find the depth of the ice? The sand of the desert has been sounded in one place, we are told, and the lead has sunk three hundred and sixty feet without finding a bottom; but what plummet can sound the glacier? Here and there a crevice may let us into the secret of its depth, and we know that below a certain level ice cannot remain unmelted; but who can tell the configuration of the mountain

under the ice, how shallow the glacier may be in some parts, and into what profound caverns it may sink in others? There is something childish in giving us an array of figures, when the figures present no useful approximation to the truth.

We have alluded to the difficult problem of the distribution of the different species of animals throughout the several regions of the globe: the same problem meets us in the vegetable world. Here we might expect to grapple with it with some better hopes of success, yet the difficulties are by no means diminished; we only seem to see them more plainly. In the first place, it is clear, as Mrs. Somerville says, that "no similarity of existing circumstances can account for whole families of plants being confined to one particular country, or even to a very limited district, which, as far as we can judge, might have grown equally well in many others." But the *difference* of the floras is not the only difficulty. While there is difference in a great number of the species there is *identity* in a certain other number. If now we account for the difference by supposing that the several portions of land emerged from the ocean at different epochs, and under different conditions, and that, therefore, the generative powers of vegetable life (in whatever, under the will of Divine Providence, these may be supposed to consist) manifested themselves differently, how shall we next account for this identity? "In islands far from continents, the number of plants is small; but of these a large proportion occur nowhere else. In St. Helena, of thirty flower-bearing plants one or two only are native elsewhere." But these one or two become a new perplexity. "In the Falkland Islands there are more than thirty flowering plants identical with those in Great Britain." Very many similar cases might be cited; we quote these only to show the nature of the difficulty with which science has to cope.

And here comes in the following strange and startling fact, to render this subject of vegetable production still more explicable:—

"Nothing grows under these great forests, (of South America;) and when ac-

cidentally burnt down in the mountainous parts of Patagonia, they never rise again ; *but the ground they grow on is soon covered with an impenetrable brushwood of other plants.* In Chili the violently stinging *Loasa* appears first in those burnt places, bushes grow afterwards, and then comes a tree-grass, eighteen feet high, of which the Indians make their huts. The new vegetation that follows the burning of primeval forests is quite unaccountable. The ancient and undisturbed forests of Pennsylvania have no undergrowth ; and when burnt down they are succeeded by a thick growth of rhododendrons."—(Vol. ii. p. 190.)

But we must bring our rambling excursion through these pleasant volumes to a close ; the more especially as we wish once more to take this opportunity, not as critics only, but as readers also, to express our grateful sense of the benefit which Mrs. Somerville has conferred upon society by this and her preceding volume, *The Connexion of the Physical Sciences.* It was once a prevailing habit to peak in a sort of apologetic strain of works of popular science. Such habit, or whatever residue of it remains, may be entirely laid aside. If by popular science is meant the conveyance, in clear intelligible language, as little technical as possible, of the results of scientific inquiry, then are we all of us beholden more or less to popular science. The most scientific of men cannot be equally profound in all branches of inquiry. The field has now become so extensive that he cannot hope to obtain his knowledge in all departments from the first sources. He must trust for much to the authority of others. Every one who is desirous of learning what anatomy and physiology can teach us, cannot attend the dissecting table. How much that we esteem, as amongst the most valuable of our acquisitions, depends on this secondary evidence ! How few can follow the calculations of the mathematician, by which he establishes results which are nevertheless familiar to all as household words ! And the mathematician himself, great aristocrat as he is in science, must take the chemist on his word for the nice analysis the latter has performed. He cannot leave his papers to follow out experiments, often as difficult and intricate as his own calculations. In-

deed the experiments of the man of science have become so refined and elaborate, and deal often with such subtle matter, and this in so minute quantities, that, as it has been said of the astronomer, that it requires a separate education, and takes half a life to learn to observe, so it may be truly said, that to devise and conduct new experiments in philosophy has become an art in itself. We must be content to see a great deal with the eyes of others ; to be satisfied with the report of this or that labourer in the wide field of science. We cannot all of us go wandering over moor and mountain to gather and classify herbs and flowers ; interested as we all are in geological speculations, we cannot all use the geological hammer, or use it to any purpose ; still less can we examine all manner of fishes, or pry with the microscope into every cranny of nature for *infusoria*.

Mrs. Somerville gives us the book ! —the neat, compact, valuable volume, which we hold so commodiously in the hand. The book—the book for ever ! There are who much applaud the lecture and the lecture-room, with its table full of glittering apparatus, glass and brass, and all the ingenious instruments by which nature, as we say, is put to the torture. Let such as please spend their hot uneasy hour in a crowd. We could never feed in a crowd ; we detest benches and sitting in a row. To our notion, more is got, in half the time, from a few pages of the quiet letterpress, quietly perused : the better if accompanied by skilful diagrams, or, as in this case, by admirable maps. As to those experiments, on the witnessing of which so much stress is laid, it is a great fallacy to suppose that they add anything to the certainty of our knowledge. When we see an experiment performed at a distance, in a theatre, we do, in fact, as entirely rely on the word of the lecturer as if we only read of its performance. It is our faith in his character that makes all the difference between his exhibition and that of the dexterous conjurer. To obtain any additional evidence from beholding the experiment, we ought to be at the elbow of the skilful manipulator, and weigh, and test, and scrutinise.

But, indeed, as a matter of evidence, the experiment in a popular lecture-room is never viewed for a moment. It is a mere show. It has degenerated into a mere expedient to attract idlers and keep them awake. The crowd is there, and expect to see something; and it has become the confirmed habit of the whole class of popular lecturers to introduce their experiments, not when they are wanted to elucidate or prove their propositions, but whenever and wherever they can answer the purpose of amusing the audience. If a learned professor is lecturing upon the theory of combustion, he will burn a piece of stick or paper before you, to show that when such things are burnt flame is produced. He would on no account forego that flame. Yes; and the audience look on as if they had never seen a stick or a piece of paper burn before. And when he is so happy as to arrive at the point where a few grains of gunpowder may be ignited, they give him a round of applause! In the hands of many, the lecture itself becomes little more than an occasion for the experiment. The glittering vials, the air-pump, the electrical machine, undoubtedly keep the eyes at least of the audience open; but the expedient, with all due deference be it said, reminds us of the ingenious resource of the veteran exhibitor of *Punch*, who knows that if his puppets receive knocks enough, and there is sufficient clatter with the sticks, the dramatic dialogue may take its course as it pleases: he is sure of his popularity.

Therefore it is we are for the book; and we hold such presents as Mrs. Somerville has bestowed upon the public to be of incalculable value, disseminating more sound information than all the literary and scientific institutions will accomplish in a whole cycle of their existence. We will conclude with one or two practical suggestions, which would add to the utility of the last of her two works—*The Physical Geography*. Mrs. Somerville has thought it well to insert a few notes explanatory of some scientific terms. But these notes are few. If it was well to explain such terms as “Marsupial animals,” or “Tectaceæ,” a reader might be excused for wishing to know what a “torsion balance” was, or what a “moraine,”—terms which fall upon him just as suddenly, and unexplained by any previous matter. Would not a glossary of such terms be advisable? But whatever may be thought of this suggestion, our next remark is indisputable. To such a work as this, an index is extremely useful—is all but essential. There is an index, but it is so defective, so scanty, that it is worth nothing. We cannot say whether this last remark applies equally to *The Connexion of the Physical Sciences*, not having that work at present under our eye. But we beg to intimate to all authors and authoresses, that whenever a book is of such a nature that it becomes valuable as a work of reference, it should be accompanied by a good index. It is a plodding business, but it must be executed.

CIVIL REVOLUTION IN THE CANADAS.—A REMEDY.

To be British, or not to be, is now literally the question in all the North American colonies. Like England, when Mr. Cobden and the potato blight produced, together, a panic which seemed to obliterate for the time, all past arguments, and all future consequences—changing minds before deemed unchangeable, and raising to fame and greatness men and reasoning that the world was never previously able to see the force or the depth of—like England then, are the colonies now. They are in all the depths and mazes of a panic. One of the storms which occasionally break over the heads of all people is now raging over theirs. Nor is it surprising—with England's history for ten years before us—if there should be those among them who shrink from its drenchings or its shocks, or are incapable, in the midst of its wild commotions, of seeing sunshine in the distance. For our part, we are fond of that sturdy greatness which can put its shoulder to the blast, and say, "Blow on, great guns; we can stand your thunder."

Not that the panic in the colonies arises from the people's looking forward to having nothing to eat. They have plenty, thank God, and to spare. But they have nothing in their pockets; and, what is worse, they are afraid, if they go on much longer as they are now doing, they will soon be without pockets too. Factory cotton may be but fourpence a-yard; but if they haven't the fourpence to pay for it, it might as well be as dear as diamonds, as far as they are concerned.

The policy of England, from the day that Lord Chatham said "that he would not allow the colonies to make a hob-nail for themselves," has been to convert them into marts for her manufactures—to make them useful and profitable to her, by causing them to consume those things which give her poor employment, her merchants and manufacturers profit, and her commercial navy all the incidental carrying trade. As a return for this, the colonies were directly and indirectly assured by England, that their

produce should be protected in her markets—that, for all the profits England might make by manufacturing for the colonies, they should have a full return in the profits they should have by their produce being protected.

Meantime, the United States pursued an entirely different system. They, notwithstanding the interests of the great body of the southern states—whose interest, their principal product being cotton, was to buy what they wanted of manufactured goods in the lowest market, and to sell their cotton in the highest—rigidly adhered to the system of forming manufacturing interests of their own, and of fostering and encouraging them by every means in their power. While the colonies, therefore, bought, with the produce of their country, broad cloths, cottons, silks, blankets, scythes, hardware, and crockery, which were manufactured in England, they saw all the profits of their manufacture, their sale, and their carriage, go to another country, to be spent among another people. The Americans, on the other hand, who bought, with the produce of their lands, the manufactures of their own country, saw the profits upon these manufactures applied to building up factories, villages, and towns, which brought together a useful population; built churches, made roads, established places of learning and improvement; made better markets for some things which might have been sold otherwise, and made sale for many that could not otherwise have been sold at all, besides greatly enhancing the values of all adjacent property, and increasing the general wealth of the whole country. The advantages of the one system over the other, however, did not stop here. The necessities and the advantages of manufactures, which first dictated the making and improving of a common road, next conceived the benefit of a railroad and a canal, and the profits of manufacturing were straightway applied to their construction, and they were done. The farmer, therefore, imperceptibly to himself, was placed

within a few hours of the best markets over the continent—found his produce carried to them for a trifle, in comparison to what it used to cost him—and found withal, the process which made it so, bringing thousands upon thousands of people into the country, to develop its riches, to increase the price of its lands, and to contribute to its civilisation and conveniences, from the establishment of a college down to the building of a blacksmith's shop. The colonial farmer, too, who bought the goods of an English or a Scotch manufacturer, contributed to send those manufacturers' children to school, to give them a profession, or to leave them a fortune. The American farmer who bought his neighbours' manufactures, contributed to establish a school in his own neighbourhood, where his children could be educated; and to bring people together to support them, if they chose to study a profession or to enter into business.

To trace, within the limits of a whole magazine even, much less in the fragment of an article, the wealth and prosperity that have accrued to the States over the Colonies, by this system, would be impossible. We must content ourselves, for the present, with glancing at the accumulation of capital, and the extraordinary improvements in one State as an example of what must have, and in truth what has, accrued to the rest, in a greater or less degree, in proportion as they have been engaged in manufacturing.

The state of Massachusetts, in point of soil, climate, and resources, has fewer, or, at all events, as few advantages as any other state in the American Union. With a few verdant vallies, and some highly productive land, it has much that is rocky and barren, and more that is marshy and useless. Yet this state, far below Upper Canada in natural advantages, has, intersecting it in different ways, five canals, their aggregate length being ninety-nine miles. It has, too, no fewer than eleven railroads winding through it and round it, constructed at an immense cost, and affording a profitable return to their proprietors. Now what is the cause of this extraordinary

growth of capital, in a place where there was literally so little for it to grow upon?—and how came such immense facilities for public business to be employed, where nature has done so little to create business? The answer is obvious. Massachusetts has not prospered by its land or natural resources—it has prospered by its manufactures; and its improvements, great and extraordinary though they be, are but the natural offspring of those manufactures. Its principal manufacturing town, Lowell, the largest such town in the United States, has grown from a few hundred inhabitants, that the land might have feebly supported, to some forty thousand, that manufactures have profitably employed. The necessities of these manufactures called for a canal and a railroad. The profits of the capital invested in them, and the labour they employed, soon constructed them. Salem, wholly by the profits of making cotton fabrics, has become a town of fifteen thousand inhabitants. Salem's manufacturing interests required a railroad to Boston, and Salem's manufacturers' and artisans' profits were able to construct it. Manchester and Lawrence owe their existence and prosperity, and the adjacent country owes the advantages they are to it, wholly to manufactories. They wanted, too, a railroad to connect them; and they were able to make, and have made one. Springfield, also in this State, and Worcester, Fallriver, Lynn, and Newburyport, and several other places of minor consequence, owe equally their existence and prosperity to the same cause. Nor is it to be wondered at that, in so short a period, such vast improvements should be made, when we consider the immense profits that have accrued upon the capital employed in these manufactories, and upon the labour engaged in them. There is a cotton factory in Salem which itself employs a capital of £200,000, giving work to five hundred and seventy-five operatives,—three-fourths of whom are girls,—whose average wages are three pounds twelve shillings sterling a-month. Yet, a great portion of these being very young, it necessarily follows that the wages of the grown up are reduced to

make up the average of those of the weaker, and that in reality an industrious woman "can generally earn a dollar a-day; and there are those who have been known, from one year's end to another, even to exceed this." Speaking of the character of this labour, and of its effect upon the States, Mr. Webster, the highest authority upon this subject in America, thus truthfully and eloquently remarks—

"I have spoken of labour as one of the great elements of our society, the great substantial interest on which we all stand. Not feudal service, not predial toil, not the irksome drudgery by one race of mankind, subjected, on account of colour, to the control of another race of mankind; but labour, intelligent, manly, independent, thinking and acting for itself, earning its own wages, accumulating those wages into capital, becoming a part of society and of our social system, educating childhood, maintaining worship, claiming the right of the elective franchise, and helping to uphold the great fabric of the State. THAT IS AMERICAN LABOUR, and I confess that all my sympathies are with it, and my voice, until I am dumb, will be for it."

Of the profits arising from the capital invested in these manufactures, they have varied in different years, but have, on the average, vastly exceeded those upon all similar investments in England, or in any part of Europe. The *Newburyport Herald*, a couple of years since, gave a statement of the profits arising from the Essex Steam Mill Company in that town, by which it appeared *that forty-two and a half per cent.* upon the capital invested was paid to the stockholders, as the amount of profits for 1845. The Dedham Company, in the same state, also divided ten per cent. for six months of the same year; the Norfolk Company, twelve per cent. for the same period; and the Northern Company ten. All these companies were engaged in the manufacture of cotton goods—the most profitable, however, of all manufactures in the States.

But against this immense accumulation of capital in the States, against the vast incidental improvements and wealth to the country that have arisen from manufactures, what have the British colonies to show? What have

the Canadas to arrest the eye of the traveller, and to prove to him that, though they have pursued the system which Lord Chatham chalked out for them, of not manufacturing a hob-nail for themselves—and which the policy of England has ever since prevented their doing—they have still where-withal to attest that they have prospered; and that their labour has been equally rewarded by agriculture as by manufactures?

From one end of the provinces to the other, in every colony Britain has in America, there are no evidences of prosperity approaching, much less equalling that of Massachusetts; there is nothing, in truth, wherewith to institute a comparison between them. Beyond the towns which are supported by the trade incident to selling England's goods, there are none to be found in British America. Beyond the little villages throughout the provinces, that owe their existence to the necessity for agencies to collect the profits of the whole products of the country, and to send them to other lands to be spent, there is no appearance of labour employed in business, or capital reproducing capital. Probably one of the best cultivated and most productive districts in Upper Canada, is the Gore. It is situated at the head of Lake Ontario; has the beautiful little city of Hamilton for its capital; is composed of very fair land, and is settled by a population distinguished for their industry, and for the great comfort and independence it has brought them. Upon entering this district by the high road from Toronto, or in passing in a steamer up the north shore of Lake Ontario, the traveller is struck with the appearance of a little village called Oakville. It is situated on the bank of the lake, has its neat white churches, and its little picturesque cottages, looking out upon the broad lake. A stranger at a distance, from its situation and appearance, would imagine it one of those villages that spring up so magically in America,—full of activity, energy, and prosperity. He visits it, and to his surprise he finds, that though it bears all the evidences of having been built in a hurry, it bears also all the tokens of rapid decay—its shops being for the most part unoccu-

pied, its houses untenanted, and its streets without people. And what may be the reason, in a district so prosperous as the Gore, and surrounded by a country teeming with grain, and with still many unused resources, that this village has so palpably disappointed the expectations of its founder? It is this,—Oakville was projected and built with a view to the largest prosperity of the country; and with facilities and necessities for a trade equal to the cultivation of every lot of land in the adjacent country that could support a family, and to the manufacturing into staves, and boards, and square timber, of every tree in the surrounding woods. But the policy of England has rendered it unprofitable to get out the timber; and free trade has taken away the inducement to enter into Canadian farming. The consequence is that the shops, which were built to do an anticipated trade in Oakville, are now unrequired; and the people, who built houses for the accommodation of those who were to be engaged in the expected business, have their houses upon their hands. Nor can any one well acquainted with Upper Canada fail to recognise in Oakville a faithful picture of many, if not most, of the towns and villages in the province.

But let us now reverse the picture, and suppose that Oakville, instead of looking forward to rising, and being supported by the trade incident to selling England's goods, and the draining of the country's resources to pay for them, had looked forward to prosperity by manufacturing and selling goods of its own. Let us suppose that its founder—who, fifteen years ago, spent some £20,000 in adapting its harbour for ships, that never had occasion to come; and in building storehouses, for which there has never been use—had spent the same money in establishing one of those factories which first formed the nucleus of Lowell or Salem in Massachusetts. Is it not reasonable to infer, that in the same country, and among a people having the same necessities, the same results would have accrued in the Canadas which have accrued in the States? That the profits of fifteen years' manufacturing would have

surrounded Oakville with mansions, proving the success of enterprise; and filled its streets with houses, showing that labour had prospered, and the country had its benefits? Would not its capitalists, instead of empty houses and ruined hopes, have now the proceeds of well-invested capital, or see them reproducing wealth in railroads, or public improvements?

But let us suppose, further, that the whole province of Upper Canada had invested in manufactures, from time to time, for fifty years, the whole profits that England and other countries have made by the sale of all the goods to it that it has consumed, and that this capital had been augmenting and reproducing itself during this period—what would be the probable result? It is impossible to calculate it. It can only be measured by the towns that have sprung up, by the railroads and canals that have been made, and by the vast capital that has been accumulated in the same period by Massachusetts, and the other manufacturing states of America.

It is not, therefore, to institutions or to laws, to peculiarities of race or of situation, that we ascribe the present undeniable prosperity of the States, or, at all events, of those states which have manufactured, over the Canadas. It is to the system the one adopted of manufacturing what they required, and thus securing to their country the benefit of the population it required to do so, the profits of the labour employed in it, and the incidental improvements it occasioned. It is the system the other followed, or which was chalked out for them, of spending all they could make in the purchase of goods manufactured in England, the profits of which all went there to be spent. The States, by the one system, have made the most of their country's resources and its labour; the Canadas, by the other, have made the least. The States have cities, and railroads, and canals, and elegant mansions, to show for their labour of fifty years; the Canadas have built elegant mansions, too, by their labour, and have bought fine country-seats, and have contributed to make railroads, but they are unfortunately all in England and Scotland. What

holds good of a family, sometimes holds good of a people. There is as much often accumulated by saving as by making. Probably the making little, and saving it, will end better than making much and saving little. The States might have made but little on their produce at first—probably less, for many years, than the Canadas; but their system inevitably tended to saving for the country all they did make; whereas the Canadian system, whatever the provinces made, much or little, as inevitably tended to the country's losing it: and the consequences are, the vast difference in the growth of capital in the one country over the other.

The arguments, however, in favour of England's manufacturing for the colonies, were not without their speciousness, and, as applied to other countries, were not without their truth. These were, that England could manufacture cheaper for the colonies than they could manufacture for themselves; and, moreover, that the labour the colonies might apply to manufacturing, could be more profitably employed in raising produce. But these arguments, as far as the Canadas and all America are concerned, are fallacious. In a country where the largest possible reward for labour bears frequently no sort of proportion to the advantage gained by individuals and the whole commonwealth, by the mere fact of that labour's being employed in it, the question changes from what the people save upon a yard of calico, to what the country loses by towns not being built, by railroads not being made, and by improvements not taking place that always follow manufactures. It may be true, that where the greatest possible reward for labour is the only object sought for or attainable, that a people should find out, and engage in what pays them best; but where the congregation of a hundred people in one place raises the value of property there ten thousand fold—and such has often been the case in the States—and every farmer adjacent not only gains a market by them, but has his roads improved, his lands increased in value, double, and triple, and ten times; and has a thousand conveniences and

benefits supplied him by them, that he never otherwise could have had—then the question arises with him, Which benefited him most?—the hundred people's manufacturing, and spreading the profits of their labour around them, or the buying a few yards of cloth a few shillings cheaper, and keeping the hundred people away? For every penny that the whole people of the United States have lost, by buying their own goods, they have made pounds by making them. And the profits of a mechanic's own labour sink into utter insignificance in comparison to the wealth he often acquires by a single lot of land, upon which he settles down with others, and which makes him rich by also enriching all around him. To measure, indeed, the advantages that manufactures have given to America, by the mere profits of the actual labour employed in them, would be but like valuing an oak at the price of one of its acorns. Men may compute the probable profits of labour employed in manufacturing, by computing the cost of raw material with the expense of manufacturing it, and what it sold for. But the enormous wealth that has accrued to America,—by the increase of population incident to manufacturing, by the development of its resources, and the gigantic improvements that have followed it—would be utterly out of the reach of all human industry to compute.

But in striking out the system England did for her colonies, she should at least have considered whether the benefits she intended to confer would be really used as benefits; whether the system of protection to colonial produce was not, in fact, something like that of indulgent parents giving to their sons pocket-money in addition to sufficient salaries—which same pocket-money does not generally add to the morals or property of the recipients. And, in truth, this was in effect the character of England's colonial protective system. But it went a little farther than the wisdom displayed by anxious parents; for, with the gifts, it took good care to furnish temptations to spend them—a piece of amiable generosity that we would acquit even all indulgent mothers of. However, this was—

whatever England meant, or expected, to the contrary—practically the effect of the system. When money was sent out to buy produce or timber, it was always sure to be accompanied by a proportionate stock of broad cloths and silks, challis and shawls. Those who could have done very well with Canadian grey, were induced to buy broad cloths, and often found but these in the market; for England bought the country's crop, and England's merchants knew full well what the farmers could afford to pay for. Women wore silk dresses and satin bonnets, who might have looked charming enough, before their friends at meeting, in Hoyle's prints, or before all reasonable beaux at home, in good, honest, home-made flannel. Brandy and water, too, was too often substituted for wholesome cider, and fashionable tailors for industrious women. The sliding-scale of expenditure always went up and down to suit the times. A good year was marked by an increase of finery and extravagance; a bad one by debts and law-suits, depressions and complaints—the country gaining nothing, from year to year, for its labour or its resources. And what is now the consequence? The system which occasioned the evil is now done away, but the evil and its results remain. The farmer, unknowing the cause at first of the declension in his income, went into debt, thinking, as had often been the case before, that a good year would follow a bad one; and that he would be able to retrieve by it. But the next year came, and it was worse than the former. He could not pay his debts, and he was obliged to mortgage his property, or sell his stock, to do so. He could no longer get credit from the shopkeeper, and he was unable to purchase with cash the quantity or the quality of goods he bought before. The shopkeeper, in his turn depending upon the custom of the farmer for the sale of his goods, and depending upon receiving his accounts from him to meet his own, found both fail him together; was obliged to curtail his business to a miserable remnant; or to shut up his shop, or to wait for the sheriff to do it for him. Hence the altered appearance of every part

of Canada, both town and country. Hence the whole streets in Montreal with hardly a single shop open. Hence those sorry emblems of poverty and retrogression—empty houses with broken windows, and streets without people, which may be seen in almost every village in the provinces.

Now, for the system which has produced this state of things, who is to blame? Clearly and unmistakeably, England. If the colonies, as is now palpable to all America, have worked but with one arm towards prosperity, while the States have worked with two, it was England's manufacturing interests that tied the colonies' arm. The colonies were, in this respect, wholly in the hands of England. She not only established a system for them, by which the proceeds of every acre of land they cleared, and every tree they hewed, went to give work to her poor, and wealth to her rich, but she reserved the right of thinking for them as well. Without her, they must have naturally adopted the course taken by the rest of America. She legislated for them; they believed her wise, and followed her dictates without thought or apprehension. They are injured; and she is to blame.

But when Lord Chatham laid the foundation of the system by which the colonies have been, in effect, prevented manufacturing for themselves, he established mutuality of interests between them and the mother country. If he would have England's poor employed, and England's capitalists enriched by making goods for the colonies, he would have the colonies profit equally by protection in the English markets. The partnership, for such it really was, gave to each country its own particular share of benefits; and the system was such, too, that the more the profits of the one rose, though by its own individual efforts, the more it was able to benefit the other. For the more people engaged in Canadian farming, the more land that became cleared, and the more timber that was got out, the more English manufactures were consumed. But we have shown, by comparison with the States, the disastrous effect of this system upon the prosperity of the colonies. We have

shown, too, from its own character, that it never was, and never could have been, of any substantial benefit to them; that it made them extravagant, without leaving them capital; and that it made them to all intents and purposes poorer, whilst it was expected to make them richer. And who was this system expressly and avowedly intended to benefit? Who were, in all seasons, and at all times, whether good or bad for the colonies, the only benefactors by it? It was the manufacturers of England. For if the colonies could buy but prints and cottons, they bought of these all they could pay for, and these manufacturers had all the profit. If they could buy broad cloths and silks, they purchased as much as their crops were worth, and often were induced to draw upon the future, English manufacturers and merchants getting all the benefit. But after these manufacturers had thus bled the colonies of all their vitality, in the shape of capital, for upwards of half a century—after the colonies' right arm had been tied up so long, for their express benefit, that it became impotent from want of exercise, these same manufacturers turned round and told their colonial partners—"We have now made all we can out of you; or, if we have not, we think we can make a little more by free trade than we can by keeping our honest engagements with you. We are sorry you have acquired a lamer arm in our service. It is a pity. It can't be helped now. Good-bye." Yes, it was these manufacturers, who so long bled the colonies, that turned round to strike them in the end the blow that should finish them. It was their selfish agitation for years; it was their constant sounding into the ears of England one unvarying theme; it was their disregard of all interests, of all duties, and of all obligations to all men, in one deadly, unwavering struggle for the attainment of one object, and for one class, that cost the colonies their solemnly pledged protection—that cost them, we may add, their respect for the honour and the justice of England.

But we have now, after a digression which has been somewhat of the longest, come to the point of our argument, and that is this:—Upon a

question so vitally affecting the interests of the colonies; upon a question that might cost them the institutions of England; upon a question where all truth and justice demanded that they should have been in a situation to protect themselves against manufacturing selfishness, does it not occur to the reader, that the colonies should have had a representation where it was decided? The measures that exasperated the old colonies to rebellion, shrink into utter insignificance, as far as injury or effect are concerned, in comparison to this one. Here are three millions of people, the main profits of whose labour for upwards of fifty years have gone to enrich a certain class of people in England. And here they are now, sacrificed to the selfishness of that very class, without having the opportunity of saying a word for themselves. If the legislation of England, for ten years past, has been pregnant with vaster consequences to her than the legislation of a century, it has hardly affected her so deeply as it has affected her North American colonies. If her landowners see ruin in it—if her agricultural labourers see in it the means of depriving them of bread—still her other classes see, or think they see, advantages in it to counteract the evils, and prosperity to balance the injury. But in England all have been heard—all have contended, where giant intellect sways as well as mighty interests; where mind has its influences as well as matter. But in the colonies, where every interest and every class saw, in imperial legislation, injustice and ruin, neither their intellect nor their interests availed them anything. They were literally placed in the legislative boat of England: they found that they must either sink or float in it; that legislation happened to sink them; and though they saw themselves going down, and might, with their friends, have pulled themselves ashore, they were not allowed an oar to do so—they were not in a situation to make an effort to save themselves.

In the face of these deeply important considerations, can it be fairly said that the colonies have no interest in imperial legislation, and that there are no interests for imperial legislation to guard in the colonies? Palpably

to all the world, the States have been making gigantic strides in prosperity, while the colonies have been standing still. Yet in the British House of Commons, whenever the question of the colonies has been mooted, has it not been with the view to consider how the colonies could be made to consume more English manufactures, rather than how they should prosper by manufactures of their own? Who has urged the question there, that instead of England's perpetually sending out goods, and draining the colonies of all the fruits of their labour, England should send out people to make goods, who in making them would make the country? Yet this is the root of the depression and the poverty of the Canadas. And who with this vast country's resources before him—with its ways and means of making millions independent, and with the vast facilities for the investment of capital it afforded and affords—can say that no interests could spring up in it of consequence to the legislation of England?

It is true that the colonies have had their own parliaments; and it has been imagined that these parliaments encompassed the whole of their interests. But when did the colonial legislatures decide that the colonies should not make a hob-nail for themselves? Yet the want of making the hob-nails has been the ruin of their prosperity. It is estimated that the colonies lose upwards of two hundred thousand pounds a-year by the loss of protection: it is but too well known how deeply this loss has affected them. Yet whose legislation and policy educated them literally to feel this loss? whose interests were consulted on giving the protection and taking it away again, that has been the cause of all the evil? It was England's. The colonies have been allowed by their legislatures to shake the leaves of their interests; imperial legislation has always assailed the trunk. But this is not all; colonial interests have been unheard and unheeded, sacrificed to other interests in England. The destiny of the colonies, without question and without redress, has been placed in the hands of men who have made a convenience of their interests, and an argument of their misfortunes,

brought about by these men themselves. Nor could, nor ever can, whatever may be imagined to the contrary, the connexion of the colonies be preserved with England, without her policy and her legislation vitally affecting them. For they must either be English or American; they must be, as they ever have been, if the connexion is maintained, made subservient to the interests of England, or their interests must be identified with hers; and if their interests are identical, their legislation should be identical also. It is impossible that the flag of England can long wave over what is all American. If the colonies are to be wholly independent in their interests of England, it is in the very nature of things, that their measures and their policy may become, not only what England might not like, but what might be an actual injury to her; and what might owe its very success, like much of the policy of America, to its being detrimental to her interests. And it is as unnatural as it is absurd to suppose, that England would, or could, for any length of time, extend her protection over a people whose interests and whose policy might be pulling against her own, whose success might be marked by her injury, and whose prosperity might increase at the expense of her adversity.

But, apart from the abstract right of the colonies being represented where they are, and, we insist, must continue to be, so deeply concerned; it is time the present humiliating system of understanding their views or feelings in the English parliament should come to an end. Upon a vitally important question to them—upon one of these things that only come up once in a century, or in a people's whole history—take the following, as an example of the way in which their opinions and their interests were regarded:—

“**DISHONESTY OF PUBLIC MEN.** (*From the London Post.*)—Mr. Labouchere wished to show that Canada chafed under the restrictions of the Navigation Laws, and that they would be satisfied with ‘the new commercial principle,’ provided the Navigation Laws were repealed. For this purpose the minister took a course which he would no more have thought of

taking in the affairs of private life, than he would have thought of taking purses on the highway. The minister quoted the statement of three respectable gentlemen at Montreal, which coincided with his views; and he did not let fall one word from which the house could have inferred that the opinions thus alluded to, were not the general mercantile opinions of Montreal. Now, the minister could scarcely be ignorant that this question about free trade, and the alteration of the Navigation Laws, has been the subject of very earnest discussion in Montreal; and he cannot but have known that Mr. Young and Mr. Holmes, however respectable in their position, and influential in their business, are the leaders of a small minority of the body to which they belong. Mr. Labouchere read a statement to the House of Commons, which he had the confidence to call 'a proof irrefragable' of the mercantile public opinion of Montreal and Upper Canada, when the truth is—as he could not but have known—that the opinions of that statement are the opinions of a few persons utterly opposed to the general opinion of the mercantile body. There was held in Montreal, on the 17th of last month, the largest public in-door meeting that ever assembled in that city, at which a string of resolutions was passed by acclamation, in favour of the policy of protection, and against the 'new commercial principle' of the government. That meeting was addressed both by Mr. Young and Mr. Holmes. They endeavoured to support the views held by Mr. Labouchere, but against the overwhelming sense of the meeting, from which they retired in complete discomfiture. We are bound to suppose that the minister who is head of the British Board of Trade cannot but be aware of this; and yet he not only conceals it altogether from the House of Commons, but he reads to that house the statement of Mr. Young and Mr. Holmes, as 'proof irrefragable' of the opinion of the colony of Canada, in favour of the ministerial policy. The President of the Board of Trade would as soon cut off his right hand as do anything of the kind in the ordinary concerns of life; and yet so warped is he by party politics—so desirous of obtaining a triumph for the political bigotry which possessed him—that he represents the mercantile interest of Montreal and Upper Canada as if it were decidedly on his side, when, if he had told the whole story fairly and honestly, he would have been obliged to admit that exactly the contrary was the fact."

Now, if it be necessary for England

to understand colonial feelings and opinions in order to legislate for them, is this a fair or honourable way of treating them? Are the interests of these great provinces to be thus made subservient to political trickery? Is their destiny of so little importance to Great Britain, that it should be even in the very nature of things for any man, or any party, in England, to have it in his or their power thus to insult their intellect as well as to violate their interests? And is this circumstance not a counterpart of others that have from time to time occurred, when Canadian subjects have been before parliament? If we mistake not, upon another vitally important question to them—the corn laws—the petitions and the remonstrances even of their governor and their legislature were, to enable misrepresentation and untruth to have its influence in a debate, kept back and concealed. A party's interests in England were at stake; the colonies were sacrificed. Now, can it be reasonably urged, that the allowing these colonies to speak for themselves, and to be understood for themselves, in that place and before that people who literally hold their destiny in their hands, would be pregnant with more danger to England than this dishonourable system is to both her and to them? Would it not be better to have them constitutionally heard than surreptitiously represented? Is it necessary to the understanding of the wants and wishes of the colonies, and to the good government of them, that tricking and dishonesty should triumph over truth and principle, and that the legislative boons which reach them should be filtered through falsehood and deception? It will be in the recollection of all who have read the debate in the House of Lords upon the Navigation Laws, how Lord Stanley exposed these same Messrs. Holmes and Young, mentioned by Mr. Labouchere, but who, on this occasion, in the Lords, were joined with a Mr. Knapp. It was shown by his lordship that these eminent commercial men (who seem to be the standing correspondents of the present ministry), wrote what is called in America a *bunkum* letter to Earl Grey, to be used in the House of Lords, making a grand flourish of their loyalty, and a great case out in favour of the colonial

secretary's side of the question. But it was unfortunately, or rather fortunately, discovered, that these eminent individuals had been, at the very same time, writing to their commercial correspondents in London to shape their business for an early annexation of the colonies to the United States! Yet it is upon such eminent testimony as this that imperial legislation for the colonies is founded. This is the way England comes to a sufficient understanding of a people's interests, to shape a policy which may change their whole political existence.

But, in addition to these reasons why the colonies themselves should be represented in England, there may be reasons why England herself might wish the same thing. May it not be possible, nay, is it not the fact, that a vast amount of trouble, vexation, and expense might be avoided by it? How many commissioners sent out to find out difficulties and to redress grievances,—how many investigations before parliamentary committees,—how many debates in parliament,—how many expenses of military operations, might have been avoided, had these colonies been in a situation from time to time to have explained their own affairs, and to have allowed their petty squabbles of race and of faction to have escaped in the safety-valves of imperial legislation? In 1827, it cost England the time and expense incident to a parliamentary report, upon the civil government of Lower Canada alone, which extends over nearly five hundred pages octavo. And this was irrespective, of course, of the questions and debates which led to it, besides all that grew out of it. Next came the debates upon the causes of the failure of the remedies proposed in the report—for the report itself turned out to be like throwing a little water on a large fire—it only served to increase the blaze. Then came Lord Gosford, with extensive powers to settle all difficulties, and, it was hoped, with a large capacity for understanding them. But he, whatever else he did, succeeded to admiration in bringing matters to a head; or, being an Irishman, perhaps he thought he would make things go by contraries—for he came out to pacify all parties, and he managed to leave

them all fighting. Next came the debates upon, and the cost of, the rebellion, and then rose the bright star of Canadian hope and prosperity; for the Earl of Durham was deputed, with a large collection of wisdom, and a pretty good sprinkling of other commodity as well, to settle the whole business. But, in sooth, these Canadians must be a sad set, for he procured them responsible government, and this seems to have set them clean into the fire.

Now, although it may be true that the colonies might have had but few interests at first to engage the attention of imperial legislation, yet it would have been far better to have educated them to understand that legislation, and to have appreciated England's true greatness through her institutions—and at the same time, to have England taught, by practical association and connexion with them, their real worth—than to have had English legislation largely and perpetually wasted upon colonial broils, and the colonies as perpetually dissatisfied with English legislation. The truth is, their system of international legislation only made the two countries known to each other by means of their difficulties. The colonies were never taught to look to the proceedings of the imperial parliament, unless when there was some broil to settle, or some imperial question to be decided, that was linked with colonial ruin, and in the decision of which the colonies had the interesting part to play of looking on. Nor has England ever thought of, or regarded the colonies, except to hand them over bodily to some subordinate in the colonial office—unless when they were forced upon her attention by her pride being likely to be wounded by her losing them, or by some other equally disagreeable consideration. The legislative intercourse between them has ever been of the worst possible kind. Instead of intending to teach the people of England to respect, to rely upon, and to appreciate the real worth of the colonies, it has taught them to underrate, to distrust, and to avoid them. Instead of imperial legislation's forming the character of the people, as it has formed the character of the people of England, and giving them

principles to cling to, and to hope upon, it has directly tended to concentrate their attention upon America, and to alienate their feelings from England.

But it is not alone in the passing of laws, or in the arrangements of commerce, or the harmonising and combining of interests, that the colonies would be benefited by imperial representation. They would be benefited a thousand times more by the intercourse it would occasion between the two countries. The colonies would then be taught to regard England as their home. They would read the debates of her parliament as their own debates; they would feel an interest in her greatness, in her struggles, and in her achievements, because they would participate in their accomplishment. The speeches of English statesmen—the literature of England—her institutions and her history, would then be studied, understood, and appreciated by them; and instead of the colonies belonging to the greatest empire in the world, and being the most insignificant in legislation, they would rise to the glory and dignity of that empire of which they formed a part—sharing in its intellectual greatness, its rewards, and the respect that is due to it from the world. Every person, too, who represented the colonies in England would not simply be the representative of their public policy, or national interests—he would also represent their vast resources, their thousand openings for the profitable investment of capital, which the people of England might benefit by as much as the colonies. The public improvements now abandoned in the colonies for want of capital to carry them on, and for want of sufficient confidence in their government on the part of capitalists, to invest their money in them, would then become, as similar improvements are in the States, a wide field for English enterprise to enrich itself in, and for English poverty to shake off its misery by. If the resources of the colonies—if their means of making rich, and being enriched, were understood and taken advantage of—if international legislation, common interests, and a common destiny, could make the colonies stand upon the same footing to

England as England does to herself, God only can tell the vast amount of human comfort, independence, and happiness, that might result from the consummation.

But how can these advantages accrue to England, or to the colonies, as long as it is understood that, the moment a man plants his foot upon a colony, that moment he yields up the fee-simple of his forefathers' institutions—that moment he takes, as it were, a lease of them, conditional to hold them by chance, and to regard them as a matter of temporary convenience and necessity. And who that has observed the tone of public feeling in England for years, or the spirit of the debates in her parliament, can deny that this is the case?—who that now lives in the colonies can deny it? And with such an understanding as this, and with an education perpetually going on in colonial legislatures, wearing the feelings and separating the interests of the colonies from the mother country, how can it be expected that that interest in England necessary to all true loyalty, and that knowledge and appreciation of her institutions necessary to all enlightened or patriotic attachment, can take root, or subsist for any length of time in the colonies? If the colonies, in truth, are to be made, or to be kept British, in anything else than in name—if even in name they can long be kept so—it must be by the infusion of the essential elements of British character and British principle into them, by means of British legislation. If they are to be part and parcel of the great oak, the grafts must be nourished by the same sap that supports the tree itself. The little boat that is launched on the great sea to shift for itself, must soon be separated from the great ship. The colonies, denied all practical participation in the true greatness of England, and having with them, by virtue of their very name as colonies, the prestige of instability and insecurity, must, in the very nature of things, be avoided by all who, though they would be glad to trust the great ship, cannot rely upon one of its frail boats. The great wings of England's legislation must be made to cover the North American colonies, and to warm

them into a British existence, or they will be doomed to stray and to wander, and to be disrespected and uncared for, until inevitable destiny at last forces them under the wings of another.

Franklin, the profoundest thinker of the many great men connected with the American Revolution, thus wrote upon this subject:—

"The time has been when the colonies might have been pleased with imperial representation; they are now indifferent about it; and if it is much longer delayed, they will refuse it. But the pride of the English people cannot bear the thought of it, and therefore it will be delayed. Every man in England seems to consider himself as a piece of a sovereign over America—seems to jostle himself into the throne with the King, and talks of *our subjects in the colonies*. The parliament cannot well and wisely make laws suited to the colonies, without being properly and truly informed of their circumstances, ability, temper, &c. This cannot be without representatives from the colonies; yet the parliament of England is fond of exercising this power, and averse to the only means of acquiring the necessary knowledge for exercising it; which is desiring to be *omnipotent* without being *omniscient*.

There remains among the colonists so much respect, veneration, and affection for Britain, that, if cultivated prudently, with a kind usage, and tenderness for their privileges, they might be easily governed by England still for ages, without force, or any considerable expense. But I do not see there a sufficient quantity of the wisdom that is necessary to produce such a conduct, and I lament the want of it."—*Letter to Lord Kames*.

But it is most strange, that while England's policy, and the spirit of her legislation, have for some years past clearly indicated to the world, that she expected and seemed disposed to pave the way for a separation between herself and her colonies, her conduct in other respects should be so opposed to her views in this. For while she was foreshadowing in her legislature the independence of her colonies, she was building, at a heavy expense, garrisons in them to support her power for all time to come. Within the ten years last past, garrison quarters, upon a large scale, have been built at Toronto; and large sums have been laid out upon every fort and place of defence in the colonies. Surely this must

have been done with some other view than making safe and convenient places for the stars and stripes to wave on in a few years! Yet when we come to look back upon England's legislation for the same period, and upon the spirit evoked by the debates in her parliament, it would really seem, if she had any rational design in these expenditures at all, that she must have intended them for the express benefit of her once rebellious son Jonathan. England, by these defences, would seem to say to the colonists—"Look there, my lads, and see the emblems of your protection, and of British rule in America for ever." By her legislation and free-trade policy, she has unequivocally told them, "that she must buy her bread where she pleases; and they may find a government where they please." With one hand she has taken her colonies by the shoulder, and told them they must behave themselves: with the other, she has shaken hands with them, and told them they may kick up their heels as they please for all she cares.

But there is a question, upon the satisfactory answering of which rests the whole matter of whether the colonies can, or cannot, continue connected with Great Britain. And that question is, Can they prosper in proportion to their abilities to prosper, by that connexion?

We have already partially answered it, by showing the benefit that would inevitably accrue to the colonies from their being represented in the imperial parliament—by their whole property and worth being, by this means, placed in the market of the world side by side with the property and worth of England herself; and by England's capital partially, if not to all intents and purposes, flowing into the colonies upon the same footing that it flows through England—i. e., upon the principle of advantageous investment. But we shall prove that they can and should prosper, to the fullest extent of their capabilities, in connexion with Britain, in another way.

It is admitted, on all hands, that were their connexion with England broken off, and were the colonies to become, as it is certain they would, several States of the American Union,

they would prosper, in proportion to their capabilities, equally with any of the northern states having no greater advantages in soil or resources. It is thought, and we believe with truth, that the public improvements which now lie dormant for want of capital to carry them on, or for want of sufficient knowledge of, or confidence in, the colonies from without, to induce the necessary capital to be advanced for them, would be completed, if the colonies were joined to the States. It is thought, too, and with equal propriety, that Lower Canada, whose population is singularly well fitted to prosper and be benefited by manufactures, would, were it a State, be directed in that course most conducive to its prosperity. And it is thought—likewise correctly—that the great resources of Upper Canada, were that province too a State, would become greatly more available than they now are: its population would increase; its cities and towns enlarge; and every man having an acre of land, or a lot in a town in it, would become much better off than he is at present. This, if the States remain united as they have been, and prosper as they have done, might be all strictly true. But why is it that the colonies believe this, and that the States are also of the same opinion? It is because the colonies know what the Americans are, and the Americans know what the colonies are capable of. They understand each other, and they know how they could work together for good.

But what means would the Americans employ to develop the undeveloped resources of the colonies, and to secure wealth to themselves, while they brought prosperity to them? They would simply employ their capital in them; and they know that it could, and they would see that it should, be so employed as to secure these results.

But let us now inquire,—Is it impossible to employ the capital of England in these colonies, so as to effect the same thing? If American enterprise and skill could cause wealth to spring up in Lower Canada, and could enrich itself by doing so, is it impossible for English enterprise and skill to do likewise? If American capitalists could, beyond any manner of ques-

tion, accumulate wealth for themselves, and vastly benefit the Canadas, by constructing railroads through them, or rather by continuing their own, is it out of the power of English capitalists to be enriched by the same process? If the Canadas, as we have said, believe the States can infuse prosperity into them, because they see the States understand them, and know what they are capable of, is it impossible for England to understand them also, and to take advantage of their worth? But then, it will be answered, there is the difficulty of colonial government. Who will invest his capital for a period of fifteen or twenty years, where he may be paid off by a revolution—when, as Moore said of the old colonists—

“England’s debtors might be changed to England’s foes?”

But suppose the stability of England’s own government were imparted to the colonies, suppose the permanency and the interests of England became effectually and for ever identified with them—what then? That there is no reason under heaven left why they should not prosper, to the fullest extent of their ability to prosper, and that England might not be benefited by them in proportion.

But even this is but a partial view of the case; for the Americans would actually borrow the money in England that they would invest in the colonies, and yet enrich themselves by doing so. The colonies, in truth—joined to the States—would prosper by diluted benefits, the Americans reaping all the advantages of the dilution. Connected with Great Britain—did Britain confide in them as she might, and understand them as she should, and were they in a situation to inspire that confidence, and to occasion that understanding—they must inevitably reap, in many respects, double the benefit they would enjoy with the States.

But the States would benefit the colonies all they could. Will England?

The scheme of imperial representation for the North American colonies may be, and doubtless is, open to many objections; and many difficulties would have to be got over before it could be accomplished. The first

if not the only great difficulty, is—Would the colonies bear the burden of taxation, and the responsibility of being part and parcel of the British empire, for better or for worse, for all time to come? And could they, if they would?

In considering these questions, it is but fair to view them, not only in regard to the responsibilities the system we propose would entail, but also in regard to the responsibilities they would and must incur by any other system they might adopt. For this may be taken for granted—they must soon become all American, or all English. They must enjoy English credit and English permanency, or they must have some other. A great country, with an industrious, enterprising people, cannot long remain without credit, without prosperity, and without either the use or the hope of capital. The Canadas are now in this situation.

If then, the colonies should become independent, and it were possible for them to continue so, they would have to pay for their own protection. And if they became a republic, they would have to take their stand with the other powers of the world, and bear the expense of doing so. If, on the other hand, they were taken into the American Union, they would have to contribute, in addition to the cost of their own local or state governments, to the support of the general government of the whole Union; they would have, too, to contribute to the forming a navy for the States, such as England has now got; and they would be obliged to contribute, too, for the construction of military defences for America, which England is pretty well supplied with. They would have, in short, to expend upon America a great deal of what England, in three or four centuries, has been expending upon herself as a nation.

It may also be fairly presumed, that, with interests every day becoming more independent of England; with a system of government which leaves England nothing in America but a name—or, as Lord Elgin says, a “dignified neutrality,” and which really means a dignified nothingness—with a system of government such as this, every sensible man must foresee

that England will soon get tired of paying largely for the support of her dignified nothingness in America; that she will—as indeed she has already done—inquire what right or occasion she has for protecting colonies from their enemies from without; or, what is much more serious to her, from themselves within, when she has ceased to have a single interest in common with them; and when she must see—if the present system be kept up much longer—that every day must separate her still more widely from them in feeling, and in all the essential principles that bind a people to each other, or a colony to a mother country.

In view, therefore, of all these considerations, taken separately or together, it is but reasonable to suppose that the colonies may soon be called upon to pay for their own protection from their enemies from without, or for their own squabbles within, if they must indulge in such expensive amusements. And the question then arises—Would their being practically identified with the British empire, participating in all its greatness, and enjoying the prestige of its stability and its credit, entail upon them greater costs or responsibility, than they would have to incur to maintain a puny, helpless independence, or in becoming states of the American Union?

It is out of our power to make the calculation, as it is impossible for us to know upon what terms England would agree to the colonies participating in her government as we propose. It is likewise impossible for us to tell how much might be saved by removing the tea-pots, so pregnant with tempests, in the shape of colonial legislatures; in removing governors to preserve “*dignified neutrality*,” and courts to keep up the shadow of England’s government in America, the substance having grown “beautifully less” of late years. But after much thought and investigation, by both ourselves and others better accustomed to such matters than we are, we have come to the conclusion—that imperial representation might cost the colonies nothing more, if as much, as any other change they would have to make; that England would

gain immensely by the change; and that the proceeds of the vast tracts of country lying north and north-west of the Canadas, their fisheries, their mineral resources, and their other unused and unappropriated wealth in timber and other things, might be converted into a sinking fund by the united governments of England and her colonies, that, in its effects, might astonish both England and the world. We can but throw out the suggestion; it is for others to consider it.

But if the connexion of the colonies with Great Britain is to be made a mere matter of time and convenience, as to when it shall end, or how, then it is of little use in hoping much, or thinking deeply, upon what may be pregnant with such vast consequences to England's race in America, and even America's own race in it. A time, it would seem, which has taught Britons to know what their institutions are worth, must cost them in America these institutions. A time, which has exhibited during the prin-

cipal settlement of the Canadas, the fall alike of the fabric of the political enthusiast and the fortress of the despot in Europe, must cost, it seems, the colonies that government which bore freedom aloft through the wild storm. England has stood upon a rock, and, after pointing out to her colonies the wreck of human institutions, she is about to push them off to share the fate she has taught them so much to dread. If England has the heart to do it, it must be done. Three millions of people will cease to say "God save the Queen!" The sun will set upon her empire. Full many an honest tear will be shed at hearing that it must. Full many a heart will be torn from what it would but too gladly die for. But the days of chivalry are gone; the days of memory are fled. The selfish, mercenary nineteenth century will be marked with the loss of the best jewel in Britain's crown.

HAMILTON, CANADA WEST,
August, 1849

THE ENGLISH MAIL-COACH, OR THE GLORY OF MOTION.

SOME twenty or more years before I matriculated at Oxford, Mr. Palmer, M.P. for Bath, had accomplished two things, very hard to do on our little planet, the Earth, however cheap they may happen to be held by the eccentric people in comets: he had invented mail-coaches, and he had married the daughter* of a duke. He was, therefore, just twice as great a man as Galileo, who certainly invented (or discovered) the satellites of Jupiter, those very next things extant to mail-coaches in the two capital points of speed and keeping time, but who did *not* marry the daughter of a duke.

These mail-coaches, as organised by Mr. Palmer, are entitled to a circumstantial notice from myself—having had so large a share in developing the anarchies of my subsequent dreams, an agency which they accomplished,

first, through velocity, at that time unprecedented; they first revealed the glory of motion: suggesting, at the same time, an under-sense, not unpleasurable, of possible though indefinite danger; secondly, through grand effects for the eye between lamp-light and the darkness upon solitary roads; thirdly, through animal beauty and power so often displayed in the class of horses selected for this mail service; fourthly, through the conscious presence of a central intellect, that, in the midst of vast distances,† of storms, of darkness, of night, overruled all obstacles into one steady co-operation in a national result. To my own feeling, this Post-office service recalled some mighty orchestra, where a thousand instruments, all disregarding each other, and so far in danger of discord, yet all obedient as slaves to the

* Lady Madeline Gordon.

† "*Vast distances.*"—One case was familiar to mail-coach travellers, where two mails in opposite directions, north and south, starting at the same minute from points six hundred miles apart, met almost constantly at a particular bridge which exactly bisected the total distance.

supreme *baton* of some great leader, terminate in a perfection of harmony like that of heart, veins, and arteries, in a healthy animal organisation. But, finally, that particular element in this whole combination which most impressed myself, and through which it is that to this hour Mr. Palmer's mail-coach system tyrannises by terror and terrific beauty over my dreams, lay in the awful political mission which at that time it fulfilled. The mail-coaches it was that distributed over the face of the land, like the opening of apocalyptic vials, the heart-shaking news of Trafalgar, of Salamanca, of Vittoria, of Waterloo. These were the harvests that, in the grandeur of their reaping, redeemed the tears and blood in which they had been sown. Neither was the meanest peasant so much below the grandeur and the sorrow of the times as to confound these battles, which were gradually moulding the destinies of Christendom, with the vulgar conflicts of ordinary warfare, which are oftentimes but gladiatorial trials of national prowess. The victories of England in this stupendous contest rose of themselves as natural *Te Deums* to heaven; and it was felt by the thoughtful that such victories, at such a crisis of general prostration, were not more beneficial to ourselves than finally to France, and to the nations of western and central Europe, through whose pusillanimity it was that the French domination had prospered.

The mail-coach, as the national organ for publishing these mighty events, became itself a spiritualised and glorified object to an impassioned heart; and naturally, in the Oxford of that day, all hearts were awakened. There were, perhaps, of us gownsmen, two thousand *resident** in Oxford, and dispersed through five-and-twenty colleges. In some of these the custom permitted the student to keep what are called "short terms;" that is, the four terms of Michaelmas, Lent, Easter, and Act, were kept severally by a residence, in the aggregate, of ninety-one days, or thirteen weeks. Under this interrupted residence,

accordingly, it was possible that a student might have a reason for going down to his home four times in the year. This made eight journeys to and fro. And as these homes lay dispersed through all the shires of the island, and most of us disdained all coaches except his majesty's mail, no city out of London could pretend to so extensive a connexion with Mr. Palmer's establishment as Oxford. Naturally, therefore, it became a point of some interest with us, whose journeys revolved every six weeks on an average, to look a little into the executive details of the system. With some of these Mr. Palmer had no concern; they rested upon bye-laws not unreasonable, enacted by posting-houses for their own benefit, and upon others equally stern, enacted by the inside passengers for the illustration of their own exclusiveness. These last were of a nature to rouse our scorn, from which the transition was not *very long* to mutiny. Up to this time, it had been the fixed assumption of the four inside people, (as an old tradition of all public carriages from the reign of Charles II.,) that they, the illustrious quaternion, constituted a porcelain variety of the human race, whose dignity would have been compromised by exchanging one word of civility with the three miserable delf ware outsides. Even to have kicked an outsider might have been held to attain the foot concerned in that operation; so that, perhaps, it would have required an act of parliament to restore its purity of blood. What words, then, could express the horror, and the sense of treason, in that case, which *had* happened, where all three outsides, the trinity of Pariahs, made a vain attempt to sit down at the same breakfast table or dinner-table with the consecrated four? I myself witnessed such an attempt; and on that occasion a benevolent old gentleman endeavoured to soothe his three holy associates, by suggesting that, if the outsides were indicted for this criminal attempt at the next assizes, the court would regard it as a case of

* "*Resident*."—The number on the books was far greater, many of whom kept up an intermitting communication with Oxford. But I speak of those only who were steadily pursuing their academic studies, and of those who resided constantly as *fellows*.

lunacy (or *delirium tremens*) rather than of treason. England owes much of her grandeur to the depth of the aristocratic element in her social composition. I am not the man to laugh at it. But sometimes it expressed itself in extravagant shapes. The course taken with the infatuated outsiders, in the particular attempt which I have noticed, was, that the waiter, beckoning them away from the privileged *salle-à-manger*, sang out, "This way, my good men;" and then enticed them away off to the kitchen. But that plan had not always answered. Sometimes, though very rarely, cases occurred where the intruders, being stonger than usual, or more vicious than usual, resolutely refused to move, and so far carried their point, as to have a separate table arranged for themselves in a corner of the room. Yet, if an Indian screen could be found ample enough to plant them out from the very eyes of the high table, or *dais*, it then became possible to assume as a fiction of law—that the three delf fellows, after all, were not present. They could be ignored by the porcelain men, under the maxim, that objects not appearing, and not existing, are governed by the same logical construction.

Such now being, at that time, the usages of mail-coaches, what was to be done by us of young Oxford? We, the most aristocratic of people, who were addicted to the practice of looking down superciliously even upon the insides themselves as often very suspicious characters, were we voluntarily to court indignities? If our dress and bearing sheltered us, generally, from the suspicion of being "raff," (the name at that period for "snobs,"*) we really were such constructively, by the place we assumed. If we did not submit to the deep shadow of eclipse, we entered at least the skirts of its penumbra. And the analogy of theatres was urged against us, where no man can complain of the annoyances incident to the pit or gallery, having his instant remedy in paying the higher price of the boxes. But the soundness of this analogy we disputed. In

the case of the theatre, it cannot be pretended that the inferior situations have any separate attractions, unless the pit suits the purpose of the dramatic reporter. But the reporter or critic is a rarity. For most people, the sole benefit is in the price. Whereas, on the contrary, the outside of the mail had its own incommunicable advantages. These we could not forego. The higher price we should willingly have paid, but that was connected with the condition of riding inside, which was insufferable. The air, the freedom of prospect, the proximity to the horses, the elevation of seat—these were what we desired; but, above all, the certain anticipation of purchasing occasional opportunities of driving.

Under coercion of this great practical difficulty, we instituted a searching inquiry into the true quality and valuation of the different apartments about the mail. We conducted this inquiry on metaphysical principles; and it was ascertained satisfactorily, that the roof of the coach, which some had affected to call the attics, and some the garrets, was really the drawing-room, and the box was the chief ottoman or sofa in that drawing-room; whilst it appeared that the inside, which had been traditionally regarded as the only room tenantable by gentlemen, was, in fact, the coal-cellar in disguise.

Great wits jump. The very same idea had not long before struck the celestial intellect of China. Amongst the presents carried out by our first embassy to that country was a state-coach. It had been specially selected as a personal gift by George III.; but the exact mode of using it was a mystery to Pekin. The ambassador, indeed, (Lord Macartney,) had made some dim and imperfect explanations upon the point; but as his excellency communicated these in a diplomatic whisper, at the very moment of his departure, the celestial mind was very feebly illuminated; and it became necessary to call a cabinet council on the grand state question—"Where was the emperor to sit?" The hammer-cloth happened to be unusually

* "Snobs," and its antithesis, "nobs," arose among the internal factions of shoemakers perhaps ten years later. Possibly enough, the terms may have existed much earlier; but they were then first made known, picturesquely and effectively, by a trial at some assizes which happened to fix the public attention.

gorgeous; and partly on that consideration, but partly also because the box offered the most elevated seat, and undeniably went foremost, it was resolved by acclamation that the box was the imperial place, and, *for the scoundrel who drove, he might sit where he could find a perch.* The horses, therefore, being harnessed, under a flourish of music and a salute of guns, solemnly his imperial majesty ascended his new English throne, having the first lord of the treasury on his right hand, and the chief jester on his left. Pekin gloried in the spectacle; and in the whole flowery people, constructively present by representation, there was but one discontented person, which was the coachman. This mutinous individual, looking as blackhearted as he really was, audaciously shouted—"Where am I to sit?" But the privy council, incensed by his disloyalty, unanimously opened the door, and kicked him into the inside. He had all the inside places to himself; but such is the rapacity of ambition, that he was still dissatisfied. "I say," he cried out in an extempore petition, addressed to the emperor through the window, "how am I to catch hold of the reins?"—"Any how," was the answer: "don't trouble me, man, in my glory; through the windows, through the key-holes—how you please." Finally, this contumacious coachman lengthened the checkstrings into a sort of jury-reins, communicating with the horses; with these he drove as steadily as may be supposed. The emperor returned after the briefest of circuits: he descended in great pomp from his throne, with the severest resolution never to remount it. A public thanksgiving was ordered for his majesty's prosperous escape from the disease of a broken neck; and the state-coach was dedicated for ever as a votive offering to the god Fo, Fo—whom the learned more accurately called Fi, Fi.

A revolution of this same Chinese character did young Oxford of that era effect in the constitution of mail-coach society. It was a perfect French revolution; and we had good reason to say, *Ca ira*. In fact, it soon became too popular. The "public," a well-known character, particularly disagreeable, though slightly

respectable, and notorious for affecting the chief seats in synagogues, had at first loudly opposed this revolution; but when the opposition showed itself to be ineffectual, our disagreeable friend went into it with headlong zeal. At first it was a sort of race between us; and, as the public is usually above 30, (say generally from 30 to 50 years old,) naturally we of young Oxford, that averaged about 20, had the advantage. Then the public took to bribing, giving fees to horse-keepers, &c., who hired out their persons as warming-pans on the box-seat. *That*, you know, was shocking to our moral sensibilities. Come to bribery, we observed, and there is an end to all morality, Aristotle's, Cicero's, or anybody's. And, besides, of what use was it? For *we* bribed also. And as our bribes to those of the public being demonstrated out of Euclid to be as five shillings to sixpence, here again young Oxford had the advantage. But the contest was ruinous to the principles of the stable-establishment about the mails. The whole corporation was constantly bribed, rebribed, and often sur-rebribed; so that a horse-keeper, ostler, or helper, was held by the philosophical at that time to be the most corrupt character in the nation.

There was an impression upon the public mind, natural enough from the continually augmenting velocity of the mail, but quite erroneous, that an outside seat on this class of carriages was a post of danger. On the contrary, I maintained that, if a man had become nervous from some gipsy prediction in his childhood, allocating to a particular moon now approaching some unknown danger, and he should inquire earnestly,—“Whither can I go for shelter? Is a prison the safest retreat? Or a lunatic hospital? Or the British Museum?” I should have replied,—“Oh, no; I'll tell you what to do. Take lodgings for the next forty days on the box of his majesty's mail. Nobody can touch you there. If it is by bills at ninety days after date that you are made unhappy—if noters and protestors are the sort of wretches whose astrological shadows darken the house of life—then note you what I vehemently protest, viz., that no matter though the sheriff in

every county should be running after you with his *posse*, touch a hair of your head he cannot whilst you keep house, and have your legal domicile, on the box of the mail. It's felony to stop the mail; even the sheriff cannot do that. And an *extra* (no great matter if it grazes the sheriff) touch of the whip to the leaders at any time guarantees your safety." In fact, a bed-room in a quiet house, seems a safe enough retreat; yet it is liable to its own notorious nuisances, to robbers by night, to rats, to fire. But the mail laughs at these terrors. To robbers, the answer is packed up and ready for delivery in the barrel of the guard's blunderbuss. Rats again! there *are* none about mail-coaches, any more than snakes in Van Troil's Iceland; except, indeed, now and then a parliamentary rat, who always hides his shame in the "coal-cellar." And, as to fire, I never knew but one in a mail-coach, which was in the Exeter mail, and caused by an obstinate sailor bound to Devonport. Jack, making light of the law and the lawgiver that had set their faces against his offence, insisted on taking up a forbidden seat in the rear of the roof, from which he could exchange his own yarns with those of the guard. No greater offence was then known to mail-coaches; it was treason, it was *lèse majesté*, it was by tendency arson; and the ashes of Jack's pipe, falling amongst the straw of the hinder boot, containing the mail-bags, raised a flame which (aided by the wind of our motion) threatened a revolution in the republic of letters. But even this left the sanctity of the box unviolated. In dignified repose, the coachman and myself sat on, resting with benign composure upon our knowledge—that the fire would have to burn its way through four inside passengers before it could reach ourselves. With a quotation rather too trite, I remarked to the coachman,—

——"Jam proximus ardet
Ucalegon."

But, recollecting that the Virgilian part of his education might have been neglected, I interpreted so far as to say, that perhaps at that moment the flames were catching hold of our

worthy brother and next-door neighbour Ucalegon. The coachman said nothing, but by his faint sceptical smile he seemed to be thinking that he knew better; for that in fact, Ucalegon, as it happened, was not in the way-bill.

No dignity is perfect which does not at some point ally itself with the indeterminate and mysterious. The connexion of the mail with the state and the executive government—a connexion obvious, but yet not strictly defined—gave to the whole mail establishment a grandeur and an official authority which did us service on the roads, and invested us with seasonable terrors. But perhaps these terrors were not the less impressive, because their exact legal limits were imperfectly ascertained. Look at those turnpike gates; with what deferential hurry, with what an obedient start, they fly open at our approach! Look at that long line of carts and carters ahead, audaciously usurping the very crest of the road: ah! traitors, they do not hear us as yet, but as soon as the dreadful blast of our horn reaches them with the proclamation of our approach, see with what frenzy of trepidation they fly to their horses' heads, and deprecate our wrath by the precipitation of their crane-neck quarterings. Treason they feel to be their crime; each individual carter feels himself under the ban of confiscation and attainder: his blood is attainted through six generations, and nothing is wanting but the headsman and his axe, the block and the sawdust to close up the vista of his horrors. What! shall it be within benefit of clergy to delay the king's message on the highroad?—to interrupt the great respirations, ebb or flood, of the national intercourse—to endanger the safety of tidings running day and night between all nations and languages? Or can it be fancied, amongst the weakest of men, that the bodies of the criminals will be given up to their widows for Christian burial? Now, the doubts which were raised as to our powers did more to wrap them in terror, by wrapping them in uncertainty, than could have been effected by the sharpest definitions of the law from the Quarter Sessions. We, on our

parts, (we, the collective mail, I mean,) did our utmost to exalt the idea of our privileges by the insolence with which we wielded them. Whether this insolence rested upon law that gave it a sanction, or upon conscious power, haughtily dispensing with that sanction, equally it spoke from a potential station; and the agent in each particular insolence of the moment, was viewed reverentially, as one having authority.

Sometimes after breakfast his majesty's mail would become frisky; and in its difficult wheelings amongst the intricacies of early markets, it would upset an apple cart, a cart loaded with eggs, &c. Huge was the affliction and dismay, awful was the smash, though, after all, I believe the damage might be levied upon the hundred. I, as far as was possible, endeavoured in such a case to represent the conscience and moral sensibilities of the mail; and, when wildernesses of eggs were lying poached under our horses' hoofs, then would I stretch forth my hands in sorrow, saying (in words too celebrated in those days from the false* echoes of Marengo)—“Ah! wherefore have me not time to weep over you?” which was quite impossible, for in fact we had not even time to laugh over them. Tied to post-office time, with an allowance in some cases of fifty minutes for eleven miles, could the royal mail pretend to undertake the offices of sympathy and condolence? Could it be expected to provide tears for the accidents of the road? If even it seemed to trample on humanity, it did so, I contended, in discharge of its own more peremptory duties.

Upholding the morality of the mail, *a fortiori* I upheld its rights, I stretched to the uttermost its privilege of imperial precedence, and astonished weak minds by the feudal powers which I hinted to be lurking constructively in the charters of this proud establishment. Once I remember being on the box of the Holyhead mail, between Shrewsbury and Oswestry, when a tawdry thing from Birmingham, some *Tallyho*

or *Highstier*, all flaunting with green and gold, came up alongside of us. What a contrast to our royal simplicity of form and colour is this plebeian wretch! The single ornament on our dark ground of chocolate colour was the mighty shield of the imperial arms, but emblazoned in proportions as modest as a signet-ring bears to a seal of office. Even this was displayed only on a single panel, whispering, rather than proclaiming, our relations to the state; whilst the beast from Birmingham had as much writing and painting on its sprawling flanks as would have puzzled a decipherer from the tombs of Luxor. For some time this Birmingham machine ran along by our side—a piece of familiarity that seemed to us sufficiently jacobinical. But all at once a movement of the horses announced a desperate intention of leaving us behind. “Do you see *that*?” I said to the coachman. “I see,” was his short answer. He was awake, yet he waited longer than seemed prudent, for the horses of our audacious opponent had a disagreeable air of freshness and power. But his motive was loyal; his wish was that the Birmingham conceit should be full-blown before he froze it. When *that* seemed ripe, he unloosed, or to speak by a stronger image, he sprang his known resources, he slipped our royal horses like cheetas, or hunting leopards after the affrighted game. How they could retain such a reserve of fiery power after the work they had accomplished, seemed hard to explain. But on our side, besides the physical superiority, was a tower of strength, namely, the king's name, “which they upon the adverse faction wanted.” Passing them without an effort, as it seemed, we threw them into the rear with so lengthening an interval between us, as proved in itself the bitterest mockery of their presumption; whilst our guard blew back a shattering blast of triumph, that was really too painfully full of derision.

I mention this little incident for its

* “False echoes”—yes, false! for the words ascribed to Napoleon, as breathed to the memory of Desaix, never were uttered at all. They stand in the same category of theatrical inventions as the cry of the foundering *Vengeur*, as the vault of General Cambronne at Waterloo, “*La Garde meurt, mais ne se rend pas*,” as the repartees of Talleyrand.

connexion with what followed. A Welshman, sitting behind me, asked if I had not felt my heart burn within me during the continuance of the race? I said—No; because we were not racing with a mail, so that no glory could be gained. In fact, it was sufficiently mortifying that such a Birmingham thing should dare to challenge us. The Welshman replied, that he didn't see *that*; for that a cat might look at a king, and a Brummagem coach might lawfully race the Holyhead mail. "Race us perhaps," I replied, "though even *that* has an air of sedition, but not *beat* us. This would have been treason; and for its own sake I am glad that the Tallyho was disappointed." So dissatisfied did the Welshman seem with this opinion, that at last I was obliged to tell him a very fine story from one of our elder dramatists, viz.—that once, in some Oriental region, when the prince of all the land, with his splendid court, were flying their falcons, a hawk suddenly flew at a majestic eagle; and in defiance of the eagle's prodigious advantages, in sight also of all the astonished field sportsmen, spectators, and followers, killed him on the spot. The prince was struck with amazement at the unequal contest, and with burning admiration for its unparalleled result. He commanded that the hawk should be brought before him; caressed the bird with enthusiasm, and ordered that, for the commemoration of his matchless courage, a crown of gold should be solemnly placed on the hawk's head; but then that, immediately after this coronation, the bird should be led off to execution, as the most valiant indeed of traitors, but not the less a traitor that had dared to rise in rebellion against his liege lord the eagle. "Now," said I to the Welshman, "How painful it would have been to you and me as men of refined feelings, that this poor brute, the Tallyho, in the impossible case of a victory over us, should have been crowned with jewellery, gold, with Birmingham ware, or paste diamonds, and then led off to instant execution." The Welshman doubted if that could be warranted by law. And when I hinted at the 10th of Edward III. chap. 15,

for regulating the precedence of coaches, as being probably the statute relied on for the capital punishment of such offences, he replied drily—That if the attempt to pass a mail was really treasonable, it was a pity that the Tallyho appeared to have so imperfect an acquaintance with law.

These were among the gaieties of my earliest and boyish acquaintance with mails. But alike the gayest and the most terrific of my experiences rose again after years of slumber, armed with preternatural power to shake my dreaming sensibilities; sometimes, as in the slight case of Miss Fanny on the Bath road, (which I will immediately mention,) through some casual or capricious association with images originally gay, yet opening at some stage of evolution into sudden capacities of horror; sometimes through the more natural and fixed alliances with the sense of power so various lodged in the mail system.

The modern modes of traveling cannot compare with the mail-coach system in grandeur and power. They boast of more velocity, but not however as a consciousness, but as a fact of our lifeless knowledge, resting upon *alien* evidence; as, for instance, because somebody *says* that we have gone fifty miles in the hour, or upon the evidence of a result, as that actually we find ourselves in York four hours after leaving London. Apart from such an assertion, or such a result, I am little aware of the pace. But, seated on the old mail-coach, we needed no evidence out of ourselves to indicate the velocity. On this system the word was—*Non magna loquimur*, as upon railways, but *magna vivimus*. The vital experience of the glad animal sensibilities made doubts impossible on the question of our speed; we heard our speed, we saw it, we felt it as a thrilling; and this speed was not the product of blind insensate agencies, that had no sympathy to give, but was incarnated in the fiery eyeballs of an animal, in his dilated nostril, spasmodic muscles, and echoing hoofs. This speed was incarnated in the *risible* contagion amongst brutes of some impulse, that, radiating into *their* natures, had yet its centre and beginning in man. The sensibility of the horse uttering itself in the maniac

light of his eye, might be the last vibration of such a movement; the glory of Salamanca might be the first—but the intervening link that connected them, that spread the earthquake of the battle into the eyeball of the horse, was the heart of man—kindling in the rapture of the fiery strife, and then propagating its own tumults by motions and gestures to the sympathies, more or less dim, in his servant the horse.

But now, on the new system of travelling, iron tubes and boilers have disconnected man's heart from the ministers of his locomotion. Nile nor Trafalgar has power any more to raise an extra bubble in a steam-kettle. The galvanic cycle is broken up for ever: man's imperial nature no longer sends itself forward through the electric sensibility of the horse; the inter-agencies are gone in the mode of communication between the horse and his master, out of which grew so many aspects of sublimity under accidents of mists that hid, or sudden blazes that revealed, of mobs that agitated, or midnight solitudes that awed. Tidings, fitted to convulse all nations, must henceforwards travel by culinary process; and the trumpet that once announced from afar the laurelled mail, heart-shaking, when heard screaming on the wind, and advancing through the darkness to every village or solitary house on its route, has now given way for ever to the pot-walloping of the boiler.

Thus have perished multiform openings for sublime effects, for interesting personal communications, for revelations of impressive faces that could not have offered themselves amongst the hurried and fluctuating groups of a railway station. The gatherings of gazers about a mail-coach had one centre, and acknowledged only one interest. But the crowds attending at a railway station have as little unity as running water, and own as many centres as there are separate carriages in the train.

How else, for example, than as a constant watcher for the dawn, and for the London mail that in summer months entered about dawn into the lawny thickets of Marlborough Forest, couldst thou, sweet Fanny of the Bath road, have become known to myself? Yet Fanny, as the loveliest young woman for face and person that perhaps in my whole life I have beheld, merited the station which even *her* I could not willingly have spared; yet (thirty-five years later) she holds in my dreams: and though, by an accident of fanciful caprice, she brought along with her into those dreams a troop of dreadful creatures, fabulous and not fabulous, that were more abominable to a human heart than Fanny and the dawn were delightful.

Miss Fanny of the Bath road, strictly speaking, lived at a mile's distance from that road, but came so continually to meet the mail, that I on my frequent transits rarely missed her, and naturally connected her name with the great thoroughfare where I saw her; I do not exactly know, but I believe with some burthen of commissions to be executed in Bath, her own residence being probably the centre to which these commissions gathered. The mail coachman, who wore the royal livery, being one amongst the privileged few,* happened to be Fanny's grandfather. A good man he was, that loved his beautiful granddaughter; and, loving her wisely, was vigilant over her deportment in any case where young Oxford might happen to be concerned. Was I then vain enough to imagine that I myself individually could fall within the line of his terrors? Certainly not, as regarded any physical pretensions that I could plead; for Fanny (as a chance passenger from her own neighbourhood once told me) counted in her train a hundred and ninety-nine professed admirers, if not open aspirants to her favour; and probably not one of the whole brigade but excelled myself in personal advan-

* "Privileged few." The general impression was that this splendid costume belonged of right to the mail coachmen as their professional dress. But that was an error. To the guard it *did* belong, as a matter of course, and was essential as an official warrant, and a means of instant identification for his person, in the discharge of his important public duties. But the coachman, and especially if his place in the series did not connect him immediately with London and the General Post Office, obtained the scarlet coat only as an honorary distinction after long or special service.

tages. Ulysses even, with the unfair advantage of his accursed bow, could hardly have undertaken that amount of suitors. So the danger might have seemed slight—only that woman is universally aristocratic; it is amongst her nobilities of heart that she is so. Now, the aristocratic distinctions in my favour might easily with Miss Fanny have compensated my physical deficiencies. Did I then make love to Fanny? Why, yes; *mais oui donc*; as much love as one can make whilst the mail is changing horses, a process which ten years later did not occupy above eighty seconds; but then, viz. about Waterloo, it occupied five times eighty. Now, four hundred seconds offer a field quite ample enough for whispering into a young woman's ear a great deal of truth; and (by way of parenthesis) some trifle of falsehood. Grandpapa did right, therefore, to watch me. And yet, as happens too often to the grandpas of earth, in a contest with the admirers of granddaughters, how vainly would he have watched me had I meditated any evil whispers to Fanny! She, it is my belief, would have protected herself against any man's evil suggestions. But he, as the result showed, could not have intercepted the opportunities for such suggestions. Yet he was still active; he was still blooming. Blooming he was as Fanny herself.

"Say, all our praises why should lords—"

No, that's not the line.

"Say, all our roses why should girls engross?"

The coachman showed rosy blossoms on his face deeper even than his granddaughter's,—his being drawn from the ale-cask, Fanny's from youth and innocence, and from the fountains of the dawn. But, in spite of his blooming face, some infirmities he had; and one particularly (I am very sure, no more than one,) in which he too much resembled a crocodile. This lay in a monstrous inaptitude for turning round. The crocodile, I presume, owes that inaptitude to the absurd length of his back; but in our grandpapa it arose rather from the absurd breadth of his back, combined, probably, with some growing stiffness in his legs. Now upon this

crocodile infirmity of his I planted an easy opportunity for tendering my homage to Miss Fanny. In defiance of all his honourable vigilance, no sooner had he presented to us his mighty Jovian back (what a field for displaying to mankind his royal scarlet!) whilst inspecting professionally the buckles, the straps, and the silver turrets of his harness, than I raised Miss Fanny's hand to my lips, and, by the mixed tenderness and respectfulness of my manner, caused her easily to understand how happy it would have made me to rank upon her list as No. 10 or 12, in which case a few casualties amongst her lovers (and observe—they *hanged* liberally in those days) might have promoted me speedily to the top of the tree; as, on the other hand, with how much loyalty of submission I acquiesced in her allotment, supposing that she had seen reason to plant me in the very rearward of her favour, as No. 199+1. It must not be supposed that I allowed any trace of jest, or even of playfulness, to mingle with these expressions of my admiration; that would have been insulting to her, and would have been false as regarded my own feelings. In fact, the utter shadowyness of our relations to each other, even after our meetings through seven or eight years had been very numerous, but of necessity had been very brief, being entirely on mail-coach allowance—timed, in reality, by the General Post-Office—and watched by a crocodile belonging to the antepenultimate generation, left it easy for me to do a thing which few people ever can have done—viz., to make love for seven years, at the same time to be as sincere as ever creature was, and yet never to compromise myself by overtures that might have been foolish as regarded my own interests, or misleading as regarded hers. Most truly I loved this beautiful and ingenuous girl; and had it not been for the Bath and Bristol mail, heaven only knows what might have come of it. People talk of being over head and ears in love—now, the mail was the cause that I sank only over ears in love, which, you know, still left a trifle of brain to overlook the whole conduct of the affair. I have mentioned the case at all for the

sake of a dreadful result from it in after years of dreaming. But it seems, *ex abundanti*, to yield this moral—viz. that as, in England, the idiot and the half-wit are held to be under the guardianship of Chancery, so the man making love, who is often but a variety of the same imbecile class, ought to be made a ward of the General Post-Office, whose severe course of *timing* and periodical interruption might intercept many a foolish declaration, such as lays a solid foundation for fifty years' repentance.

Ah, reader! when I look back upon those days, it seems to me that all things change or perish. Even thunder and lightning, it pains me to say, are not the thunder and lightning which I seem to remember about the time of Waterloo. Roses, I fear, are degenerating, and, without a Red revolution, must come to the dust. The Fannies of our island—though this I say with reluctance—are not improving; and the Bath road is notoriously superannuated. Mr. Waterton tells me that the crocodile does *not* change—that a cayman, in fact, or an alligator, is just as good for riding upon as he was in the time of the Pharaohs. That may be; but the reason is, that the crocodile does not live fast—he is a slow coach. I believe it is generally understood amongst naturalists, that the crocodile is a blockhead. It is my own impression that the Pharaohs were also blockheads. Now, as the Pharaohs and the crocodile domineered over Egyptian society, this accounts for a singular mistake that prevailed on the Nile. The crocodile made the ridiculous blunder of supposing man to be meant chiefly for his own eating. Man, taking a different view of the subject, naturally met that mistake by another; he viewed the crocodile as a thing sometimes to worship, but always to run away from. And this continued until Mr. Waterton changed the relations between the animals. The mode of escaping from the reptile he showed to be, not by running away, but by leaping on its back, booted and spurred.

The two animals had misunderstood each other. The use of the crocodile has now been cleared up—it is to be ridden; and the use of man is, that he may improve the health of the crocodile by riding him a fox-hunting before breakfast. And it is pretty certain that any crocodile, who has been regularly hunted through the season, and is master of the weight he carries, will take a six-barred gate now as well as ever he would have done in the infancy of the Pyramids.

Perhaps, therefore, the crocodile does *not* change, but all things else *do*: even the shadow of the Pyramids grows less. And often the restoration in vision of Fanny and the Bath road, makes me too pathetically sensible of that truth. Out of the darkness, if I happen to call up the image of Fanny from thirty-five years back, arises suddenly a rose in June; or, if I think for an instant of the rose in June, up rises the heavenly face of Fanny. One after the other, like the antiphonies in the choral service, rises Fanny and the rose in June, then back again the rose in June and Fanny. Then come both together, as in a chorus; roses and Fannies, Fannies and roses, without end—thick as blossoms in paradise. Then comes a venerable crocodile, in a royal livery of scarlet and gold, or in a coat with sixteen capes; and the crocodile is driving four-in-hand from the box of the Bath mail. And suddenly we upon the mail are pulled up by a mighty dial, sculptured with the hours, and with the dreadful legend of *TOO LATE*. Then all at once we are arrived at Marlborough forest, amongst the lovely households* of the roe-deer: these retire into the dewy thickets; the thickets are rich with roses; the roses call up (as ever) the sweet countenance of Fanny, who, being the granddaughter of a crocodile, awakens a dreadful host of wild semi-legendary animals—griffins, dragons, basilisks, sphinxes,—till at length the whole vision of fighting images crowds into one towering armorial shield, a vast emblazonry

* "*Households*."—Roe-deer do not congregate in herds like the fallow or the red deer, but by separate families, parents, and children; which feature of approximation to the sanctity of human hearths, added to their comparatively miniature and graceful proportions, conciliate to them an interest of a peculiarly tender character, if less dignified by the grandeurs of savage and forest life.

of human charities and human loveliness that have perished, but quartered heraldically with unutterable horrors of monstrous and demoniac natures; whilst over all rises, as a surmounting crest, one fair female hand, with the fore-finger pointing, in sweet, sorrowful admonition, upwards to heaven, and having power (which, without experience, I never could have believed) to awaken the pathos that kills in the very bosom of the horrors that madden the grief that gnaws at the heart, together with the monstrous creations of darkness that shock the belief, and make dizzy the reason of man. 'This is the peculiarity that I wish the reader to notice, as having first been made known to me for a possibility by this early vision of Fanny on the Bath road. The peculiarity consisted in the confluence of two different keys, though apparently repelling each other, into the music and governing principles of the same dream; horror, such as possesses the maniac, and yet, by momentary transitions, grief, such as may be supposed to possess the dying mother when leaving her infant children to the mercies of the cruel. Usually, and perhaps always, in an unshaken nervous system, these two modes of misery exclude each other—here first they met in horrid reconciliation. There was also a separate peculiarity in the quality of the horror. This was afterwards developed into far more revolting complexities of misery and incomprehensible darkness; and perhaps I am wrong in ascribing any value as a *causative* agency to this particular case on the Bath road—possibly it furnished merely an *occasion* that accidentally introduced a mode of horrors certain, to any rate, to have grown up, with or without the Bath road, from more advanced stages of the nervous derangement. Yet, as the cubs of tigers or leopards, when domesticated, have been observed to

suffer a sudden development of their latent ferocity under too eager an appeal to their playfulness—the gaieties of sport in *them* being too closely connected with the fiery brightness of their murderous instincts—so I have remarked that the caprices, the gay arabesques, and the lovely floral luxuriations of dreams, betray a shocking tendency to pass into finer maniacal splendours. That gaiety, for instance (for such as first it was), in the dreaming faculty, by which one principal point of resemblance to a crocodile in the mail-coachman was soon made to clothe him with the form of a crocodile, and yet was blended with accessory circumstances derived from his *human* functions, passed rapidly into a further development, no longer gay or playful, but terrific, the most terrific that besieges dreams, viz.—the horrid inoculation upon each other of incompatible natures. This horror has always been secretly felt by man; it was felt even under pagan forms of religion, which offered a very feeble, and also a very limited gamut for giving expression to the human capacities of sublimity or of horror. We read it in the fearful composition of the sphinx. The dragon, again, is the snake inoculated upon the scorpion. The basilisk unites the mysterious malice of the evil eye, unintentional on the part of the unhappy agent, with the intentional venom of some other malignant natures. But these horrid complexities of evil agency are but *objectively* horrid; they inflict the horror suitable to their compound nature; but there is no insinuation that they *feel* that horror. Heraldry is so full of these fantastic creatures, that, in some zoologies, we find a separate chapter or a supplement dedicated to what is denominated heraldic zoology. And why not? For these hideous creatures, however visionary,* have a real traditionary

* "*However visionary.*"—But are they always visionary? the unicorn, the kraken, the sea-serpent, are all, perhaps, zoological facts. The unicorn, for instance, so far from being a lie, is rather *too* true; for, simply as a *monokeras*, he is found in the Himalaya, in Africa, and elsewhere, rather too often for the peace of what in Scotland would be called the *intending* traveller. That which really *is* a lie in the account of the unicorn—viz., his legendary rivalry with the lion—which lie may God preserve, in preserving the mighty imperial shield that embalms it—cannot be more destructive to the zoological pretensions of the unicorn, than are to the same pretensions in the lion our many popular crazes about his goodness and magnanimity, or the old fancy (adopted by Spenser, and noticed by so many among our elder poets) of his

ground in mediæval belief—sincere and partly reasonable, though adulterating with mendacity, blundering, credulity, and intense superstition. But the dream-horror which I speak of is far more frightful. The dreamer finds housed within himself—occupying, as it were, some separate chamber in his brain—holding, perhaps, from that station a secret and detestable commerce with his own heart—some horrid alien nature. What if it were his own nature repeated,—still, if the duality were distinctly perceptible, even *that*—even this mere numerical double of his own consciousness—might be a curse too mighty to be sustained. But how, if the alien nature contra-

dicts his own, fights with it, perplexes, and confounds it? How, again, if not one alien nature, but two, but three, but four, but five, are introduced within what once he thought the inviolable sanctuary of himself? These, however, are horrors from the kingdoms of anarchy and darkness, which, by their very intensity, challenge the sanctity of concealment, and gloomily retire from exposition. Yet it was necessary to mention them, because the first introduction to such appearances (whether causal, or merely casual) lay in the heraldic monsters, which monsters were themselves introduced though playfully) by the transfigured coachman of the Bath mail.

GOING DOWN WITH VICTORY.

But the grandest chapter of our experience, within the whole mail-coach service, was on those occasions when we went down from London with the news of victory. A period of about ten years stretched from Trafalgar to Waterloo: the second and third years of which period (1806 and 1807) were comparatively sterile; but the rest, from 1805 to 1815 inclusively, furnished a long succession of victories; the least of which, in a contest of that portentous nature, had an inappreciable value of position—partly for its absolute interference with the plans of our enemy, but still more from its keeping alive in central Europe the sense of a deep-seated vulnerability in France. Even to tease the coasts

of our enemy, to mortify them by continual blockades, to insult them by capturing if it were but a baubling schooner under the eyes of their arrogant armies, repeated from time to time a sullen proclamation of power lodged in a quarter to which the hopes of Christendom turned in secret. How much more loudly must this proclamation have spoken in the audacity* of having bearded the *élite* of their troops, and having beaten them in pitched battles! Five years of life it was worth paying down for the privilege of an outside place on a mail-coach, when carrying down the first tidings of any such event. And it is to be noted that, from our insular situation, and the multitude of our

graciousness to maiden innocence. The wretch is the basest and most cowardly among the forest tribes; nor has the sublime courage of the English bull-dog ever been so memorably exhibited as in his hopeless fight at Warwick with the cowardly and cruel lion called Wallace. Another of the traditional creatures, still doubtful, is the mermaid, upon which Southey once remarked to me, that, if it had been differently named (as, suppose, a mer-ape), nobody would have questioned its existence any more than that of sea-cows, sea-lions, &c. The mermaid has been discredited by her human name and her legendary human habits. If she would not coquette so much with melancholy sailors, and brush her hair so assiduously upon solitary rocks, she would be carried on our books for as honest a reality, as decent a female, as many that are assessed to the poor-rates.

* "*Audacity!*" Such the French accounted it; and it has struck me that Soult would not have been so popular in London, at the period of her present Majesty's coronation, or in Manchester, on occasion of his visit to that town, if they had been aware of the insolence with which he spoke of us in notes written at intervals from the field of Waterloo. As though it had been mere felony in our army to look a French one in the face, he said more than once—"Here are the English—we have them: they are caught *en flagrant delit*." Yet no man should have known us better; no man had drunk deeper from the cup of humiliation than Soult had in the north of Portugal, during the flight from an English army, and subsequently at Albuera, in the bloodiest of recorded battles.

frigates disposable for the rapid transmission of intelligence, rarely did any unauthorised rumour steal away a prelibation from the aroma of the regular despatches. The government official news was generally the first news.

From eight p.m. to fifteen or twenty minutes later, imagine the mails assembled on parade in Lombard Street, where, at that time, was seated the General Post-Office. In what exact strength we mustered I do not remember; but, from the length of each separate *attelage*, we filled the street, though a long one, and though we were drawn up in double file. On *any* night the spectacle was beautiful. The absolute perfection of all the appointments about the carriages and the harness, and the magnificence of the horses, were what might first have fixed the attention. Every carriage, on every morning in the year, was taken down to an inspector for examination—wheels, axles, linchpins, pole, glasses, &c., were all critically probed and tested. Every part of every carriage had been cleaned, every horse had been groomed, with as much rigour as if they belonged to a private gentleman; and that part of the spectacle offered itself always. But the night before us is a night of victory; and behold! to the ordinary display, what a heart-shaking addition!—horses, men, carriages—all are dressed in laurels and flowers, oak leaves and ribbons. The guards, who are his Majesty's servants, and the coachmen, who are within the privilege of the Post-Office, wear the royal liveries of course; and as it is summer (for all the *land* victories were won in summer,) they wear, on this fine evening, these liveries exposed to view, without any covering of upper coats. Such a costume, and the elaborate arrangement of the laurels in their hats, dilated their hearts, by giving to them openly an *official* connection with the great news, in which already they have the general interest of patriotism. That great national sentiment surmounts and quells all sense of ordinary distinctions. Those passengers who happen to be gentlemen are now hardly to be distin-

guished as such except by dress. The usual reserve of their manner in speaking to the attendants has on this night melted away. One heart, one pride, one glory, connects every man by the transcendent bond of his English blood. The spectators, who are numerous beyond precedent, express their sympathy with these fervent feelings by continual hurrahs. Every moment are shouted aloud by the Post-Office servants the great ancestral names of cities known to history through a thousand years,—Lincoln, Winchester, Portsmouth, Gloucester, Oxford, Bristol, Manchester, York, Newcastle, Edinburgh, Perth, Glasgow—expressing the grandeur of the empire by the antiquity of its towns, and the grandeur of the mail establishment by the diffusive radiation of its separate missions. Every moment you hear the thunder of lids locked down upon the mail-bags. That sound to each individual mail is the signal for drawing off, which process is the finest part of the entire spectacle. Then come the horses into play;—horses! can these be horses that (unless powerfully reined in) would bound off with the action and gestures of leopards? What stir!—what sea-like ferment!—what a thundering of wheels, what a trampling of horses!—what farewell cheers—what redoubling peals of brotherly congratulation, connecting the name of the particular mail—"Liverpool for ever!"—with the name of the particular victory—"Badajoz for ever!" or "Salamanca for ever!" The half-slumbering consciousness that, all night long and all the next day—perhaps for even a longer period—many of these mails, like fire racing along a train of gunpowder, will be kindling at every instant new successions of burning joy, has an obscure effect of multiplying the victory itself, by multiplying to the imagination into infinity the stages of its progressive diffusion. A fiery arrow seems to be let loose, which from that moment is destined to travel, almost without intermission, westwards for three hundred* miles—northwards for six hundred; and the sympathy of our

* "Three hundred." Of necessity this scale of measurement, to an American, if he happens to be a thoughtless man, must sound ludicrous. Accordingly, I remember a

Lombard Street friends at parting is exalted a hundred fold by a sort of visionary sympathy with the approaching sympathies, yet unborn, which we were going to evoke.

Liberated from the embarrassments of the city, and issuing into the broad uncrowded avenues of the northern suburbs, we begin to enter upon our natural pace of ten miles an hour. In the broad light of the summer evening, the sun perhaps only just at the point of setting, we are seen from every story of every house. Heads of every age crowd to the windows—young and old understand the language of our victorious symbols—and rolling volleys of sympathising cheers run along behind and before our course. The beggar, rearing himself against the wall, forgets his lameness—real or assumed—thinks not of his whining trade, but stands erect, with bold exulting smiles, as we pass him. The victory has healed him, and says—Be thou whole! Women and children, from garrets alike and cellars, look down or look up with loving eyes upon our gay ribbons and our martial laurels—sometimes kiss their hands, sometimes hang out, as signals of affection, pocket handkerchiefs, aprons, dusters, anything that lies ready to their hands. On the London side of Barnet, to which we draw near within a few minutes after nine, observe

that private carriage which is approaching us. The weather being so warm, the glasses are all down; and one may read, as on the stage of a theatre, everything that goes on within the carriage. It contains three ladies, one likely to be “mama,” and two of seventeen or eighteen, who are probably her daughters. What lovely animation, what beautiful unpremeditated pantomime, explaining to us every syllable that passes, in these ingenious girls! By the sudden start and raising of the hands, on first discovering our laurelled equipage—by the sudden movement and appeal to the elder lady from both of them—and by the heightened colour on their animated countenances, we can almost hear them saying—“See, see! Look at their laurels. Oh, mama! there has been a great battle in Spain; and it has been a great victory.” In a moment we are on the point of passing them. We passengers—I on the box, and the two on the roof behind me—raise our hats, the coachman makes his professional salute with the whip; the guard even, though punctilious on the matter of his dignity as an officer under the crown, touches his hat. The ladies move to us, in return, with a winning graciousness of gesture: all smile on each side in a way that nobody could misunderstand, and that nothing short of a grand

case in which an American writer indulges himself in the luxury of a little lying, by ascribing to an Englishman a pompous account of the Thames, constructed entirely upon American ideas of grandeur, and concluding in something like these terms:—“And, sir, arriving at London, this mighty father of rivers attains a breadth of at least two furlongs, having, in its winding course, traversed the astonishing distance of 170 miles.” And this the candid American thinks it fair to contrast with the scale of the Mississippi. Now, it is hardly worth while to answer a pure falsehood gravely, else one might say that no Englishman out of Bedlam ever thought of looking in an island for the rivers of a continent; nor, consequently, could have thought of looking for the peculiar grandeur of the Thames in the length of its course, or in the extent of soil which it drains: yet, if he *had* been so absurd, the American might have recollected that a river, not to be compared with the Thames even as to volume of water—viz. the Tiber—has contrived to make itself heard of in this world for twenty-five centuries to an extent not reached, nor likely to be reached very soon, by any river, however corpulent, of his own land. The glory of the Thames is measured by the density of the population to which it ministers, by the commerce which it supports, by the grandeur of the empire in which, though far from the largest, it is the most influential stream. Upon some such scale, and not by a transfer of Columbian standards, is the course of our English mails to be valued. The American may fancy the effect of his own valuations to our English ears, by supposing the case of a Siberian glorifying his country in these terms:—“Those rascals, sir, in France and England, cannot march half a mile in any direction without finding a house where food can be had and lodging: whereas, such is the noble desolation of our magnificent country, that in many a direction for a thousand miles, I will engage a dog shall not find shelter from a snow-storm, nor a wren find an apology for breakfast.”

national sympathy could so instantaneously prompt. Will these ladies say that we are nothing to *them*? Oh, no; they will not say *that*. They cannot deny—they do not deny—that for this night they are our sisters: gentle or simple, scholar or illiterate servant, for twelve hours to come—we on the outside have the honour to be their brothers. Those poor women again, who stop to gaze upon us with delight at the entrance of Barnet, and seem by their air of weariness to be returning from labor—do you mean to say that they are washerwomen and charwomen? Oh, my poor friend, you are quite mistaken; they are nothing of the kind. I assure you they stand in a higher rank: for this one night they feel themselves by birthright to be daughters of England, and answer to no humbler title.

Every joy, however, even rapturous joy—such is the sad law of earth—may carry with it grief, or fear of grief, to some. Three miles beyond Barnet, we see approaching us another private carriage, nearly repeating the circumstances of the former case. Here also the glasses are all down—here also is an elderly lady seated; but the two amiable daughters are missing; for the single young person, sitting by the lady's side, seems to be an attendant—so I judge from her dress, and her air of respectful reserve. The lady is in mourning; and her countenance expresses sorrow. At first she does not look up; so that I believe she is not aware of our approach, until she hears the measured beating of our horses' hoofs. Then she raises her eyes to settle them painfully on our triumphal equipage. Our decorations explain the case to her at once; but she beholds them with apparent anxiety, or even with terror. Some time before this, I, finding it difficult to hit a flying mark, when embarrassed by the coachman's person and reins intervening, had given to the guard a *Courier* evening paper, containing the gazette, for the next carriage that might pass: Accordingly he tossed it in so folded that the huge capitals expressing some such legend as—GLORIOUS VICTORY, might catch the eye at once. To see the paper, however, at all, interpreted as it was by our ensigns of triumph,

explained everything; and, if the guard were right in thinking the lady to have received it with a gesture of horror, it could not be doubtful that she had suffered some deep personal affliction in connexion with this Spanish war.

Here now was the case of one, who, having formerly suffered, might, erroneously perhaps, be distressing herself with anticipations of another similar suffering. That same night, and hardly three hours later, occurred the reverse case. A poor woman, who too probably would find herself, in a day or two, to have suffered the heaviest of afflictions by the battle, blindly allowed herself to express an exultation so unmeasured in the news, and its details, as gave to her the appearance which amongst Celtic Highlanders is called *fey*. This was at some little town, I forget what, where we happened to change horses near midnight. Some fair or wake had kept the people up out of their beds. We saw many lights moving about as we drew near; and perhaps the most impressive scene on our route was our reception at this place. The flashing of torches and the beautiful radiance of blue lights (technically Bengal lights) upon the heads of our horses; the fine effect of such a showery and ghostly illumination falling upon flowers and glittering laurels, whilst all around the massy darkness seemed to invest us with walls of impenetrable blackness, together with the prodigious enthusiasm of the people, composed a picture at once scenical and affecting. As we staid for three or four minutes, I alighted. And immediately from a dismantled stall in the street, where perhaps she had been presiding at some part of the evening, advanced eagerly a middle-aged woman. The sight of my newspaper it was that had drawn her attention upon myself. The victory which we were carrying down to the provinces on *this* occasion was the imperfect one of Talavera. I told her the main outline of the battle. But her agitation, though not the agitation of fear, but of exultation rather, and enthusiasm, had been so conspicuous when listening, and when first applying for information, that I could not but ask her if she had not some relation in the

Peninsular army. Oh! yes: her only son was there. In what regiment? He was a trooper in the 23d Dragoons. My heart sank within me as she made that answer. This sublime regiment, which an Englishman should never mention without raising his hat to their memory, had made the most memorable and effective charge recorded in military annals. They leaped their horses—over a trench where they could, into it, and with the result of death or mutilation when they could not. What proportion cleared the trench is nowhere stated. Those who *did*, closed up and went down upon the enemy with such divinity of fervour—(I use the word *divinity* by design: the inspiration of God must have prompted this movement to those whom even then he was calling to his presence)—that two results followed. As regarded the enemy, this 23d Dragoons, not, I believe, originally 350 strong, paralysed a French column, 6000 strong, then ascending the hill, and fixed the gaze of the whole French army. As regarded themselves, the 23d were supposed at first to have been all but annihilated; but eventually, I believe, not so many as one in four survived. And this, then was the regiment—a regiment already for some hours known to myself and all London, as stretched, by a large majority, upon one bloody aceldama—in which the young trooper served whose mother was now talking with myself in a spirit of such hopeful enthusiasm. Did I tell her the truth? Had I the heart to break up her dreams? No. I said to myself, To-morrow, or the next day, she will hear the worst. For this night, wherefore should she not sleep in peace? After

to-morrow, the chances are too many that peace will forsake her pillow. This brief respite, let her owe this to *my* gift and *my* forbearance. But, if I told her not of the bloody price that had been paid, there was no reason for suppressing the contributions from her son's regiment to the service and glory of the day. For the very few words that I had time for speaking, I governed myself accordingly. I showed her not the funeral banners under which the noble regiment was sleeping. I lifted not the overshadowing laurels from the bloody trench in which horse and rider lay mangled together. But I told her how these dear children of England, privates and officers, had leaped their horses over all obstacles as gaily as hunters to the morning's chase. I told her how they rode their horses into the mists of death, (saying to myself, but not saying to *her*.) and laid down their young lives for thee, O mother England? as willingly—poured out their noble blood as cheerfully—as ever, after a long day's sport, when infants, they had rested their wearied heads upon their mother's knees, or had sunk to sleep in her arms. It is singular that she seemed to have no fears, even after this knowledge that the 23d Dragoons had been conspicuously engaged, for her son's safety: but so much was she enraptured by the knowledge that *his* regiment, and therefore *he*, had rendered eminent service in the trying conflict—a service which had actually made them the foremost topic of conversation in London—that in the mere simplicity of her fervent nature, she threw her arms round my neck, and, poor woman kissed me.

DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS.

LORD BRAYBROOKE has established a strong claim to the gratitude of the literary world for his present elegant, improved, and augmented edition of the *Diary of Samuel Pepys*. The work may now, we presume, be regarded as complete, for there is little chance that any future editor will consider himself entitled to supply the *lacunæ* or omissions which still confessedly exist. Lord Braybrooke informs us that, after carefully re-perusing the whole of the manuscript, he had arrived at the conclusion, "that a literal transcript of the Diary was absolutely inadmissible: and he more than hints that most of the excluded passages have been withheld from print on account of their strong indelicacy. We cannot blame the noble editor for having thus exercised his judgment, though we could wish that he had been a little more explicit as to the general tenor and application of the proscribed entries. The Diary of Pepys is a very remarkable one, comprehending both a history or sketch of the times in which he lived, and an accurate record of his own private transactions and affairs. He chronicles not only the faults of others, as these were reported to him or fell under his personal observation, but he notes his own frailties and backslidings with a candour, a minuteness, and even occasionally a satisfaction, which is at once amusing and uncommon. The one division of his subject is a political and social—the other a psychological curiosity. We are naturally desirous to hear all about Charles and his courtiers, and not averse to the general run of gossip regarding that train of beautiful women whose portraits, from the luxuriant pencil of Lely, still adorn the walls of Hampton Court. But not less remarkable are the quaint confessions of the autobiographer, whether he be recording, in conscious pride, the items of the dinner and the plate with which he appeased the

appetite and excited the envy of some less prosperous guest, or junketing with Mrs. Pierce and equivocal Mrs. Knipp the actress, whilst poor Mrs. Pepys was absent on a fortnight's visit to the country. Far are we from excusing or even palliating the propensities of Pepys. We have enough before us to show that he was a sad flirt, and a good deal of a domestic hypocrite: all this he admits, and even exhibits at times a certain amount of penitence and compunction. But we confess that we should be glad to know from which section of the Diary the objectionable matter has been expunged. If from the public part, or rather that disconnected with the personality of Pepys, we acquiesce without further comment in the taste and judgment of the editor. We do not want to have any minute details, even though Pepys may have written them down, of the drunken and disgraceful exhibitions of Sir Charles Sedley and his comrades, or even of the private actings of the Maids (by courtesy) of Honour. We have enough, and more than enough, of this in the *Memoirs of Grammont*, and no one would wish to see augmented that repertory of antiquated scandal. History, and the products of the stage as it then existed, speak quite unequivocally as to the general demoralization of those unhappy times, and it cannot serve any manner of use to multiply or magnify instances. But whilst we so far freely concede the right of omission to Lord Braybrooke, we must own that we are not a little jealous lest, out of respect to the individual memory of Pepys, he should have concealed some personal confessions, which may have been really requisite in order to form an accurate estimate of the man. We cannot read the Diary without strong suspicions that something of the kind has taken place. Mere flirtation on the part of her husband could hardly

have driven Mrs. Pepys to the desperate extremity of heating the tongs in the fire, and approaching the nuptial couch therewith, obviously for no good purpose, to the infinite dismay of Samuel. Pepys might perhaps be excused for a reciprocated oscillation of the eyelid, when Mrs. Knipp winked at him from the stage; but why, if his motives for frequenting her company were strictly virtuous and artistic, did he go to kiss her in her tiring-room? why should she have pulled his hair, when she sat behind him in the pit? or why should he have been sorely troubled "that Knipp sent by Moll (an orange-woman, whose basket was her character) to desire to speak to me after the play, and I promised to come; but it was so late, and I forced to step to Mrs. Williams' lodgings with my Lord Brouncker and her, where I did not stay, however, for fear of her showing me her closet, and thereby forcing me to give her something; and it was so late, that, for fear of my wife's coming home before me, I was forced to go straight home, which troubled me"? If Pepys was really innocent in deed, and but culpable in thought and inclination, his escape was a mighty narrow one, and Mrs. Pepys may well stand excused for the strength and frequency of her suspicions. The truth is, that Pepys, at least in the earlier part of his life, was a very odious specimen of the Cockney, and would upon many occasions have been justly punished by a sound kicking, or an ample dose of the cudgel. It seems to us perfectly inexplicable how the coxcomb—who, by the way, was a regular church-goer, and rather zealous religionist—could have prevailed upon himself to make such entries as the following in his journal: "*August 18, 1667.*—I walked towards Whitehall, but, being wearied, turned into St. Dunstan's church, where I heard an able sermon of the minister of the place; and stood by a pretty, modest maid, whom I did labour to take by the hand; but she would not, but got further and further from me; and at last I could perceive her to take pins out of her pocket to prick me if I should touch her again, which seeing, I did forbear, and was glad I did spy her design. And then I fell

to gaze upon another pretty maid in a pew close to me, and she on me; and I did go about to take her by the hand, which she suffered a little, and then withdrew. So the sermon ended, and the church broke up, and my amours ended also." What a pity that the first maid in question had not been more nimble with her fingers! The poisoned bodkin which the goblin page shoved into the knee of Wat Tinlinn, would have been well bestowed, if buried to the very head, on this occasion, in the hip of Pepys; and charity does not forbid us from indulging ourselves in fancy with the startling hideousness of his howl! No wonder that Mrs. Pepys not only made hot the tongs, but incoherently insisted, at times, on the necessity of a separate maintenance.

The great charm of the book is its utter freedom from disguise. The zeal of antiquaries, and the patriotic exertions of the literary clubs, have, of late years, put the public in possession of various diaries, which are most valuable, as throwing light upon the political incidents and social manners of the times in which the authors lived. Thus we have the journals of honest John Nicholl, writer to the signet in Edinburgh, who saw the great Marquis of Montrose go down from his prison to the scaffold; of the shrewd and cautious Fountainhall; of the high-minded and accomplished Evelyn, and many others—the manuscripts of which had lain for years undisturbed on the shelf or in the charter-chest. But it cannot be said of any one of those diaries, that it was kept solely for the use and reference of the writer. Some of them may not have been intended for publication; and it is very likely that the thoughts of posthumous renown never crossed the mind of the chronicler, as he set down his daily jotting and observation. Nevertheless those were family documents, such as a father, if he had no wider aim, might have bequeathed for the information of his children. Diaries of more modern date have, we suspect, been kept principally with a view to publication; or, at least, the writers of them seem never to have been altogether devoid of a kind of consciousness that their lucubrations might one day see the light.

Owing to that feeling, the veil of domestic privacy is seldom withdrawn, and seldomer still are we treated to a faithful record of the deeds and thoughts of the diarist. But Pepys framed his journal with no such intention. He durst not, for dear life, have submitted a single page of it to the inspection of the wife of his bosom—had he been as fruitful as Jacob, no son of his would have been intrusted with the key which could unlock the mysterious cipher in which the most private passages of his life were written. No clerk was allowed to continue it in a clear, legible hand, when failing eyesight rendered the task irksome or impossible to himself. There is something of pathos in his last entry, when the doors of the daily confessional were just closing for ever. "And thus ends all that I doubt I shall ever be able to do with my own eyes in the keeping of my journal, I being not able to do it any longer, having done now so long as to undo my eyes almost every time that I take a pen in my hand; and, therefore, whatever comes of it, I must forbear; and therefore resolve from this time forward, to have it kept by my people in long hand, and must be contented to set down no more than is fit for them and all the world to know; or, if there be anything, I must endeavour to keep a margin in my book open, to add now and then a note in short-hand, with my own hand." Perhaps it is as well that the marginal continuation so hinted at was withheld; for, in the process of decanting, the wine would have lost its flavour, and must have suffered terribly in contrast with the raciness of the earlier cooper.

The position in life which Pepys occupied renders his Diary doubly interesting. Had he been only a hanger-on of the court, we might have heard more minute and personal scandal, conveyed through the medium of Bab May, or Chiffinch, or other unscrupulous satellites of a very profligate monarch. Had he been a mere private citizen or merchant, his knowledge of or interest in public events would probably have been so small, as to assist us but little in unravelling the intricate history of the time. But, standing as he did between two classes

of society, then separated by a far stronger line of demarcation than now—a citizen of London by birth and connexion, by occupation a government official, and through instinct an intense admirer of the great—he had access to more sources of information, and could interpret general opinion better, than the professional courtier or tradesman. Shrewd, sharp, and not very scrupulous, he readily seized all opportunities of making his way in the world; and though privately a censor of the more open vices of the great, he never was so truly happy as when admitted by accident to their society. Lord Braybrooke, we think, is too partial in his estimate of Pepys' character. If we are to judge of him by his own confessions, he was largely imbued with that spirit of meanness, arrogance, and vanity, which dramatic writers have always seized on as illustrative of the parvenu, but which is never apparent in the conversation, or discernible in the dealings, of a true and perfect gentleman.

Sam does not appear to have troubled himself much about his pedigree until he became a person of considerable note and substance. Indeed, the circumstances of his immediate extraction were not such as to have found much favour in the eyes of the professors of Herald's College. His father was a respectable tailor, and in his own earlier years, Pepys had carried doublets to customers, if not actually handled the goose. The impressions that he received in his boyhood seem to have been indelible through life; prosperity could not make him insensible to the flavour of cucumber. The sight of a new garment invariably kindled in his mind the aspirations of his primitive calling, and very proud, indeed, was he when brother Tom brought him his "jack-anapes coat with silver buttons." In his way he was quite a Sir Piercie Shafton, and never formed a complete opinion of any man without due consideration of his clothes. At the outset of his diary we find him married, and in rather indifferent circumstances. He was then a clerk in some public office connected with the Exchequer, at a small salary. But he was diligent in his vocation, and pru-

dent in his habits; so that he and his wife, and servant Jane, fared not much worse, or perhaps rather better, than Andrew Marvell, for we find them living in a garret, and dining on New Year's day on the remains of a turkey, in the dressing whereof Mrs. Pepys unfortunately burned her hand. A few days afterwards, they mended their cheer at the house of "cosen Thomas Pepys" the turner, where the dinner "was very good; only the venison pasty was palpably mutton, which was not handsome." But the advent of better banquets was near. In the preceding autumn, the old protector, Oliver Cromwell, had been carried to the grave, and the reins of government, sorely frayed and worn, were given to the weak hands of Richard. In truth, there was hardly any government at all. The military chiefs did not own the second Cromwell as their master; Lambert was attempting to get up a party in his own favour; and Monk, in command of the northern army, was suspected of a similar design. The bulk of the nation, in terror of anarchy, and heartily sick of the consequences of revolution, which, as usual, had terminated in arbitrary rule, longed for the restoration of their legitimate sovereign, as the only means of arresting further calamity; and several of the influential officers not compromised by regicide, were secretly of the same opinion. Amongst these latter, was Sir Edward Montagu, admiral of the fleet, afterwards created Earl of Sandwich, whose mother was a Pepys, and with whom, accordingly, Samuel was proud to reckon kin. Sir Edward had been already very kind to his young relative, and now laid the foundation of his fortunes by employing him as his secretary, during the expedition which ended with the return of Charles II. to his hereditary dominions. Pepys, in his boyish days, had been somewhat tainted with the Roundhead doctrines, but he was now as roaring a royalist as ever danced round a bonfire; and the slight accession of profit which accrued to him for his share in the Restoration, gave him an unbounded appetite for future accumulations. He made himself useful to Montagu, who presently received his earldom, and through his

interest Pepys was installed in office as clerk of the Acts of the Navy.

Other snug jobs followed, and Pepys began to thrive apace. It is possible that, if judged by the standard of morality recognised in his time, our friend may have been deemed, on the whole, a tolerably conscientious officer; but, according to our more strict ideas, he hardly could have piqued himself, like a modern statesman, on the superior purity of his palms. If not grossly avaricious, he was decidedly fond of money; he cast up his accounts with great punctuality, and seems to have thought that each additional hundred pounds came into his possession through a special interposition of Providence. Now, although we know well that there is a blessing upon honest industry, it would appear that a good deal of Pepys' money flowed in through crooked channels. Bribes and acknowledgments he received without much compunction or hesitation, only taking care that little evidence should be left of the transaction. The following extract shows that his conscience was by no means of stiff or inflexible material: "I met Captain Grove, who did give me a letter directed to myself from himself. I discerned money to be in it, knowing as I found it to be, the proceeds of the place I have got him to be—the taking up of vessels for Tangier. But I did not open it till I came home—not looking into it until all the money was out, that I might say I saw no money in the paper, if ever I should be questioned about it. There was a piece of gold, and £4 in silver." Pepys made altogether a good thing out of the Tangier settlement, for which he was afterwards secretary, as, besides such small pickings as the above, we read of magnificent silver flagons—"the noblest that I ever saw all the days of my life"—presented to him, in grateful acknowledgment of services to come, by Gauden, victualler of the navy. Samuel had twinges of conscience, but the sight of the plate was too much for him: "Whether I shall keep them or no," saith he, striving to cast dust in his own eyes, "I cannot tell; for it is to oblige me to him in the business of the Tangier victualling, wherein I

doubt I shall not; but glad I am to see that I shall be sure to get something on one side or other, have it which will; so with a merry heart I looked upon them, and locked them up." The flagons, however, did the business. Gauden was preferred; and, from an entry in the Diary, made about a year afterwards, we must conclude that his profits were enormous: "All the afternoon to my accounts; and then find myself, to my great joy, a great deal worth—above £4000—for which the Lord be praised! and is principally occasioned by my getting £500 of Cocke for my profit in his bargains of prize goods, and from Mr. Gauden's making me a present of £500 more, when I paid him £800 for Tangier. Thus ends this year, to my great joy, in this manner. I have raised my estate from £1300, in this year, to £4400." A pretty accretion; but made, we fear, at the expense of the nation, by means which hardly would have stood the scrutiny of a court of justice. It may be quite true that every man in office, from the highest to the lowest, from the chancellor to the doorkeeper, was then doing the like; still we cannot give Pepys the benefit of a perfect indemnity on the score of the general practice. Even when he tells us elsewhere, with evident satisfaction—"This night I received, by Will, £105, the first-fruits of my endeavours in the late contract for victualling of Tangier, for which God be praised! for I can, with a safe conscience, say that I have therein saved the king £5000 per annum, and yet got myself a hope of £300 per annum, without the least wrong to the king"—it is impossible to reconcile his conduct with the strict rules of morality, or of duty: nor, perhaps, need we do so, seeing that Pepys makes no pretence of being altogether immaculate. He began by taking small fees in a surreptitious way, and ended by pocketing the largest without a single twinge. It is the progress from remuneration to guerdon, as philosophically explained by Costard—"Guerdon!—O sweet guerdon!—better than remuneration; elevenpence farthing better. Most sweet guerdon!—I will do it, sir, in print;—guerdon—remuneration!"

The common proverb tells us that money easily got is lightly expended. In one sense Pepys formed no exception to the common rule; for, notwithstanding divers good resolutions, he led rather a dissipated life for a year or two after the Restoration, and was in the constant habit of drinking more wine than altogether agreed with his constitution. This fault he strove to amend by registering sundry vows, which, however, were often broken; and he was finally weaned from the bottle by the pangs of disordered digestion. His expenses kept pace with his income. The "jackanapes coat, with silver buttons," was succeeded by a "fine one of flowered tabby vest, and coloured camelott tunique, made stiff with gold lace at the bands," in which Pepys probably expected to do great execution in the Park, or, at any rate, to astonish Mrs. Knipp; but it proved to be so extravagantly fine, that his friends thought it necessary to interfere. "Povy told me of my gold-laced sleeve in the Park yesterday, which vexed me also, so as to resolve never to appear in court with them, but presently to have them taken off, as it is fit I should, and so called at my tailor's for that purpose." Povy's hint might have its origin in envy; but, on the whole, it was wise and judicious. Also Mrs. Pepys was indulged with a fair allowance of lace, taffeta, and such trinkets as females affect; and both of them sat for their portraits to Hales, having previously been refused by Lely. Furniture and plate of the most expensive description were ordered; and finally, to his intense delight, Samuel achieved the great object of his own ambition, and set up a carriage of his own. The account of his first public appearance in this vehicle is too characteristic to be lost:—"At noon home to dinner, and there found my wife extraordinary fine, with her flowered gown that she made two years ago, now laced exceeding pretty, and indeed was fine all over; and mighty earnest to go, though the day was very lowering; and she would have me put on my fine suit, which I did. And so anon we went alone through the town with our new liveries of serge, and the horses' manes and tails tied with red ribbons, and the stan-

dards gilt with varnish, and all clean, and green reins, that people did mightily look upon us; and, the truth is, I did not see any coach more pretty, though more gay, than ours all the day. But we set out, out of humour —, because Betty, whom I expected, was not come to go with us; and my wife, that I would sit on the same seat with her, which she likes not, being so fine; and she then expected to meet Sheres, which we did in the Pell Mell, and, against my will, I was forced to take him into the coach, but was sullen all day almost, and little complaisant; the day being displeasing, though the Park full of coaches, but dusty, and windy, and cold, and now and then a little dribbling of rain; and, what made it worse, there were so many hackney coaches as spoiled the sight of the gentlemen's; and so we had little pleasure." The tale of Seged, Emperor of Ethiopia, does not convey a clearer moral. No peacock was prouder than Samuel Pepys, as he stepped that day, in all the luxury of gorgeous apparel, into his coach, and drove through the streets of London, under the distinct impression that, for the moment, he was the most remarkable and remarkable man in the whole of his Majesty's dominions. Yet there were drops of bitterness in the cup. Betty Turner was not there to enjoy the triumph, and Sheres, who must needs join the party, was supposed by Samuel to stand rather high in the good graces of Mrs. Pepys, inasmuch that he mourned not a whit when he heard that the gallant captain was about to set off to Tangier. Add to this, the ungenial weather, and the insolent display of hackney coaches, obscuring somewhat the lustre of his new turn-out, and detracting from the glory of red ribbons, gilt standards, and green reins, and we need hardly wonder if, even in the hour of triumph, Pepys felt that he was mortal. It is to be hoped that, when he returned home, he vented his ill-humour neither upon his wife nor his monkey, both of whom, on other occasions, were made to suffer when anything had gone wrong.

Three great national events, which have not yet lost their interest, are recorded in this Diary. These are the plague, the great fire of London, and

the successful enterprise of De Ruyter and the Dutch fleet at Chatham. The account of the plague will be read with much interest, especially at the present time, when another terrible epidemic has been raging through the streets and lanes of the metropolis. The progress of the plague through Europe seems, in many respects, to have resembled that of the cholera. It did not burst out suddenly in one locality, but appears to have pervaded the Continent with a gradual and irresistible march, sometimes lingering in its advance, and ever and anon breaking out with redoubled virulence. Several years before it reached England, the pestilence raged in Naples, and is said to have carried off in six months nearly 400,000 victims. Its introduction was traced to a transport ship, with soldiers on board, coming from Sardinia. It reached Amsterdam and Hamburg more than a year before it broke out in London, and its malignity may be judged of by the following entry in Pepys's Diary: "We were told to-day of a sloop, of three or four hundred tons, where all the men were dead of the plague, and the sloop cast ashore at Gottenburg." In England there had been great apprehension of its coming, long before the visitation; and two exceedingly unhealthy seasons, occurring in succession, had probably enfeebled the constitutions of many, and rendered them more liable to the contagion. Pepys's note of 15th January 1662 is as follows: "This morning Mr. Berkenshaw came again, and after he had examined me, and taught me something in my work, he and I went to breakfast in my chamber upon a collar of brawn; and after we had eaten, asked me whether we had not committed a fault in eating to-day; telling me that it is a fast-day, ordered by the parliament, to pray for more seasonable weather; it having hitherto been summer weather: that it is, both as to warmth and every other thing, just as if it were the middle of May or June, which do threaten a plague, (as all men think,) to follow, for so it was almost the last winter; and the whole year after hath been a very sickly time to this day." The plague appeared in London in December 1664, and reached its dead-

liest point in August and September of the ensuing year. The number of those who died from it has been differently estimated from sixty-eight to one hundred thousand. London is now, according to the best authorities, about four times as populous as it was then, so that we may easily judge of the consternation into which its inhabitants must have been thrown when the pestilence was at its worst. During the month of September 1849, the greatest number of deaths occurring from cholera in the metropolis, in one day, was about four hundred and fifty—a proportion very small when compared with the ravages of the plague at its most destructive season, and yet large enough to justify great apprehension, and to demand humiliation and prayer for national apathy and transgression. Yet, great as the alarm was, when death was waving his wings over the affrighted city, it does not seem to have been so excessive as we might well imagine. The truth is, that notwithstanding intramural interment, bad sewerage, and infected air, the sanitary condition of London, since it was rebuilt after the great fire, has improved in a most remarkable degree. Prior to that event, the metropolis had at various times suffered most severely from epidemics. In 1204, when the population must have been very small, it is recorded that two hundred persons were buried daily in the Charterhouse-yard. The mortality in 1367 has been described as terrific. In 1407, thirty thousand persons perished of a dreadful pestilence. There was another in 1478, which not only visited London with much severity, but is said to have destroyed, throughout England, more people than fell in the wars which had raged with little intermission for the fifteen preceding years. In 1485, that mysterious complaint called the sweating sickness was very fatal in London. Fifteen years later, in 1500, the plague there was so dreadful that Henry VII. and his court were forced to remove to Calais. The sweating sickness, described as mortal in three hours, again scourged England in 1517, and its ravages were so great, that, according to Stowe, half of the inhabitants of most of the larger towns died, and Oxford

was almost depopulated. In 1603–4, upwards of thirty thousand persons died of the plague in London alone; and in 1625 there was another great mortality. Since the great plague of London in 1664–5, down to our time, no very fatal epidemic—at least none at all comparable to those earlier pestilences—seems to have occurred in the metropolis, and it is therefore natural that any extraordinary visitation should, from its increased rarity, occasion a much higher degree of alarm. Of all the accounts extant of the plague, that of Pepys appears to be the most truthful and the least exaggerated. He remained in London at his post until the month of August, when he removed to Greenwich; and although a timorous man, and exceedingly shy of exposing himself to unnecessary risks, he seems on this occasion to have behaved with considerable fortitude. One anecdote we cannot omit, for it tells in a few words a deep and tearful tragedy, and is moreover honourable to Pepys. It occurred when the plague was at its height. “My Lord Brouncker, Sir J. Minnes, and I, up to the vestry, at the desire of the justices of the peace, in order to the doing something for the keeping of the plague from growing; but, Lord! to consider the madness of people of the town, who will, because they are forbid, come in crowds along with the dead corpses to see them buried; but we agreed on some orders for the prevention thereof. Among other stories, one was very passionate, methought, of a complaint brought against a man in the town, for taking a child from London from an infected house. Alderman Hooker told us it was the child of a very able citizen in Gracious Street, a saddler, who had buried all the rest of his children of the plague; and himself and wife, now being shut up in despair of escaping, did desire only to save the life of this little child, and so prevailed to have it removed, stark-naked, into the arms of a friend, who brought it, having put it into fresh clothes, to Greenwich; when, upon hearing the story, we did agree it should be permitted to be received, and kept in the town.” It is now generally admitted that the Account of the Plague, written by

Defoe, cannot be accepted as a genuine narrative, but must be classed with the other fictions of that remarkable man, whose singular power of giving a strong impression of reality to every one of his compositions must always challenge the admiration of the reader. He has not, perhaps, aggravated the horrors of the pestilence, for that were impossible; but he has concentrated them in one heap, so as to produce a more awful picture than probably met the eye of any single citizen of London even at that disastrous period. Pepys, in his account of different visits which he was forced to make to the City when the epidemic was at its height, has portrayed the outward desolation, and the inward anxiety and apprehension, which prevailed, in more sober, yet very striking colours: "28th August 1665.—To Mr. Colville the goldsmith's, having not been for some days in the streets; but now how few people I see, and those looking like people that had taken leave of the world. To the Exchange, and there was not fifty people upon it, and but few more like to be, as they told me. I think to take adieu to-day of the London streets. . . . 30th—Abroad, and met with Hadley, our clerk, who, upon my asking how the plague goes, told me it increases much, and much in our parish; for, says he, there died nine this week, though I have returned but six; which is a very ill practice, and makes me think it is so in other places, and therefore the plague much greater than people take it to be. I went forth and walked towards Moorfields, to see—God forgive my presumption!—whether I could see any dead corpse going to the grave, but, as God would have it, did not. But, Lord! how everybody's looks and discourse in the street is of death, and nothing else! and few people going up and down that the town is like a place deserted and forsaken. . . . 6th Sept.—To London to pack up more things; and there I saw fires burning in the street, (as it is through the whole city,) by the lord mayor's order. Hence by water to the Duke of Albe-marle's: all the way fires on each side of the Thames, and strange to see, in broad daylight, two or three burials

upon the Bankside, one at the very heels of another: doubtless, all of the plague, and yet at least forty or fifty people going along with every one of them. . . . 20th—Lord! what a sad time it is to see no boats upon the river; and grass grows all up and down Whitehall Court, and nobody but poor wretches in the streets!" By this time the plague had become so general, that all attempt to shut up the infected houses was abandoned; so that, says Pepys, "to be sure, we do converse and meet with people that have the plague upon them." A little later, when the pestilence was abating, we find this entry: "I walked to the town; but, Lord! how empty the streets are, and melancholy! so many poor, sick people in the streets, full of sores, and so many sad stories overheard as I walk, everybody talking of this dead, and that man sick, and so many in this place, and so many in that; and they tell me that, in Westminster, there is never a physician, and but one apothecary left—all being dead; but that there are great hopes of a great decrease this week: God send it!" Still, without the circle of the plague, (for it does not seem to have penetrated beyond the immediate environs of London,) men ate, drank, and made merry, as though no vial of divine wrath had been poured out amongst them. Even Pepys, after returning from the melancholy spectacles of this day, seems to have drowned his care in more than usual jollity; and his records go far to confirm the truthfulness of Boccaccio, in the account which he has given of the levity of the Florentines during the prevalence of a like contagion.

The fire of London, which occurred about the middle of the succeeding year, not only dispelled the more poignant memories of the plague, but is thought to have done good service in eradicating its remains, which still lingered in some parts of the city, and may perhaps have been the means of preventing a second outbreak of this pestilence. On the second night the conflagration was awful: Pepys watched it from the river,—“So near the fire as we could for the smoke; and all over the Thames, with one's face in the wind,

you were almost burned with a shower of firedrops. This is very true; so as houses were burned by these drops and flakes of fire—three or four, nay, five or six houses, one from another. When we could endure no more upon the water, we to a little alehouse on the Bankside, over against the Three Cranes, and there stayed till it was dark almost, and saw the fire grow, and, as it grew darker, appeared more and more; and in corners, and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the City, in a most horrid, malicious, bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. Barbary and her husband away before us. We stayed till, it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire, from this to the other side of the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long; it made me weep to see it. The churches, houses, and all on fire and flaming at once; and a horrid noise the flames made, and the cracking of houses at their ruin." For five days the conflagration raged, nor was its force spent until the greater part of London was laid in ashes. The terror of the calamity was heightened by rumours industriously propagated, though their origin never could be traced. The fire was said to be the result of a deep-laid Popish plot; and that report, though in all probability utterly without foundation, was at a future day the cause of shameful persecution and bloodshed. A great alarm was raised that the Dutch, with whom England was then at war, and whose fleet was actually in the Channel, had landed; so that a kind of sullen despair and apathy seized upon the minds of many. It was long before London could recover from the blow; but at length a new city, far more substantial and splendid than the first, arose from the scattered ruins.

England was at that time contesting the supremacy of the seas with the States of opulent and enterprising Holland. Amsterdam was then considered the most wealthy capital of Europe. The Dutch navy was powerful, well equipped, and well manned, and the admirals, De Ruyter and De Witt, were esteemed second to none living for seamanship and ability.

The struggle was not a new one. In 1652, after a desperate engagement with Blake, Van Tromp, the renowned commander of Holland, had sailed in triumph through the Channel, with a broom at his masthead, to denote that he had swept the English from the seas. That premature boast was afterwards terribly avenged. Three times, in three successive months, did these foes, worthy of each other, encounter on the open seas, and yet victory declared for neither. Four other battles were fought, which England has added to her proud list of naval triumphs; but most assuredly the decisive palm was not won until, on the 31st July 1653, gallant Van Tromp fell in the heat of action. A braver man never trod the quarter-deck, and Holland may well be proud of such a hero. For a time the States succumbed to the stern genius of Cromwell; nor did the struggle commence anew until after the Restoration of Charles. The first engagement was glorious for England. The duke of York, afterwards James II., commanded in person: he encountered the Dutch fleet off Harwich, and defeated it after a stubborn engagement. Eighteen of their finest vessels were taken, and the ship of the admiral (Opdam) blown into the air. Mr. Macaulay, in his late published *History of England*, has not deigned even to notice this engagement—a remarkable omission, the reason of which it is foreign to our purpose to inquire. This much we may be allowed to say, that no historian who intends to form an accurate estimate of the character of James II., or to compile a complete register of his deeds, can justly accomplish his task without giving that unfortunate monarch due credit for his conduct and intrepidity, in one of the most important and successful naval actions which stands recorded in our annals. The same year (1665) is memorable for another victory, when the Earl of Sandwich captured fourteen of the enemy's ships. Prince Rupert and the Duke of Albermarle were less successful in the engagement which commenced on 1st June 1666. The fight lasted four days, with no decisive result, but considerable loss on either side. The next battle, fought at the mouth of the

Thames, ended in favour of England; the Dutch lost four-and-twenty men-of-war, and four of their admirals, and four thousand officers and seamen, fell. When we take into consideration the state of the navy during the earlier part of the reign of Charles, it is absolutely astonishing that England was able not only to cope with the Dutch on equal terms, but ultimately to subdue them. We learn from Pepys the particulars of a fact long generally known, that in no department of the state were there greater corruptions, abuses, and frauds practised than in that of the Admiralty. The pay both of officers and men was constantly in arrear, inso-much that some of them were reduced to absolute starvation whilst considerable sums were due to them. Stores were embezzled and plundered almost without inquiry. The fleets were often wretchedly commanded, for there was not then, as there is now, any restriction between the services; and new made captains from the circle of the court, who never in their lives had been at sea, were frequently put over the heads of veterans who from boyhood had dwelt upon the ocean. There was scarcely any discipline in the navy; impressment was harshly and illegally practised, and after each engagement the sailors deserted by hundreds. So bad did matters at length become, that, towards the close of the year 1666, the fleet was in actual mutiny, and the naval arm of England paralysed. The subsequent reform of the navy is mainly attributable to the firmness and determination of the Duke of York, who, being a far better man of business than his indolent and selfish brother, applied himself resolutely to the task. The most important suggestions and rules for remedying grievances, and securing future efficiency, were made and drawn out by Pepys, who showed himself, in this respect, a most able officer of the crown, and who, in consequence, acquired an ascendancy in navy affairs, which he never lost until the Revolution deprived him of a master who thoroughly understood his value. But, before any steps were taken towards this most necessary reform, her daring adversaries aimed at the capital of

England a blow which narrowly failed of success.

The seamen, as we have said, being in a state of mutiny arising from sheer wanton mismanagement, it became apparent that no active naval operations could be undertaken in the course of the following year. All this was well known to the Dutch, who determined to avail themselves of the opportunity. During the spring of 1667, the whole British coast, as far north as the firth of Forth, was molested by the Dutch cruisers, inso-much that great inconvenience was felt in London from the total stoppage of the coal trade. In the month of June, De Ruyter, being by that time fully prepared and equipped, sailed boldly into the Thames, without encountering a vestige of opposition. It is not too much to say, that the plague and fire combined, had not struck the citizens of London with so much alarm as did this hostile demonstration. All the former naval triumphs of England seemed to have gone for nothing, for here was invasion brought to the very doors of the capital. The supremacy of the seas was not now in dispute: it was the occupancy of the great British river, the highway of the national commerce. Strange were the thoughts that haunted the minds of men whilst that mighty armament was hovering on our shores: it seemed a new Armada, with no gallant Drake to oppose it. "We had good company at our table," wrote Pepys, upon the 3d of June, "among others, my good Mr. Evelyn, with whom, after dinner, I stepped aside, and talked upon the present posture of our affairs, which is, that the Dutch are known to be abroad with eighty sail of ships of war, and twenty fire-ships; and the French come into the Channel, with twenty sail of man-of-war, and five fire-ships, while we have not a ship at sea to do them any hurt with; but are calling in all we can, while our ambassadors are treating at Breda; and the Dutch look upon them as come to beg peace, and use them accordingly: and all this through the negligence of our prince, who had power, if he would, to master all these with the money and men that he hath had the command of, and may now

have if he would mind his business. But, for aught we see, the kingdom is likely to be lost, as well as the reputation of it, forever; notwithstanding so much reputation got and preserved by a rebel that went before him." All this was true. Had he been alive—he whose senseless clay had six years before been exhumed and dishonoured at Tyburn—England would not then have been submitting to so unexampled a degradation. Traitor and renegade as he was, Cromwell loved his country well. Self-ambition might be his first motive, but he was keenly alive to the glory of England, and had made her name a word of fear and terror among the nations. He was no vulgar demagogue, like those of our dogmatic time. Unlawfully as he had usurped the functions of a sovereign, Britain suffered nothing in foreign estimation while her interests were committed to his charge. What wonder if, at such a crisis, Pepys and others could not help reverting to the memory of the strong man whose bones were lying beneath the public gallows, whilst the restored king was squandering among his harlots that treasure which, if rightfully applied, might have swept the enemies of England from the seas?

On the 8th of June, the Dutch fleet appeared off Harwich. Two days afterwards they ascended the river, took Sheerness, and, breaking an enormous chain which had been drawn across the Medway for defence, penetrated as far as Upnor Castle, where, in spite of all resistance, they made prize of several vessels, and burned three men-of-war. By some shameful mismanagement the English ships had been left too far down the river, notwithstanding orders from the Admiralty to have them removed: they were, besides, only half manned; and on this occasion the English sailors did not exhibit their wonted readiness to fight. It was even reported to Pepys, by a gentleman who was present, "that he himself did hear many Englishmen, on board the Dutch ships, speaking to one another in English; and that they did cry and say, We did heretofore fight for tickets, now we fight for dollars! and did ask how such and such a one did, and would

commend themselves to them—which is a sad consideration." Reinforcements arrived from Portsmouth; but instead of working, they "do come to the office this morning to demand the payments of their tickets; for otherwise they would, they said, do no more work; and are, as I understand from everybody who has to do with them, the most debauched, damning, swearing rogues that ever were in the navy—just like their profane commander." It seemed, at one time, more than probable that the Dutch would attack the city: had they made the attempt, it is not likely, so great was the panic, that they would have been encountered by effectual opposition; but De Ruyter was apprehensive of pushing his advantage too far, and contented himself with destroying such shipping as he found in the river.

Meanwhile, great was the explosion of public wrath, both against the Court and the Admiralty officials. Crowds of people congregated in Westminster, loudly clamouring for a parliament. The windows of the Lord Chancellor's house were broken, and a gibbet erected before his gate. "People do cry out in the streets of their being bought and sold; and both they, and everybody that do come to me, do tell me that people make nothing of talking treason in the streets openly; as, that they are bought and sold, and governed by Papists, and that we are betrayed by people about the king, and shall be delivered up to the French, and I know not what." Poor Pepys expected nothing else than an immediate attack upon his office, in which, by some miraculous circumstance, there happened to be at the moment a considerable sum of public money. His situation rendered him peculiarly obnoxious to abuse; and at one time it was currently reported that he was summarily ordered to the Tower. These things cost him no little anxiety; but what distracted him most was, the agonising thought that the whole of his private savings and fortune, which he had by him in specie, might, in a single moment, be swept away and dissipated forever. If the seamen who were mutinous for pay should chance to hear of the funds in hand, and take it into their heads to storm the office, there was little

probability of them drawing nice distinctions between public and private property: and, in that case, money, flagons, and all would find their way to Wapping. Also, there might be a chance of a reckoning in any event; "for," said he, "the truth is, I do fear so much that the whole kingdom is undone, that I do this night resolve to study with my father and wife what to do with the little I have in money by me, for I give up all the rest that I have in the king's hands, for Tangier, for lost. So God help us! and God knows what disorders we may fall into, and whether any violence on this office, or perhaps some severity on our persons, as being reckoned by the silly people, or perhaps may, by policy of state, be thought fit to be condemned by the king and Duke of York, and so put to trouble; though, God knows! I have in my own person done my full duty, I am sure." So, in the very midst of the confusion, Samuel, like a wise man, set about regulating his own affairs. He was lucky enough to get £400 paid him, to account of his salary, and he despatched his father and wife to Cambridgeshire, with £1300 in gold in their night-bag. Next day Mr. Gibson, one of his clerks, followed them with another 1000 pieces, "under colour of an express to Sir Jeremy Smith." The two grand silver flagons went to Kate Joyce's, where it is to be presumed they would be tolerably safe. Pepys, moreover, provided himself a girdle, "by which, with some trouble, I do carry about me £300 of gold about my body, that I may not be without something in case I should be surprised; for I think, in any nation but ours, people that appear—for we are not indeed so—so faulty as we would have their throats cut." Still he had £200 in silver by him, which was not convertible into gold, there having been, as usual on such occasions, a sharp run upon the more portable metal. His ideas as to secreting this sum would not have displeased Vespasian, but he seems to have been deterred from that experiment by the obvious difficulty of recovering the silver at the moment of need. These dispositions made, Pepys obviously felt himself more comfortable, and manfully resolved to abide

the chances of assault, imprisonment, or impeachment.

None of those calamities befel him. After the navy of Holland had disappeared from the waters of the Thames, an inquiry, of rather a strict and rigorous nature, as to the causes of the late disaster, was instituted; but, where the blame was so widely spread, and retort so easy, it was difficult to fix upon any particular victim as a propitiation for the official sins; and Pepys, who really understood his business, made a gallant and successful defence, not only for himself, but for his associates. We need not, however, enter into that matter, more especially as we hope that the reader feels sufficient interest in Pepys and his fortunes, to be curious to know what became of his money; nor is the history of its disposal and recovery the least amusing portion of this narrative.

Mr. Peter Pett, commissioner of the navy, who was principally blamable for the loss of the ships at Chatham, had been actually sent to the Tower; and our friend Pepys, being summoned to attend the council, had an awful misgiving that the same fate was in store for him. He escaped, however; "but my fear was such, at my going in, of the success of the day, that I did think fit to give J. Hater, whom I took with me to wait the event, my closet key, and directions where to find £500 and more in silver and gold, and my tallies, to remove in case of any misfortune to me. Home, and after being there a little, my wife came, and two of her fellow-travellers with her, with whom we drank—a couple of merchant-like men, I think, but have friends in our country. They being gone, my wife did give me so bad an account of her and my father's method, in burying of our gold, that made me mad; and she herself is not pleased with it—she believing that my sister knows of it. My father and she did it on Sunday, when they were gone to church, in open daylight, in the midst of the garden, where, for aught they knew, many eyes might see them, which put me into trouble, and I presently cast about how to have it back again, to secure it here, the times being a little better now."

The autumn was well advanced be-

fore Pepys could obtain leave to go down into the country, whither at length he proceeded, not to shoot partridges or pheasants, but to disinter his buried treasure. We doubt whether ever resurrectionist felt himself in such a quandary.

"My father and I with a dark-lantern, it being now night, into the garden with my wife, and there went about our great work to dig up my gold. But, Lord! what a tosse I was for some time in, that they could not justly tell where it was; that I began hastily to sweat, and be angry that they could not agree better upon the place, and at last to fear that it was gone: but by-and-by, poking with a spit, we found it, and then began with a spudd to lift up the ground. But, good God! to see how sillily they did it, not half a foot under ground, and in the sight of the world from a hundred places, if anybody by accident were near hand, and within sight of a neighbour's window: only my father says that he saw them all gone to church before he began the work, when he laid the money. But I was out of my wits almost, and the more for that, upon my lifting up the earth with the spudd, I did discern that I had scattered the pieces of gold round about the ground among the grass and loose earth; and taking up the iron headpieces wherever they were put, I perceived the earth was got among the gold, and wet, so that the bags were all rotten, and all the notes, that I could not tell what in the world to say to it, not knowing how to judge what was wanting, or what had been lost by Gibson in his coming down; which, all put together, did make me mad; and at last I was fixed to take up the headpieces, dirt and all, and as many of the scattered pieces as I could with the dirt discern by candle-light, and carry them into my brother's chamber, and there lock them up till I had eat a little supper; and then, all people going to bed, W. Hewer and I did all alone, with several pails of water and besoms, at last wash the dirt off the pieces, and parted the pieces and the dirt, and then began to tell them by a note which I had of the value of the whole, in my pocket; and do find that there was short above a hundred pieces; which did make me mad; and considering that the neighbour's house was so near that we could not possibly speak one to another in the garden at that place where the gold lay—especially my father being deaf—but they must know what we had been doing, I feared that they might in the night come and gather some pieces and prevent us the next morning; so W. Hewer

and I out again about midnight, for it was now grown so late, and there by candle-light did make shift to gather forty-five pieces more. And so in, and to cleanse them; and by this time it was past two in the morning; and so to bed, with my mind pretty quiet to think that I have recovered so many. I lay in the trundle-bed, the girl being gone to bed to my wife, and there lay in some disquiet all night, telling of the clock till it was daylight."

Then ensued a scene of washing for gold, the study of which may be useful to any intending emigrant to California.

"And then W. Hewer and I, with pails and a sieve, did lock ourselves into the garden, and there gather all the earth about the place into pails, and then sift those pails in one of the summer houses, just as they do for diamonds in other parts of the world; and there, to our great content, did by nine o'clock make the last night's forty-five up seventy-nine; so that we are come to about twenty or thirty of what the true number should be; and perhaps within less; and of them I may reasonably think that Mr. Gibson might lose some: so that I am pretty well satisfied that my loss is not great, and do bless God that all is so well. So do leave my father to make a second examination of the dirt; and my mind at rest on it, being but an accident; and so gives me some kind of content to remember how painful it is sometimes to keep money, as well as to get it, and how doubtful I was to keep it all night, and how to secure it in London: so got all my gold put up in bags."

And then did Samuel Pepys return to London rejoicing, not one whit the worse for all his care and anxiety, yet still incubating on his treasure, which he had prudently stowed away beneath him, and, says he, "my work every quarter of an hour was to look to see whether all was well; and I did ride in great fear all the day."

We have already hinted that Pepys was by no means a Hector in valour. The sight of a suspicious bumpkin armed with a cudgel, on the road, always gave him qualms of apprehension; and in the night-season his dreams were commonly of robbery and murder. For many nights after the great fire, he started from sleep under the conviction that his premises were in a bright flame: the creaking of a door after midnight threw him into a cold perspiration; and a reported

noise on the leads nearly drove him past his judgment. He thus reports his sensations on the occurrence of the latter phenomenon :—

“Knowing that I have a great sum of money in the house, this puts me into a most mighty affright, that for more than two hours, I could not almost tell what to do or say, but feared this night, and remembered that this morning I saw a woman and two men stand suspiciously in the entry, in the dark; I calling to them, they made me only this answer, the woman saying that the men only come to see her; but who she was, I cannot tell. The truth is, my house is mighty dangerous, having so many ways to become to; and at my windows, over the stairs, to see who goes up and down; but if I escape to-night, I will remedy it. God preserve us this night safe! So, at almost two o'clock I home to my house, and, in great fear, to bed, thinking every running of a mouse really a thief; and so to sleep, very brokenly, all night long, and found all safe in the morning.”

All of us have, doubtless, on occasion, been wakened from slumber by a hollow bellowing, as if an ox had, somehow or other, fallen half way down the chimney. Once, in a remote country district, we were roused from our dreams by a hideous flapping of wings in the same locality, and certainly did, for a moment, conjecture that the foul fiend was flying away with our portmanteau. The first of these untimely sounds usually proceeds from a gentleman of Ethiopian complexion, who is perched somewhere among the chimney-pots; the latter we discovered to arise from the involuntary struggles of a goose, who had been cruelly compelled to assist in the dislodgement of the soot. Some degree of tremor on such occasions is admissible without reproach, but surely old Trapbois himself could hardly have behaved worse than Pepys upon the following alarm.

“Waked about seven o'clock this morning, with a noise I supposed I heard near our chamber, of knocking, which by-and-by increased; and I, now awake, could distinguish it better. I then waked my wife, and both of us wondered at it, and lay so a great while, while that increased, and at last heard it plainer, knocking, as it were breaking down a window for people to get out; and then removing of stools and chairs; and plainly, by-and-by, going up and down our stairs. We lay both of us, afraid; yet

I would have rose, but my wife would not let me. Besides, I could not do it without making noise; and we did both conclude that thieves were in the house, but wondered what our people did, whom we thought either killed or afraid as we were. Thus we lay till the clock struck eight, and high day. At last, I removed my gown and slippers safely to the other side of the bed, over my wife; and there safely rose, and put on my gown and breeches, and then, with a fire-brand in my hand, safely opened the door, and saw nor heard anything. Then with fear, I confess, went to the maid's chamber door, and all quiet and safe. Called Jane up, and went down safely, and opened my chamber door, where all well. Then more freely about, and to the kitchen, where the cookmaid up, and all safe. So up again, and when Jane came, and we demanded whether she heard no noise, she said ‘Yes, but was afraid,’ but rose with the other maid and found nothing; but heard a noise in the great stack of chimneys that goes from Sir J. Minnes's through our house; and so we sent, and their chimneys have been swept this morning, and the noise was that, and nothing else. *It is one of the most extraordinary accidents in my life,* and gives ground to think of Don Quixote's adventures, how people may be surprised; and the more from an accident last night, that our young gibb-cat did leap down our stairs from top to bottom at two leaps, and frightened us, that we could not tell whether it was the cat or a spirit, and do sometimes think this morning that the house might be haunted.”

Had our space admitted of it, we should have been glad to copy a few of the anecdotes narrated by Pepys regarding the court of King Charles. These are not always to be depended upon as correct, for Pepys usually received them at second hand, and put them down immediately without further inquiry. We all know, from experience, what exaggeration prevails in the promulgation of gossip, and how difficult it is at any time to ascertain the real merits of a story. The raw material of a scandalous anecdote passes first into the hands of a skilful manufacturer, who knows how to give it due colour and fit proportion; and when, after undergoing this process, it is presented to the public, it would puzzle any of the parties concerned to reconcile it with the actual facts. In a court like that of Charles, there is always mixed up with the profligacy

a considerable deal of wit. Such men as Sedley, Rochester, Eiherege, and Killigrew, were privileged characters, and never scrupled to lay on the varnish, if by so doing they could heighten the effect. Neither the station, nor the manners, nor, indeed, the tastes of Pepys, qualified him to mix with such society, and therefore he can only retail to us the articles which came adulterated to his hand. It is rash in any historian to trust implicitly to memoirs. They may, indeed, give an accurate general picture, but they cannot be depended on for particulars: for example, we entertain a strong suspicion that one-half at least of the personal anecdotes related by Count Anthony Hamilton are, if not absolutely false, at least most grossly exaggerated. We shall allude merely to one notable instance of this kind of misrepresentation which occurs in Pepys. Frances, more commonly known as La Belle Stewart, a lady of the noble house of Blantyre, was beloved by Charles II., with probably as much infusion of the purer passion as could be felt by so sated a voluptuary. So strong was his admiration, that it was currently believed that the fair Stewart, failing Katherine, had an excellent chance of being elevated to the throne; and it is quite well known that her virtue was as spotless as her beauty was unrivalled. In spite of the opposition of the king, she married Charles, Duke of Lennox and Richmond; and her resolute and spirited conduct on that occasion, under very trying circumstances, was much and deservedly extolled. And yet we find in the earlier pages of Pepys most scandalous anecdotes to her discredit. In the second volume there is an account of a mock marriage between her and Lady Castlemaine, in which the latter personated the bridegroom, making way, when the company had retired, for the entry of her royal paramour. On several other occasions Pepys alludes to her as the notorious mistress of the king, and it was only after her marriage that he appears to have been undeceived. His informant on this occasion was the honourable Evelyn, and it may not displease our readers to hear his vindication of the lady—

“He told me,” says Pepys, “the whole

story of Mrs. Stewart’s going away from Court, he knowing her well, and believes her, up to her leaving the Court to be as virtuous as any woman in the world: and told me, from a lord that she told it to but yesterday, with her own mouth, and a sober man, that when the Duke of Richmond did make love to her she did ask the King, and he did the like also, and that the King did not deny it: and told this lord that she was come to that pass as to have resolved to have married any gentleman of £1500 a-year that would have had her in honour; for it was come to that pass, that she would not longer continue at Court without yielding herself to the King, whom she had so long kept off, though he had liberty more than any other had, or he ought to have, as to dalliance. She told this lord that she had reflected upon the occasion she had given the world to think her a bad woman, and that she had no way but to marry and leave the Court, rather in this way of discontent than otherwise, that the world might see that she sought not anything but her honour; and that she will never come to live at Court more than when she comes to town to kiss the Queen her mistress’s hand: and hopes, though she hath little reason to hope, she can please her lord so as to reclaim him, that they may yet live comfortably in the country on his estate.”

“A worthy woman,” added Evelyn, “and in that hath done as great an act of honour as ever was done by woman.” The fact is, that it was next thing to impossible for any lady to preserve her reputation at the court of King Charles. Those who handle pitch cannot hope to escape defilement; and daily association with the Duchess of Cleveland, and other acknowledged mistresses of the king, was not the best mode of impressing the public with the idea of a woman’s virtue. Frances Stuart, a poor unprotected girl, did, we verily believe, pass through as severe an ordeal as well can be imagined: the cruel accusations which were raised up against her, were no more than the penalty of her position; but no stain of disgrace remains on the memory of her, whose fair and faultless form was selected as the fittest model for the effigy of the Genius of Britain.

In a small way, Pepys had some intercourse with the ladies of the court, though it must be confessed that his acquaintances were rather of

the lower sphere. He was a staunch admirer of that splendid spitfire, Lady Castlemaine, whose portrait he greatly coveted. "It is," quoth he, "a most blessed picture, and one I must have a copy of." Mary Davis seems to have been no favourite of his, principally because she was an object of especial detestation to the monopolising Castlemaine. He styled her an "impertinent slut," and, one night at the theatre, "it vexed me to see Moll Davis, in the box over the king's, and my Lady Castlemaine's, look down upon the king, and he up to her; and so did my Lady Castlemaine once, to see who it was; but when she saw Moll Davis, she looked like fire, which troubled me." Why it should have troubled Pepys, we cannot perfectly comprehend. With Nell Gwynne, Samuel was upon exceedingly easy terms; and no wonder, for she and Knipp belonged to the same company.

"To the King's house: and there, going in, met with Knipp, and she took us up into the tiring-rooms; and to the women's shift, where Nell was dressing himself, and was all unready, and as very pretty, prettier than I thought. And into the scene-room, and there sat down, and she gave us fruit; and here I read the questions to Knipp, while she answered me, through all her part of 'Flora Figarays,' which was acted to-day. But, Lord! to see how they were both painted would make a man mad, and did make me loathethem; and what base company of men comes among them, and how lewdly they talk! and how poor themen are in clothes, and yet what a show they make upon the stage by candlelight, is very observable. But to see how Nell cursed, for having so few people in the pit, was pretty; the other house carrying away all the people at the new play, and is said, now-a-days, to have generally most company, as being better players. By-and-by into the pit, and there saw the play, which is pretty good."

We dare wager a trifle that Mrs. Pepys died in total ignorance of her husband having been behind the scenes. Probably Nelly's style of conversation would have found less favour in her eyes. True, she had been introduced to Nelly on a previous occasion; but the little lady seems then to have been on her good behaviour, and had not made herself notorious with Lord Buckhurst, and

Sir Charles Sedley, as was the case when Sam assisted at her toilet. Here again we find that arch-intriguer, Knipp, countermining the domestic peace of poor innocent Mrs. Pepys. "Thence to the King's house, and there saw *The Humorous Lieutenant*, a silly play, I think; only the Spirit in it that grows very tall, and then sinks again to nothing, having two heads breeding upon one; and then Knipp's singing did please us. Here, in a box above, we spied Mrs. Pierce; and, going out, they called us, and brought to us Nelly, a most pretty woman, who acted the great part of Celia to-day very fine, and did it pretty well. I kissed her, and so did my wife; and a mighty pretty soul she is. We also saw Mrs. Bell, which is my little Roman-nose black girl, that is mighty pretty: she is usually called Betty. Knipp made us stay in a box and see the dancing—preparatory to to-morrow, for *The Goblins*, a play of Suckling's, not acted these twenty-five years—which was pretty; and so away thence, pleased with this sight also, and specially kissing of Nell."

We have searched these volumes with some curiosity for entries which might throw any light on the history and character of the Duke of Monmouth. Of late he has been exalted to the rank of a champion of the Protestant cause, and figures in party chronicles rather as a martyr than a rebel. Now, although there is no doubt that he was privy to the designs of Sydney and Russell, the object of his joining that faction still remains a mystery to be explained. We can understand the spirit that animated the Whig Lords and Republican plotters, in attempting to subvert the power of the crown, which they deemed exorbitant and dangerous to the liberties of the subject. The personal character of the men was quite reconcilable with the motives they professed, and the principles they avowed. But that Monmouth—the gay, fickle, licentious, and pampered Monmouth—had any thought beyond his own aggrandisement, in committing such an act of monstrous ingratitude as rebellion against his indulgent father, seems to us an hypothesis unsubstantiated by

even a shadow of proof. We do not here allude to his second treason, which brought him to the scaffold—his motives on that occasion are sufficiently clear: he never was a favourite with his uncle; he aimed at the crown through a false assertion of his legitimacy; and the knaves and fools who were his counsellors made use of the cry of Protestantism merely as a cover to their designs. Monmouth's first treason was undoubtedly his blackest crime: for, had he been the rightful heir of Britain, he could not have experienced at the hands of Charles more ample honour and affection. It is, therefore, valuable to know what position he occupied during the earlier period of his life.

The following are some of Pepys' entries which we think are historically valuable:—

"81st. Dec 1662.—The Duke of Monmouth is in so great splendour at court, and so dandled by the King, that some doubt that, if the King should have no child by the Queen, which there is yet no appearance of, whether he would not be acknowledged as a lawful son; and that there will be a difference between the Duke of York and him, which God prevent! . . . 8th Feb. 1663.—The little Duke of Monmouth, it seems, is ordered to take place of all Dukes, and so do follow Prince Rupert now, before the Duke of Buckingham, or any else. . . . 27th April.—The Queen, which I did not know, it seems was at Windsor, at the late St. George's feast there; and the Duke of Monmouth dancing with her, with his hat in his hand, the King came in and kissed him, and made him put on his hat, which every body took notice of. . . . 4th May.—I to the garden with my Lord Sandwich, after we had sat an hour at the Tangier committee, and after talking largely of his own businesses, we began to talk how matters are at court: and though he did not fully tell me any such thing, yet I do suspect that all is not kind between the King and the Duke, (York) and that the King's fondness to the little Duke do occasion it; and it may be that there is some fear of his being made heir to the crown. . . . 22d Feb. 1664.—He (Charles) loves not the Queen at all, but is rather sullen to her; and she, by all reports, incapable of children. He is so fond of the Duke of Monmouth that every body admires it; and he says that the Duke hath said, that he would be the death of any man that says the King was not married to his mother.

. . . 11th September 1667.—Here came Mr. Moore, and sat and conversed with me of public matters, the sum of which is, that he has no doubt there is more at the bottom than the removal of the Chancellor; that is, he do verily believe that the King do resolve to declare the Duke of Monmouth legitimate, and that we shall soon see it. This I do not think the Duke of York will endure without blows."

These are but a few of Pepys' notes relative to this subject, and we think there is much significancy in them. The fondness of Charles for Monmouth was, to say the least of it, extravagant and injudicious. He promoted him to the highest grade of the nobility; he procured for him a match with one of the wealthiest heiresses in Britain; and he allowed and encouraged him to assume outward marks of distinction which had always been considered the prerogative of Princes of the blood royal. In the words of Dryden—

"His favour leaves me nothing to require,
Prevents my wishes and outruns desire;
What more can I expect while David lives?
All but his kingly disdem he gives."

Such unprecedented honours heaped upon the eldest of the bastards of Charles must necessarily have been extremely annoying to the Duke of York, and were ill-calculated to conciliate his favour, in the event of his succeeding to the crown. They certainly were enough to give much weight to the rumour long current in the nation, that Charles contemplated the step of declaring Monmouth legitimate, and of course they excited in the mind of the youth aspirations of the most dangerous nature. At no period of his career did the son of Lucy Walters display qualities which can fairly entitle him to our esteem. As a husband, he was false and heartless; as a son, he was undutiful and treacherous. Pepys always speaks of him disparagingly, as a dissipated, profligate young man; and he is borne out in this testimony by the shameful outrage committed on the person of Sir John Coventry, at his direct instigation. Again he says, "16th December 1666—Lord Brouncker tells me, that he do not believe the Duke of York will go to sea again, though there are many about the king that would be glad of any occasion to take

him out of the world, he standing in their ways; and seemed to mean the Duke of Monmouth, who spends his time the most viciously and idle of any man, nor will be fit for anything; yet he speaks as if it were not impossible but the king would own him for his son, and that there was marriage between his mother and him." This was a strange champion to put forward in the cause of liberty and religion.

We now take our leave of these volumes, the perusal of which has afforded us some pleasant hours. Every one must regret that the health of Pepys compelled him to abandon his daily task so early; for by far the most interesting period of the reign of Charles remains unillustrated by his pen. Had his *Diary* been continued down to the Revolution, with the same spirit which characterises the extant portion, it would have been one of the most useful historical records in the English language. Pepys, beyond the immediate sphere of his own office, was no partisan. He never throws an unnecessary mantle over the faults even of his friends and patrons. No man was more alive to the criminal conduct of Charles, and his shameful neglect of public duty. He has his quips and girds at the Duke of York, though he entertained a high, and, we think, a just opinion of the natural abilities of that prince: and while he gives him due credit for a sincere desire to reform abuses in that public department which was under his superintendence, he shows himself by no means blind to his vices, and besetting obstinacy. Even the Earl of Sandwich, to whom he was so much indebted, does not escape. On one occasion, Pepys took upon himself to perform the dangerous office of a Mentor to that high-spirited nobleman, and it is to the credit of both parties that no breach of friendship ensued. Good advice was an article which Samuel was ever ready to volunteer, and his natural shrewdness rendered his councils really valuable. But, like many other people, he was not always so ready

with his purse. Considering that he owed everything he possessed in the world to the earl, we think he might have opened his coffers, at such a pinch as the following, without any Israelitish contemplation of security. "After dinner comes Mr. Moore, and he and I alone awhile, he telling me my Lord Sandwich's credit was like to be undone, if the bill of £200 my Lord Hinchinbroke wrote to me about be not paid to-morrow, and that, if I do not help them about it, they have no way but to let it be protested. So, finding that Creed had supplied them with £150 in their straits, and that this was no bigger sum, I am very willing to serve my lord, though not in this kind; but yet I will endeavour to get this done for them, and the rather because of some plate that was lodged the other day with me, by my lady's order, which may be in part security for my money. This do trouble me; but yet it is good luck that the sum is no bigger." We cannot agree with Lord Braybrooke that Pepys was a liberal man, even to his own relations. We do not go the length of saying that he was deficient in family duties, but it seems to us that he might have selected a fitter gift for his father than his old shoes; and surely, when his sister Paulina came to stay with him, there was no necessity for insisting that she should eat with the maids, and consider herself on the footing of a servant. Whatever Pepys may have been in after life, he portrays himself in his *Diary* as a singularly selfish man; nor is that character at all inconsistent with the shrewd, but sensual, and somewhat coarse expression of his features in the frontispiece. Yet it is impossible to read the *Diary* without liking him, with all his faults. There was, to be sure, a great deal of clay in his composition, but also many sparkles of valuable metal; and perhaps these are seen the better from the roughness of the material in which they are embedded. This at least must be conceded, that these volumes are unique in literature, and so they will probably remain.

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VOL. LXVI.

THE TRANSPORTATION QUESTION.

THE great question of SECONDARY PUNISHMENTS has now been settled by experience, so far as the mother country is concerned. It is now known that imprisonment has no effect whatever, either in deterring from crime, or in reforming criminals. Government, albeit most unwilling to recur to the old system of transportation, has been compelled to do so by the unanimous voice of the country; by the difficulty of finding accommodation for the prodigious increase of prisoners in the jails of the kingdom; and by the still greater difficulty, in these days of cheapness and declining incomes, of getting the persons intrusted with the duty of providing additional prison accommodation, to engage in the costly and tedious work of additional erections. An order in council has expressly, and most wisely, authorised a return to transportation, under such regulations as seem best calculated to reform the convicts, and diminish the dread very generally felt in the colonies, of being flooded with an inundation of crime from the mother country. And the principal difficulty felt now is, to find a colony willing to receive the penal settlers, and incur the risks thought to be consequent on their unrestricted admission.

It is not surprising that government should have been driven from the ruinous system of substituting imprisonment for transportation; for the results, even during the short period that it was followed out, were absolutely appalling. The actual augmentation of criminals was the least part of the evil; the increase of serious

crimes, in consequence of the hardened offenders not being sent out of the country, but generally liberated after eighteen months' or two years' confinement, was the insupportable evil. The demoralisation so strongly felt and loudly complained of in Van Diemen's Land, from the accumulation of criminals, was rapidly taking place in this country. The persons tried under the aggravation of previous convictions in Scotland, in the three last years, have stood as follows:—

Years.	Total convicted.	Under aggravation of previous convictions.
1846	2936	858
1847	3569	1024
1848	3669	1043

—*Parliamentary Reports*, 1846-48.

So rapid an increase of crimes, and especially among criminals previously convicted, sufficiently demonstrates the inadequacy of imprisonment as a means either of deterring from crimes, or reforming the criminals. The same result appears in England, where the rapid increase of criminals sentenced to transportation, within the same period, demonstrates the total inefficacy of the new imprisonment system.

Years.	Transported.	
	England and Wales.	Scotland.
1846	2805	352
1847	2896	456
1848	3251	459

And of the futility of the hope that the spread of education will have any effect in checking the increase of crime, decisive proof is afforded in the same criminal returns; for from them it appears that the number of educated cri-

minals in England is above twice, in that of the uneducated, the numbers du-
Scotland above three times and a half ring the last three years being as follows:

Years.	ENGLAND AND WALES.		SCOTLAND.	
	Educated.	Uneducated.	Educated.	Uneducated.
1846	16,963	7,698	3,155	908
1847	19,307	9,050	3,562	1,048
1848	20,176	9,691	3,985	911

—*Parliamentary Returns, 1846-8.*

Nay, what is still more alarming, it distinctly appears, from the same returns, that the proportion of educated criminals to uneducated is

steadily on the increase in Great Britain. Take the centesimal proportions given in the last returns for England—those of 1848 :—

Degrees of Instruction.	1839.	1840.	1841.	1842.	1843.	1844.	1845.	1846.	1847.	1848.
Unable to read or write,	33.53	33.32	33.21	32.35	31.00	29.77	30.61	30.66	31.39	31.93
Imperfectly, - -	53.48	55.67	56.07	58.32	57.60	59.28	59.34	59.51	58.59	56.38
Well, - - -	10.07	9.29	7.40	6.77	8.02	8.12	8.38	7.71	7.79	9.53
Superior, - - -	0.32	0.37	0.45	0.22	0.47	0.49	0.37	0.34	0.23	0.37
Not ascertained, -	2.60	2.45	2.27	2.34	2.91	2.41	2.30	1.78	1.60	1.60

—*Parliamentary Returns for England, 1848, p. 12.*

The great increase here is in the criminals who have received an *imperfect* education, which class has increased as much as that of the totally uneducated has diminished. Unhappily, imperfect education is precisely the species of instruction which, alone, in the present days of cheapened production and diminishing wages, the great body of the poor are able to give to their children.

Mr. Pearson, M.P., who has paid great attention to this subject, and whose high official situation in the city of London gives him such ample means of being acquainted with the practical working of the criminal law, has given the following valuable information in a public speech, which every one acquainted with the subject must know to be thoroughly well founded :—

“In the year 1810, which is the earliest account we possess in any of our archives, the number of commitments, of assize and sessions cases, was 5146. In the year 1848, the number of commitments for sessions and assize cases was 30,349. Population during that period had increased but 60 per cent. whilst the commitments for crime had increased 420 per cent. I should not be candid with this assembly if I did not at once say, that there are various disturbing circumstances which intervene, during that period, to prevent the apparent increase of commitments being the real es-

timate of the actual increase. There was the transition from war to peace. We all know, that from the days of Hollingshead, the old chronicler, it has been said that war takes to itself a portion of the loose population, who find in the casualties of war, its dangers, rewards and profligate indulgences, something like a kindred feeling to the war made upon society by the predatory classes. Hence we find that, when war ceases, a number of that class of the community are thrown back on the honest portion of society, which, during the period of war, had been drained off. Besides this, there are other co-operating causes. There is the improved police, the constabulary, rural or metropolitan, who undoubtedly detect many of those offences which were formerly committed with impunity. There is also the act of parliament for paying prosecutors and witnesses their expenses, which led to an increased number of prosecutors in proportion to the number of crimes actually detected. These circumstances have, no doubt, exercised a considerable influence over the increase in the commitments; but after having for 85 years paid the closest attention to the subject, having filled, and still filling, a high office in regard to the administration of the law in the city of London, I am bound to say, that, making full deduction from the number which every feeling of anxiety to raise the country from the imputation of increasing in its criminal character dictates—after making every deduction, I am bound with shame and

humility to acknowledge, that it leaves a very large amount of increase in the actual, the positive number of commitments for crime. Sir, this is indeed a humiliating acknowledgment; but happily the statistics of this country, in other particulars, warrant us in drawing comfort from the conviction, that even this fact affords no true representation of the state of the moral character of the people—no evidence of their increasing degradation of character or conduct, in anything like the proportion or degree that those statistics would appear to show. I appeal to history—I appeal to the recollection of every man in this assembly, who, like myself, has passed the meridian of life, whether society has not advanced in morals as well as in arts, science, and literature, and everything which tends to improve the social character of the people. Let any man who has read not our country's history alone, but the tales and novels of former times—and we must frequently look to them, rather than to the records of history, for a faithful transcript of the morals of the age in which they were written,—let any man recur to the productions of Fielding and of Smollett, and say whether the habits, manners, and morals of the great masses of our population are not materially improved within the last century. Great popular delusions prevail as to the causes of the increase of commitments for criminal offences in this country, which I deem it to be my duty to endeavour to dispel. Some ascribe the increase to the want of instruction of our youth, some to the absence of religious teaching, some to the increased intemperance, and some to the increased poverty of the people. I assert that there is no foundation for the opinions that ascribe the increase of crime to these causes. If the absence of education were the cause of crime, surely crime would be found to have diminished since education has increased. For the purpose of comparing the present and past state of education, for its influence upon the criminal statistics of the nation, I will not go back to the time when the single Bible in the parish was chained to a pillar in the church; or when the barons affixed their cross to documents, from inability to write their names. I refer to dates, and times, and circumstances within our own recollection. In the year 1814 the report of the National Society says, there were only 100,000 children receiving the benefit of education. Now

there are above 1,000,000 under that excellent institution, besides the tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands who are receiving education under the auspices of the Lancasterian Society Schools. But some may say that the value of education is not to be estimated by numbers. Well, then, I reject numbers, if you please, and try it by its quality. I ask any man who listens to me, if he does not know that the national schools, and other gratuitous establishments in this country, now give privileges in education which children in a respectable condition of life could hardly obtain, such was the defective state of instruction in this country, 40 or 50 years ago (Cheers). No man, therefore, can say that the increase of crime is attributable to the absence of education. If it were so, with education increased 800 per cent. during the last 80 years, crime would have diminished, instead of increased, 400 per cent.”—*Times*, Aug. 28, 1849.

The immense expense with which the maintenance of such prodigious numbers of prisoners in jail is attended, is another most serious evil, especially in these days of retrenchment, diminished profits, and economy. From the last Report of the Jail Commissioners for Scotland—that for 1848—it appears that the average cost of each prisoner over the whole country for a year, after deducting his earnings in confinement, is £16, 7s. 6d. As this is the cost after labour has been generally introduced into prisons, and the greatest efforts to reduce expense have been made, it may fairly be presumed that it cannot be reduced lower. The average number of prisoners constantly in jail in Scotland is now about 3500, which, at £16, 7s. 6d. a-head, will come to about £53,000 a-year.* Applying this proportion to the 60,000 criminals, now on an average constantly in confinement in the two islands,† the annual expense of their maintenance cannot be under a million sterling. The prison and county rates of England alone, which include the cost of prosecutions, are £1,300,000 a-year. But that result, enormous as it is in a country in which poor-rates and all local burdens are so rapidly augmenting, is but a part of

* *Prison Report*, 1848, p. 73.

† In 1848, the number committed for serious offences was 78,770.

the evil. Under the present system a thief is seldom transported, at least in Scotland, till he has been three or four years plying his trade; during which period his gains by depredations, and expenses of maintenance, cannot have averaged less than £25 yearly. Thus it may with safety be affirmed, that every thief transported from Scotland *has cost the country, before he goes, at least £100*; and that has been expended in training him up to such habits of hardened depravity, that he is probably as great a curse to the colony to which he is sent, as he had proved a burden to that from which he was conveyed. *Sixteen pounds* would have been the cost of his transportation in the outset of his career, when, from his habits of crime not being matured, he had a fair chance of proving an acquisition, instead of a curse, to the place of his destination.

As the question of imprisonment or transportation, so far as Great Britain and Ireland are concerned, is now settled by the demonstrative evidence of the return of a reluctant government to the system which in an evil hour they abandoned, it may seem unnecessary to go into detail in order to show how absolutely necessary it was to do so; and how entirely the boasted system of imprisonment, with all its adjuncts of separation, silence, hard labour, and moral and religious instruction, has failed either in checking crime, or producing any visible reformation in

the criminals. No one practically acquainted with the subject ever entertained the slightest doubt that this would be the case; and in two articles directed to the subject in this magazine, in 1844, we distinctly foretold what the result would be.* To those who, following in the wake of prelates or philanthropists, how respectable soever, such as Archbishop Whately, who know nothing whatever of the subject except from the fallacious evidence of parliamentary committees, worked up by their own theoretical imaginations, we recommend the study of the Tables below, compiled from the parliamentary returns since the imprisonment system began, to show to what a pass the adoption of their rash visions has brought the criminal administration of the country.†

It is not surprising that it should be so, and that all the pains taken, and philanthropy wasted, in endeavouring to reform criminals in jail in this country, or hindering them from returning to their old habits when let loose within it, should have proved abortive. Two reasons of paramount efficacy have rendered them all nugatory. The first of these is, that the theory regarding the possibility of reforming offenders when in prison, or suffering punishment in this country, is wholly erroneous, and proceeds on an entire misconception of the principles by which alone such a reformation can in any case be effected. In prison, how solitary so-

* See the "Increase of Crime, and Imprisonment, and Transportation," *Blackwood's Magazine*, May and July, 1844, vol. lv. p. 532, and vol. lvi. p. 1.

† Table showing the number of commitments for serious offences in the under-mentioned years in England, Scotland, and Ireland:—

Years.	England.	Scotland.	Ireland.	Total.
1837	23,612	8,128	24,804	51,542
1838	23,094	8,418	25,723	52,235
1839	24,443	8,409	26,392	54,244
1840	27,187	8,872	28,833	54,892
1841	27,760	8,662	20,776	52,118
1842	31,309	4,189	21,186	56,684
1843	29,591	3,615	20,126	53,332
1844	26,542	3,577	19,448	49,565
1845	24,309	3,537	16,696	44,542
1846	25,107	2,901	18,492	46,500
1847	28,833	4,635	31,209	64,677
1848	30,349	4,909	38,522*	73,770

ever, you can work only on the *intellectual* faculties. The *active* powers or feelings can receive no development within the four walls of a cell, for they have no object by which they can be called forth. But nine-tenths of mankind in any rank, and most certainly nineteen-twentieths of persons bred as criminals, are wholly inaccessible to the influence of the intellect, considered as a restraint or regulator of their passions. If they had been capable of being influenced in that way, they would never have become criminals. Persons who fall into the habits which bring them under the lash of the criminal law, are almost always those in whom, either from natural disposition, or the unhappy circumstances of early habits and training, the intellectual faculties are almost entirely in abeyance, so far as self-control is concerned; and any development they have is only directed to procuring gratification for, or furthering the objects of the senses. To address to such persons the moral discipline of a prison, however admirably conducted, is as hopeless as it would be to descant to a man born blind on the objects of sight, or to preach to an ignorant boor in the Greek or Hebrew tongue. Sense is to them all in all. Esau is the true prototype of this class of men; they are always ready to exchange their birthright for a mess of pottage.

No length of solitary confinement, or scarce any amount of moral or religious instruction, can awaken in them either the slightest repentance for their crimes, or the least power of self-control when temptation is again thrown in their way. They regard the period of imprisonment as a blank in their lives—a time of woful monotony and total deprivation of enjoyment, which only renders it the more imperative on them, the moment it is terminated, to begin anew with fresh zest their old enjoyments. Their first object is to make up for months of compulsory sobriety by days of voluntary intoxication. At the close of a short period of hideous *saturnalia*, they are generally involved in some fresh housebreaking or robbery, to pay for their long train of indulgence; and soon find themselves again immured

in their old quarters, only the more determined to run through the same course of forced regularity and willing indulgence. They are often able to feign reformation, so as to impose on their jailors, and obtain liberation on pretended amendment of character. But it is rarely if ever that they are really reclaimed; and hence the perpetual recurrences of the same characters in the criminal courts; till the magistrates, tired of imprisoning them, send them to the assizes or quarter-sessions for transportation. Even then, however, their career is often far from being terminated in this country. The keepers of the public penitentiaries become tired of keeping them. When they cannot send them abroad, their cells are soon crowded; and they take advantage of a feigned amendment to open the prison doors and let them go. They are soon found again in their old haunts, and at their old practices. At the spring circuit held at Glasgow in April 1848, when the effects of the recent imprisonment mania were visible,—out of 117 ordinary criminals indicted, no less than *twenty-two* had been sentenced to transportation at Glasgow, for periods not less than seven years, *within the preceding two years*; and the previous conviction and sentence of transportation was charged as an aggravation of their new offence against each in the indictment.

The next reason which renders imprisonment, in an old society and amidst a redundant population, utterly inefficacious as a means of reforming criminals is, that, even if they do imbibe better ideas and principles during their confinement, they find it impossible on their liberation to get into any honest employment, or gain admission into any well-doing circle, where they may put their newly-acquired principles into practice. If, indeed, there existed a government or parochial institution, into which they might be received on leaving prison, and by which they might be marched straightway to the nearest seaport, and there embarked for Canada or Australia, a great step would be made towards giving them the means of durable reformation. But as there is none such in existence, and as they scarcely ever are possessed of money enough, on

leaving prison, to carry them across the Atlantic, they are of necessity obliged to remain in their own country—and that, to persons in their situation, is certain ruin. In new colonies, or thinly-peopled countries, such as Australia or Siberia, convicts, from the scarcity of labour, may in general be able to find employment; and from the absence of temptation, and the severance of the links which bound them to their old associates, they are often there found to do well. But nothing of that sort can be expected in an old and thickly-peopled country, where the competition for employment is universal, and masters, having the choice of honest servants of untainted character, cannot be expected to take persons who have been convicted of crimes, and exposed to the pollutions of a jail.

Practically speaking, it is *impossible* for persons who have been in jail to get into any honest or steady employment in their own country; and if they do by chance, or by the ignorance of their employers of their previous history, get into a situation, it is ere long discovered, by the associates who come about them, where they have been, and they speedily lose it. If you ask any person who has been transported in consequence of repeated convictions, why he did not take warning by the first, the answer uniformly is, that he could not get into employment, and was obliged to take to thieving, or starve. Add to this that the newly-reformed criminal, on leaving jail, and idling about, half starved, in search of work, of necessity, as well as from inclination, finds his way back to his old residence, where his character is known, and he is speedily surrounded by his old associates, who, in lieu of starving integrity, offer him a life of joyous and well-fed depravity. It can hardly be expected that human virtue, and least of all the infant virtue of a newly-reformed criminal, can withstand so rude a trial. Accordingly, when the author once asked Mr. Brebner, the late governor of the Glasgow bridewell, what proportion of formed criminals he ever knew to have been reformed by prison discipline, he answered that the proportion was easily told, for *he never knew one*. And in the late debate in parliament on this

subject, it was stated by the Home Secretary, Sir George Grey, that while the prison discipline at Pentonville promised the most cheering results, it was among those trained there, and *subsequently transported*, that the improvement was visible; for that no such results were observed among those who, after liberation, were allowed to remain in this country.

But while it is thus proved, both by principle and experience, that the moral reformation of offenders cannot be effected by imprisonment even, under the most improved system, in this country, yet, in one respect, a very great amelioration of the prisoner's habits, and extension of his powers, is evidently practicable. It is easy to teach a prisoner a trade; and such is the proficiency which is rapidly acquired by the undivided attention to one object in a jail, that one objection which has been stated to the imprisonment system is, that it interferes with the employment of honest industry out of doors. No one can walk through any of the well-regulated prisons in Great Britain without seeing that, whatever else you cannot do, it is easy to teach such a proficiency in trade to the convicts as may render them, if their depraved inclinations can be arrested, useful members of society, and give them the means of earning a livelihood by honest industry. Many of them are exceedingly clever, evince great aptitude for the learning of handicrafts, and exert the utmost diligence in their prosecution. Let no man, however, reckon on their reformation, because they are thus skilful and assiduous: turn them out of prison in this country, and you will soon see them drinking and thieving with increased alacrity, from the length of their previous confinement. It is evidently not intellectual cunning, or manual skill, or vigour in pursuit, which they in general want—it is the power of directing their faculties to proper objects, when at large in this country, which they are entirely without, and which no length of confinement, or amount of moral and religious instruction communicated in prison, is able to confer upon them. Here then is one great truth ascertained, by the

only sure guide in such matters—*experience*—that while it is wholly impossible to give prisoners the power of controlling their passions, or abstaining from their evil propensities, when at large, by any amount of prison discipline, it is always not only possible, but easy, to communicate to them such handicraft skill, or power of exercising trades, as may, the moment the wicked dispositions are brought under control, render them useful and even valuable members of society.

Experience equally proves that, though the moral reformation of convicts in this country is so rare as, practically speaking, to be considered as impossible, yet this is very far indeed from being the case when they are removed to a distant land, where all connexion with their old associates is at once and for ever broken; where an honest career is not only open, but easy, to the most depraved, and a boundless supply of fertile but unappropriated land affords scope for the exercise of the desire of gain on legitimate objects, and affords no facilities for the commission of crime, or the acquisition of property, by the short-hand methods of theft or robbery. Lord Brougham, in a most able work, which is little known only because it runs counter to the prejudices of the age, has well explained the causes of this peculiarity:—

“The new emigrants, who at various times continued to flock to the extensive country of America, were by no means of the same description with the first settlers. Some of these were the scourings of jails, banished for their crimes; many of them were persons of desperate fortunes, to whom every place was equally uninviting; or men of notoriously abandoned lives, to whom any region was acceptable that offered them a shelter from the vengeance of the law, or the voice of public indignation. But a change of scene will work some improvement upon the most dissolute of characters. It is much to be removed from the scenes with which villany has been constantly associated, and the companions who have rendered it agreeable. It is something to have the leisure of a long voyage, with its awakening terrors, to promote reflection. Besides, to regain once more the privilege of that good name,

which every unknown man may claim until he is tried, presents a powerful temptation to reform, and furnishes an opportunity of amendment denied in the scenes of exposure and destruction. If the convicts in the colony of New Holland, though surrounded on the voyage and in the settlement by the companions of their iniquities, have in a great degree been reclaimed by the mere change of scene, what might not be expected from such a change as we are considering? But the honest acquisition of a little property, and its attendant importance, is, beyond any other circumstance, the one most calculated to reform the conduct of a needy and profligate man, by inspiring him with a respect for himself and a feeling of his stake in the community, and by putting a harmless and comfortable life at least within the reach of his exertions. If the property is of a nature to require constant industry, in order to render it of any value; if it calls forth that sort of industry which devotes the labourer to a solitary life in the open air, and repays him not with wealth and luxury, but with subsistence and ease; if, in short, it is property in land, divided into small portions and peopled by few inhabitants, no combination of circumstances can be figured to contribute more directly to the reformation of the new cultivator's character and manners.”*

In addition to these admirable observations, it may be stated, as another, and perhaps the principal reason why transportation, when conducted on proper principles, is attended with such immediate and beneficial influences on the moral character of the convict, that it places him in situations where scope is afforded for the development of the *domestic and generous affections*. A counterpoise is provided to self. It is the impossibility of providing such a counterpoise within the four walls of a cell—the extreme difficulty of finding it, in any circumstances in which a prisoner can be placed, on his liberation from jail in his own country, which is the chief cause of the total failure of all attempts to work a moral reform on prisoners, when kept at home, by any, even the most approved system of jail discipline. But that which cannot be obtained at home is immediately, on transportation, found in the colonies. The criminal is no longer thrown back

* BROUGHAM'S *Colonial Policy*, i. 61, 62.

on himself in the solitude of a cell—he is not surrounded by thieves and prostitutes, urging him to resume his old habits, on leaving it. The female convict, on arriving in New South Wales, is almost immediately married; ere long the male, if he is industrious and well-behaved, has the means of being so. Regular habits then come to supplant dissolute—the natural affections spring up in the heart with the creation of the objects on which they are to be exercised. The solitary tenant of a cell—the dissolute frequenter of spirit-cellars and bagnios, acquires a home. The affections of the fireside begin to spring up, because a fireside is obtained.

Incalculable is the effect of this change of circumstances on the character of the most depraved. Accordingly it is mentioned by Mr. Cunningham, in his very interesting *Account of New South Wales*, that great numbers of young women taken from the streets of London, who have resisted all efforts of Christian zeal and philanthropy in Magdalene Asylums or Penitentiaries at home, and embark for New South Wales in the most shocking state of depravity, become sensibly improved in their manners, and are not unfrequently entirely reformed by forming, during the voyage, temporary connections with sailors, to whom, when the choice is once made, they generally remain faithful: so powerful and immediate is the effect of an approach even to a home, and lasting ties, on the female heart.* The feelings which offspring produces are never entirely obliterated in the breast of woman. It has been often observed, that though dissolute females generally, when they remain at home, find it impossible to reform their own lives, yet they rarely, if they have the power, fail to bring up their children at a distance from their haunts of iniquity. So powerful is the love of children, and the secret sense of shame at their own vices, in the breasts even of the most depraved of the female sex.

It has been proved, accordingly, by experience, on the very largest scale, not only that the reformation of offenders, when transported to a colony in a distant part of the world, takes

place, if they are preserved in a due proportion of numerical inferiority to the untainted population, to an extent unparalleled in any other situation; but that, when so regulated, they constitute the greatest possible addition to the strength, progress, and riches of a colony. From official papers laid before parliament, before the unhappy crowding of convicts in New South Wales began, and the gang-system was introduced, it appears that between the years 1800 and 1817—that is, in seventeen years—out of 17,000 convicts transported to New South Wales, no less than six thousand had, at the close of the period, obtained their freedom from their good conduct, and had earned among them, by their free labour, property to the amount of £1,500,000! It may be safely affirmed that the history of the world does not afford so astonishing and gratifying an instance of the moral reformation of offenders, or one pointing so clearly to the true system to be pursued regarding them. It will be recollected that this reformation took place when 17,000 convicts were transported in seventeen years—that is, on an average, 1000 a-year only—and when the gang-system was unknown, and the convict on landing at Sidney was immediately assigned to a free colonist, by whom he was forthwith marched up the country into a remote situation, and employed under his master's direction in rural labour or occupations.

And that the colony itself prospers immensely from the forced labour of convicts being added, in not too great proportions, to the voluntary labour of freemen, is decisively proved by the astonishing progress which Australia has made during the last fifty years; the degree in which it has distanced all its competitors in which convict labour was unknown; and the marvellous amount of wealth and comfort, so much exceeding upon the whole that known in any other colony, which now exists among its inhabitants. We say upon the whole, because we are well aware that in some parts of Australia, particularly Van Diemen's Land, property has of late years been most seriously depreciated in value—partly from the monetary crisis, which

* CUNNINGHAM'S *New South Wales*, i. 262.

has affected that distant settlement as well as the rest of the empire, and partly from the inordinate number of convicts who have been sent to that one locality, from the vast increase of crime at home, and the cessations of transportation to Sidney;—a number which has greatly exceeded the proper and salutary proportion to freemen, and has been attended with the most disastrous results. But that the introduction of convicts, when not too depraved, and kept in due subordination by being in a *small minority compared to the freemen*, is, so far from being an evil, the greatest possible advantage to a colony, is decisively proved by the parliamentary returns quoted below, showing the comparative progress during a long course of years of Australia, aided by convict labour, and the Cape of Good Hope and Canada,

which have not enjoyed that advantage. These returns are decisive. They demonstrate that the progress of the convict colonies, during the last half century, has been three times as rapid as that of those enjoying equal or greater advantages, to whom convicts have not been sent; and that the present state of comforts they enjoy, as measured by the amount per head of British manufactures they consume, is also triple that of any other colony who have been kept entirely clear from the supposed stain, but real advantages, of forced labour.*

Accordingly, the ablest and best-informed statistical writers and travellers on the Continent, struck with the safe and expeditious method of getting quit of and reforming its convicts which Great Britain enjoys, from its numerous colonies in every part of

* Table showing the annual exports of British manufactures to the under-mentioned Colonies, from 1828 to 1846.

Years.	Canada, &c. Without Convicts.	The Cape, Without Convicts.	Australia, With Convicts.
1828	£1,691,044	£218,849	£448,889
1829	1,581,728	257,501	810,681
1830	1,857,183	230,036	814,677
1831	2,089,827	257,245	898,471
1832	2,075,725	392,405	466,328
1833	2,092,550	346,197	558,372
1834	1,671,069	304,382	716,014
1835	2,158,158	426,921	696,345
1836	2,732,291	482,815	835,637
1837	2,141,035	488,811	921,568
1838	2,992,457	623,323	1,336,662
1839	3,047,671	464,180	1,679,390
1840	2,847,918	317,091	2,004,385
1841	2,947,061	384,574	1,269,351
1842	2,388,525	369,076	916,164
1843	1,751,211	502,577	1,211,815
1844	3,076,861	420,151	744,482
1845	3,555,954	648,749	1,201,076
1846	3,398,059	480,979	1,441,640

—PORTER's *Parliamentary Tables*, 1846, p. 121.

Exports, per head, to the following countries in 1836.

	Population.	Exports.	Proportion per head.
United States of America, .	14,000,000	£12,425,605	£0 17 6
Canada, &c., .	1,500,000	2,739,291	1 16 0
British West India Islands, .	900,000	8,786,453	8 12 0
Australia, .	100,000	835,637	8 14 0

—PORTER's *Parliamentary Tables*.

the world, and the want of which is so severely felt in the Continental states, are unanimous in considering the possession of such colonies, and consequent power of unlimited transportation, as one of the very greatest social advantages which England enjoys. Hear what one of the most enlightened of those writers, M. Malte-Brun, says on the subject:—

“England has long been in the habit of disposing of its wicked citizens in a way at once philosophic and politic, by sending them out to cultivate distant colonies. It was thus that the shores of the Delaware and the Potomac were peopled in America. After the American war, they were at a loss where to send the convicts, and the Cape of Good Hope was first thought of; but, on the recommendation of the learned Sir Joseph Banks, New South Wales obtained the preference. The first vessel arrived at Botany Bay on the 20th January 1788, and brought out 760 convicts, and according to a census taken in 1821, exhibited the following results in thirty-three years, viz.—

Free settlers, men, women and children . . .	23,254
Convicts . . .	13,814
	37,068”

In 1832, that population had risen to 40,000 souls.* In 1821, there were in the colony 5000 horses, 120,000 horned cattle, and 350,000 sheep. It consumed, at that period, 8,500,000 francs' (£340,000) worth of English manufactures, being about £8, 10s. a-head, and exported to Europe about £100,000 worth in rude produce.

“Great division of opinion has existed in France, for a long course of years, on the possibility of diminishing the frequency of the punishment of death, as well as that of the galleys; but a serious difficulty has been alleged in the expense with which an establishment such as New South Wales would cost. It is worthy of remark, however, that from 1789 to the end of 1821, England had expended for the transport, maintenance, and other charges of 88,155 convicts, transported to New South Wales, £5,801,028, being *scarce a third* of what the prisoners would have cost in the prisons of Great Britain, without having the satisfaction of having

changed into useful citizens those who were the shame and terror of society.

“When a vessel with convicts on board arrives in the colony, the men who are not married in it, are permitted to choose a wife among the female convicts. At the expiration of his term of punishment, every convict is at liberty to return to his own country, at his own expense. If he chooses to remain, he obtains a grant of land, and provisions for 18 months: if he is married the allowance is larger, and an adequate portion is allowed for each child. Numbers are provided with the means of emigration at the expense of government; they obtain 150 acres of land, seed-corn, and implements of husbandry. It is worthy of remark that, thanks to the vigilance of the authorities, the transported in that colony lose their depraved habits; that the women become well behaved and fruitful; and that the children do not inherit the vices of their parents. These results are sufficient to place the colony of New South Wales among the most noble philanthropic institutions of the world. After that, can any one ask the expense of the establishment?”—MALTE-BRUN, *Géographie Universelle*, xii. 194-196.

But here a fresh difficulty arises. Granting, it will be said, that transportation is so immense a benefit to the mother country, in affording a safe and certain vent for its criminals; and to the colonies, by providing them with so ample a supply of forced labour, what is to be done when they will not receive it? The colonies are all up in arms against transportation; not one can be persuaded, on any terms, to receive these convicts. When a ship with convicts arrives, they begin talking about separation and independence, and reminding us of Bunker's Hill and Saratoga. The Cape shows us with what feelings colonies which have not yet received them view the introduction of criminals; Van Diemen's Land, how well founded their apprehensions are of the consequences of such an invasion of civilised depravity. This difficulty, at first sight, appears not only serious but insurmountable. On a nearer examination, however, it will be found that, however formidable it may appear, it could easily be got over; and that it is entirely owing

* It now (1849) exceeds 200,000 souls.

to the true principles of transportation having been forgotten, and one of the first duties of government neglected by our rulers for the last thirty years.

It is very remarkable, and throws an important light on this question, that this horror at the influx of convicts, which has now become so general in the colonies as to render it almost impossible to find a place where they can with safety be landed, is entirely of recent origin. It never was heard of till within the last fifteen or twenty years. Previous to that time, and even much later, transportation was not only regarded by the penal colonies without aversion, but with the utmost possible complacency. They looked to a series of heavy assizes in Great Britain with the same feelings of anxious solicitude, as the working classes do to a good harvest, or the London tradesman to a gay and money-spending season. Spirits never were so high in Sidney, speculation never so rife, property never so valuable, profits never so certain, as when the convict ships arrived well stored with compulsory emigrants. If any one doubts this, let him open the early numbers of the *Colonial Magazine*, and he will find them filled with resolutions of public meetings in New South Wales, recounting the immense advantages the colony had derived from the forced labour of convicts, and most earnestly deprecating any intermission in their introduction. As a specimen, we subjoin a series of resolutions; by the Governor and Council of New South Wales, on a petition agreed to, at a public meeting held in Sidney, on 18th February 1838.

Resolutions of the Legislative Council, New South Wales, 17th July 1838.

4. *Resolved.*—That, in opinion of this council, the numerous free emigrants of character and capital, including many officers of the army and navy, and East India Company's service, who have settled in this colony, with their families, together with a rising generation of native-born subjects, constitute a body of colonists who, in the exercises of the social and moral relations of life, are not inferior to the inhabitants of any other dependency of the British crown, and are sufficient to impress a character of respectability upon the colony at large.

5. *Resolved.*—That, in the opinion of this council, the rapid and increasing advance of this colony, in the short space of fifty years from its first establishment, in rural, commercial, and financial prosperity proves indisputably the activity, the enterprise, and industry of the colonists, and is wholly incompatible with the state of society represented to exist here.

6. *Resolved.*—That, in the opinion of this council, the strong desire manifested by the colonists generally, to obtain moral and religious instruction, and the liberal contributions, which have been made from private funds, towards this most essential object, abundantly testify that the advancement of virtue and religion amongst them is regarded with becoming solicitude.

7. *Resolved.*—That, in the opinion of this council, if transportation and assignment have hitherto failed to produce all the good effects anticipated by their projectors, such failure may be traced to circumstances, many of which are no longer in existence, whilst others are in rapid progress of amendment. Amongst the most prominent causes of failure may be adduced the absence, at the first establishment of the colony, of adequate religious and moral instruction, and the want of proper means of classification in the several gaols throughout the colony, as well as of a sufficient number of free emigrants, properly qualified to become the assignees of convicts, and to be intrusted with their management and control.

8. *Resolved.*—That, in the opinion of this council, the great extension which has latterly been afforded of moral and religious instruction, the classification which may in future be made in the numerous gaols now in progress of erection, upon the most approved principles of inspection and separation, the most effectual punishment and classification of offenders in ironed gangs, according to their improved system of management—the numerous free emigrants now eligible as the assignees of convicts, and the accumulated experience of half a century—form a combination of circumstances, which renders the colony better adapted at the present, than at any former period, to carry into effect the praiseworthy intentions of the first founders of the system of transportation and assignment, which had no less for its object reformation of character than a just infliction of punishment.

9. *Resolved.*—That, in the opinion of this council, no system of penal discipline, or secondary punishment, will be

found at once so cheap, so effective, and so reformatory, as that of well-regulated assignment—the good conduct of the convict, and his continuance at labour, being so obviously the interest of the assignee; whilst the partial solitude and privations, incidental to a pastoral or agricultural life in the remote districts of the colony, (which may be made the universal employment of convicts,) by effectually breaking a connexion with companions and habits of vice, is better calculated than any other system to produce moral reformation, when accompanied by adequate religious instruction.

10. *Resolved.*—That, in the opinion of this council, many men who, previously to their conviction, had been brought up in habits of idleness and vice, have acquired, by means of assignment, not only habits of industry and labour, but the knowledge of a remunerative employment, which, on becoming free, forms a strong inducement to continue in an honest course of life.

11. *Resolved.*—That, in the opinion of this council, the sudden discontinuance of transportation and assignment, by depriving the colonists of convict labour, must necessarily curtail their means of purchasing crown lands, and, consequently, the supply of funds for the purpose of immigration.

12. *Resolved.*—That in the opinion of this council, the produce of the labour of convicts, in assignment, is thus one of the principal, though indirect means, of bringing into the colony free persons: it is obvious, therefore, that the continuance of emigration in any extended form, must necessarily depend upon the continuance of the assignment of convicts.*

It is not surprising that they viewed, at this period, the transportation system in this light; for under it they had made advances in population, comfort, and riches, unparalleled in any other age or country of the world.

How, then, has it happened that so great a change has come over the views of the colonists on this subject; and that the system which they formerly regarded, with reason, as the sheet-anchor of their prosperity, is now almost universally looked to with unqualified aversion, as the certain forerunner of their destruction? The answer is easy. It is because transportation, as formerly conducted,

was a blessing, and because, as conducted of late years, it has become a curse, that the change of opinion has arisen in regard to it. The feelings of the colonists, in both cases, were founded on experience—both were, in the circumstances in which they arose, equally well founded, and both were therefore equally entitled to respect and attention. We have only to restore the circumstances in which the convicts were a blessing, to revive the times in which their arrival will be regarded as a boon. And to effect this, can easily be shown not only to be attended with no difficulty, but only to require the simultaneous adoption by government of a system of punishment at home, and of voluntary emigration at the public expense abroad, attended with a very trifling expense, and calculated to relieve, beyond any other measure that could by possibility be devised, the existing distress among the labouring classes of Great Britain and Ireland.

To render the introduction of penal labour into a colony an advantage, three things are necessary. 1st, That the convicts sent out should be for the most part instructed in some simple rural art or occupation, of use in the country into which they are to be transplanted. 2d, That they should in general be *beginners in crime*, and a small number of them only hardened in depravity. 3d, What is most important of all, that they should be preserved in a *due proportion*, never exceeding a *fourth or a fifth* to the free and untainted settlers. Under these conditions, their introduction will always prove a blessing, and will be hailed as a boon. If they are neglected, they will prove a curse, and their arrival be regarded as a punishment.

Various circumstances have contributed, of late years, to render the convict system a dreadful evil, instead of, as formerly, a signal benefit to the colonies. But that affords no ground for despair; on the contrary, it furnishes the most well-grounded reason for hope. We are suffering under the effects of an erroneous regimen, not any inherent malady in the patient. Change this treatment, and his health will soon return.

It is well known that the greatest pains have of *late years* been taken, in this country, to instruct prisoners in jail in some useful handicraft; and that, so far has this been carried, that our best-regulated jails are more in fact great houses of industry. The general penitentiary at Pentonville, in particular, where the convicts sentenced to transportation are trained, previous to their removal to the penal settlements, is a perfect model of arrangement and attention in this important respect. But it is equally well known that it is only of *late years* that this signal reform has come into operation; and we have the satisfaction of knowing that already its salutary effects have been evinced, in the most signal manner, with the convicts sent abroad. Previous to, the year 1840, scarcely anything was done on any considerable scale, either to teach ordinary prisoners trades in jail, to separate them from each other, or to prepare them, in the public penitentiaries, for the duties in which they were to be engaged, when they arrived at their distant destination. The county jails, now resounding with the clang of ceaseless occupation, pursued by prisoners in their separate cells, then only re-echoed the din of riot and revelling in the day-rooms where the idle prisoners were huddled together, and beguiled the weary hours of their captivity by stories of perpetrated crime, or plans for its renewal the moment they got out of confinement. But the ideas of men are all formed on the experience of facts, or the thoughts driven into them, for a considerable time back. The present universal horror at transportation is founded on the experience of the prisoners with which, for a quarter of a century, New South Wales had been flooded, from the idle day-rooms or profligate hulks of Great Britain. Some years must elapse before the effects of the improved discipline received, and laborious habits acquired, in the jails and penitentiaries of the mother country, produces any general effect on public opinion in its distant colonies.

The relaxation of the severity of our penal code at home, during the last thirty years, however loudly called for by considerations of justice and humanity, has undoubtedly had

a most pernicious influence on the *class of convicts* who have, during that period, been sent to the colonies. In so far as that change of system has diminished the frequency of the infliction of the punishment of death, and limited, practically speaking, that dreadful penalty to cases of wilful and inexcusable murder, it must command the assent of every benevolent and well-regulated mind. But, unfortunately, the change has not stopped there. It has descended through every department of our criminal jurisprudence, and come in that way to alter much for the worse the *class of criminals* who of late years have been sent to the penal colonies. The men who were formerly hanged are now for the most part transported; those formerly transported are now imprisoned; and those sent abroad have almost all, on repeated occasions, been previously confined, generally for a very long period. As imprisonment scarcely ever works any reformation on the *moral* character or habits of a prisoner, whatever improved skill in handicraft it may put into his fingers, this change has been attended with most serious and pernicious effect on the character of the convicts sent to the colonies, and gone far to produce the aversion with which they are now everywhere regarded.

It has been often observed, by those practically acquainted with the working of the transportation system in the colonies, that the Irish convicts were generally the best, and the Scotch, beyond all question, the worst who arrived. This peculiarity, so widely different from, in fact precisely the reverse of, what has been observed of the *free* settlers from these respective countries, in every part of the world, has frequently been made the subject of remark, and excited no little surprise. But the reason of it is evident, and, when once stated, perfectly satisfactory. The Scotch law, administered almost entirely by professional men, and on fixed principles, has long been based on the principle of transporting persons only who were deemed irreclaimable in this country. Very few have been sent abroad for half a century, from Scotland, who had not either committed some very grave offence, or

been four or five times, often eight or ten times, previously convicted and imprisoned. In Ireland, under the moderate and lenient sway of Irish county justices, a poacher was often transported who had merely been caught with a hare tucked up under his coat. Whatever we may think of the justice of such severe punishments for trivial offences, in the first instance, there can be but one opinion as to its tendency to lead a much better class of convicts from the Emerald Isle, than the opposite system did from the shores of Caledonia. Very probably, also, the system of giving prisoners "repeated opportunities of amendment," as it is called in this country—but which, in fact, would be more aptly styled "renewed opportunities for depravity"—has, from good but mistaken motives, been carried much too far in Scotland. Be this as it may, nothing is more certain than that the substitution of a race of repeatedly convicted and hardened offenders, under the milder system of punishment in Great Britain, during the last twenty years, for one comparatively uninitiated in crime, such as were formerly sent out, has had a most pernicious effect on the character of the convicts received in the colonies, and the sentiments with which their arrival was regarded.

But by far the most powerful cause, which has been in operation for above a quarter of a century, in destroying the beneficial effects of the system of transportation, and substituting the worst possible consequences in their stead, has been the sending out of convicts *in too great a proportion to the free population, and the consequent necessity for substituting the gang for the assignment system.* This is a matter of the very highest, indeed of paramount importance; and it may safely be affirmed that, unless a remedy is found for it, all efforts made to render the system of transportation palatable to the colonies will prove nugatory. Fortunately the means of remedying that evil are not only easy, but, comparatively speaking, cheap, and perfectly efficacious; and they promise, while they remedy the above-mentioned evil, to confer, in other respects, signal benefits both on the colonies and the mother country.

New South Wales was originally selected, and not without sufficient reasons, as the place for the establishment of penal colonies, because the distance of it from the mother country, and the length of the voyage, rendered it a very difficult matter either for runaway convicts, or those who had served their time, to get home again. Once sent out, you were, in the great majority of cases, clear of them for ever. This circumstance was no disadvantage, but rather the reverse, to the colony, and certainly a very great advantage to the parent state, as long as the numbers of convicts annually sent out was inconsiderable, and the whole convict population formed a small minority to the number of free settlers. When the whole number committed a-year in England was 4500, and in Scotland under 100, as it was in Great Britain in 1804 or 1805, the settlement of convicts on the distant shores of Australia worked well. They were glad to get the 300 or 400 annually sent out; they were benefited by their forced labour; and the free settlers were in sufficient numbers to keep them with ease in subjection, and prevent their habits from contaminating those of the free inhabitants of the colony. But when the commitments from Great Britain and Ireland had risen to 50,000 or 60,000 a-year, and the convicts sent out to 3000 or 4000 annually, as they have done for some years past, the case was entirely altered. The polluted stream became much too large and powerful for the land it was intended to fertilise; it did more harm than good, and became the object of uniform and undisguised aversion.

The distance of Australia from the mother country, which formerly had been so great an advantage to both parties, now became the greatest possible evil; because it prevented, at the time this great influx of convicts was going on, the immigration of freemen from preserving anything like a due proportion to it. When the convicts rose to 2000 and 3000 yearly, the free settlers should have been raised to 8000 or 10,000 annually. This would have kept all right; because the tainted population would have been always in a small minority com-

pared to the virtuous; order would have been preserved by the decided majority of the well-disposed; and the assignment system, the parent of so much good, still rendered practicable by the ceaseless extension of free settlers in the wilds of nature. But the distance of Australia rendered this impracticable, when the emigration of freemen was left to its own unaided resources. Steam navigation contributed powerfully to throw it into the back-ground for all but the very highest class of emigrants. The voyage to Australia is one of fourteen thousand miles; it takes from five to six months, must still be performed by sailing vessels, and costs about £16 a-head for the ordinary class of emigrants. That to America is one of three thousand miles; it takes from a fortnight to three weeks, is performed by great numbers of steam as well as sailing vessels, and costs from £3 to £4 a-head for the same class of passengers.*

These facts are decisive, and must always continue so, against the choice of Australia, as the place of their destination, by the great bulk of ordinary emigrants. Several young men of good family, indeed, tempted by the high profits generally made there in the wool trade, and the boundless facilities for the multiplication of flocks which its prairies afforded, have settled there, and some have done well. But of ordinary labourers, and persons to do the work of common workmen, there has always been felt a very great deficiency, for this simple reason, that they could not afford the expense of

the voyage. The settlers were almost entirely of the better class, and they were in no proportion at all to the number of the convicts. This distinctly appears, not only from the extravagant wages paid to shepherds and common labourers, generally not less than five or six shillings a-day, but from the very limited number of emigrants, even during the distress of the last three years, when the voluntary emigration had reached two hundred and fifty thousand annually from the British islands, who have gone to our colonies in New South Wales.†

This unhappy turn of affairs has been attended with a double disadvantage. In the first place, the vast increase in the number of convicts sent to Sydney, compared with the small number of free settlers, has for a long time past rendered the continuance of the assignment system impossible; and the *gang system*, to take off and embody the surplus numbers, became in a manner a matter of necessity. The manners of the colony, its habits, its prospects, its morality, have been seriously damaged by this change. The emancipated convicts who have made money, known by the name of "canary birds," have pressed upon the heels, and come to excite the jealousy, of the free settlers. The accumulation of convicts in the lower walks of life has checked the immigration of free labour, perpetuated the frightful inequality of the sexes, and led to the most lamentable disorders. The gang system, of necessity introduced, because free settlers did not

* While we write these lines, the following advertisement, which appeared in the *Times* of Oct. 10, will illustrate this vital difference:—

"EMIGRATION.—The undersigned are prepared to forward intending emigrants to every colony now open for colonisation, at the following rates of passage-money:—To Sydney, £15; Melbourne, £15; Adelaide, £15; Swan River, £20; Van Diemen's Land, £20; New Zealand, £18; Cape of Good Hope, £10; Natal, £10; California, £25; New York, £2, 10s.; Philadelphia, £2, 10s.; New Orleans, £3.—HARRISON & Co.—11 Union Street, Birmingham."

† Emigrants from Great Britain and Ireland to Australia and New Zealand:—

1830,	1,242	1836,	8,124	1842,	8,584
1831,	1,561	1837,	5,054	1843,	3,478
1832,	3,733	1838,	14,021	1844,	2,229
1833,	4,093	1839,	15,728	1845,	830
1834,	2,800	1840,	15,850	1846,	2,227
1835,	1,860	1841,	32,625		

—PORTER'S *Parliamentary Tables*, 1846, p. 236.

exist to take the convicts off under the assignment system, perpetuated in the colony the vices of the hulks, the depravity of the galleys. The whole benefits of transportation to the convicts, their whole chances of amendment, are lost, when, instead of being sent to rural labour in the solitude of the woods and the prairies, they are huddled together, in gangs of four or five hundred, without hope to counterbalance evil propensities, or inducements to resist the seduction of mutual bad example. These evils were so sensibly felt, and led to such energetic representations to the government at home, that at length the colony was pacified, but at the same time its progress checked, by an order in council in 1837, that no more convicts, for a limited time, should be sent to Sydney or its dependencies.

But this only shifted the seat of the evil, and augmented its intensity. The convicts now swelled to above four thousand a-year, could not be kept at home; they required to be sent somewhere, and where was that place to be? Van Diemen's Land was selected, being the most southernly portion of New Holland, and of course the farthest removed from this country; and thither nearly the *whole convicts* of Great Britain and Ireland, soon above thirty-five hundred annually in number, were sent for several years. The consequence of this prodigious influx of criminals into an infant colony, so far removed from the parent state that it cost £20 a-head to send a common labourer there—and of course no free emigration in proportionate numbers could be expected without public aid—might easily have been anticipated. Government did nothing to encourage the simultaneous settlement of free settlers in that distant land, thus flooded with convicts, or so little as amounted to nothing. The consequence was, that, ere long, *three-fifths* of the inhabitants of the colony were convicts. Every one knows, none could have failed to anticipate the consequences. The morals of the settlement, thus having a majority of its inhabitants convicts, were essentially injured. Crimes unutterable were committed; the hideous inequality of the sexes induced its usual and frightful disorders; the

police, how severe and vigilant soever, became unable to coerce the rapidly-increasing multitude of criminals; the most daring fled to the woods, where they became bush-rangers; life became insecure; property sank to half its former value. So powerful, and evidently well-founded, were the representations made on the subject to the legislature, that it became evident that a remedy must be applied; and this was done by an order in council in 1844, which suspended entirely for two years the transportation of *male* convicts to the colonies. That of females was still and most properly continued, in the hope that, by doing so, the inequality of the sexes in Australia might in some degree be corrected.

But this measure, like all the rest, not being founded on the right principle, has entirely failed. The accumulation of offenders in the British islands, from the stoppage of the usual vent by which they were formerly carried off, soon become insupportable. The jails were crowded to suffocation; it was ere long found to be necessary to liberate many persons, transported seven years, at the expiration of two, to make way for new inmates. The liberated convicts were soon back in their old haunts, and at their old practices; and the great increase of *serious* crimes, such as robberies, burglaries, and murders, demonstrated that the public morals in the great towns were rapidly giving way, under the influence of that worst species of criminals—returned convicts. The judges both of Great Britain and Ireland, in common with every person practically acquainted with the subject, and who had daily proofs, in the discharge of their important official duties, of the total failure of the imprisonment system, were unanimous in recommending a return to transportation. All the temporary expedients adopted, such as Gibraltar, Bermuda, &c., soon failed from the rapid increase of convicts, who greatly exceeded all the means left of taking them off. Government became convinced that they had made a step in the wrong direction; and they most wisely took counsel from experience, and determined to resume the practice of sending convicts abroad. But, on the threshold of the renewed attempt, they were met by the refusal

of the colonies to take them. The Cape is almost in rebellion on the subject; and in despair of finding a willing colony, it is said they have in contemplation to send them to be roasted under the White Cliffs, and increase the already redundant population of Malta.

It is not necessary to do any such thing. The solution of the transportation question is easy, the method to be followed perfectly efficacious. Government have only to commence the discharge of one of their most important social duties to get rid of all their difficulties, and render the immigration of criminals, as it was in time past, as great a blessing to the colonies, and as ardently desired, as of late years it has been a curse, and earnestly deprecated.

Transportation is a blessing to a colony when the convicts are kept in a minority, perhaps in a fourth or a fifth of the community to which they are sent, and when they are not hardened in crime, and all instructed in some useful trade. In such circumstances, they are the greatest possible addition to its strength, riches, and progress, and will always be gladly received.

Transportation is a curse when the convicts sent out are so numerous, and the free settlers so few, that the former forms a large proportion of the community compared to the latter, and when their habits are those of hardened irreclaimable criminals, instead of youthful novices in crime. If they become a majority, certain ruin may be anticipated to the colony thus flooded with crime.

The difficulties which now beset the transportation question have all arisen from our having pursued a course, of late years, which rendered the settlement of convicts a curse instead of a blessing, as it was at first, when the system was directly the reverse. To render it a blessing again, we have only to restore the

circumstances which made it so formerly—sending out the convicts when not completely hardened in depravity, and in such a proportion to the free settlers as to keep them a *small minority* to the free and untainted part of the community. The immigration of convicts to our colonies is like that of the Irish into western Britain: everything depends on the proportion they bear to the remainder of the population. They are very useful if a fourth; they can be borne if they are a third; but let them become a majority, and they will soon land the country in the condition of Skibbereen or Connamara.

We cannot diminish the numbers of convicts transported; on the contrary, woful results have made us aware that it should be materially increased. Experience has taught us, also, that voluntary unaided emigration cannot enable the free settlers in Australia to keep pace with the rapid increase of crime in the British islands. What, then, is to be done? The answer is simple: Discharge in part the vast duty, so long neglected by government, of providing at the public expense, for the emigration of a certain portion of the *most indigent* part of the community, who cannot get abroad on their own resources, and SETTLE THEM IN THE SAME COLONY WITH THE CONVICTS. Do this, and the labour market is lightened at home; the convicts are kept in a small minority abroad; the colony, thus aided by the combined virtue and penal labour of the mother country, is secured of prosperity and rapid progress; and its rate of increase will soon induce the other colonies to petition for a share of the prolific stream.

At present, there are, or at least should be, above 5000 criminals annually transported from the British islands.* The cost of settling a free labourer in Australia is about £16 a-head. To send 16,000 free labourers

* Sentenced to be transported:—

	England.	Scotland.	Ireland.	Total.
1846, . . .	2805	852	753	8810
1847, . . .	2896	456	2185	5587
1848, . . .	3251	459	2678 *	6388

* Rebellion.

—Parliamentary Returns, 1846-8.

with these 5000 criminals would cost just £256,000 a-year: call it £300,000 yearly, to make room for the probable increase of criminals, from the growing necessities or depravity of the mother country, and provide for the extra and unavoidable expenses of an infant establishment, and the transportation question is at once solved, a great relief is afforded to the distressed labourers of the parent state, and a certain market for our manufactures provided, which will double every two or three years, as long as the system is continued.

Let government, by an order in council, propose these terms to the colonies, and we shall see if any of them will refuse them. If none will close with them, let them at once establish a new colony on these principles, in some unoccupied part of New Holland. In twelve months, there will be a race for who is to get a share of the fertilising stream. Sixteen thousand free settlers, and five or six thousand convicts, annually sent to any colony, would cause its numbers to double every two, and its prosperity to triple in value every three years. Everything would go on in a geometrical progression. It would soon rival California in progress and reputation. Capital would rapidly follow this scene of activity and progress. Moneyed men are not slow in discovering where labour is plentiful and comparatively cheap, and where their investments are doubled in amount and value every two or three years. A colony thus powerfully supported by the parent state would soon distance all its competitors: while the Cape, New Zealand, and Australia were slumbering on with a population doubling every ten years, from the tardy and feeble support of free emigrants on their own resources, the establishment thus protected would double in two or three. Voluntary emigrants would crowd to the scene of activity, progress, and opulence. The 20,000 persons annually sent out would immediately become consumers of our manufactures to the extent of £150,000 a-year: and this rate would be doubled the very next year! At the end of five or six years,

it would amount to £800,000 or £900,000 annually. What a relief at once to the manufacturers of Great Britain, now labouring so severely under the combined effect of foreign competition and a declining home market, and the starving peasantry of Ireland, where half a million of stout labourers—admirable workmen in a foreign country, though wretched ones in their own—are pining in hopeless destitution, a burden upon their parishes, or flocking in ruinous multitudes to Liverpool and Glasgow.

But where is the £300,000 to come from? The Chancellor of the Exchequer has no money; taxation has reached its limits; and loans are out of the question. What! have free trade and a restricted currency, then, so quickly prostrated the resources of the country, that the nation which, in 1813, with eighteen millions of inhabitants, at the close of a twenty years' costly war, raised £72,000,000 by taxation, and £80,000,000 by loan, cannot now, with thirty millions, for so very important an object, after thirty-three years of unbroken peace, muster up £300,000 a-year? A shilling a gallon on the 6,259,000 gallons of whisky annually consumed in Scotland alone, in demoralising the community, would provide the requisite sum, and tend to equalise the ruinous exemption which Scotland now enjoys in the manufacture of that attractive and pernicious liquor. A similar duty on the 12,000,000 gallons annually consumed in England, would raise double the sum. But if government, despite the £100,000,000 we were promised by free trade, cannot afford £300,000 a-year for this vital object, let it be laid on the counties as part of the prison or county rates. A little reflection would soon show every person of sense in the country, that its amount could speedily be saved in prison and poor rates.

Simultaneously with this change, an alteration, equally loudly called for, should take place in the administration of our criminal law at home. The present system of inflicting short imprisonments at first, and reserving long imprisonments and transportation for criminals who have plied their

* At the rate of £7, 14s. a-head—the present rate in Australia.

trade of pillage for two or three years, should be abolished. Imprisonment should consist of three kinds:—1. A very short imprisonment, perhaps of a week or ten days, for the youngest criminals and a first trifling offence, intended to terrify merely. 2. For a second offence, however trivial—or a first, if considerable, and indicating an association with professional thieves—a long imprisonment of nine months or a year, sufficient to teach every one a trade, should invariably be inflicted. 3. The criminal who has been thus imprisoned, and taught a trade, should, when next convicted, be instantly transported. In this way a triple advantage would be gained. 1. The immense number of prisoners now constantly in confinement in the British islands would be materially lessened, and the prison-rates, proportionally relieved. 2. The cost of now maintaining a convict in one of the public penitentiaries, to prepare him for transportation, not less than £17 or £18, would be almost entirely saved; he would be prepared for it, in the great majority of cases, by his previous imprisonment. 3. The character and habits of the convicts sent out would be materially improved, by getting comparatively young and untainted men for penal labour, instead of old offenders, who have learned no other trade than that of thieving. To the country it would undoubtedly save £60 or £80 on each criminal transported, by removing him at the commencement of his career, when his reformation was possible, instead of waiting till its close, when he had lived for three or four years in flash-houses and prisons at the public expense, paid in depredations or prison-rates, and acquired nothing but habits which rendered any change of character abroad difficult, if not impossible. The prisons would become, instead of mere receptacles of vice, great houses of industry, where the most dangerous and burdensome part of our population would be trained for a life of industry and utility in the colonies.

For a similar reason, the great object in poor-houses, houses of refuge,

hospitals, and other institutions where the destitute poor children are maintained at the public expense, or that of foundations bequeathed by the piety of former times, should be to prepare the young of both sexes, by previous education, for the habits and duties of colonists; and, when they become adults, to send them abroad at the expense of the public or the institution. Incalculable would be the blessings which would ensue, both to the public morals and the public expenditure, from the steady adoption of this principle. It is a lamentable fact, well known to all practically acquainted with this subject, that a large proportion of the orphan or destitute boys, educated in this manner at the public expense, in public institutions, become thieves, and nearly all the girls prostitutes. It could not be otherwise with young creatures of both sexes, turned out without a home, relation, or friend, shortly after the age of puberty, into the midst of an old and luxurious community, overloaded with labour, abounding in snares, thickly beset with temptations. Removed to Australia, the Cape, or Canada, they might do well, and would prove as great a blessing in those colonies, where labour is dear, women wanted, and land boundless, as they are a burden here, where labour is cheap, women redundant, and land all occupied. Every shilling laid out in the training the youth of both sexes in such situations, for the duties of colonial life, and sending them to it when adults, would save three in future prison or poor rates. A pauper or criminal, costing the nation £15 or £20 a-year, would be converted into an independent man living on his labour, and consuming £7 or £8 worth yearly of the manufactures of his native country.

The number of emigrants who now annually leave the British shores, is above 250,000! * No such migration of mankind is on record since the days when the Goths and Vandals overthrew the Roman empire, and settled amidst its ruins. It might naturally have been supposed that so prodigious a removal of persons, most of them in

* Viz.:—1847, 258,000; 1848, 248,000; 1849, understood to be still larger.—*Parliamentary Reports.*

the prime of life, would have contributed in a material degree to lighten the market of labour, and lessen the number of persons who, by idleness or desperation, are thrown into habits of crime. But the result has been just the reverse; and perhaps nothing has contributed so powerfully to increase crime, and augment destitution among the labouring classes of late years, as this very emigration. The reason is evident. It is for the most part *the wrong class which has gone abroad*. It is the employer, not the employed; the holders of little capitals, not the holders of none. Left to its own unaided resources, emigration could be undertaken only by persons possessed of some funds to pay their passage. It took £100 to transport a family to Australia; £20 or £30 to America. The destitute, the insolvent, the helpless, could not get away, and they fell in overwhelming and crushing multitudes on the parish funds, county rates, and charity of the benevolent at home. Labour became everywhere redundant, because so many of the employers of labour had gone away. The grand object for all real lovers of their country now, should be to induce government or the counties to provide means for the emigration, on a large scale, of

destitute labourers, chained by their poverty to the soil. About 150,000 persons have annually emigrated from Ireland for the last three years, carrying with them above half its agricultural capital; and the consequence is, that in many districts the land is uncultivated, *and the bank-notes in circulation, which, in 1846, were £7,500,000, have sunk in August 1849 to £3,833,000!** The small cultivators, the employers of the poor, have disappeared, and with them their capital—leaving only to the owners of land a crowd of starving, unemployed labourers, to consume their rents. A million of such starving labourers now oppress the industry of Ireland. Such is the result of agitation at home, and free trade in emigration abroad. The American papers tell us, that each of these starving Irishmen, if strong and healthy, is worth 1000 dollars to the United States. Free-trade emigration can never send them out—it can transport only those who can pay. A large increase of penal emigration, coupled with such a proportionate influx, at the public expense, of free settlers, as would prevent it from becoming an evil, at once solves the transportation question, and is the first step in the right direction in that of Emigration.

* See *Dublin University Magazine*, October 1849, p. 872.

MY PENINSULAR MEDAL.

BY AN OLD PENINSULAR.

PART I.—CHAPTER I.

On the evening of the 13th of February last, I was sitting in my library, at my residence in——Square, when a double knock at the door announced the postman. Betty presently entered, bringing, not as I anticipated, a letter or two, but a small packet, which evidently excited her curiosity, as it did mine.

The first thing upon the said packet that caught my eye was a large seal of red wax—the royal arms!—then, above the direction, “On Her Majesty’s service!”—just beneath, the word “Medal!” Yes, the medal that I had earned five-and-thirty years before, in the hard-fought fight on the hill of Toulouse—long expected, it was come at last! And, let me tell you, a very handsome medal, too; well designed, well executed; and accompanied with a very civil letter, from that old soldier, and true soldier’s friend, Lord Fitzroy Somerset, the military secretary. This letter being, no doubt, precisely the same as hundreds of “Old Peninsulars” have by this time received, I presume I am guilty of no breach of confidence in here transcribing it for the benefit of my readers:—

“Horse-Guards, 31st January, 1849.

“Sir,—I am directed by the Commander-in-Chief to transmit to you the Medal and Clasps graciously awarded to you by her Majesty under the general order of the first of June 1847. I have the honour to be, &c.

“FITZROY SOMERSET.”

As I never attempt to describe my own feelings, except such as are describable, I shall not relate what I now felt on the receipt of this much desired, anxiously expected medal. But this I will say;—long live the Queen! long live Queen Victoria! God bless her! Oh, it was a kind thought; it was a gracious act. It comes to cheer the heart of many an old soldier, and of many a middle-aged gentleman like myself, who got no-

thing but honour and aching bones for his share in the Peninsular glories; and now has something that he can add to the archives of his family, and leave to those who come after him. “Graciously awarded to you by her Majesty:” Yes; and I feel it as much so, as if her Majesty’s own gracious hands had placed it in mine. And, if ever she wants defenders, so long as this arm can wield—but enough: romance would be out of place.

After the delivery of the medals had been proceeding for some time, I was coming, one morning, out of the Horse-Guards, when I met old Major Snaffle, who had just got his. The major belongs to that class who are known in the army by the name of “grumblers;” and, having been knocked down by the wind of a shot at the Trocadero, having been brought away in the last boat but nineteen from Corunna, having seen the battle of Salamanca from the top of a tree, having been seized with the ague but an hour before the storming of Badajoz, having again been very ill in the south of France from eating unripe grapes, having regularly drawn his pay and allowances, and never having been absent from his regiment on sick leave when he could not get it, now justly deems himself a very ill-used man, because more has not been done for him. “Well, major,” said I, “I wish you joy. So you have got your medal at last.” “Yes,” growled the major, or rather grunted, “at last I have got it. Long time, though, six-and-thirty years—long time to wait for half-a-crown.”

My own profession, at present, is very different from that of arms. Nor can I presume, having been in but one general action, to rank with those brave old fire-eaters of the Peninsular army, whose medals with many clasps—bar above bar—tell of six, seven, eight, critical combats or more, in which they took a part under the illustrious Wellington, in Portu-

gal, in Spain, in the south of France. By the bye, how I should like to see the Duke's own medal! What a lot of bars he must have!—what a glorious ladder, step rising above step in regular succession, when he sits down to soup in his field-marshal's coat! But I was going to say—to return from great things to small—so far from being able to claim high military honours for myself, though serving under his Grace's orders in the Peninsular war, I was not there at all in a strictly military capacity. Yet as, from this very circumstance, I had opportunities of seeing scenes, characters, and incidents, connected with the British army, of a different kind from those described by other writers on the subject, I am induced, by the arrival of my medal, to place on record a short narrative of my personal adventures in the Peninsula and south of France.

Yet, ere I commence the yarn, a word, one word, for the honoured dead. Many, who came home safe from the Peninsula, fell at Waterloo. Others were borne from the western ports of Europe across the Atlantic, to be marks for Kentucky riflemen and New England bushfighters. Of the survivors, multitudes upon multitudes have gradually dropped off; and those who now remain, of the legions that conquered at Vimeira, at Vittoria, and at Orthes, to receive her Majesty's gracious gift, are probably fewer in number than those who are gone. One "Old Peninsular" I have heard of, in whose own family and connexions, had all lived, there would have been fourteen or fifteen claimants of the medal. He is now, if he still survives, the only one left. In my own connexions we should have made seven; and now, besides myself, there remains only one venerable uncle, who is comfortably located in a snug berth in Canada. There was my honoured father, who received the thanks of parliament for his services at Corunna, and pounded the French batteries at Cadiz. There was my cousin, Tom Impett, of the 53d, whom I found with a musket-ball in his leg two days after the battle of Toulouse, in a house full of wounded men and officers. He died in Canada. There was another vene-

rable uncle, as kind an uncle as ever breathed, and as honest a man as ever lived. He died, to his honour, far from rich, after having been personally responsible for millions upon millions of public money, the sinews of war, all paid away in hard cash for our Peninsular expenses. He was generally known at headquarters by a comical modification of his two Christian names. There was Captain, afterwards Colonel B——, of the Royal Engineers, a quiet, mild-tempered man, with military ardour glowing in his breast—the man of education and the gentleman. We met near the platform of St. Cyprien; and he had the kindness to entertain me with a calm disquisition on the fight, while we were both in the thick of it. He had his share of professional employment in the Peninsular sieges, and got a bad wound or two; but lived to fortify Spike Island, and was at length lost at sea. And then there was Colonel H——, who commanded a Portuguese brigade, with the rank of brigadier-general—an extraordinary composition of waggery, shrewdness, chivalry, and professional talent. He came down to Lisbon while I was there, on his way to England, quite worn out with hard service and the effect of his wounds, or, as he told us himself, "unripped at every seam." He died not many days after, on his passage to England.

Now for myself. I commenced keeping my terms at Trinity College, Cambridge, in the year 1809, the seventeenth of my age. A college life was not altogether my own choice; for nearly all the males of my family, for three generations, had served or were serving their country either in the army, navy, or marines, to the number of some ten or twelve; and I myself had always looked forward to wearing the king's uniform. Moreover, as the Peninsular war had already commenced when I went to college, and I had learned at school the use of the broadsword and small sword, had been drilled, and could handle a musket, my thoughts often turned to military scenes, especially when I read in the daily journals of victories won, first by Sir Arthur Wellesley, then by Lord Wellington. But, once at Cambridge, I caught the

fever of academic emulation. My cousin B—— (brother of the Captain B—— above mentioned,) had been senior wrangler, and had given me some useful hints as to the mode of reading with effect; I read hard, obtained a Trinity scholarship in my first year, first class the same year, ditto the second year, and stood fair for a place among the wranglers. But now my health broke; not, however, from hard living, but from hard study. I was compelled to give up; and, not choosing to read for a middling degree after having been booked for a high one, determined to go out among the hoys. Now my penchant for military adventure returned with full force. I was miserably out of health, with an excellent constitution—in proof of which I always found that I lost ground by nursing, but gained by a rough open-air life. A campaign or two would be just the thing for me. And I beg to offer this suggestion to growing young gentlemen who are sickly, and consequently hipped, as I was. If, with rough living—that is, with much moving about, and constant exposure to the atmosphere—you grow worse, I can give you no comfort; you are a poor creature, take all the care of yourself you can. But if, with the same kind of life, you grow better, stronger, stouter, heartier, saucier, depend upon it, you have some stamina. This was my case. I saw that a sedentary life was not the life I was made for; an active life was the life for me; and my thoughts dwelt more and more on the Peninsula. I rubbed up my French, procured a *Gil Blas* in Spanish, ditto in Portuguese, a Portuguese and a Spanish grammar, and, for a sick man, made wonderful progress in all the three languages.

But, alas! there was a hitch. I was an only son, and an only child—intended for the *law*! My dear father had already made me a present, while at school, of *Fortescue De Laudibus*; and I had already gobbled up a portion of that excellent work—for I was always an omnivorous reader—and

had digested it too. And then what would my dear mother say, if I talked to her about going to be shot at for the benefit of my health? It was a delicate point to manage, and how to manage it I knew not.

In the long vacation of 1812, which closed my third year at Trinity College, Cambridge, I brought matters to an explanation. My father's ship, the —, 74, was then in the Downs, and we had lodgings on Walmer beach. I stated my desire to enter the army, and my firm conviction that nothing else would restore my shattered constitution. But my father was inflexible, my mother answered all my arguments, and I saw that I had no chance.

But when one way of gaining an object fails, another sometimes presents itself. My two uncles, of whom I have spoken, were already in the Peninsula, both of them in the same department, the senior at the head of it, with the privilege of occasionally nominating his own clerks. Their friends in England heard from them now and then; and I saw a letter from my senior uncle to a particular old crony of his own, who had influential connexions, asking him why he did not come out to the army with the rank of A. D. P. M. G., instead of staying at home, and eating roast pig for supper.

Like all the hipped, a miserable race, I was constantly thinking about myself; and now a happy thought struck me. As to parliamentary interest, to be sure I had none. Besides, being under one-and-twenty, I was not of an age to aspire to an officer's rank, in a department of so much responsibility as the paymaster-general's; therefore, the above standing of assistant-deputy, which put an epaulet on the shoulder at once, was not to be thought of. But then, if Buonaparte would only have the kindness to keep us in hot water two or three years longer, I might rise to the said rank by previous good conduct in the office of clerk, and that my uncle could get me at once.

* For the benefit of the uninitiated, assistant-deputy-paymaster-general; A. A. D. P. M. G., acting-assistant-deputy-pay-master-general; a long title, but not so long, by four syllables, as that of the letter-carrier of a certain German war-office—*Oberkriegsversammlungrathsverhandlungspapieraufhebergehülfe*.

I again broke ground with my honoured parents. My father assured me that, if I went to Lisbon, where he had been stationed with his ship, I should find it a hell upon earth: though I afterwards learned that he had contrived to spend a tolerably happy life there. "And as to your being attached to headquarters, and following the movements of the army, I," said he, "have seen quite enough of service ashore to be able to tell you that you will be soon sick of that." But, to cut the story short, my dear mother now began to incline to my view of the subject. To be sure a clerkship was not exactly what they had thought of for me—but it might lead to something better—no man's education was complete without a tour on the Continent—the usual tour through France, Italy, and the south of Germany, was rendered impossible by the war—and where, in all Europe, could a young man travel, except in Spain and Portugal? Fighting, and paying those who fought, were different things—I might keep out of the way of bullets, and yet contrive to see the world. In short, these arguments prevailed. A letter was written out to my uncle, begging him to write a letter to the head office in London, nominating me as one of his clerks for Peninsular service. I went back to Cambridge, attacked Spanish and Portuguese with renewed ferocity, took my degree of A. B., and returned home in the early part of 1813, just in time to meet a letter from the best of uncles, stating that he had written to the home authorities, and was anxiously expecting my valuable assistance in the Peninsula.

Nothing was now wanting but the nomination from London. That anxious month! Morning after morning I watched for the postman's knock; and, at every such summons, it was myself that opened the door to him. But great bodies move slowly, and official dignity delights to announce itself by tardiness of action. At length the wished-for communication arrived; a letter, "On His Majesty's Service," of no common magnitude; a seal of correspondent amplitude; and an intimation in terms of stately brevity, that I was appointed a clerk of the military chest attached to the

Peninsular army, and was to attend at the office in London to receive my instructions.

During that month the bustle of preparation, in our usually quiet domicile, had been immense. Stockings sufficient to set up a Cheapside boshier, shirts enough for a voyage to India, flannel commensurate with a visit to the North Pole—everything, in short, that could be thought of, was prepared for the occasion with kind and provident care. I said farewell, reached London, reported myself, got my orders and an advance, booked my place for Falmouth, and found myself the same evening a passenger to Exeter by the fast coach.

In those times, the journey from London to Falmouth by the fast coach was a light off-hand affair of two nights and two days. We reached Exeter on the second night, and there I was allowed the indulgence of three hours' bed, till the Falmouth coach was ready to start. As part of the said three hours was occupied in undressing and dressing, and part also in saying my prayers, I entered the new vehicle far more disposed for sleep than for conversation. But there I found, to my consternation, a very chatty passenger, perfectly *fresh*! He was a man of universal information—in short, a talented individual, and an intellectual character; had his own ideas upon morals, politics, theology, physics, metaphysics, and general literature; was particularly anxious to impart them; and was travelling to obtain orders in the rum and holland line. Ah, what a night was that! Oh the dismal suffering which a prosy talker inflicts on a weary head! Of all nuisances, the most unconscious is the bore. I do think the Speaker of the House of Commons is the most ill-used man in the three kingdoms. Reflect: he must not only hear—he must *listen*! And then think what a time!—hour after hour, and day after day! For a period amounting, in the aggregate, to no small portion of the life of man, must that unfortunate victim of British institutions sit and hearken to

"Now a louder, now a weaker,
Now a snorter, now a squeaker;
How I pity Mr. Speaker!"

Some portion of such suffering I my-

self was now compelled to endure, by my communicative friend in the Falmouth coach. To be sure, it was only a single proser; but then there was variety in one. He commenced by a few remarks on the weather, by which he introduced a disquisition on meteorology. He then passed, by an easy transition, to the question of secondary punishments; glanced at the theory of gravitation; dwelt for some time on heraldry; touched on hydrotatics; was large on logarithms; then digressed on the American war; proposed emendations of our authorized version; discussed the Neptunian theory; and at length suspended his course, to inform me that I was decidedly the most agreeable fellow-traveller he had ever met with. The fact is, I was sitting up all this time in the corner of the coach, in a state of agony and indignation indescribable, meditating some mode of putting a stop to the annoyance, and mentally seeking a solution to the question—What right has a very stupid person to make your brain a thoroughfare for his stupid ideas, especially when you would particularly like to go to sleep? He mistook my silence for attention, and thought he was appreciated. This went on till daylight—continued to breakfast time—proceeded during breakfast—ceased not when we had re-entered the coach—talk, talk, talk, *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*—still the same stream of stuff. That long, that dreary journey from Exeter to Falmouth! The soft lull of somnolency came at length to my relief; and I began to nod my assent, much to my tormentor's gratification. But presently I was dead asleep; and, most unfortunately, my head dropped forward into the pit of his stomach. The breath, knocked out of his body, escaped with a gasp, like an Indian's "ugh!" In a moment I was broad awake, and made a thousand apologies, which he politely accepted, and renewed the thread of his discourse. Again, I dropped off; and again my head dropped forward. Another "ugh!" another ocean of apologies, another resumption of the endless yarn. The other passengers, two sedate and remarkably silent gentlemen of Falmouth, in broad-brimmed hats and drab coats of a peculiar cut,

had each his weather-eye open, and began to enjoy the joke amazingly. Gradually, once more, the incessant clack subsided in my ears to a pleasing hum; I was off; the cervical, dorsal, and lumbar muscles once more lost their tension beneath the narcotic influence of incessant sound; and my drowsy head gave a pitch as before, with the same results—"ugh!"—apologies unlimited—ditto accepted—and more yarn. The Quakers—I beg their pardon, the "Friends"—are, you must know, eminently humourists. This, please to take notice, arises from their superior intelligence, and high degree of mental culture; the result of which is high susceptibility. You might now have seen, in our two fellow-travellers in the Falmouth coach, what you would see nowhere but in their "connexion"—two men ready to die of laughing, and each looking as grave as a judge. For a few miles it went on. Talk—sleep—head pitched into bread-basket—"ugh!"—pungent and profound regrets—regrets accepted—talk recommenced—and so on with a perpetual *da capo*. At length the most gifted of gratuitous lecturers began to perceive that he was contributing to the amusement of the party in a way that he had not intended, and grew indignant. But I pacified him, as we drove into Falmouth, by politely soliciting a card of his house; stepped out of the coach into the coffee-room of the hotel, out of the coffee-room into bed as soon as it was ready, and made up for two sleepless nights by not coming down to breakfast till two o'clock the next day.

The Lisbon packet was not to sail for a week. My extra baggage arrived in due time by the heavy; and I occupied the interval, as best I could, in a pedestrian survey of the environs of Falmouth, walks to Truro, Pendennis Castle, &c. I was much delighted with clouted cream, and gave the landlady an unlimited order always to let me have a john dory for dinner, when there was one in the market. N. B.—No place like Falmouth for john dories. Clouted cream always ask for, when you go into the west—very good with tea, not bad with coffee; and *mem.*, unimpeachable with apple-pie.

The packet, that was to have the honour of conveying me from Falmouth to Lisbon, was a little tub of a gun-brig, yclept the Princess Wilhelmina. Judging from her entire want of all the qualities requisite for the service on which she was employed, I presume she must have obtained the situation through some member of parliament. Her captain was laid up with the gout; and we were to be commanded by the mate, who turned out to be a Yankee, and an ugly customer; but more of him anon. At the same hotel where I had established my *habitat*, was a military party, three in number, waiting, like myself, for the sailing of the packet; yet not, like myself, men fresh in the service, but all three regular "Peninsulars"—men who had returned on leave from the British army, and were now about

to join, in time for the opening of the campaign. They had established themselves in a front drawing-room on the first floor, seemed very fond of music, and had good voices. But as they always sang together, and each sung his own song, it was not easy to determine the vocal powers of each. The coffee-room was quite good enough for me; and there I had the honour of forming the acquaintance of another fellow-voyager that was to be—a partner in a large London house in the Manchester line, whom, to avoid personality, I beg leave to distinguish by the name of Gingham. He had many of the peculiarities of Cockneyism, and some that were entirely his own; but I found him a very pleasant companion, and we perambulated the town and neighbourhood in company.

CHAPTER II.

My first chapter brought me, on my way to Portugal, as far as the Royal Hotel, Falmouth. At this stage of my travels, I must beg to detain the reader for a short space; for here it is that I may be said to have had my seasoning; here, in fact, I obtained my first introduction to military society, and to military life, as it prevailed at the British headquarters in the Peninsula. This advantage I gained by falling in with the party of "Peninsulars" already mentioned, who were on their way out, like myself. I must also make my readers better acquainted with my friend Gingham, whom I hope they will not dislike on further knowledge. Gingham and I afterwards campaigned in company. I must premise that he had a touch of romance; and, as I afterwards discovered, had not been brought up as a merchant.

It was the early spring of 1813: a year big with events of import to Spain, to France, to England, and, in fact, to the whole of Europe. On leaving London by the fast coach, we had bowled away over frozen roads. But at Falmouth, the trees were budding in the hedgerows, the sun was shining, the birds were singing; while the soft air stole gently by, and, whispering, sportively saluted us as it

passed, like some coy nymph invisible—that idea was Gingham's—the sky was clear, and the haze danced in the sunshine on the distant hills—Gingham again. Towards the afternoon, it generally fell calm. The capacious harbour, smooth as glass, though gently undulating at its entrance, with the swell of the Atlantic that rolled lazily in, bore on its bosom not only the tub-like Princess Wilhelmina and her Yankee mate, but many a noble vessel of ampler tonnage, that showed no water-line in the transparent and silent mirror on which it floated, and seemed to hang suspended between earth and heaven, motionless in the sun-lit and misty ether.

A very odd fish was that Gingham. We enjoyed our walks amazingly. He was going out to Lisbon in a large way, on a mission of mercantile speculation, with full authority from his firm to do anything and everything, whether in the way of contracts for the army, buying up commissariat bills, engaging in monetary transactions, or, above all—for that was his chief object—forming a Peninsular connexion, and opening a new market for British goods. His was, indeed, a voyage of enterprise and of discovery; not, however, his first. His manners were precise. He was a higgler in

little things, but had large ideas, and lots of gentlemanly feeling. Like many other Cockneys of those days, he was always dressed, and always conscious of being dressed. His hat was white, with the exception of the interior green of the brim, which matched with his spectacles. His gloves were white, his unmentionables were white, and so was his waistcoat. His white cravat was tied before in a sort of pilot-balloon, or white rosi-crucian puff. His hair also was pomatum'd, and powdered white. His very pigtail, all but the narrow silk ribbon that held it together, was white. His coat was not white, but a light pepper-and-salt, approaching to white. On the whole, there was so much white in his general appearance, that on board the packet he at once received the name of "the white man." He was generally well-informed, but particularly so in matters of commerce. Our intimacy increased rapidly, and I afterwards, indeed very soon, found the advantage of it. He was naturally of a communicative disposition, while he had much to communicate that was worth knowing. In me he found a willing hearer, for I was glad to receive any kind of useful information. With the prospect before us of a campaign in common, we soon knocked up a sort of friendship.

Gingham could do the handsome thing. Two days before our embarkation he insisted on my dining with him—taking my chop with him, he called it—in return for half a beef-stake, which he had accepted from me at breakfast, his own being delayed. I entered the coffee-room at the appointed hour; but was ushered up stairs into a private room with some degree of ceremony by the waiter, who, I observed, had on gloves, knees, silk stockings, and pumps.

Gingham was there. He had ordered a regular spread. We sat down. The landlord, who had not hitherto made himself visible, emerged on this festive occasion, brought in the soup, bowed, and retired. Gingham said grace. The soup excellent: it was turtle! "Capital turtle!" said I; "had no idea that anything half so good was to be had in all Falmouth."

"Always take a small stock when I travel," said Gingham; "got a dozen three-quart cases from Cornhill. Just found room for it in my travelling store-closet." "Travelling store-closet!" thought I: "what a capital fellow to campaign with!"

Soup removed. Re-enter landlord, attended by waiter. John dory, in compliment to me, splendid. Large soles, fried. "I despise the man that boils a sole," said Gingham. It was despicable, I admitted. "My dear sir," said he, "allow me to lay down a principle, which you will find useful as long as you live. With *boiled fish*—turbot, for instance, or *john dory*—always take sauce. You did quite right, in allowing me to help you to sauce just now. But with *fried fish*, at least with *fried sole*—this, for instance—never, never permit sauce or melted butter to be put upon your plate." It was a manœuvre to get me to try the sole, after the *john dory*. "Fried sole without butter?" said I. "Try it my way," said Gingham, helping me: "take some salt—that's right—now put to that a modicum of cayenne—there—a little more—don't be afraid of putting enough—cayenne, though hot, is not heating, like common pepper—now mix them well together with the point of your knife." I obeyed implicitly. "Now then," said Gingham, with a look of exultation, "TRY THAT." I tried it; and owned that I had never known, till then, the right way of eating fried sole. It was excellent, even after the *john dory*. Try it, only try it, the first time a fried sole appears on the dinner table, under which are your legs.

A peculiar sound at the side-table now announced that he of the pumps was opening a bottle of champagne. Up to that moment we had managed to put up with Madeira, which was the fashionable dinner wine in those days. N. B.—Good wine to be got at Falmouth. It comes direct from abroad, not *via London*.

Fish removed. Door opens. Though rejoicing in those days in a very fair appetite, I was rather alarmed, after such a commencement of our humble meal, at the thought of what might be coming. But Gingham had a delicacy of taste, which never overdid things.

Enter once more the landlord, bearing an elegant little saddle of Dartmoor mutton, and audibly whispering to the waiter, "Boiled fowls and tongue to follow." I commenced this history with a resolution to conceal nothing; therefore, away with reserve: both mutton, fowls, and tongue were excellent. "A little more Madeira, Mr. Y—," said Gingham. The currant jelly had distasted my mouth. I merely put the glass to my lips, and set it down again. Gingham observed, and at once discovered the reason. "Take a mouthful of potato," said Gingham, "the hottest you can find in the dish." My taste was restored. Table cleared again. I hoped the next *entrée* would be the cheese and celery.

During the short armistice, Gingham, who delighted to communicate useful knowledge, resumed the subject of the potato. Like all merchants who pay frequent visits to the Peninsula—and Gingham had been there often—he was knowing in wines, and in everything vinous. "Yes," said he, "nothing like a mouthful of hot potato to make you taste wine. There are lots of things besides, but none equal to that. The invention is my own."

"Then," replied I, "I presume you use it at Oporto and Xeres, when you make purchases?"

"Why, not exactly that neither," said he. "The worst of it is, it makes all wine relish alike, bad as well as good. Now, in buying wine, you want something to distinguish the good wine from the bad. And for this purpose—" The landlord and waiter reappeared.

"Sorry, Mr. Y—, there is no game," said Gingham. "Fine jack hare in the larder this morning, but rather late in the season. Wouldn't have it. Can you finish off with one or two light things in the French way?"

"My dear sir, my dear sir!"

The table was this time covered with such a display of *pâtisserie*, macaroni, and made dishes, as would have formed of itself a very handsome *petit souper* for half-a-dozen people. Gingham wanted me to try everything, and set me an example.

The whole concluded, and the cloth about to be removed, "Mr. Ging-

ham," said I, "you said grace before dinner, and I think I ought to say grace now." The waiter drew up reverently with his back to the side-board, adjusted his neckcloth, and tightened with his right hand the glove upon his left.

We sat sipping our wine, and nibbling at a very handsome dessert. I wanted to know more about distinguishing good wine from bad.

"I have made large purchases of wine on commission," said Gingham, "for private friends; and that, you know, is a delicate business, and sometimes a thankless one. But I never bought a bad lot yet; and if they found fault with it, I wouldn't let them have it—kept it myself, or sold it for more in the market."

"You were just on the point," said I, "of mentioning a method of distinguishing good wine from bad."

"Well," replied he, "those fellows there, on the other side of the Bay of Biscay, have methods innumerable. After all, taste, judgment, and experience must decide. The Oporto wine-merchants, who know what they are about, use a sort of silver saucer, with its centre bulging upwards. In this saucer they make the wine spin round. My plan is different."

"I should like to know it," said I.

"Well, sir," said he, "mix with water—two-thirds water to one-third wine. Then try it."

"Well?"

"If there is any bad taste in the wine, the mixing brings it out. Did you never notice in London, even if the port or sherry seems passable alone, when you water it the compound is truly horrid, too nauseous to drink?"

"The fact is, though a moderate man, I am not very fond of watering wine."

"The fact is," continued Gingham, "there is very little good wine to be got in London, always excepting such places, for instance, as the Chapter. When you return, after having tasted wine in the wine countries, you will be of my opinion. Much that you get is merely poor wine of the inferior growths, coloured, flavoured, and dressed up with bad brandy for the London market. That sort comes from abroad. And much that you

get is not wine at all, but a decoction ; a vile decoction, sir ; not a drop of wine in its composition. That sort is the London particular." I felt that I was receiving ideas.

"Now, sir," said Gingham, "my cold-water test detects this. If what you get for wine is a decoction, a compound, and nothing but a compound, no wine in it, then the water—about two-thirds to one-third—detects the filthy reality. Add a lump or two of sugar, and you get as beastly a dose of physic as was ever made up in a doctor's shop."

"Just such a dose," I replied, "as I remember getting, now you mention it, as I came down here by the fast coach, at an inn where I asked, by way of a change, for a glass of cold white-wine negus. The slice of lemon was an improvement, having done duty before in a glass of gin punch."

"Shouldn't wonder," said Gingham. "And if what you buy for port or sherry be not absolutely a decoction, but only inferior wine made up, then the water equally acts as a detective. For the dilution has the effect of separating, so to speak, the respective tastes of the component parts—brings them out, sir ; and you get each distinct. You get, on the one hand, the taste of the bad brandy, harsh, raw, and empyreumatic : and you get, on the other hand, the taste of the poor, paltry wine, wretched stuff, the true *vinho ordinario* flavour, that makes you think at once of some dirty road-side Portuguese *posada*, swarming with fleas."

"But what if you water really good wine?"

"Why, then," said Gingham, "the flavour, though diluted, is still the flavour of good wine."

"I should like," said I, "to be knowing in wines."

Seeing in me a willing learner, he was about to open. But at this moment the mail drove into the yard of the hotel ; and, knowing that Gingham was always ravenous for the London journals on their first arrival, I insisted on our going down into the public room, taking a cup of coffee, and reading the papers. We had talked about wines ; but, being neither of us toppers, had taken only a moderate *quantum suff.*, though all of the

best kind. Gingham, out of compliment to me, wished to prolong the sitting. But, knowing his penchant for a wet newspaper, I was inflexible. We rose from the table.

I felt that I had been handsomely entertained, and that something handsome ought to be said. The pleasing consciousness, however, of having eaten a good dinner, though it excited my finest feelings, did not confer the faculty of expressing them. I began :

"Sir, Mr. Gingham ; I feel we ought not to leave this room, till I have expressed the emotions—" Then taking a new departure, "Really, sir, your kind hospitality to a comparative stranger—"

"Well, sir," said Gingham, laughing, "I will tell you how it was. Do you remember your first breakfast in the coffee-room, the day after your arrival by the mail ? I was present, and enjoyed it amazingly."

"Oh, sir ! oh, sir !" said I, a *leette* taken aback ; "really I was enormously hungry. In fact I had eaten nothing during my two days' previous journey ; and was so sleepy on my arrival, that I got to bed as fast as I could, without thinking of ordering supper. And when I came down next morning, or rather afternoon, why, to tell you the truth, I made it breakfast and dinner in one ; and perhaps I did seem a little savage in my first onset on the Falmouth—"

"No, no, NO !" exclaimed Gingham, interrupting me. "That was not it. No, no, NO ! far from it. My dear sir, you merely disposed of two or three plates of ham and eggs ; then a few muffins, with about half-a-dozen basins of tea. After that—let me see—after that, to the best of my recollection—after that, you took nothing, no, nothing, but the mutton chops. No, sir, it was not the quantity. I have often made as hearty a meal myself ; and, if we campaign together, I trust we shall often make as hearty a meal together. Nothing like campaigning for an appetite. No, sir ; that was not it. It was your manner of taking it."

"My manner of taking it ? Really ! And pray what did you see in my manner of taking it ?"

"Sir," said Gingham, with emotion, "I know this house. I have

long used this house. Everything in this house is good. The accommodation is good. The attendance is good. The wine is good. The diners are good. The breakfasts are good. Now, sir, I have seen some persons conduct themselves in this house in a manner that filled me with scorn, disgust, and indignation. They arrived by the London mail, sir, as you did, and go to bed. In the morning they come down into the public room, and order breakfast. They breakfast, not like you, my dear sir, very moderately, but enormously. That I could forgive; after a long journey it is excusable. But, sir, what I cannot tolerate is this: They find fault with everything. The tea is bad; the coffee is bad. They take up the silver cream-jug; examine the clouted cream; smell to it—yes, sir, they actually smell to it—and smelling to anything, I need not say, is as great a *bêtise* as a man can commit at table—ask the waiter what he means by bringing them such stuff as that; and, before they have done, gobble up the whole, and perhaps call for more."

"Call for more? Why, that, I think, is exactly what I did."

"Yes, my dear sir," said Gingham, "you enjoyed it; and you took a pretty good lot of it; but you did not find fault with it. Not so the people I am talking of. The fact is, sir, we Londoners have a great idea of keeping up our dignity. These persons wish to pass for people of importance; and they think importance is announced by finding fault. Item, they are enormously, indecently hungry, and fully intend to make a breakfast for two, but wish to do it surreptitiously. On the arrival of the beefsteak, they turn round the dish, and look at it contemptuously, longing, all the while, to fall to. Yes, sir, they turn round the dish two or three times; then stick their fork into the steak, and turn it over and over; perhaps hold it up, suspended by a single prong, and examine it critically; and end all by pushing away their plate, drawing the dish into its place, and bolting the whole beefsteak, without taking time to masticate. Sir, there was a man in that coffee-room this morning,

who grumbled at everything, and ate like a dog. In short, they clear the table of eatables and drinkables; then call the waiter, and reproach him, with a savage look, for bringing them a tough beefsteak; and, in a plaintive voice, like ill-used men, inquire if there is any cold meat-pie."

I owned, from personal observation in the public room, to the general correctness of this sketch.

"Now you, sir," continued Gingham, "enjoyed your breakfast, and made a good one; but found fault with nothing; because, I presume, there was nothing to find fault with. I like to see a man enjoy his meals. And if he does, I like to see him show it. It is one of the tokens by which I judge of character. Your conduct, my dear sir, commanded my respect. Shall I say more? It won my esteem. Then and there my resolution was formed, to invite you, at the first convenient opportunity, to partake of my humble hospitality."

It was too much. I extended my fist. A shaking of hands, of some continuance—cordial on my part, and evidently so on Gingham's, by the pain I felt in my shoulder.

"Well, sir," said Gingham, "I had already learned that you were a passenger for the Peninsula. I was a passenger for the Peninsula; and, as we were to sail together, and probably to campaign together, I resolved to introduce myself. I said, This lad—I beg your pardon, this youth—excuse me, this gentleman, this young gentleman—for I guess you have some ten years the advantage of me in that respect—this gentleman is, like myself, bound for the headquarters of the Peninsular army. I know something of campaigning; he knows nothing. We campaign together.

"Well now," said I, "that is just what I should like amazingly."

Gingham now took the initiative, and put forth his paw. Again we tackled, and, in the true pump-handle style, so dear to Englishmen, expressed mutual cordiality: only that this time, being better prepared, I reversed the electric stream, and brought tears into Gingham's eyes. He sung out, "Oh!" and rubbed his arm.

"The rest," said Gingham, "is easily told. After breakfast you walked out into the court-yard, lit a cigar, and stood on the steps, I lit another, followed, and had the pleasure of making your acquaintance."

I gave audible expression to my profound self-congratulations.

"Allow me, however, to add," said Gingham, "you raised yourself greatly in my esteem by asking the waiter for a red herring. The request evinced a superiority to vulgar prejudices. Your way of putting it, too, was in perfect good keeping: for you did not commit yourself by ordering a red herring; but asked whether you could have one in the coffee-room. Believe me, I was pained, when he stated that red herrings were not permitted; and could but admire your self-denial, in accepting, as a substitute, the mutton-chops."

We adjourned to the public room.

Gingham had entertained me hospitably and handsomely. Yet this was the same Gingham who, when I made him take part of my beefsteak at breakfast, because his own was delayed, proposed that we should desire the waiter to tell the landlady to charge only half a beefsteak to me, and half a beefsteak to him, Gingham. My rejection of this proposal was the immediate occasion of the dinner, at which the reader has just been present.

While we were eviscerating the papers, fresh from London, Gingham leaned over the table, with the air of a man who had something important to communicate. He looked me earnestly in the face.

"Mr. Y—," said he, "what do you say—to a red herring—this evening—for supper?"

"Thank you. You must excuse me. Nothing more to-night, but one cup of coffee, and perhaps a cigar. Not even an anchovy toast. I really couldn't."

"Well, then," said Gingham, "tomorrow at breakfast. We will engage a room up stairs, and ask leave of nobody. I have brought down a small barrel from London—always take some when I visit the Peninsula—get them in Lower Thames Street. You will pronounce them excellent."

The offer was too great to be declined.

Next morning we ordered breakfast up stairs. Indeed, a fire had been lit in one of the parlours, by Gingham's directions; and there I found him, with the table laid, and the herrings ready for cooking. Gingham had secured a small Dutch oven; not with the design of *baking* the herrings,—no, no, he knew better than that—but to keep them hot when done. The doing he reserved to himself, on the plea of experience. I was not to assist, except in eating them.

"Do you understand cookery, Mr. Y—?" said Gingham.

I ingenuously owned my deficiency in that branch of education, which is no part of the Cambridge curriculum.

"Three months at headquarters," said he, "will make you an excellent cook."

It so happened that the parlour, in which we had located ourselves for the purpose of cooking our herrings, was not that in which we had dined the day before, but one adjoining the larger apartment occupied by the three military gentlemen, with whom we were to cross the Bay of Biscay. A boarding, removable at pleasure, was the only separation between the two rooms. We had not yet become acquainted.

Shortly after I joined Gingham, two of the three entered their parlour; presently the third followed. They rang the bell, and ordered breakfast, all in high good humour, and talking incessantly. We were not listeners, but could not help hearing every word that was said.

"Good blow-out that, yesterday." — "Pity we didn't know of it sooner; might as well have dined with them."

"Turtle, too." — "Pon your honour?" — "Turtle, and lots of champagne. Caught the waiter swigging off the end of a bottle in the passage."

"Who are they?" — "Don't know; can't make them out. Both going out with us in the packet, though."

"Think I remember seeing the white fellow at Cadiz; almost sure I did; and afterwards again at Madrid. Always wore his hair in that way, well floured and larded, except when it

was too hot, and combed down straight on each side of his ugly face."—"What a nose! Prodigious! A regular proboscis."—"Yes, and all on one side, like the rudder of a barge."—"Let me tell you, a very good thing; for if it was straight it would be always in his way."—"Always in his way? Why it would trip him up when he walked."—*Omnes*, "Ha, ha, ha."—"Going with us, do you say? Hope he don't snore. Why, such a *tromba* as that would keep a whole line-of-battle ship awake."—"Bet you a dollar he's blind of one eye."—"Done."—"Done. Book it, major."—"I'll trouble you for a dollar. He does walk a little sideways, but it isn't his eye."—"What is it then? One-eyed people always walk sideways."—"Why, I'll tell you, now. It's a principle which most people observe through life."—"What principle?"—"Guess."—"Come, tell us, old fellow. None of your nonsense."—"D'ye give it up?"—"Yes, I give it up. Come, tell us."—"Follow your nose."—*Omnes*, "Ha, ha, ha."—"Capital! capital! That's the best we've had for some time. Follow your nose! Capital! Ha, ha, ha."—"Well, that's it, depend upon it. Other people follow their noses by walking straight forward. That white fellow walks sideways, but still follows his nose."—"No, no, major. Your theory is fallacious. When he walks his nose points backwards. His nose points over his left shoulder, and he walks right shoulders forward." I looked at Gingham and laughed. Gingham was looking rather grave, and feeling his nose. "No, no. I tell you he walks *left* shoulders forward."—"Bet you a dollar."—"Done."—"Done. Book it, major."—"I'll trouble you for a dollar. Saw him this morning; all in a bustle. Took particular notice of his nose."—"Who is the young chap?"—"Oh, he's a regular Johnny Newcome, that's evident."—"Johnny Newcome? Yes; but I wish he wasn't such a chap for john dories. Price in the market is doubled." Gingham laughed and looked at me. "Suppose he's a sub going out to join his regiment."—"No, no. Got such lots of baggage. No regimental officer would be ass enough to take such a heap of trunks.

Load for three mules."—"He'll soon knock up. Those long fellows always knock up."—"Shouldn't wonder if he gets the fever next autumn. Then what will his mammy say?"—"Well, but what did they dine about? Thousand pities we did not join them."—"Oh, I suppose it was something of a parting feed; taking leave of Old England, you know: toasting Miss Ann Chovy, Miss Mary Gold, Miss Polly Anthus, and all that kind of thing."—"Hang it all; a good dinner for eight people; thousand pities we missed it."

By this time our cooking was proceeding in due course. Two splendid bloaters, whole, lay extended where chestnuts were roasted; while two more split open, hung suspended from a large toasting-fork, held by Gingham, who told me to look and learn, but not to meddle. With a clear bright fire, they soon began to spit. Nor was there wanting another token of our operations. For now the savoury odour of four red herrings, simultaneously under a brisk process of culinary preparation, diffused itself through the apartment, and no doubt through the whole hotel, from the cellar to the attics. The effect on our friends in the next room was instantaneous. Conversation ceased. Then there was a deal of sniffing—then audible whispering and suppressed laughter—then again, a dead silence. Gingham and I exchanged looks. "We *must* be acquainted," said Gingham, quietly; "and the sooner the better." I saw he had made up his mind, and was prepared for what was about to take place. Then the conversation was heard a little louder, but not distinguishable. There was evidently a council of war. Much laughter. Then, audibly spoken, "Are you fond of herrings?"—"Very; capital for breakfast."—"So am I, very; that is, of *red* herrings. *Fresh*, can't endure them."—"Nor I, they have such a horrid *SMELL*. But a bloater,—often dined off them up the country; didn't we, major?"—"Oh yes, lots of times. But you were moderate. Never could manage above half-a-dozen at a sitting."—"Ring for the waiter."—"No, no; nonsense. Major M—, you." After a moment's pause, one of the party left the room; walked, appa-

rently to the end of the passage; then walked back again: opened our door; entered, and politely apologised for the mistake. He was a middle-aged, well-built, gentlemanly-looking man, with *bonhomie* beaming in his countenance, and came at once to business. His eye directed upon the herrings.

"Beg ten thousand pardons. Oh! I see it's *here*. We perceived that bloaters were frying somewhere in the house, and thought we should like to try a few. Will you have the kindness to inform me where they can be procured? Didn't know there was a single bloater in all Falmouth."

I, in my simplicity, thought the major was really asking for *information*, and was going to tell him of several shops where I had seen bloaters; but Gingham was too quick for me.

"Here is a barrel-full," said Gingham, pointing to the corner of the room. "Shall be most happy to supply you and your friends with any quantity. Do me the favour to accept of two or three dozen."

"Oh no, sir," said Major M—, drawing up, as if he had been misunderstood. The major was playing a higher game. "Couldn't think of such a thing. Thought you had procured them in the town."

"Indeed, sir," said Gingham, "I don't think the town contains their equals. They are from London direct. Always take a small barrel with me when I visit the Peninsula. Get them in Lower Thames Street."

"Really, a most excellent idea," said Major M—. "I wish I had done the same. Well, I think I never will return to headquarters again without taking a barrel of red herrings." The Major cast a sort of domesticated look about the room, as if he felt quite at home with us.

"Go it, Major!" said an opening in the partition, *sotto voce*.

"Come, Major," said Gingham, "I see you and the gentlemen your companions are old campaigners. So am I. Suppose we waive ceremony. You see we have got our cooking apparatus all ready. Suppose—do us the favour—excuse the shortness of the invitation—I shall be delighted, and so will my friends here, if you and your party

will oblige us with your company to breakfast."

"Yes, yes, Major," said the crevice, as before. "Yes, Major, yes," said another crevice.

"Really, sir," said the Major, with an admirably assumed look of polite embarrassment, and turning a deaf ear to his two prompters behind the scenes—"really, sir, I hardly know how to thank you sufficiently for your obliging invitation. But—shall we not intrude? You meant to breakfast in private. You have, perhaps, business? Matters to arrange, preparatory to the voyage?"

"None in the world, sir," said Gingham, "till after breakfast. Our only business here is to cook our bloaters and eat them, which we could not do in the public room below. Do, pray, oblige us by negotiating this little affair, Major, and persuade your friends to favour us with their company."

The Major, in fact, was negotiating already; and a capital negotiator he made. He might, had he pleased, have walked off, at an earlier stage of the proceedings, with a whole pile of herrings; and even that, at college, we should have thought a capital *coup*. But the Major was not so green.

"Well, sir, since you are so very pressing, I shall have the pleasure of communicating to my comrades your kind invitation; and I presume," he added, bowing politely to me, "I may also have the honour of saying, the invitation of your friend, Captain Y—."

I bowed in return, too much taken by surprise to disclaim the rank so unexpectedly conferred; and a little sore at being saluted "captain," by the same voice which I had heard, just before, proclaiming aloud, that if I was a regimental officer I was an ass. The Major bowed again; backed out of the room, still bowing, and closed the door.

The remaining negotiation was not of long continuance. His two friends were already in the passage, hard by the entrance of our apartment. A dead silence—one irrepressible burst of laughter, instantly hushed—again dead silence—a tap at the door—door opened by Gingham—and enter THE THREE PENINSULARS.

I really could not help admiring the perfectly free and easy, but at the same time quiet, self-possessed, and gentlemanly style of their *entrée*, and of their bearing during the first few moments of our interview. Gingham expressed his gratification; was happy to see them. Advancing on their right flank, taking up a central position, and then facing to the left, "Allow me," said the major, "to avail myself of my brief priority of acquaintance, and to introduce—Captain Gabion, of the Royal Engineers," (bowing on both sides)—"and Mr. Commissary Capsicum," (more bowing).—"half brothers, I need not say—the family likeness is so striking." Gingham presented Mr. Y.—Mr. Y.—(booby!) presented Gingham.

"Not very striking that family likeness, though," thought I, of course taking seriously what the wag of a major spoke with perfect seriousness. The captain of the Engineers was a pale-looking man, buttoned up to the chin in his regulation frock-coat, rather above the common height, air military and symmetrical. Education had traced on his countenance the lines of thought; and, in short, his whole appearance was a little aristocratic, and what we now call *distingué*. His "half-brother," the commissary, on the contrary, who appeared at least twelve years his senior, was a short, pursey, puffy man; with a full, rubicund, oleaginous, and pimpled visage; a large, spongy, purple blob of a nose, its broad lower extremity pendulous, and slightly oscillatory when he moved; a humorous twinkle in his eye, which was constantly on the range in search of fun; two black, bushy tufts for eyebrows; his hair distributed over his ample pericranium in large detached *flocks*, each flock growing a way of its own, and no two alike; coat flying open; waistcoat open, all but the two bottom buttons; a bull neck, with very little cravat; and a profuse display of shirt and frill. His shirt and frill, imperfectly closed, revealed his grizzly chest; while his nether extremities were set off to great advantage by a pair of tight blue kerseymere pantaloons with a scarlet stripe; and something—I suppose, as bustles were not then the fashion, it must have been his tailors'

clumsiness—imparted a peculiar breadth and bulge to the tail of his coat. He wore splendid gaiters of bright nankeen, with mother-of-pearl buttons. No ceremony when gentlemen meet. We were all quite at home in a moment.

There was a little hitch. All the party were quite of one mind and will, in the project and purpose of cooking and eating bloaters. But how were five cooks to cook at one fire?

We all saw it together. I looked at the partition. "Better unship that," said the commissary. The commissary, I soon saw, was, by common consent, the commanding officer of the party. We went to work; and in no time the partition was cleverly removed, and stowed away on one side. We thus made our small parlour a large one, with the additional advantage of two fires instead of one for our culinary operations. Gingham, meanwhile, had slipped out of the room; but returned in a few minutes, looking quite innocent. He had been absent to some purpose, as the result shortly proved. We now found full employment with the herrings, roasting and toasting. Gingham, the captain, and the major, at the larger fire; I and Mr. Commissary Capsicum at the other.

Gingham, when he left the room, had given his order; a *carte blanche* to the whole establishment to extemporise as handsome a breakfast as circumstances would permit, with a special caveat against delay.

Enter the waiter, with a tray, and a large table-cloth.—Previous set-out transferred from the table to the tray, and placed on the sideboard.—Two tables run into one—fresh tablecloth laid.—Exit waiter.

Enter waiter again, with plates, cups and saucers, knives, forks, and spoons, basin, two sugar-basins—in short, all the apparatus of a breakfast-table.—The whole laid, in the twinkling of an eye.—Exit waiter.

Enter waiter a third time, with a large tray—bread, (varieties,) butter, water-cresses, ham, tongue, cold fillet of veal, cold chicken, cold pigeon-pie, all the cold eatables.—Boots handed in from the door a large block of quince marmalade, on a silver salver.

—Boots handed in small jars: potted shrimps, pickled oysters, pot of Scotch honey, strawberry jam, other jams.—Boots handed in one large jar, a Portuguese conserve, *quartos de marmelas*. (N. B. quinces cut up into lumps, and boiled in Brazilian sugar. Portuguese beat all the world in sweetmeats, and *quartos de marmelas* beat all the rest.) I guessed Gingham had given the landlady the key of his travelling store-chest.—Boots handed in milk, cream, clouted cream. Boots handed in two splendid brass kettles of boiling water, one of which waiter placed on each fire.—Exit waiter.

A temporary pause. During this lull, the utmost energies of the house were in exercise below, to provide with despatch the remaining *matériel* of our humble meal. I observed, from time to time, that he of the commissariat eyed the preparations with peculiar benignity. It was all in his way, as I subsequently had the pleasure of experiencing, among the sources of the Adour and the Garonne. "Ever been with the army?" said he.—"Never," said I; "but hope to be soon."—"Hope you'll often dine with me. But don't spoil that fine bloater. There, hold it a little further from the fire. Red herring should be toasted, not burnt to death. Done, when the backbone is crisp; not before. But should not be done quickly, like murder in Shakspeare. Do it slowly, my dear sir; do it slowly. If you do it fast, you burn all the flavour out of it." I saw he was a connoisseur.

Yet—stupid, conceited, arrogant young coxcomb—so inexperienced was I then, so indignant at the shadow of interference, so unaccustomed to anything that bore the least semblance of control, I inwardly curled at even these valuable and truly philanthropic suggestions—thought it all exceedingly odd, and took it for dictation.

Lots of bloaters were now toasted or roasted, and prepared for eating. Just as we were ready, for the fourth time enter waiter, bringing eggs, coffee-pot, two tea-pots, (tea and coffee ready,) muffins, hot buttered rolls, &c., &c., &c. But among the *etceteras* I really must pause, to specify a certain delicate sort of round

west-country breakfast cake—piles of which were also brought in, buttered and smoking hot. Gingham whispered the waiter, "Keep on bringing them."

Gingham, with his usual judgment, had prohibited anything hot in the shape of chops, steaks, cutlets, grills, rashers, or even kidneys. It was a herring breakfast; and he excluded what would only have divided the appetite, and interfered with the bloaters.

We made a capital breakfast. Everything was excellent. The pile of breakfast cakes received perpetual accessions, but never gained in height. The bloaters, however, were the staple of our meal; and Gingham's barrel suffered a considerable reduction. As we were all sensible people, or wished to appear so, there was very little talk; and what there was referred to the important business in hand. At length it was clear that we had breakfasted. Gingham was beginning to recommend the knick-knackereries—jams, pickled oysters, marmalade. Each seemed disposed to pause, yet none had quite left off. Our guests were evidently telegraphing, and exchanging looks of approval, when—

Enter the waiter once more, bringing, upon a silver tray, two curiously shaped bottles cased in a sort of wicker-work, with glasses. A splendid Italian liqueur! It was sipped, approved, tossed off with wonderful despatch. One by one we gradually leaned back in our chairs, and the bottles began to move round, as if spontaneously. That is, I cannot exactly say I saw any one pass them; but from time to time, first here, first there, I noticed a little finger pointing to the ceiling; a movement which certainly had something to do with the progress of the bottles. We sat, sipped, and chatted. Our breakfast was an accomplished fact.

"Hear, hear, hear!" Mr. Commissary Capsicum was on his legs. Knuckles rapped; glasses jingled; "Hear, hear, hear!"—The telegraphic communications of his two friends had intimated to him their wishes: the unexpected bonus of the liqueur, coming in at the last, had awakened, in his own bosom, its most benevolent emotions: he rose to acknowledge our hospitality; and in his friends' name, as

well as in his own, to invite us that day to dinner.

His address I shall not attempt to report. It was brief, well-bred, and well-expressed; had several good points, and was heard with immense applause. He invited us to dinner; gave Gingham's health and mine; and concluded by observing that, "conscious that he had not made a neat and appropriate speech, he begged leave," (filling, and suiting the action to the word,) "to drink long life and prosperity to us, in a neat and appropriate bumper." Considering it was our first meeting, I did think *that* was a little broad.

Gingham returned thanks, and gave the health of Major M.—, R. A. Major M.— returned thanks.

I returned thanks, and gave the health of Captain Gabion, R. E.

Captain Gabion returned thanks, sat down, and rose a second time, but was anticipated by

Gingham again, who gave the health of Mr. Commissary Capsicum.

Mr. Commissary Capsicum returned thanks.

With respect to the dinner, it would not do. It was our last day before sailing; Gingham had whole reams of letters to write; I also had matters to attend to; we pleaded the circumstances, and begged to be excused. Our friends saw the difficulty, and reluctantly accepted our apologies.

There was a moment's pause. Then all three rose from the table at once, again thanked us politely for our hospitality, and withdrew to their private apartments. Shortly after, looking out of the window, I saw them walking down the street, all arm in arm, and each puffing a cigar.

Gingham stood pensive by the fire, his elbow on the mantelpiece, his head leaning on his hand.

"I fear," said I, "your exertions to entertain your guests have wearied you."

He made no reply. I went up to him. He seemed to awake as from a reverie.

"Hang it!" said Gingham, in a plaintive tone, "there *should* have been some mashed potatoes."

"Never mind, my dear sir—excellent breakfast; everything went off capitally. I, for one, enjoyed it amazingly."

"Yes," said Gingham, mournfully; "but, to make the thing complete, there *should* have been some mashed potatoes with the bloaters. Had I only known of it in time! By the bye," added he, "I thought once or twice, you did not seem entirely at your ease. Nothing more gentlemanly, my dear sir, than your general manner. But at times, it struck me, you did appear a little—a little—stiffish. You must get rid of that before we reach headquarters."

"Well," said I, "I'll tell you. That 'captain' stuck in my gizzard. There's the truth. Coupled with what we heard previously, and Major M— must have known that we heard it, it was just the same as calling me a donkey to my face."

"Oh, that's nothing," said Gingham. "Don't distress yourself about such trifles as that."

"To tell you the truth," said I, "the whole thing appeared to me a little too free and easy. Here were you and I preparing to take a quiet breakfast, when those three guerilla fellows, with their off-hand Peninsular manners, actually took us by storm, made a most ferocious attack on your barrel of herrings, sunk it one-third, drank up your two bottles of liqueurs, and civilly wished us good morning. Now, when I was at college, to be sure we were merry enough, no etiquette, no ceremony there. But then there was a certain gentlemanly feeling, which forbade vulgar familiarity in any shape. And as to people that assumed, or made free, I always kept them at arm's length."

"Well, Mr. Y—," said Gingham, "I see plainly how it is. Follow my advice. If you can't take a joke, resign your appointment, forfeit your money, and return to London. You'll find it awkward enough living among military men on actual service."

"I trust," said I, "by adhering to my invariable rule, never to offer a deliberate insult, but at the same time never to brook one, go where I will, I shall be fortunate enough to escape disagreeable rencontres."

"Nonsense!" said Gingham, looking very serious, and speaking quite in a sharp and peremptory tone—"nonsense!" Then softening a little, "Rencontres, my dear sir? Ren-

contres? Nothing of the kind. Rencontres? You talk like a militia officer. Rencontres? You'll soon dismiss all that kind of thing from your thoughts, after you have seen two or three rencontres with the French. Rencontres? No, no; no field of forty footsteps at headquarters. Rencontres? It would be a perfect absurdity, where men have the chance of being shot gratis every day of their lives, without going out of the way for it. Rencontres? No; I did not mean that. What I meant to say was this: you would infallibly be made a general butt. Rencontres? Why, Mr. Y—, if you show any nonsense of that sort, you'll be tormented to death. Rencontres? Oh, what lots of fun they'll take out of you! Meanwhile, think yourself fortunate that you are now getting a seasoning. I am truly glad, for your sake, that you have had the opportunity here at Falmouth, and will have the opportunity on your passage out, of seeing something of military men and modes before you join. You may, and probably will, be dubbed, on your arrival, a Johnny Newcome. But, at any rate, you will not be a Johnny Raw."

Gingham closed the conference by walking to the other end of the room, and steadfastly contemplating his own beautiful physiognomy in the glass. During our conversation, his hand had frequently visited his nose. He now stood opposite the mirror, slewing his head first this way, then that, and at length broke silence:—

"Well, I was not aware of it; but I do think that my nose is a little crooked."

"I presume," said I, "you have no sisters?"

"I have none," replied Gingham.

"Nor are you, I apprehend, a married man?"

"There, alas, you are right again," said Gingham; "but what has that to do with it?"

"Your wife, or your sisters, if you had any, would have told you that you had a very crooked nose."

"Well, but," said Gingham, "there's my mother. My dear mother never told me that my nose was crooked."

"Your mother, probably, is totally unconscious of the fact; and, should she hear any one else assert such a thing, would deny it most strenuously."

"Nay, but," said Gingham, "though I have neither sister nor wife, and supposing my dear mother to be blind to my personal defects, I have—in short, Mr. Y—, before I left London, I took a tender leave of her whom I hope to persuade, on my next return from the Peninsula, to accept the hand and the heart of a Gingham. SHE did not tell me that my nose was crooked. She mentioned various obstacles to our union; but she never mentioned *that*."

"Then," said I, "depend upon it, she means to have you. And depend upon this, too; she will tell you your nose is crooked when you have made her Mrs. Gingham, if she does not tell you so before."

"As to my walking sideways," said Gingham, "that's a palpable fiction."

"Here," said I, "come to this extremity of the room, and place yourself opposite the glass." He came, and placed himself accordingly.

"Now walk straight down upon the glass, keeping your eye fixed upon your reflected nose."

"What nose? Which nose?" said Gingham, in a state of obvious alarm. "Do you mean the nose in my face?"

"I mean your nose in the glass." He walked as I had directed.

"Well, really," said Gingham, "it's extraordinary; it's very curious. When I walk and look at my nose in the glass, it appears quite straight again—just as it ought to be, in the middle of my face."

"That's just it," said I. "Then you walk sideways. Depend upon it, if you walked straight, your nose would appear crooked."

He repeated the experiment again and again, muttering to himself, "Very remarkable, very curious; quite a natural phenomenon."

"Don't distress yourself about your nose," said I; "it is a good enough nose, in magnitude respectable, though not strictly rectilinear. Make yourself easy; and say, with Erasmus, 'Nihil me pœnitet hugeous nasi.'"

CHAPTER III.

Where Gingham got his classical knowledge, I had not at this time ascertained. Certain it is, he was a very fair classic. But there was one dreadful drawback to his character, and, in a man of his gravity, a strange one: I mean his offensive, horrid practice of making most atrocious Latin puns. A pun in English he viewed with utter contempt. It stirred his bile. No English pun escaped his lips. But for a Latin pun, he scrupled not to lay under contribution even the first-rate Latin poets, Virgil, Ovid—nay, his favourite author, Horace; and if I, influenced by bad example, was weak enough, in an unguarded moment, to commit the same offence, he stole my puns, and made them again as his own.

On the eve of our embarkation we strolled forth, after an early dinner, for a parting view of the sunset from the castle. Walking up town, we met the man of rum, the sleep-murdering Macbeth of the mail coach. Still he was talking—for want of company, talking to himself. But his eyes were set, half-closed, and dim; his aspect was peculiarly meditative, and his course curvilinear. He had taken on board *plus aquo* of his own samples. Perceiving our approach, he gave a lurch to clear us. But his legs, being not altogether under management, brought him exactly in the direction which he sought to shun; his stomach, which had already suffered so many assaults in the coach, most unfortunately impinged upon my elbow; and again it was “ugh!” His gummy eyes expanded, and gleamed on us like two fresh-opened oysters. Awhile he gazed with drunken gravity; then, turning round, bent over the roadside gutter, as if about to tumble in, and jocosely imitated the operation of drawing a cork. His organs of vision then assumed a slow movement of horizontal oscillation, and gradually settled on a pastry-cook’s shop over the way. Towards this point he directed his zigzag approaches, recommencing his agreeable conference with himself, in terms of which we could catch only the words—“Archimedes

—screw—pneumatic chemistry—soda water—pop!” He left with us the odour of a very bad cigar, which led Gingham to remark that he was “backy plenus” in more senses than one.

The influence of bad example is dreadful. Emerging from the town in our way to the castle, we met a merry party, male and female, all equestrians save some six or eight, who occupied the interior and exterior of a post-chaise. Gingham, who saw into a thing at once, pronounced them a wedding party; and a buxom dame, who was mounted on a lively little west country galloway, the bride, “Pony subit conjux,” said I. “Yes,” said Gingham; “but if that dear lady rides so near the carriage, oh! oh! oh! she will infallibly be capized!” “Pony sub curru nimium propinqui!” We reached the hill in time, saw a glorious sunset, and returned to letter-writing, and a light supper on hashed duck.

As Gingham appears more than once upon the stage in the course of my Peninsular adventures, and I should really be sorry to annoy the reader, as much as I was annoyed myself, with his perpetual and abominable perversions of classic latinity, I beg leave to dispose of this part of the subject at once, before we get to sea. Suffice it to say, then, that in the spring of the year 1838, just a quarter of a century after the period of which I am now writing, I once more left London for Falmouth, *en route* to Lisbon, though with an object far different from that of my voyage now to be recorded, and in a far different capacity. Science, in these five-and-twenty years, had done wonders; and I had secured my passage in London, not by a miserable tub of a sailing packet, but by a well-found and fast Peninsular steamer. The day before the steamer was to start from Falmouth, I walked down to the water’s side to take a view of her. On the quay stood Gingham. By one of those strange coincidences which sometimes happen in life, we had again met at Falmouth, and were again to cross the Bay of Biscay in company. I

recognised him ; he did not recognise me. Time had somewhat changed his looks, his dress very little. Its predominant aspect was still white. His nose, too, was unmistakeable. Perceiving at once that he was, like myself, a passenger to the *Peninsula*, I availed myself of the freedom conceded in such cases, and commenced a conversation by some remark on the steamer.

"I presume, sir," said he, "you are a passenger?"

"Yes, Mr. Gingham, and so are you. Glad to meet you." He stared, but admitted the fact.

"But, sir," said he, "you have the advantage of me."

"Well, well," said I, "you'll find me out to-morrow on board the *Gualquivir*. Fine ship that. To-morrow, you know, as Horace said, when he was off by the steamer:—'*Cras, ingens ! iterabimus æquor !*'"

The effect was instantaneous. Gingham did not speak, he shouted:—"Dine with me : I have got a john dory."

We walked off to the town—I rubbing my shoulder, which Gingham shook, when he shook my hand—he, for a few paces, thoughtful and silent. I expected a burst of sentiment.

"By the bye," said Gingham, "while your hand was in, you might just as well have quoted the *other* line, for that, also, refers to our voyage."

"The other line?"

"Yes, the other line. Don't you see that pair of rooks flying over the harbour?"

"Rooks fly in droves. I see no ooks."

"Right," said he ; "they are a couple of crows."

"But the line from Horace, referring to our voyage?"

"Not only referring to it," said Gingham, "but highly encouraging. '*Nil desperandum* two crow *dūce*, et auspice two crow.'"

"Gingham, you are incorrigible."

To reach the street from the water's side we had to pass through a narrow passage, and there met the stewardess of the steamer, who was going on board. She stalked along in clogs on tiptoe, her left hand gathering up, behind, her cloak, gown, petticoat, &c., while her right hand bore an umbrella one size larger than a parasol, and a

reticule one size less than a pannier ; emerging from which pannier appeared the ugly mug of an enormous Portuguese red ram cat, the pet of the stewardess, and the constant companion of her *Peninsular* voyages.

"My cat inter omnes," said Gingham.

But I have rambled, and am a quarter of a century wide of the mark. The period of which I have now to write, the important period to which my present narrative refers, is not the more recent year, 1838, but the remoter year, 1813, glorious in the annals of England ; the year that saw the commencement of Napoleon's downfall ; the year of triumph and rout beneath the walls of Vittoria ; the year of a still sterner and equally successful conflict at St. Sebastian ; the year, too, that furnished a name for a princess of a royal line, that QUEEN VICTORIA who, in her high estate and royal clemency, remembered and rewarded the long-forgotten and long unrecompensed heroes of those bygone times. In the early spring of that year, 1813, I was there at Falmouth, a raw youth, launched on the wide world in search of adventure, burning to reach the headquarters of the *Peninsular* army, fully capable of making a fool of myself when I got there, and anxiously waiting for the sailing of the *Princess Wilhelmina* gun-brig, which, for want of a better, performed the office of Lisbon packet. It was well for me that, at Falmouth, I had already fallen into friendly hands.

On the morning of our embarkation, March the —th, 1813, Gingham went early on board the packet, for his personal baggage was bulky and various, to see to its stowage—part in his berth, part in the hold. It was settled between us that he was to return ashore, that we were to breakfast together at the hotel, and afterwards go off together to the packet, which was still lying in the harbour, and was to sail about noon.

I waited breakfast for Gingham, but no Gingham came. At length I received a long note from him, dated on board the packet. It began by stating that an attempt had been made to impose upon him, and that he was

determined not to stand it. The attempted imposition, as I learned from him afterwards, was this:—

Gingham walked down from the hotel to the water's side, and engaged a boat, which was to take him on board the packet for eighteenpence; he, Gingham, understanding thereby, according to the tenor of many previous bargains at the same rate of payment, that he was to be taken on board, and put on shore again. On this, however, the last day of our abode at Falmouth, the two boatmen, thinking they might safely try it on, and conjecturing also that Gingham's time might possibly be too valuable to be wasted in discussion, determined to take a different view of the subject, and exact a second fare for landing him. The boat reached the packet, Gingham went on board, the boatmen made fast to a harbour-buoy, and waited the result. Gingham went below, made his arrangements, came on deck, and hailed his boat to take him ashore. The elder boatman civilly touched his hat, and remarked, with a winning smile, that they hadn't been paid "nuffin" for bringing him on board. Gingham replied, that he should pay as usual when they had got back to the quay. The boatman, courteous as before, again touched his hat, and answered, simpering, "Beg your pardon, sir, but this ear last day, when the peckit's hoff, jeddlemen holways pays bofe ways, cummin aboard, and gooin back again." "Oh, do they?" said Gingham, and walked down into the cabin, where he quietly wrote his note to me, in a hand that beat copperplate; and breakfasted upon sea biscuit, junk, and ship's cocoa, the steward not having yet got off his stock of groceries for the voyage. Everybody on board knew Gingham, and he had no difficulty in getting his note brought ashore in the ship's boat, without the knowledge of the two 'longshore fellows, who were riding at the buoy, and who still thought they had the best of the bargain—as it is a rule in harbour, or at any rate was in those days, that no private passenger by a packet passed or repassed except by 'longshore boats. Gingham was now all right, and did not care one farthing for the boatmen; for he already had the bulk of his things on

board, he was on board himself, and his note advised me respecting his remaining matters ashore. He continued below, having resolved, as he told me afterwards, to keep the boatmen waiting alongside till the packet was off, and then give them ninepence. Meanwhile he sent up, by the steward, an injunction to the people on deck, who enjoyed not a little the false position of the two boatmen, not on any account to let them come on board.

Gingham's note to me, which was, as I have already intimated, a beautiful specimen of commercial penmanship, was to the following effect:—That he was detained on board by his determination to resist a gross imposition; that the laundress had still in her keeping a small quantity of his linen, which she was to bring to the hotel about breakfast-time; that he had settled with the servants that morning; and that the landlady was indebted to him in the sum of two shillings, he having paid his bill the night before, in which bill was included the charge of two shillings for a cold-meat breakfast, which he should not take; that he requested me to get back the two shillings from the landlady; that he would also thank me to receive the linen from the laundress, see that it was correct per invoice, (washing-bill, I presume,) check her account, liquidate it, and bring the linen on board with me.

Meanwhile a circumstance arose, which was of great moment in itself, and gave Gingham a further advantage in his affair with the two Falmouth lads. An extra mail for Lisbon had arrived from London, sent off by despatch to catch the packet before she sailed; and, by management of Gingham's partners, who were influential people, brought Gingham letters on a matter of some importance. These letters were taken off to Gingham by a trusty drab-coated Falmouth "Friend," in another 'longshore boat, and rendered it absolutely requisite that he should go ashore, and perhaps defer his voyage. The packet at this time was surrounded with boats and bustle, the two boatmen still fast to the buoy; and Gingham had no difficulty in returning ashore by the boat which brought off his mercantile friend,

without being observed by them. In fact, they were half asleep, still secure, as they thought, of their victim, and affording no small sport to the crew of the packet, who saw how things were going. I shall only mention here, that the communication, received by Gingham from London, related to a grand financial speculation, an idea of his own, having reference to the monetary transactions at headquarters, which were very large, and as well conducted as circumstances permitted, but attended with great difficulties, and considerable loss to the British government. Gingham's plan would have been backed by private capital to any amount. It was knocked on the head by the peace of 1814: but I have more to say about it hereafter.

True to her time, the laundress arrived at the hotel; not bringing, as Gingham had described it, a small quantity of linen, but attended by a man with a barrow, wheeling two large buckbaskets, each piled with an immense heap of shirts, white inexpressibles, white double-breasted dimity waistcoats,—in short every thing white,—a stock for a voyage to China. On the interior of the collar of one of the said white double-breasted dimity waistcoats, I noticed the cypher ^{gg}!—No. 1 of the fourth dozen! So profuse was Gingham in his provision for the habilliment of his own elegant exterior. I settled with the laundress, engaged the barrowman to go off with me in charge of the linen, and take back the baskets, finished my breakfast, paid my bill, and went on board. Such was my first embarkation for the Peninsula. Little dreaming that there was a spoke in my wheel, and that some time was still to elapse between my departure from Falmouth and my arrival at the British headquarters, I had longed for the day of the packet's sailing. But now, when the wished-for moment had arrived, a lot of little things, coming upon me at the last, quite put it out of my head that I was quitting my native land, and about to enter on new scenes, mingle with strangers, embark in active life, and master—where alone they could be mastered, on their vernacular

soil—two ancient, expressive, and kindred languages, which I had conned rudimentally on the banks of Cam. Nor did I dream that I went to earn a prospective claim to a Peninsular Medal: and jot down mental memoranda, still vividly legible, of all I heard and saw, for the information and amusement of readers then unborn. "Goo'in' off to the peckit, sir? Here, Bill, hand the jeddleman's boxes." Then, when we were half way to the brig—"Wherry 'ot on the worter, sir. Ope you'll be ginnerous a little hextry for the lug-gidge, sir. Wherry dry work pullin', sir."

Gingham, when I reached the packet, was not on board. The cause of his absence was explained to me by the steward, who assisted in stowing away the contents of the two buckbaskets in Gingham's berth. During this operation, the steward, who fully participated in the antipathy to 'longshore boatmen common to his class, communicated to me, with no small glee, the occurrences of the morning; and begged me to take a sight, when I went on deck, of the two expectant gentlemen at the buoy. There they were, sure enough, very much at their ease—quite satisfied that Gingham would want to be taken ashore again before the packet sailed, that theirs was the boat that must take him, and that they had the game in their own hands.

On deck I met our three breakfast guests of the day before. They greeted me cordially, made many inquiries after Gingham, and introduced me, as a particular old crony of theirs, to Staff-Surgeon Pledget, who had arrived by the mail overnight, and was also a passenger to Lisbon, on his return to the British army. I soon began to perceive that it was a standing rule with my three new acquaintances, regular "Peninsulars," to extract fun from even the most common incidents—in fact, from everybody and everything. Staff-Surgeon Pledget, as able a man in his profession as any staff-surgeon attached to the Peninsular army, was matter-of-fact personified: and the dignified cordiality with which he received an old crony of *theirs*, evidently afforded the three hoaxers

extraordinary sport. Major M— did the presentation with perfect coolness and amenity. Gammon was his element. Mr. Commissary Capsicum winked his eye in the richest style of comedy, and nearly made me spoil all by laughing. Captain Gabion looked gravely on, and laughed internally. His sides shook, his elbows twitched, and his countenance wore its usual expression of melancholy.

Presently after was seen approaching a man-of-war's boat, pulling at the steady rate, which indicated that it conveyed an officer of rank. The boat came alongside with a graceful sweep; twelve oars stood upright, as if by magic; and a tall military-looking man, who had lost an arm, rose, politely took leave of the lieutenant in charge of the boat, ascended the ship's side, with the aid of his single hand, faster than some people perform the same difficult operation with two, and stood on deck. This was the brave Colonel — of the cavalry, who was going out with us to rejoin his regiment. He had lost his arm at Oporto, on that memorable occasion when the French, to their astonishment, found the British army on *their* side of the Douro; and when the British army, too, quite surprised at finding itself, as if by magic, on the *opposite* bank of a broad, deep, and rapid river, and struck with admiration at the bold conception and skilful execution which had effected the transition under the enemy's nose, with one consent dubbed its illustrious leader "Old Douro." By that title, from that time forward, he was commonly known at headquarters: and is it not a glorious one, so won, and so conferred, and truly worthy of descending in his family? On that occasion, I was told, Colonel — charged through the enemy at the head of his regiment, and, as one good turn deserves another, thought he might as well charge back again. It was in this second charge that he lost his arm.

Arrived on deck, the colonel made a somewhat semicircular bow to all of us, and immediately recognised Major M—. His valet followed him, and presently went below. The next moment, the colonel began to take a first view of the vessel, and turned from

us for that purpose. Captain Gabion, first nudging Mr. Commissary Capsicum, whispered Major M—, "Come, major, give us the colonel." The major, having an arm too many, in a twinkling whipped one behind him, stepped to the gangway, and did the colonel's first appearance to the life. To execute the colonel's recognition of himself, for want of a better substitute, he advanced, with the colonel's three military strides to *me*. I, carried away by the drollery of the scene, so far forgot myself that I did the major. This caused a general laugh; the colonel turned round, and caught me and the major bowing, grimacing, and shaking hands. He saw at once what had been going on, and laughed too. But the major wished to shift the responsibility. "That Pledget," said he, "keeps us in a constant roar." Mr. Staff-Surgeon Pledget looked a little surprised. When the major gave us the colonel's horizontal salutation to the company assembled, Pledget took it all in earnest, and bowed in return.

One other arrival followed. A shore boat came off, having four more passengers—a lady, two gentlemen, and a female attendant. One of the said gentlemen, an Irishman, was the lady's brother: she, in face and form, a perfect specimen of Irish beauty; he, both in person and in feature, all that might be expected in the brother of such a sister. In this respect he presented a remarkable contrast to their fellow-passenger, who was a young Irish officer of the East India Company's navy, and, what made it more remarkable, the accepted swain, as we afterwards had every reason to conclude, of his fair countrywoman. How shall I describe this lovely youth? His head was large; his face prodigiously large and *flat*; his features were ludicrously diminutive. Fancy a full moon seen broad and white through a Shetland mist—in short, a full moon of putty; then fancy, stuck exactly in the centre of this moon, the little screwed-up pug face of a little ugly monkey, and you have him to a T. His two little twinkling eyes deep sunk beneath the beetling brow of his prominent and massive forehead, and in such close proximity that nothing separated them but the bridge of his nose, were constantly and inquisitively

on the move. The nose itself was too insignificant to merit a description. Yet it was not exactly what is called a squash nose, but a nose without a nib. It conveyed to you, indeed, the painful impression that some unfeeling barber had sliced off its extremity, and left the two unprotected nostrils staring you full in the face, like the open ports of a ship. His ears were like an elephant's,—large, loose, thin, flat, and unhemmed. His mouth, like that described by a distinguished authoress, "had a physiognomy of its own." Not very observable when quiescent, in speaking it became curiously expressive, and, at times, enormously elongated or strangely curvilinear. It had also, under the same circumstances, another peculiarity. It was a travelling mouth: yes, it travelled. When it talked, it was constantly shifting its position, not only up and down, but sideways and obliquely. In the utterance of a single sentence, it would traverse the whole extent of his face. It was now high, now low; now on this side, now on that. It ranged, at will, the whole breadth of his countenance from ear to ear; so that at times he was all mouth on one side of his face, and no mouth on the other. This gave him the additional advantage, that his profile could maintain a dialogue with you, as well as another man's full face. When conversing with his lady-love, side by side at the dinner-table, he never turned to look at her—he had no need. Viewing her with one eye, like a duck, in tones of deferential tenderness he addressed her from the cheek that was nearest hers. His perfectly well-bred deportment, nay, elegance of manner, his inexhaustible fund of good humour, and amusing waggery, did not, I am sorry to say, prevent his acquitting, and bearing during the voyage, the name of Joey: allusive, I presume, to the feats of mouth performed in those days by the far-famed Grimaldi. The malevolent suspicion, that a title so derogatory was any suggestion of mine, I scorn to notice. To this, however, I do confess, that, ere we had been four-and-twenty hours at sea, as a slight token of my profound veneration for the stateliest and the loveliest of

Erin's daughters, I proposed, and it was carried unanimously, that she should bear the name of Juno. And, the colonel having pronounced her brother a perfect Apollo, I also proposed, and it was also carried unanimously, that we should call him Mr. Belvidere. But I am anticipating. On the practice of giving sobriquets, so common at headquarters, much remains to be said hereafter. As to the maid-servant, she was a quiet little Irishwoman of about five-and-thirty, in a duffle cloak with pink bows, snug straw bonnet neatly tied under her chin with a pink ribbon, and snow-white cotton stockings, exhibiting a rather broad instep, which led me to conjecture that she had not always worn shoes. Her mistress called her Kitty, and that name she was allowed to keep, as no one on board thought he could improve it.

It is time to get to sea. Gingham, where are you? what are you about? We shall be off, and leave you behind. Noon, our hour of sailing, was now near at hand. The anchor was hove short; the sails were shaking in the wind; the skipper came on board; the foresail was then set; still there was no Gingham. Those talented individuals, the two boatmen, still supposing Gingham was on board, were getting a little uneasy. They were now wide awake, and anxiously peering at the ship with their hands over their eyes, watching every one that came on deck, but watching in vain. Their uneasiness evidently increased, as our remaining time diminished; till at length, as the town clock struck twelve, the capstan was manned. The anchor was then hove to the tune of "Off she goes," performed on a single fife in admirable time, marked by the tread of many feet. The flood-tide was beginning to make; but we didn't care for that, as we had wind enough from the north-east, and to spare. Other sails were now set, and we were beginning to get way; while I was intently eying the shore, expecting to see Gingham shove off, and perfectly sure he would come, because he had taken no steps for the re-landing of his baggage.

But I did not look in the right direction. Gingham, detained to the last moment, and then, having settled

all things to his satisfaction, at liberty to prosecute his voyage, had made his arrangements with his usual judgment. It was a near thing though. He put off from a part of the town lower down than the quay from which he usually embarked, so as to cut in upon us as we glided down the harbour; and was within a few fathoms of the ship before I saw him. He was then standing upright in his boat, completely absorbed in a London paper, but with one hand waving his umbrella, without looking up, to stop the ship. Stopping the ship was out of the question. Indeed, I fancied the skipper would have been glad to go without him. The boat, coming end on, and not very cleverly handled by the Falmouth fellows, bumped against the side of the ship, which, as she was now under way, they were afraid of missing altogether; and the shock almost pitched Gingham and his umbrella into the water. He came on board amidst general laughter, and the hearty greetings of such of the passengers as knew him—none heartier than mine. "How his green spectacles would have frightened the fishes!" said Mr. Commissary Capsicum to Captain Gabion. "Dont joke on such a serious subject," replied the captain; "had he gone over, we should have quitted England without getting a sight of the last London newspaper."

The two worthies, who, still expecting to see Gingham emerge from the cabin, had so long waited for him in vain, were by this time in an awkward predicament. When the ship first began to move, they had no resources but to unmoor from the buoy, out oars, and pull away in company. But this, it was soon clear, would not do. The ship was getting more and more away, and, had they pulled their hearts out, would soon have left them astern; when, as their only chance, they pulled close alongside, and made free with a rope's end that was dragging through the water. This one of them held, after giving it a turn round a bench, while the other kept off the boat from the ship's side by means of the boat-hook.

While they were being thus dragged through the water, each, as he could, from time to time touching his hat, each beseechingly simpering, each saying something that nobody could hear, and both anxiously looking for Gingham on deck, to their great surprise they saw him come alongside in another boat as I have already related; and, before they could say Jack Robinson, he was on board.

After our first greetings, I called Gingham's attention to the disagreeable position of our two friends, who were still holding on alongside, and dragging through the water. Indeed, I was disposed to hold an argument with him on the subject, and thought a different view might be taken of their case. "No, no," said Gingham; "this is the first time any Falmouth man has ever attempted to impose upon me, and I mean it to be the last."

The breeze, no unusual circumstance in such localities, stiffened as we approached the entrance of the harbour, where the high land closes in, and the sea-way is comparatively narrow; and, meeting the swell which came tumbling in from the ocean with the flood-tide, knocked up a little bit of an ugly ripple. The situation of the two boatmen was becoming every moment more awkward. We were now going six knots, (through the water, mind you, not *making* six knots—that, against such a current, was quite beyond our tubby little Wilhelmina's capabilities;) the ripple was gradually becoming nastier; the boatmen, still touching their hats from time to time, still blandly smiling, and still making unheard but pathetic appeals to Gingham's generosity, did not like to let go till they had got *something*; and I really thought the end must be, that their boat would be swamped alongside. At length, Gingham put an end to the farce, by screwing up ninepence in a bit of paper, and throwing it into the boat, telling them it was threepence more than they deserved. They then let go; and we left them popping up and down like a cork, in the broken water, and scuffling about in the bottom of the boat for the scattered coin.

DISENCHANTMENT.

BY DELTA.

I.

ALTHOUGH from Adam stained with crime,
 A halo girds the path of time,
 As 'twere things humble with sublime,
 Divine with mortal blending,
 And that which is, with that which seems,—
 Till blazoned o'er were Jacob's dreams
 With heaven's angelic host, in streams,
 Descending and ascending.

II.

Ask of the clouds, why Eden's dyes
 Have vanished from the sunset skies?
 Ask of the winds, why harmonies
 Now breathe not in their voices?
 Ask of the spring, why from the bloom
 Of lilies comes a less perfume?
 And why the linnet, 'mid the broom,
 Less lustily rejoices?

III.

Silent are now the sylvan tents;
 The elves to airy elements
 Resolved are gone; grim castled rents
 No more show demons gazing,
 With evil eyes, on wandering men;
 And, where the dragon had his den
 Of fire, within the haunted glen,
 Now herds unharmed are grazing.*

* A clearer day has dispelled the marvels, which showed themselves in heaven above and in earth beneath, when twilight and superstition went hand in hand.
 Horace's

"Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,
 Nocturnos Lemures, portentaque Thessala,"

as well as Milton's

"Gorgons, Hydras, and Chimeras dire,"

have all been found wanting, when reduced to the admeasurements of science; and the "sounds that syllable men's names, on sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses," are quenched in silence, or only exist in what James Hogg most poetically terms

"That undefined and mingled hum,
 Voice of the desert, never dumb."

The inductive philosophy was "the bare bodkin" which gave many a pleasant vision "its quietus." "Homo, naturæ minister," saith Lord Bacon, "et interpres, tantum facit et intelligit, quantum de naturæ ordine se vel mente observaverit: nec amplius scit nec potest."—*Nov. Organum*, Aph. I.

The fabulous dragon has long acted a conspicuous part in the poetry both of the north and south. We find him in the legends of Ragnar Lodbrog and Kempion, and in the episode of Brandimarte in the second book of the *Orlando Inamorato*. He is also to be recognised as the huge snake of the Edda; and figures with ourselves in the stories of the Chevalier St. George and the Dragon—of Moor of Moorhall and the Dragon of Wantley—in the Dragon of Loriton—in the Laidley Worm of Spindleton

IV.

No more, as horror stirs the trees,
 The path-belated peasant sees
 Witches, adown the sleety breeze,
 To Lapland flats careering :*
 As on through storms the Sea-kings sweep,
 No more the Kraken huge, asleep,
 Looms like an island, 'mid the deep,
 Rising and disappearing.

V.

No more, reclined by Cona's streams,
 Before the seer, in waking dreams,
 The dim funereal pageant gleams,
 Futurity fore-showing ;
 No more, released from churchyard trance,
 Athwart blue midnight, spectres glance,
 Or mingle in the bridal dance,
 To vanish ere cock-crowing.†

Heugh—in the Flying Serpent of Lockburne—the Snake of Wormieston, &c., &c. Bartholinus and Saxo-Grammaticus volunteer us some curious information regarding a species of these monsters, whose particular office was to keep watch over hidden treasure. The winged Gryphon is of "old descent," and has held a place in unnatural history from Herodotus (*Thalia*, 116, and *Melpomene*, 13, 27) to Milton (*Paradise Lost*, book v.)—

"As when a Gryphon, through the wilderness,
 With winged course, o'er hill or moory dale,
 Pursues the Arimasplan," &c.

* Of the many mysterious chapters of the human mind, surely one of the most obscure and puzzling is that of witchcraft. For some reason, not sufficiently explained, Lapland was set down as a favourite seat of the orgies of the "Midnight Hags." When, in the ballad of "The Witch of Fife," the auld gudeman, in the exercise of his conjugal authority, questions his errant spouse regarding her nocturnal absences without leave, she is made ecstatically to answer,

"When we came to the Lapland lone,
 The fairies war all in array ;
 For all the genil of the North
 War keepyng their holyday.
 The Warlocke man and the weird womyang,
 And the fays of the woode and the steep,
 And the phantom hunteris all were there,
 And the mermaidis of the deep.
 And they washit us all with the witch-water,
 Distillit fra the moorland dew,
 Quhill our beauty bloomit like the Lapland rose,
 That wyldie in the forests grew."

Queen's Wake, Night 1st.

"Like, but oh how different," are these unearthly goings on to the details in the Walpurgis Night of Faust (Act v., Scene I.) The "phantom-hunters" of the north were not the "Wilde Jäger" of Burger, or "The Erl-king" of Goethe. It is related by Hearne, that the tribes of the Chippewas Indians suppose the northern lights to be occasioned by the frisking of herds of deer in the fields above, caused by the halloo and chase of their departed friends.

* It is very probable, that the apparitional visit of "Alonzo the Brave" to the bridal of "the Fair Imogene," was suggested to M. G. Lewis, by the story in the old chronicles of the skeleton masquer taking his place among the wedding revellers, at Jedburgh Castle, on the night when Alexander III., in 1286, espoused as his second queen, Joleta, daughter of the Count le Dreux. These were the palmy days of portents ; and the prophecy uttered by Thomas of Ereildoune, of the storm which was to roar

"From Ross's hills to Solway sea,"

was supposed to have had its fulfilment in the death of the lamented monarch, which

VI.

Alas! that Fancy's fount should cease!
 In rose-hues limn'd, the myths of Greece
 Have waned to dreams—the Colchian fleece,
 And labours of Alcides:—
 Nay, Homer, even thy mighty line—
 Thy living tale of Troy divine—
 The sceptic scholiast doubts if thine,
 Or Priam, or Pelides!

VII.

As silence listens to the lark,
 And orient beams disperse the dark,
 How sweet to roam abroad and mark
 Their gold the fields adorning:
 But, when we think of where are they
 Whose bosoms like our own were gay,
 While April gladdened life's young day,
 Joy takes the garb of mourning.

VIII.

Warm gushing thro' the heart comes back
 The thoughts that brightened boyhood's track;
 And hopes, as 'twere from midnight black,
 All star-like re-awaken;
 Until we feel how, one by one,
 The faces of the loved are gone,
 And grieve for those left here alone,
 Not those who have been taken.

IX.

The past returns in all we see,
 The billowy cloud, and branching tree;
 In all we hear—the bird and bee
 Remind of pleasures cherish'd;
 When all is lost it loved the best,
 Oh! pity on that vacant breast,
 Which would not rather be at rest,
 Than pine amid the perish'd!

X.

A balmy eve! the round white moon
 Emparadises midmost June,
 Tune thrills the nightingale on tune—
 What magic! when a lover,

occurred, only a few months after the appearance of the skeleton masquer, by a fall from his horse, over a precipice, while hunting between Burntisland and Kinghorn, at a place still called "the King's Wood-end."

Wordsworth appears to have had the subject in his eye, in two of the stanzas of his lyric, entitled *Presentiments*,—the last of which runs as follows:—

"Ye daunt the proud array of war,
 Pervade the lonely ocean far
 As sail hath been unfurled,
 For dancers in the festive hall
 What ghostly partners hath your call
 Fetch'd from the shadowy world."

—*Poetical Works*, 1845, p. 176.

The same incident has been made the subject of some very spirited verses, in a little volume—*Ballads and Lays from Scottish History*—published in 1844; and which, I fear, has not attracted the attention to which its intrinsic merits assuredly entitle it.

To him, who now, gray-haired and lone,
Bends o'er the sad sepulchral stone
Of her whose heart was once his own:
Ah! bright dream briefly over!

XI.

See how from port the vessel glides
With streamered masts o'er halcyon tides;
Its laggard course the sea-boy chides,
All loath that calms should bind him;
But distance only chains him more,
With love-links, to his native shore,
And sleep's best dream is to restore
The home he left behind him.

XII.

To sanguine youth's enraptured eye,
Heaven has its reflex in the sky,
The winds themselves have melody.
Like harp some seraph sweepeth;
A silver decks the hawthorn bloom,
A legend shrines the mossy tomb,
And spirits throng the starry gloom,
Her reign when midnight keepeth.

XIII.

Silence o'erhangs the Delphic cave;
Where strove the bravest of the brave,
Naught met the wandering Byron, save
A lone, deserted barrow;
And Fancy's iris waned away,
When Wordsworth ventured to survey,
Beneath the light of common day,
The dowie dens of Yarrow.

XIV.

Little we dream—when life is new,
And nature fresh and fair to view,
When throbs the heart to pleasure true,
As if for naught it wanted,—
That, year by year, and ray by ray,
Romance's sunlight dies away,
And long before the hair is gray,
The heart is disenchantèd.

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

ANOTHER book from the active pen of our American acquaintance, the able seaman. The question having been raised whether Mr. Herman Melville has really served before the mast, and has actually, like the heroine of a well-known pathetic ballad, disfigured his lily-white fingers with the nasty pitch and tar, he does his best to dissipate all such doubts by the title-page of his new work, on which, in large capitals, is proclaimed that *Redburn* is "*The Sailor-boy Confessions and Reminiscences of the son of a gentleman in the merchant service*;" and, collaterally, by a dedication to his younger brother, "*now a sailor on a voyage to China*." An unmerited importance has perhaps been given to the inquiry whether Mr. Melville's voyages were made on quarterdeck or on forecastle, and are genuine adventures or mere Robinsonades. The book, not the writer, concerns the critic; and even as there assuredly are circumstances that might induce a youth of gentle birth and breeding to don flannel shirt, and put fist in tar-bucket as a merchant seaman, so the probably unpleasant nature of those circumstances precludes too inquisitive investigation into them. We accept Mr. Melville, therefore, for what he professes to be, and we accept his books, also, with pleasure and gratitude when good, just as we neglect and reject them when they are the contrary. *Redburn*, we are bound to admit, is entitled to a more favourable verdict than the author's last previous work. We do not like it so well as *Typee* and *Omoo*; and, although quite aware that this is a class of fiction to which one cannot often return without finding it pall, by reason of a certain inevitable sameness, we yet are quite sure we should not have liked it so well as those two books, even though priority of publication had brought it to a palate unaccustomed with that particular sort of literary diet. Nevertheless, after a decided and deplorable retrogression, Mr. Melville seems likely to go ahead

again, if he will only take time and pains, and not over-write himself, and avoid certain affectations and pedantry unworthy a man of his ability. Many of the defects of *Mardi* are corrected in *Redburn*. We gladly miss much of the obscurity and nonsense that abound in the former work. The style, too, of this one is more natural and manly; and even in the minor matter of a title, we find reason to congratulate Mr. Melville on improved taste, inasmuch as we think an English book is better fitted with an English-sounding name than with uncouth dissyllables from Polynesia, however convenient these may be found for the purposes of a puff provocative.

Redburn comprises four months of the life of a hardy, wrong-headed lad, who ships himself on board a trading vessel, for the voyage from New York to Liverpool and back. As there is no question of shipwreck, storm, pirates, mutiny, or any other nautico-dramatic incidents, during Wellingborough Redburn's voyage out and home; and as the events of his brief abode in England are neither numerous nor (with the exception of one rather far-fetched episode) by any means extraordinary, it is evident that a good deal of detail and ingenuity are necessary to fill two volumes, on so simple and commonplace a theme. So a chapter is devoted to the causes of his addiction to the sea, and shows how it was that childish reminiscences of a seaport town, and stories of maritime adventure told him by his father, who had many times crossed the Atlantic, and visions of European magnificence, and, above all, the frequent contemplation of an old-fashioned glass ship which stood in his mother's sitting-room, and which is described with considerable minuteness, and some rather feeble attempts at the facetious—how all these things combined had imbued young Wellingborough with a strong craving after salt water. Other circumstances concurred to drive him

Redburn: his First Voyage. By HERMAN MELVILLE, author of *Typee*, *Omoo*, and *Mardi*. 2 vols. London, 1849.

forth upon the world. He hints at family misfortunes. His father had been a merchant at New York, in a flourishing business. Things were now less prosperous. "Some time previous, my mother had removed from New York to a pleasant village on the Hudson river, where we lived in a small house, in a quiet way. Sad disappointments in several plans which I had sketched for my future life; the necessity of doing something for myself, united to a naturally roving disposition, had now conspired within me to send me to sea as a sailor." And yet it would appear that he might have done better than plunge thus recklessly into the hardships and evil associations of a merchantman's fore-castle; for he more than half admits that he was erring and wilful, and that he had kind relatives and sympathising patrons, who would have put him in the way of earning a living otherwise. Redburn, however, seems to have been in some respects as precocious as in others we shall presently find him simple and inexperienced. A mere boy, adversity had already converted him into a misanthrope, at an age when most lads are as yet without plans for their future, and know not disappointment in any more important matters than a treat to the play, or an extra week's holiday. The forwardness of the rising generation is remarkable enough in England, and has been amusingly hit off by one of our cleverest caricaturists. In America, therefore, which notoriously goes ahead of the old country in most particulars, and whose inhabitants lay claim to an extraordinary share of railroad and earthquake in their composition, boyish precocity is possibly still more remarkable; and one must not wonder at finding Master Redburn talking in misanthropic vein of the world's treatment of him, how bleak and cheerless everything seemed, and how "the warm soul of him had been flogged out by adversity." This, at an age when the stinging memory of the schoolmaster's taws must still have been tolerably vivid about the seat of his breeks, seems rather absurd to begin with. It was under the influence of such feelings, however, that this infant Timon left his home to cast his lot upon the wide waters. His friends

were evidently either very angry with him or very poor; for they allowed him to depart with but one dollar in his pocket, a big shooting-jacket with foxes' heads on the buttons, and a little bundle, containing his entire kit, slung at the end of the fowling-piece which his good-natured elder brother pressed upon him at parting. Thus equipped, he tramps off to the steamer that is to carry him down the Hudson, early on a raw morning, along a muddy road, and through a drizzling rain. The skyey influences will at times affect even the most stoical, and the dismal aspect of external nature makes Master Redburn revert to his blighted prospects—how his soul is afflicted with mildew, "and the fruit which, with others, is only blasted after ripeness, with him is nipped in the first blossom and bud." The blight he complains of is evidently of a most virulent description, for it "leaves such a scar that the air of Paradise might not erase it." As he has just before told us how, whilst walking along, his fingers "worked moodily at the stock and trigger" of his brother's rifle, and that he had thought this was indeed "the proper way to begin life, with a gun in your hand," we feel, upon hearing him croak so desperately, some apprehension for his personal safety, and think his brother would have done as well to have kept his gun. On this last point we quite make up our minds, when we shortly afterwards find him levelling the weapon at the left eye of a steamboat passenger who is so imprudent as to stare at him, and bullying the steward for demanding the fare (which is two dollars, whereas Redburn has but one), and looking catamounds at his less needy fellow-voyagers, because they have the rudeness to enjoy their roast beef dinner, whilst he has had the improvidence to leave home without even a crust in his wallet. It seems the author's aim to start his hero in life under every possible circumstance of disadvantage and hardship; and to do this, he rather loses sight of probability. At last, however, Redburn reaches New York, with gun and bundle, foxes' heads and shooting-jacket, and hastens to visit a friend of his brother's, to whom he is recommended. A kind

welcome, good supper, and warm bed, go some way towards dissipating his ill humour; and next morning the friend accompanies him to the docks to seek a ship. But none of his brother's kindnesses prosper him. The gun, as we have seen, has already led him to the verge of homicide, the foxes' heads are yet to be the source of innumerable vexations; and Mr. Jones, a silly young man, does more harm than good, by taking the direction of Redburn's affairs, and acting as his spokesman with Captain Riga, of the regular trader, *Highlander*, then loading for Liverpool.

"We found the captain in the cabin, which was a very handsome one, lined with mahogany and maple; and the steward, an elegant-looking mulatto, in a gorgeous turban, was setting out, on a sort of sideboard, some dinner-service which looked like silver, but it was only Britannia ware highly polished. As soon as I elapped my eye on the captain, I thought to myself he was just the captain to suit me. He was a fine-looking man, about forty, splendidly dressed, with very black whiskers and very white teeth, and what I took to be a free frank look out of a large hazel eye. I liked him amazingly."

The scene that ensues is quietly humorous, and reminds us a good deal of Marryat, in whose style of novel we think Mr. Melville would succeed. The upshot of the conference is that Redburn ships as a boy on board the *Highlander*. By vaunting his respectability, and the wealth of his relations, his injudicious friend furnishes Riga with a pretext for withholding the customary advance of pay; and although the sale of the fowling-piece to a Jew pawnbroker produces wherewith to purchase a red woollen shirt, a tarpaulin hat, and jack-knife, Redburn goes on board but slenderly provided. His reception is not very cheering.

"When I reached the deck, I saw no one but a large man in a large dripping pea-jacket, who was calking down the main hatches.

"What do you want, Pillgarlic?" said he.

"I've shipped to sail in this ship," I replied, assuming a little dignity to chastise his familiarity.

"What for—a tailor?" said he, looking at my shooting-jacket.

"I answered that I was going as a 'boy'; for so I was technically put down on the articles.

"Well," said he, 'have you got your traps aboard?'

"I told him I didn't know there were any rats in the ship, and hadn't brought any 'trap.'

"At this he laughed out with a great guffaw, and said there must be hay-seed in my hair.

"This made me mad; but, thinking he must be one of the sailors who was going in the ship, I thought it wouldn't be wise to make an enemy of him, so only asked him where the men slept in the vessel, for I wanted to put my clothes away.

"Where's your clothes?" said he.

"Here in my bundle," said I, holding it up.

"Well, if that's all you've got," he cried, 'you'd better chuck it overboard. But go forward, go forward to the fore-castle; that's the place you live in aboard here.'

"And with that he directed me to a sort of hole in the deck of the bow of the ship; but looking down, and seeing how dark it was, I asked him for a light.

"Strike your eyes together and make one," said he; 'we don't have any lights here.' So I groped my way down into the fore-castle, which smelt so bad of old ropes and tar, that it almost made me sick. After waiting patiently, I began to see a little; and, looking around, at last perceived I was in a smoky-looking place, with twelve wooden boxes stuck round the sides. In some of these boxes were large chests, which I at once supposed to belong to the sailors, who must have taken that method of appropriating their 'bunks,' as I afterwards found these boxes were called. And so it turned out.

"After examining them for a while, I selected an empty one, and put my bundle right in the middle of it, so that there might be no mistake about my claim to the place, particularly as the bundle was so small."

The ship is not to sail till the next day; the crew are not yet aboard; there is no mess, and Redburn has no money. He passes a wretched night in his evil-smelling bunk, and next morning is crawling about the deck, weak from hunger, when he is accosted by the first mate, who curses him for a lubber, asks his name, swears it is too long to be handy, rebaptises him by that of *Buttons*, and sets him to clean-out the pig-pen, and grease the

main-topmast. Having accomplished these savoury duties, and narrowly escaped falling overboard from his unwonted elevation, Redburn is ordered to the quarter-deck, where the men are divided into watches, and he falls to the lot of his friend the first mate, who tries hard to get rid of him to Mr. Rigs, the second mate; but Mr. Rigs refuses the tyro, even as a free gift. Redburn now gets sea-sick, and, when ordered on deck to stand the first night-watch, from eight o'clock to midnight, he, feeling qualmish, requests one of the sailors to make his excuses very civilly to the chief mate, for that he thinks he will go below and spend the night in his bunk. The sailor, a good-natured Greenlander, laughs at his simplicity, and doctors him with a canikin of rum and some ship biscuits, which enable him to get through his watch. Minute incidents of this kind, reflections, reminiscences, and thoughts of home, occupy many chapters; and, at times, one is inclined to think they are dwelt upon at too great a length; but, as before hinted, it is necessary to do something to fill two volumes. A slight inconsistency strikes us in this first portion of the book. Redburn, a sharp enough lad on shore, and who, it has been seen, is altogether precocious in experience of the world's disappointments, seems converted, by the first sniff of salt water, into as arrant a simpleton as ever made mirth in a cockpit. Mr. Melville must surely have had Peter Simple in his head, when describing "Buttons" at his first deck-washing. "The water began to splash about all over the decks, and I began to think I should surely get my feet wet, and catch my death of cold. So I went to the chief mate and told him I thought I would just step below, till this miserable wetting was over; for I did not have any waterproof boots, and an aunt of mine had died of consumption. But he only roared out for me to get a broom, and go to scrubbing, or he would prove a worse consumption to me than ever got hold of my poor aunt." Now Redburn, from what has previously been seen of him, was evidently not the lad to care a rush about wet soles, or even

about a thorough ducking. On the Hudson river steamer, he had voluntarily walked the deck in a dreary storm till soaked through; and his first night on board the Highlander had been passed uncomplainingly in wet clothes. He has borne hunger and thirst and other disagreeables most manfully, and the impression given of him is quite that of a stubborn hardy fellow. So that this sudden fear of a splashing is evidently introduced merely to afford Mr. Melville opportunity of making a little mild fun, and is altogether out of character. Equally so is the elaborate *naïveté* with which Redburn inquires of a sailor whether, as the big bell on the forecastle "hung right over the scuttle that went down to the place where the watch below were sleeping, such a ringing every little while would not tend to disturb them, and beget unpleasant dreams." The account of his attempts at intimacy with the captain, although humorous enough, is liable to a similar objection; and, in so sharp a lad, such simple blunders are not sufficiently accounted for by ignorance of sea usages. His recollection of the bland urbanity with which Captain Riga had received him and Mr. Jones, when they first boarded the Highlander, induces him to believe that he may reckon on sympathy and attention in that quarter, when bullied by the rough sailors, and abused by the snappish mate. He had vague ideas of Sunday dinners in the cabin, of an occasional lesson in navigation, or an evening game at chess. Desirous to realize these pleasant visions, but observing that the captain takes no notice of him, and altogether omits to invite him aft, Buttons, as he is now universally called on board the trader, thinks it may be expected that he, the younger man, should make the first advances. His pig-sty and chicken-coop cleanings have not greatly improved the aspect of his clothes, or the color of his hands; but a bucket of water gets off the worst of the stains, and a selection from his limited wardrobe converts him into a decent enough figure for a forecastle, although he still would not have excited much admiration in Broadway or Bond Street.

"When the sailors saw me thus employed, they did not know what to make of it, and wanted to know whether I was dressing to go ashore. I told them no, for we were then out of sight of land, but that I was going to pay my respects to the captain. Upon which they all laughed and shouted, as if I were a simpleton; although there seemed nothing so very simple in going to make an evening call upon a friend. Then some of them tried to dissuade me, saying I was green and raw; but Jackson, who sat looking on, cried out with a hideous grin—'Let him go, let him go, men; he's a nice boy. Let him go; the captain has some nuts and raisins for him.' And so he was going on, when one of his violent fits of coughing seized him, and he almost choked. . . . For want of kids, I slipped on a pair of woollen mittens, which my mother had knit for me to carry to sea. As I was putting them on, Jackson asked me whether he shouldn't call a carriage; and another bade me not forget to present his best respects to the skipper. I left them all tittering, and, coming on deck, was passing the cook-house, when the old cook called after me, saying I had forgot my cane."

The Jackson here referred to is a prominent character in the book, an important personage amongst the inmates of the Highlander's fore-castle. He was a yellow-visaged, whiskerless, squinting, broken-nosed ruffian, and his head was bald, "except in the nape of his neck and just behind the ears, where it was stuck over with short little tufts, and looked like a worn-out shoe-brush." He claimed near relationship with General Jackson, was a good seaman and a great bully, and, although physically weak, and broken down by excess and disease, the other sailors gave way to, and even petted him. He had been at sea ever since his early childhood, and he told strange wild tales of his experiences in many lands and on many distant seas, and of perils encountered in Portuguese slavers on the African coast, and of Batavian fevers and Malay pirates, and the like horrible things, which composed, indeed, all his conversation, save when he found fault with his shipmates, and cursed, and reviled, and jeered at them—all of which they patiently endured, as though they feared the devil that glared out of "his deep, subtle, infernal looking eye." All who have read

Omoo (the best of Mr. Melville's books,) will remember that the author is an adept in the sketching of nautical originals. Jackson is by no means a bad portrait, and doubtless he is "founded on fact;" although much of his savage picturesqueness may be attributed to the clever pencil of his former shipmate. Riga is another good hit. The handsome captain, with the fine clothes and the shining black whiskers, who spoke so smooth and looked so sleek when his craft lay moored by New York quay, is altogether another sort of character when once the anchor is up. Seamen never judge a captain by his shoregoing looks. Tyrants and martinets afloat are often all simper and benevolence across a mahogany plank ashore. But certainly there never was a more thorough metamorphosis than a four-and-twenty hours' sail produced in Captain Riga. His glossy suit and gallant airs disappeared altogether. "He wore nothing but old-fashioned snuff-coloured coats, with high collars and short waists, and faded short-legged pantaloons, very tight about the knees, and vests that did not conceal his waistbands, owing to their being so short, just like a little boy's. And his hats were all caved in and battered, as if they had been knocked about in a cellar, and his boots were sadly patched. Indeed, I began to think he was but a shabby fellow after all, particularly as his whiskers lost their gloss, and he went days together without shaving; and his hair, by a sort of miracle, began to grow of a pepper and salt colour, which might have been owing, though, to his discontinuing the use of some kind of dye while at sea. I put him down as a sort of impostor." This the captain certainly is, and ultimately proves to be something worse, for he swindles poor Buttons and another unfortunate "boy" out of their hard-earned wages, and proves himself altogether a far worse fellow than the rough mate, whose first salutation is often a curse or a cuff, but who, nevertheless, has some heart and humanity under his coarse envelope. Of various other individuals of the ship's company sketches are given, and prominent amongst these is the dandy mulatto steward, called Lavender by the crew

from his having been a barber in New York. Following the example of the captain, whose immediate dependant he is, Lavendar, when at sea, lays by his gorgeous turban, and sports his wool, profusely scented with the residue of his stock in trade. "He was a sentimental sort of darkey, and read the *Three Spaniards* and *Charlotte Temple*, and carried a lock of frizzled hair in his vest pocket, which he frequently volunteered to show to people, with his handkerchief to his eyes." It must have been sympathy of race, not congeniality of disposition, that made cronies of Lavender and the methodistical black cook. Thompson, the sable Soyer of the *Highlander*, was known as the Doctor, according to the nautical practice of confounding the medical and the gastronomical professions. He is a capital portrait, scarcely caricatured. On a Sunday morning, "he sat over his boiling pots, reading out of a book which was very much soiled, and covered with grease spots, for he kept it stuck into a little leather strap, nailed to the keg where he kept the fat skimmed off the water in which the salt beef was cooked." This book was the Bible, and what with the heat of the five-foot square kitchen, and his violent efforts to comprehend the more mysterious passages of scripture, the beads of sweat would roll off the Doctor's brow as he sat upon a narrow shelf, opposite the stove, and so close to it that he had to spread his legs out wide to keep them from scorching. During the whole voyage he was never known to wash his face but once, and that was on a dark night, in one of his own soup-pots. His coffee, by courtesy so called, was a most extraordinary compound, and would not bear analysis. Sometimes it tasted fishy, at others salt; then it would have a cheesy flavour, or—but we abridge the unsavoury details with which Redburn disgusts us upon this head. Sambo's devotional practices precluded due attention to his culinary duties. For his narrow caboose he entertained a warm affection. "In fair weather he spread the skirt of an old jacket before the door by way of a mat, and screwed a small ringbolt into the door for a knocker, and wrote his name, 'Mr. Thompson,' over it, with a bit of red

chalk." The old negro stands before us as we read; cooking, praying, perspiring, and with all the ludicrous self-sufficiency of his tribe. Mr. Melville is very happy in these little touches. Max the Dutchman is another original. Although married to two highly respectable wives, one at Liverpool and the other at New York, at sea he is quite an old bachelor, precise and finical, with old-fashioned straight-laced notions about the duties of sailor boys, which he tries hard to inculcate upon Redburn. 'Upon the whole, however, Red Max, as he is sometimes called—his shirt, cheeks, hair, and whiskers being all of that colour—is tolerably kind to the youngster, in whose welfare he occasionally shows some little interest. Jack Blunt, to whose description the author devotes the greater part of a chapter, is not quite so happy a hit—rather overdone—overloaded with peculiarities. Although quite a young fellow, his hair is turning gray, and, to check this premature sign of age, he thrice in the day anoints his bushy locks with *Trafalgar Oil* and *Copenhagen Elixir*, invaluable preparations retailed to him by a knavish Yankee apothecary. He is also greatly addicted to drugging himself: takes three pills every morning with his coffee, and every now and then pours down "a flowing bumper of *horse salts*." Then he has a turn for romance, and sings sentimental songs, which must have had an odd enough sound from the lips of one whose general appearance is that of "a fat porpoise standing on end;" and he believes in witchcraft, and studies a dream-book, and mutters Irish invocations for a breeze when the ship is becalmed, &c., &c. Rather much of all this, Mr. Melville, and not equal, by a long chalk, to what you once before did in the same line. As we read, we cannot help a comparison with some former pencillings of yours, which, although earlier made, referred to a later voyage. Involuntarily we are carried back to the rat-and-cockroach-haunted hull of the crazy little Jule, and to the strange collection of originals that therein did dwell. We think of bold Jermin and timid Captain Guy, and, above all, of that glorious fellow Doctor Long-Ghost. We remember the easy natural tone, and

well-sustained interest of the book in which they figured; and, desirous though we are to praise, we are compelled to admit that, in *Redburn*, Mr. Melville comes not up to the mark he himself has made. It is evident that, on his debut, he threw off the rich cream of his experiences, and he must not marvel if readers have thereby been rendered dainty, and grumble a little when served with the skim-milk. *Redburn* is a clever book, as books now go, and we are far from visiting it with wholesale condemnation; but it certainly lacks the spontaneous flow and racy originality of the author's South Sea narration.

To proceed, however. "*Redburn grows intolerably flat and stupid over some outlandish old guide-books.*" Such is the heading of Chapter XXX.; and, from what Mr. Melville says, we do not, in this instance, presume to differ. We are now in Liverpool. Much of what *Redburn* there sees, says, and does, will be more interesting to American than to English readers, although to many even of the latter there will be novelty in his minute account of sailor life ashore—of their boarding-houses, haunts, and habits; of the German emigrant ships, and the salt-droghers and Lascars, and of other matters seemingly commonplace, but in which his observant eye detects much that escapes ordinary gazers. We ourselves, to whom the aspect and ways of the great trading city of northern England are by no means unfamiliar, have derived some new lights from *Redburn's* account of what he there saw. Clergymen of the Church of England, we are informed, stand up on old casks, at quay corners, arrayed in full canonicals, and preach thus, *al fresco*, to sailors and loose women. Paupers are allowed to linger and perish unaided, almost in the public thoroughfare, within sight and knowledge of neighbours and police. Curious, seemingly, of the horrible, *Redburn* visits the dead-house, where he sees "a sailor stretched out, stark and stiff, with the sleeve of his frock rolled up, and showing his name and date of birth tattooed upon his arm. It was a sight full of suggestions: he seemed his own head-stone." We would implore Mr. Melville to beware of a fault by no means uncommon with a

certain school of writers at the present day, but into which it would be unworthy a man of his ability to fall. We refer to that straining for striking similes, at the expense of truth and good taste, of which he has here furnished us with a glaring example. A dead sailor's name is tattooed upon his arm; *therefore*—mark the consequence—he seems his own head-stone. How totally inapt is this; how violent and distorted the figure! Such tricks of pen may, by a sort of tinsel glitter, dazzle for a moment superficial persons, who weigh not what they read; but they will never obtain favour, or enhance a reputation with any for whose verdict Mr. Melville need care. Neither will he, we apprehend, gain much praise, that is worth having, for such exaggerated exhibitions of the horrible as that afforded in chapter VI. of his second volume. Passing through Lancelott's Hey, a narrow street of warehouses, *Redburn* heard "a feeble wail, which seemed to come out of the earth. . . . I advanced to an opening, which communicated downwards with deep tiers of cellars beneath a crumbling old warehouse; and there, some fifteen feet below the walk, crouching in nameless squalor, with her head bowed over, was the figure of what had been a woman. Her blue arms folded to her livid bosom two shrunken things like children, that leaned towards her, one on each side. At first I knew not whether they were dead or alive. They made no sign; they did not move or stir; but from the vault came that soul-sickening wail." We cannot quite realize the "opening" in question, but take it for granted to be some sufficiently dreary den, and are only puzzled to conjecture how, considering its depth, the woman and children got there. *Redburn* himself seems at a loss to account for it. This, however, his compassionate heart tarried not to enquire; but, perceiving the poor creatures were nearly dead with want, he hurried to procure them assistance. In an open space hard by, some squalid old women, the wretched *chiffonnières* of the docks, were gathering flakes of cotton in the dirt heaps. To these *Redburn* appealed. They knew of the beggar-woman and her brats, who had been three days in

the pit or vault, with nothing to eat, but they would not meddle in the matter; and one hag, with an exaggerated morality that does not sound very probable, declared "Betsy Jennings deserved it, for she had never been married!" Turning into a more frequented street, Redburn met a policeman. "None of my business, Jack," was the reply to his application. "I don't belong to that street. But what business is it of yours? Are you not a Yankee?"

"Yes," said I; "but come, I will help you to remove that woman, if you say so."

"There now, Jack, go on board your ship and stick to it, and leave these matters to the town."

Two more policemen were applied to with a like result. Appeals to the porter at an adjacent warehouse, to Handsome Mary the hostess, and Brandy Nan the cook at the Sailors' boarding-house, were equally fruitless. Redburn took some bread and cheese from his dinner-room, and carried it to the sufferers, to whom he gave water to drink in his hat—descending with great difficulty into the vault, which was like a well. The two children ate, but the woman refused. And then Redburn found a dead infant amongst her rags, (he describes its appearance with harrowing minuteness,) and almost repented having brought food to the survivors, for it could but prolong their misery, without hope of permanent relief. And on reflection, "I felt an almost irresistible impulse to do them the last mercy, of in some way putting an end to their horrible lives; and I should almost have done so, I think, had I not been deterred by thought of the law. For I well knew that the law, which would let them perish of themselves, without giving them one sup of water, would spend a thousand pounds, if necessary, in convicting him who should so much as offer to relieve them from their miserable existence." The whole chapter is in this agreeable style, and indeed we suppress the more revolting and exaggerated passages. Two days longer, Redburn informs us, the objects of his compassion linger in their foul retreat, and then the bread he throws to them remains untasted. They are dead,

and a horrible stench arises from the opening. The next time he passes, the corpses have disappeared, and quicklime strews the ground. Within a few hours of their death the nuisance has been detected and removed, although for five days, according to Redburn, they had been allowed to die by inches, within a few yards of frequented streets, and with the full knowledge and acquiescence of sundry policemen. We need hardly waste a comment on the more than improbable, on the utterly absurd character, of this incident. It will be apparent to all readers, Mr. Melville is, of course, at liberty to introduce fictitious adventure into what professes to be a narrative of real events; the thing is done every day, and doubtless he largely avails of the privilege. He has also a clear right to deal in the lugubrious, and even in the loathsome, if he thinks an occasional dash of tragedy will advantageously relieve the humorous features of his book. But here he is perverting truth, and leading into error the simple persons who put their faith in him. And, from the consideration of such misguidance, we naturally glide into the story of Master Harry Bolton. Redburn had been at Liverpool four weeks, and began to suspect that was all he was likely to see of the country, and that he must return to New York without obtaining the most distant glimpse of "the old abbeys, and the York minsters, and the lord mayors, and coronations, and the maypoles and fox-hunters, and Derby races, and dukes, and duchesses, and Count d'Orsays," which his boyish reading had given him the habit of associating with England,—when he one day made acquaintance, at the sign of the Baltimore Clipper, with "a handsome, accomplished, but unfortunate youth, one of those small but perfectly-formed beings who seem to have been born in cocoons. His complexion was a *mantling brunelle*, feminine as a girl's; his feet were small; his hands were white; and his eyes were large, black, and womanly; and, poetry aside, his voice was as the sound of a harp." It is natural to wonder what this dainty gentleman does in the sailors' quarter of Liverpool, and how he comes to rub his dandified costume against the tarry

jackets of the Clippers' habitual frequenters. On these points we are presently enlightened, Harry Bolton was born at Bury St. Edmunds. At a very early age he came into possession of five thousand pounds, went up to London, was at once admitted into the most aristocratic circles, gambled and dissipated his money in a single winter, made two voyages to the East Indies as midshipman in a Company's ship, squandered his pay, and was now about to seek his fortune in the New World. On reaching Liverpool, he took it into his head, for the romance of the thing, to ship as a sailor, and work his passage. Hence his presence at the docks, and his acquaintance with Redburn, who, delighted with his new acquaintance, prevails on him to offer his services to Captain Riga of the Highlander, who graciously accepts them.

"I now had a comrade in my afternoon strolls and Sunday excursions: and as Harry was a generous fellow, he shared with me his purse and his heart. He sold off several more of his fine vests and trousers, his silver-keyed flute and enamelled guitar; and a portion of the money thus furnished was pleasantly spent in refreshing ourselves at the roadside inns, in the vicinity of the town. Reclining side by side in some agreeable nook, we exchanged our experiences of the past. Harry enlarged upon the fascinations of a London life; described the curriole he used to drive in Hyde Park; gave me the measurement of Madame Vestris's ankle; alluded to his first introduction at a club, to the madcap Marquis of Waterford; told over the sums he had lost upon the turf on a Derby day; and made various but enigmatical allusions to a certain Lady Georgiana Theresa, the noble daughter of an anonymous earl."

Even Redburn, inexperienced as he is in the ways of the old country, is inclined to suspect his new friend of "spending funds of reminiscences not his own,"—that being as near an approach as he can make to accusing the he-brunette with the harp-like voice of telling lies—until one day, when passing a fashionable hotel, Harry points out to him a "remarkable elegant coat and pantaloons, standing upright on the hotel steps, and containing a young buck, tapping his teeth with an ivory-headed riding-whip." The buck is "very thin and

limber about the legs, with small feet like a doll's, and a small, glossy head like a seal's," and presently he steps to "the open window of a flashing carriage which drew up; and, throwing himself into an interesting posture, with the sole of one boot vertically exposed, so as to show the stamp on it—a coronet—fell into a sparkling conversation with a magnificent white satin hat, surmounted by a regal marabout feather, inside." The young gentleman with the seal's-head and the coroneted-boot, is, as Harry assures Redburn, whilst dragging him hastily round a corner, Lord Lovely, a most particular "old chum" of his own. "Sailors," Redburn somewhere observes, "only go round the world without going into it; and their reminiscences of travel are only a dim recollection of a chain of tap-rooms surrounding the globe, parallel with the equator." This being the case, we would have him abstain from giving glimpses of the English aristocracy, his knowledge of which seems to be based upon the revelations of Sunday newspapers, and upon that class of novels usually supposed to be written by discarded valets-de-chambre. But we are not let off with this peep at a truant fashionable. Mr. Bolton, having found a purse, or picked a pocket, or in some way or other replenished his exchequer, rigs out Redburn in a decent suit of clothes, and carries him off to London, previously disguising himself with false whiskers and mustaches. Enchanted to visit the capital, Redburn does not inquire too particularly concerning these suspicious proceedings, but takes all for granted, until he finds himself "dropped down in the evening among gas-lights, under a great roof in Euston Square. London at last," he exclaims, "and in the West End!" If not quite in the West End, he is soon transported thither by the agency of a cab, and introduced by his friend into a "semi-public place of opulent entertainment," such as certainly exists nowhere (at least in London) but in our sailor-author's lively imagination. The number of this enchanted mansion is forty, it is approached by high steps, and has a purple light at the door. Can any one help us with a conjecture? The following passage we take

to be good of its kind: "The cabman being paid, Harry, adjusting his whiskers and mustaches, and bidding me assume a lounging look, pushed his hat a little to one side, and then, locking arms, we sauntered into the house, myself feeling not a little abashed—it was so long since I had been in any courtly society." A pair of tailors strutting into a casino. It would seem there are cockneys even in America. The "courtly society" into which the Yankee sailor boy and his anomalous acquaintance now intrude themselves is that of "knots of gentlemanly men, seated at numerous Moorish-looking tables, supported by Caryatides of turbaned slaves, with cut decanters, and taper-waisted glasses, journals, and cigars before them." We regret we have not room for the description of the magnificent interior, which is a remarkable specimen of fine writing; but we must devote a word to the presiding genius of the mysterious palace, were it only for the sake of a smile indulged in by Redburn. At the further end of the brilliant apartment,—"behind a rich mahogany turret-like structure, was a very handsome florid old man, with snow-white hair and whiskers, and in a snow-white jacket—he looked like an almond-tree in blossom." Enshrined in mahogany turrets, and adorned by so imaginative a pen, who would suspect this benign and blooming old sinner of condescending to direct waiters and receive silver. Nevertheless these, we are told, are his chief duties—in short, we are allowed to suppose that he is the steward of this club, hell, tavern, or whatever else it is intended to be. Bolton speaks a word to the almond tree, who appears surprised, and they leave the room together. Redburn remains over a decanter of pale-yellow wine, and catches unintelligible sentences, in which the words *Loo* and *Rouge* occur. Presently Bolton returns, his face rather flushed, and drags away Redburn, not, as the latter hoped, for a ramble, "perhaps to Apsley House, in the Park, to get a sly peep at the old Duke before he retired for the night," but up magnificent staircases, through rosewood-doors and palatial halls, of all which we have a most florid, high-flown, and classical de-

scription. Again Bolton leaves him, after being very oracular and mysterious, and giving him money for his journey back to Liverpool, and a letter which he is to leave at Bury, should he (the aforesaid Bolton) not return before morning. And thereupon he departs with the almond-tree, and Redburn is left to his meditations, and hears dice rattle, has visions of frantic men rushing along corridors, and fancies he sees reptiles crawling over the mirrors, and at last, what with wine, excitement, and fatigue, he falls asleep. He is roused by Harry Bolton, very pale and desperate, who draws a dirk and nails his empty purse to the table, and whistles fiercely, and finally screams for brandy. Now all this sort of thing, we can assure its author, is in the very stalest style of minor-theatre melodrama. We perfectly remember our intense gratification when witnessing at country fairs, in our boyish days, a thrilling domestic tragedy, in which the murderer rushes on the stage with a chalked face and a gory carving-knife, howling for "Brandy! Brandy!" swallows a goblet of strong toast and water, and is tranquillised. But surely Mr. Melville had no need to recur to such antiquated traditions. Nor had he any need to introduce this fantastical gambling episode, unless it were upon the principle of the old cakes of roses in the apothecary's shop—to make up a show. We unhesitatingly qualify the whole of this London expedition as utter rubbish, intended evidently to be very fine and effective, but which totally misses the mark. Why will not Mr. Melville stick to the ship? There he is at home. The worst passages of his sea-going narrative are better than the best of his metropolitan experiences. In fact, the introduction at all of the male brunette is quite impertinent. Having got him, Mr. Melville finds it necessary to do something with him, and he is greatly puzzled what that is to be. Bolton's character is full of inconsistencies. Notwithstanding his two voyages to the East Indies and his great notion of "the romance" of working his passage as a common sailor, when he comes to do duty on board the Highlander he proves him-

self totally ignorant of nautical matters, and is so nerveless a mariner that, on ascending a mast, he nearly falls into the sea, and nothing can induce him again to go aloft. This entails upon him the contempt and ill-treatment of his officers and shipmates, and he leads a dog's life between Liverpool and New York. "Few landmen can imagine the depressing and self-humiliating effect of finding one's self, for the first time, at the beck of illiterate sea-tyrants, with no opportunity of exhibiting any trait about you but your ignorance of everything connected with the sea-life that you lead, and the duties you are constantly called on to perform. In such a sphere, and under such circumstances, Isaac Newton and Lord Bacon would be sea clowns and bumpkins, and Napoleon Bonaparte be cuffed and kicked without remorse. In more than one instance I have seen the truth of this; and Harry, poor Harry, proved no exception." Poor Harry, nervous, effeminate, and sensitive, was worried like a hare by the rude sea-dogs amongst whom he had so imprudently thrust himself. His sole means of propitiating his tormentors was by his voice, and "many a night was he called upon to sing for those who, through the day, had insulted and derided him." Amidst his many sufferings, Redburn was his only comforter, and at times, of an evening, they would creep under the lee of the long-boat and talk of the past, and still oftener of the future; for Harry referred but unwillingly to things gone by, and especially would never explain any of the mysteries of their London expedition, and had bound Redburn by an oath not to question him concerning it. He confessed, however, that his resources were at an end; that besides a chest of clothes—relics of former finery—he had but a few shillings in the world; and, although several years his senior, he was glad to take counsel of the sailor boy as to his future course of life, and what he could do in America to earn a living, for he was determined never to return to England. And when Redburn suggested that his friend's musical talents might possibly be turned to account, Harry caught at the idea,

and volunteered the following curious information:—

"In some places in England, he said, it was customary for two or three young men of highly respectable families, of undoubted antiquity, but unfortunately in lamentably decayed circumstances, and threadbare coats—it was customary for two or three young gentlemen, so situated, to obtain their livelihood by their voices; coining their silvery songs into silvery shillings. They wandered from door to door, and rang the bell—*Are the ladies and gentlemen in?* Seeing them at least gentlemanly-looking, if not sumptuously apparelled, the servant generally admitted them at once; and when the people entered to greet them, their spokesman would rise with a gentle bow, and a smile, and say, *We come, ladies and gentlemen, to sing you a song; we are singers, at your service.* And so, without waiting reply, forth they burst into song; and, having most mellifluous voices, enchanted and transported all auditors; so much so, that at the conclusion of the entertainment they very seldom failed to be well recompensed, and departed with an invitation to return again, and make the occupants of that dwelling once more delighted and happy."

Should it not be added that, these errant minstrels of ancient family, decayed circumstances, and courtly manners, had their faces lamplighted, and carried bones and banjos, and sang songs in negro slang with gurgling choruses? Some such professors we have occasionally seen parading the streets of English towns, although we are not aware of their being customarily welcomed in drawing-rooms. We ask Mr. Herman Melville to explain to us his intention in this sort of writing. Does it contain some subtle satire, imperceptible to our dull optics? Does he mean it to be humorous? Or is he writing seriously? (although that seems scarcely possible) and does he imagine he is here recording a common English custom? If this last be the case, we strongly urge him immediately to commence a work "On the Manners and Customs of the British Isles." We promise him a review, and guarantee the book's success. But we have not quite done with Harry Bolton, and may as well finish him off whilst our hand is in. Objections

being found to troubadourising in New York, the notion of a clerkship is started, Harry being a good penman; and this brings on a discussion about hands, and Redburn utterly scouts the idea of slender fingers and small feet being indicative of gentle birth and far descent, because the half-caste paupers of Lima are dainty-handed and wee-footed, and moreover, he adds, with crushing force of argument, a fish has no feet at all! But poor Harry's tender digits and rosy nails have grievously suffered from the pollution of tar-pots, and the rough contact of ropes, and oftentimes he bewails his hand's degradation, and sighs for the palmy days when it handed countesses to their coaches, and pledged Lady Blessington, and ratified a bond to Lord Lovely, &c., &c. All which is abundantly tedious and commonplace, and will not bear dwelling upon.

Part of the Highlander's cargo on home-voyage was five hundred emigrants, to accommodate whom the "between-decks" was fitted up with bunks, rapidly constructed of coarse planks, and having something the appearance of dog-kennels. The weather proved unfavourable, the voyage long, the provisions of many of the emigrants (who were chiefly Irish) ran short, and the consequences were disorder, suffering, and disease. Once more upon his own ground, and telling of things which he knows, and has doubtless seen, Mr. Melville again rises in our estimation. His details of emigrant life on board are good; and so is his account of the sailors' shifts for tobacco, which runs short, and of Jackson's selfishness, and singular ascendancy over the crew. And also, very graphic indeed, is the picture of the steerage, when the malignant epidemic breaks out, and it becomes a lazar-house, frightful with filth and fever, where the wild ignorant Irishmen sat smoking tea leaves on their chests, and rise in furious revolt, to prevent the crew from taking the necessary sanitary measures of purification, until at last favourable breezes came, and fair mild days, and fever fled, and the human stable (for it was no better) was cleansed, and the Highlander bowled cheerily onwards, over a plea-

sant sea, towards the much-desired haven. Two incidents of especial prominence occur during the voyage—one at its outset, the other near its close. Whilst yet in the Prince's Dock, three drunken sailors are brought on board the Highlander by the crimps. One of them, a Portuguese, senseless from intoxication, is lowered on deck by a rope and rolled into his bunk, where the crimp tucks him in, and desires he may not be disturbed till out at sea. There he lies, regardless of the mate's angry calls, and seemingly sunk in a trance, until an unpleasant odour in the fore-castle arouses attention, and Jackson discovers that the man is dead. Yet the other sailors doubt it, especially when, upon Red Max holding a light to his face, "the yellow flame wavered for a moment at the seaman's motionless mouth. But then, to the silent horror of all, two threads of greenish fire, like a forked tongue, darted out from between the lips; and in a moment the cadaverous face was crawled over by a swarm of wormlike flames. The lamp dropped from the hand of Max, and went out, while covered all over with spires and sparkles of flame, that faintly crackled in the silence, the uncovered parts of the body burned before us, precisely like a phosphorescent shark in a midnight sea." Spirit-drinking, the seaman's bane, had made an end of Miguel the Portuguese. What shocked Redburn particularly, was Jackson's opinion "that the man had been actually dead when brought on board the ship; and that knowingly, and merely for the sake of the month's advance, paid into his hand upon the strength of the bill he presented, the body-snatching crimp had shipped a corpse on board the Highlander." The men trembled at the supernatural aspect of the burning body, but reckless Jackson, with a fierce jeer, bade them hurl it overboard, which was done. Jackson knew not how soon the waves were to close over his own corpse. Off Cape Cod, when the smell of land was strong in the nostrils of the wreny emigrants, orders were given, one dark night, in a stiff breeze, to reef topsails; and Jackson, who had been deadly ill and off duty most part of the voyage, came upon

deck, to the surprise of many, to do his duty with the rest, by way of reminder, perhaps, to the captain, that he was alive and expected his wages. Having pointed pretty freely to Mr. Melville's defects, it is fair to give an example of his happier manner.

"At no time could Jackson better signalise his disposition to work, than upon an occasion like the present; which generally attracts every soul on deck, from the captain to the child in the steerage.

"His aspect was damp and deathlike; the blue hollows of his eyes were like vaults full of snakes [another of Mr. Melville's outrageous similes]; and, issuing so unexpectedly from his dark tomb in the fore-castle, he looked like a man raised from the dead.

"Before the sailors had made fast the reef-tackle, Jackson was tottering up the rigging; thus getting the start of them, and securing his place at the extreme weather end of the top-sail yard—which is accounted the post of honour. For it was one of the characteristics of this man, that, though when on duty he would shy away from mere dull work in a calm, yet in tempest time he always claimed the van, and would yield it to none; and this, perhaps, was one cause of his unbounded dominion over the men.

"Soon we were all strung along the main-topsail yard; the ship rearing and plunging under us, like a runaway steed; each man gripping his reef-point, and sideways leaning, dragging the sail over towards Jackson, whose business it was to confine the reef corner to the yard.

"His hat and shoes were off; and he rode the yard-arm end, leaning backward to the gale, and pulling at the earing-rope like a bridle. At all times, this is a moment of frantic exertion with sailors, whose spirits seem then to partake of the commotion of the elements, as they hang in the gale between heaven and earth—and then it is, too, that they are the most profane.

"'Haul out to windward!' coughed Jackson, with a blasphemous cry, and he threw himself back with a violent strain upon the bridle in his hand. But the wild words were hardly out of his mouth when his hands dropped to his side, and the bellying sail was spattered with a torrent of blood from his lungs.

"As the man next him stretched out his arm to save, Jackson fell headlong from the yard, and with a long seethe, plunged like a diver into the sea.

"It was when the ship had rolled to windward; which, with the long projec-

tion of the yard-arm over the side, made him strike far out upon the water. His fall was seen by the whole upward-gazing crowd on deck, some of whom were spotted with the blood that trickled from the sail, while they raised a spontaneous cry, so shrill and wild, that a blind man might have known something deadly had happened.

"Clutching our reef-points, we hung over the stick, and gazed down to the one white, bubbling spot, which had closed over the head of our shipmate; but the next minute it was brewed into the common yeast of the waves, and Jackson never arose. We waited a few moments, expecting an order to descend, haul back the foreyard, and man the boat; but instead of that, the next sound that greeted us was, 'Bear a hand, and reef away, men!' from the mate."

If it be possible (we are aware that it is very difficult) for an author to form a correct estimate of his own productions, it must surely have struck Mr. Melville, whilst glancing over the proof-sheets of *Redburn*, that plain, vigorous, unaffected writing of this sort, is a far superior style of thing to rhapsodies about Italian boys and hurdy-gurdies, to gairish descriptions of imaginary gambling-houses, and to sentimental effusions about Harry Bolton, his "Bury blade," and his "Zebra," as he called him—the latter word being used, we suppose, to indicate that the young man was only one remove from a donkey. We can assure Mr. Melville he is most effective when most simple and unpretending; and if he will put away affectation and curb the eccentricities of his fancy, we see no reason for his not becoming a very agreeable writer of nautical fictions. He will never have the power of a Cringle, or the sustained humour and vivacity of a Marryat, but he may do very well without aspiring to rival the masters of the art.

Redburn is not a novel: it has no plot; the mysterious visit to London remains more or less an enigma to the end. But having said so much about Harry Bolton, the author deems it expedient to add a tag touching the fate of this worthy, whom *Redburn* left in New York, in charge of a friend, during his own temporary absence, and who had disappeared on

his return. For years he hears nothing of him, but then falls in, whilst on a whaling cruise in the Pacific, with an English sailor, who tells how a poor little fellow, a countryman of his, a gentleman's son, and who sang like a bird, had fallen over the side of a Nantucket craft, and been jammed between ship and whale. And this is Harry Bolton. A most lame and impotent conclusion, and as improbable a one as could well be devised, seeing that a sailor's life was the very last the broken down gambler was likely to choose, after his experience of his utter incapacity for it, and after the persecution and torments he had endured from his rude shipmates on board the Highlander.

When this review of his last work meets the eye of Mr. Herman Melville, which probably it will do, we would have him bear in mind that, if we have now dwelt upon his failings, it is in the hope of inducing him to amend them; and that we have already, on a former occasion, expended at least as much time and space on a laudation of his merits, and many undeniable good qualities, as a writer. It always gives us pleasure to speak favourably of a book by an American author, when we conscientiously can do so. First, because Americans, although cousins, are not *of the house*; although allied by blood, they are in

some sort strangers; and it is an act of more graceful courtesy to laud a stranger than one of ourselves. Secondly, because we hope thereby to encourage Americans to the cultivation of literature—to induce some to write, who, having talent, have not hitherto revealed it; and to stimulate those who have already written to increased exertion and better things. For it were false modesty on our part to ignore the fact, that the words of Maga have much weight and many readers throughout the whole length and breadth of the Union—that her verdict is respectfully heard, not only in the city, but in the hamlet, and even in those remote backwoods where the law of Lynch prevails. And, thirdly, we gladly praise an American book because we praise none but good books, and we desire to see many such written in America, in the hope that she will at last awake to the advantages of an international copyright. For surely it is little creditable to a great country to see her men of genius and talent, her Irvings and Prescotts, and we will also say her Coopers and Melvilles, publishing their works in a foreign capital, as the sole means of obtaining that fair remuneration which, although it should never be the sole object, is yet the legitimate and honourable reward of the labourer in literature's paths.

PEACE AND WAR AGITATORS.

If the experience of the last twelve months has not opened the eyes of the most inveterate of Mr. Cobden's quondam admirers to the real quality of their idol, we very much fear that such unhappy persons are beyond the reach of the moral oculist. From the first moment of his appearance upon the political stage, while yet unbelieved by Peel, and unrewarded by that splendid testimonial, accorded unto him by judicious patriots, one moiety of whom have since done penance for their premature liberality in the *Gazette*, we understood the true capabilities of the man, and scrupled not so say that a more conceited personage never battered the front of a hustings. Some excellent but decidedly weak-minded people were rather offended with the freedom of our remarks upon the self-sufficient Cagliostro of free trade, in whose powers of transmutation they were disposed to place implicit reliance and belief. The Tamworth certificate, which we shrewdly suspect its author would now give a trifle to recall, was founded on as evidence sufficient to condemn our obstinate blindness and illiberality; for who could doubt the soundness of an opinion emanating from a statesman who was just then depositing in a mahogany wheelbarrow, the first sod, raised with a silver spade, on a railway which, when completed, was to prove a perfect California to the shareholders? It is not impossible that, at this moment, some of the shareholders may be on their way to the actual California—having found, through bitter experience, that some kinds of diggings are anything but productive, and having learned that elderly orators, who make a practice of studying the gyrations of the weather-cock, may be sometimes mistaken in their calculations. Matters fared worse with us, when it was bruited through the trumpet of fame, that, in every considerable capital of Europe, multitudes had assembled to do homage to the apostle of the new era. Our compassionate friends, possibly deeming us irretrievably committed to folly, put on mourning for our transgres-

sion, and ceased to combat with our adversaries, who classed us with the worst of unbelievers. One facetious gentleman proposed that we should be exhibited in a glass-case, as a specimen of an extinct animal; another, indulging in a more daring flight of fancy, stigmatised us as a cankerworm, gnawing at the root of the tree of liberty. We fairly confess that we were pained at the alienation of friends whom we had previously considered as staunch as the steel of Toledo; as for our foemen, we, being unused to that kind of warfare, treated them with consummate indifference. Yet not the less, on that account, did we diligently peruse the journals, which, from various lands, winged their way to the table of our study, each announcing, in varied speech, that Richard Cobden was expatiating upon the blessings of free-trade and unlimited calico to the nations. These we had not studied long, ere we discovered that, upon one or two unfortunate points, there was a want of understanding between the parties who thus fraternised. The foreign audiences knew nothing whatever about the principles which the orator propounded; and the orator knew, if possible, still less of the languages in which the compliments of the audiences were conveyed. In so far as any interchange of ideas was concerned, Mr. Cobden might as well have been dining on cold roast monkey with the King of Congo and his court, as with the bearded patriots who entertained him in Italy and Spain. His talk about reciprocity was about as distinct to their comprehension, as would have been his definition of the differential calculus; nevertheless their shoutings fell no whit less gratefully on the ear of the Manchester manufacturer, who interpreted the same according to his own sweet will, and sent home bragging bulletins to his backers, descriptive of the thirst for commercial interchange which raged throughout Europe, and of the pacific tendencies of the age. Need we remind our readers of what followed? Never had unfortunate

prophet been possessed by a more lying and delusive demon. The words were hardly out of his mouth, before the thunderstorm of revolution broke in all its fury upon France, and rolled in devastating wrath over every kingdom of the Continent. Amongst the foremost agents in this unholy work were the friends, and entertainers of Mr. Cobden, for whose tranquil dispositions he had been foolish enough to volunteer a pledge. How he must have cursed "my friend Cremieux," when he found that unscrupulous gentleman giving the lie to all his asseverations! No man, unless cased in a threefold covering of brass, could have held up his head to the public, after so thorough and instantaneous an exposure of his miserable fallacies. But our Richard is not to be easily put down. No one understands the trade of the agitator better; for, when baffled, put to silence, and covered with ridicule on one topic, he straightway shifts his ground, and is heard declaiming on another. It is his misfortune that he has been compelled to do this rather frequently, for in no one single instance have events realised his predictions. Free trade, which was to make every man rich, has plunged the nation in misery. Reciprocity, for all practical purposes, is an obsolete word in the dictionary. The Continental apostles of commercial exchange have been amusing themselves by cutting each others' throats, and hatching villanous schemes for the subversion of all government; nor has one of them a maravedi left, to expend in the purchase of calico. The colonies are up in arms against the policy of the mother country. Undismayed by these failures, still the undaunted Cobden lifts up his oracular voice, advocating in turn the extension of the suffrage, the abolition of standing armies, financial reform, and what not. It matters not to him that, on each new attempt, the rotten tub on which he takes his stand is either kicked from under his feet, or goes crashing down beneath the weight of the husky orator—up he starts from the mire like a new Antæus, and, without stopping to wipe away the unsavoury stains from his visage, holds

forth upon a different text, the paragon of pertinacious preachers. We could almost find it in our hearts to be sorry that such singular pluck should go without its adequate reward. But a patriot of this stamp is sure to become a nuisance. However numerous his audience may be at first, they are apt to decline when the folly of the harangue is made patent to the meanest capacity, and when current events everlastingly combine to expose the nature of the imposture. The popularity of Cobden, for some time back, has been terribly on the wane. Few and far between are his present political ovations; and even men of his own class begin to consider him a humbug. We are given to understand that, in a majority of the commercial rooms, the first glass of the statutory pint of wine is no longer graced with an aspiration for his prosperity and length of years; and some ungrateful recreants of the road now hint, that to his baleful influence may be attributed the woful diminution of orders. That exceedingly mangy establishment, cyleped the Free-trade Club, of which he was the father and founder, has just given up the ghost; and great is the joy of the denizens of St. James's Square at bring relieved from the visitations of the crew that haunted its ungarnished halls. Ordinary men might be disheartened by a succession of such reverses—not so Cobden. Like an ancient Roman, he gathers his calico around him, and announces to a gratified world that he is ready to measure inches with the Autocrat of all the Russias!

Cobden is fond of this kind of feat. About a year ago he put out the same challenge to the Duke of Wellington and the Horse Guards, just as we find it announced in the columns of *Bell's Life in London*, that Charles Onions of Birmingham is ready to pitch into the Champion of England for five pounds a-side, and that his money is deposited at the bar of the Pig and Whistles. But even as the said champion does not reply to the defiance of the full-flavoured Charles, so silent was He of the hundred fights when Richard summoned him to the field. Failing this meditated encounter, our pugnacious manufacturer next despatches a cartel to Nicholas, and no

response having arrived from St. Petersburg, he magnanimously professes himself ready to serve out the house of Hapsburg! Really there is no setting bounds to the valour or the ambition of this vaunting Achilles, who, far stronger than his prototype, or even than the fabled Hercules, states that he can crumble up kingdoms in his hand as easily as a sheet of foolscap. We stand absolutely appalled at the temerity of unappeasable Pelides.

Our readers are probably aware that, for some time past, there has been an attempt to preach up a sort of seedy Crusade, having for its ostensible object the universal pacification of mankind. With such an aim no good man or sincere Christian can quarrel. Peace and good-will are expressly inculcated by the Gospel, and even upon lower grounds than these we are all predisposed in their favour. So that, when America sent us a new Peter the Hermit, in the shape of one Elihu Burritt, heretofore a hammerer of iron, people were at a loss to comprehend what sort of a mission that could be, which, without any fresh revelation, was to put the matter in a clearer light than was ever exhibited before. We care not to acknowledge that we were of the number of those who classed the said Elihu with the gang of itinerant lecturers, who turn a questionable penny by holding forth to ignorant audiences upon subjects utterly beyond their own contracted comprehension. Nor have we seen any reason to alter our opinion since; for the accession of any amount of noodles, be they English, French, Dutch, Flemish, or Chinese, can in no way give importance to a movement which is simply and radically absurd. If the doctrines and precepts of Christianity cannot establish peace, check aggression, suppress insubordination, or hasten the coming of the millennium, we may be excused for doubting, surely, the power of Peace Congresses, even when presided over by so saintly a personage as Victor Hugo, to accomplish those desirable ends. We do not know whether Alexander Dumas has as yet given in his adhesion. If not, it is a pity, for his presence would decidedly give additional interest to the meetings.

Even on the score of originality, the founders of the Peace Associations cannot claim any merit. The idea was long ago struck out, and promulgated by that very respectable sect the Quakers; and though in modern times some of that fraternity, John Bright for example, have shown themselves more addicted to wrangling than befits the lamb-like docility of their profession, we believe that opposition to warfare is still their leading tenet. We can see no reason, therefore, why the bread should be so unceremoniously taken from the mouth of Obadiah. If the ingenious author of *Lucretia Borgia* and *Hans of Iceland* wishes to become the leader of a great pacific movement, he ought, in common justice, to adopt the uniform of the existing corps. He certainly should treat the promenaders of the Boulevards to a glimpse of the broad-brimmed hat and sober drab terminations, and conform to the phraseology as well as the habiliments of the followers of William Penn.

It may be questionable whether, if the experiment of free trade had succeeded, Elihu would have obtained the countenance of so potent an auxiliary as Cobden. Our powers of arithmetic are too limited to enable us, at this moment, to recall the precise amount of additional annual wealth which the member for the West Riding, and the wisacres of *The Economist*, confidently predicted as the necessary gain to the nation; it was something, the bare mention of which was enough to cause a Pactolus to distil from the chops of a Chancellor of the Exchequer, especially if he belonged to the Whig persuasion, and was, therefore, unaccustomed to the miracle of a bursting revenue. But as no such miracle ensued; and as, on the contrary, Sir Charles Wood was put to his wit's end—no very formidable stretch—to diminish a horrible deficit by the sale of rope-ends, rusty metal, and other material which was classed under the head of government stores, it was clearly high time for our nimble Cobden to shift his ground. Accordingly he fell foul of the army, which he would fain have insisted on disbanding; and this move, of course, brought him within the range of the

orbit already occupied by the eccentric Elihu.

It is not very easy to attain to a distinct understanding of the means which the Peace Association proposed to adopt, for carrying out this benevolent scheme. Most of the gentlemen who have already figured at their debates are so excessively muddle-headed, that it seems impossible to extract from their speeches the vestige of a distinct idea. This much, however, after diligent study, we have gathered, that it is proposed to substitute arbitration in place of war, and to render that mode of arrangement almost necessary by a general European disarmament. Nothing could tally better with the views of Cobden. A higher principle than that of mere retrenchment is thus brought to bear upon his darling scheme of wiping off the army and the navy; and we must needs confess that, to a considerable proportion of the population of modern Europe, the scheme must be extremely palatable.

Standing armies, we are told, are of no earthly use in the time of peace, and their expense is obviously undeniable. If peace could be made universal and perpetual, there would be an end of standing armies. The best means for securing perpetual peace is to do away with standing armies, because without standing armies there would be no facilities for war. This is the sort of argument which we are now asked to accept; but, unfortunately, we demur both to the premises and the conclusion. Indeed, in a matter of this kind, we utterly repudiate the aid of logic, even were it a great deal more scientifically employed. That of the free-traders is, if possible, worse than their arithmetic, though, a year or two ago, they were ready to have staked their existence on the infallibility of the latter.

The experience of the last eighteen months has given us all some tangible proof of the advantages of standing armies. Setting aside the Denmark affair, and also the occupation of Rome, there has been one aggressive war waged in Europe by sovereign against sovereign. That war, we need hardly say, was commenced by Charles Albert of Sardinia, who, basely and perfidiously availing himself of the intestine

difficulties of Austria, attempted to seize the opportunity of making himself master of Lombardy. We need not recapitulate the history of that campaign, so glorious to the veteran Radetsky, and so shameful to his unprincipled opponent: but it is well worth remarking, that the whole of the sympathies of Mr. Cobden and his radical confederates are enlisted on the side of the Italian insurgents; and that, with all their professed horror for war, we never hear them attribute the slightest blame to the Sardinians for having marched in hostile array across the frontier of a friendly power. Nor is this all. In every case where the torch of insurrection has been lighted, we find the advocates of peace clamorous in their approbation of the movement. Without knowledge, without judgment, without anything like due consideration either of the provocation given on the one side, or the license claimed on the other, they have invariably lent their voices to swell the revolutionary cry, and backed the drunken populace in their howl against order and government. Whoever was loyal and true has been branded as a ruffian and a murderer. Assassination, when it proceeded from the mob, was in their eyes no offence at all. Some of them, employing terms which we never thought to have heard an Englishman utter, have rather chuckled over the spectacle of nobles, priests, and statesmen stabbed, shot down, hewn with axes, or torn limb from limb by savages, whose atrocity was not equalled by that of the worst actors in the early French Revolution,—and have not been ashamed to vindicate the authors of such hideous outrage.

Aggressive war we deprecate, to say the least of it, as strongly as any peace orator who ever spouted from a platform; but we by no means think that peace, in the catholic sense of the word, can be at all endangered by the maintenance of standing armies. So far as the military establishment of Great Britain is concerned, we have already had occasion, in a former paper, to show that it is barely sufficient for the occupation of our large and numerous colonies, and greatly inferior in proportion to that of any other country in Europe. We cer-

tainly do not intend to resume that discussion, because the sense of the nation has unequivocally condemned the pragmatic fools who provoked it; and even the Whigs, who coquetted with them, have seen the folly of their ways, and are not likely, in a hurry, to attempt any numerical reduction. But we go a great deal farther. We maintain, that without the assistance of the standing armies throughout Europe during the late critical juncture, anarchy would now have been triumphant, and civilisation have received a check so terrible, that ages might have elapsed before we could have recovered from its effects. Revolution is incalculably a greater disaster than war; and the higher the point of civilisation to which a nation has attained before it permits the democratic flame, smothering beneath the surface of all society, to burst out into fury, the more dangerous and difficult to extinguish must be the conflagration. But for the regular army of France, red republicanism would now be triumphant, and a new Reign of Terror have begun. The armies and discipline of Prussia alone preserved the Rhenish provinces and the Palatinate from anarchy, plunder, and devastation; and, failing those of Austria, Vienna would have been a heap of ashes. Ultra-democrats, in all ages, have exclaimed against standing armies as instruments of tyranny for suppressing and overawing the people, and they have argued that such a force is incompatible with free institutions. Such declamation is perfectly natural, both now and heretofore, when we reflect who the individuals are that use it. No class of persons are more bitter against the police than the professional thieves. To them the constable's baton also is an emblem of intolerable tyranny, because it interferes with those liberal ideas regarding the distribution of property which have been philosophically expounded and reduced to ethics by certain sages of the socialist school. The democrat hates the soldier, because he considers him an obstacle in the way of that political regeneration which is merely another word for the institution of a reign of terror.

We do not, however, think it necessary to enter into any elaborate expo-

sition of the idleness of the peace movement. So long as the gentlemen who have gratuitously constituted themselves a congress exhibit so much common sense as to retain the semblance of consistency, we should hardly feel ourselves called upon to interfere in any way with their arrangements. We should be the last people in the world to grudge to Mr. Ewart, or any other senator of such limited calibre, the little notoriety which he may chance to pick up by figuring in Paris as a champion of pacific fraternity. The paths towards the Temple of Fame are many and devious; and if a man feels himself utterly wanting in that intellectual strength which is necessary for attaining the summit by the legitimate and beaten road, he is certainly entitled to clamber up to any odd pinnacle from which he can make himself, for a moment, the object of observation. In minor theatres, it is not uncommon to find a broken-down tragedian attempting to achieve some popularity in a humble line, by jumping as Harlequin through a clock, or distorting his ochre-coated visage by grinning magnanimously as the clown. To such feats no fair exception can be taken; and we doubt not that a roar of laughter, proceeding from the throats of the most ignorant assemblage of numskulls, is as grateful to the ears of the performer as would be the applause of the most enlightened and fastidious audience. We believe that in the case of the Congress, audience and orators were extremely well suited to the capacity of each other. The people of Paris, who drank in the rolling periods of the pacificators, were exceedingly amused with the exhibition; and testified their delight, by greeting the reproduction of the farce, in the shape of a Vaudeville at the Théâtre des Variétés, with unextinguishable shouts of laughter!

Neither shall we make any comment upon the singularity of the time selected for these demonstrations. The members of the Congress expressly set forth, that it was their desire to impress upon the governments of Europe the folly of maintaining large establishments, and we presume that they entertained some reasonable hope that their remonstrances might at least be heard. We need scarcely point out to

our readers the eminent fitness of the present juncture for carrying these views into effect. We have great faith in the extent and power of human idiocy, but we hardly supposed that any body of men could have been congregated, possessed of so much collective imbecility as to conceive that this was a proper moment for securing the conviction, or enlisting the sympathies of any government in their scheme. We are, however, forced to conclude, that a good many of them are sincere; and believing this, our regard for their honesty rises in a corresponding ratio with the decline of our respect for the measure of their intellects. It would probably be unjust and wrong to confound some of these simple souls with men of the stamp of their new ally, who use their association merely as a means for the promulgation of part of their political opinions, but who, in reality, are so far from being the friends of peace, that they seem bent upon using their utmost efforts to involve the whole of Europe in a new and desolating war. While, therefore, we drop for the present any further notice of the proceedings of the Peace Congress, we feel it our imperative duty to trace the steps of Mr. Cobden since, arrayed in sheep's clothing, he chose to make his appearance in the midst of that innocent assembly.

Whatever sympathy may have been shown in certain quarters towards the Italian insurgents, that feeling has been materially lessened by the awful spectacles afforded by insurgent rule. We are, in this country, a great deal too apt to be carried into extravagance by our abstract regard for constitutional freedom. We forget that our own system has been the gradual work of ages; that the enlightenment and education of the people has invariably preceded every measure of substantial reform; and that it is quite possible that other nations may not be fitted to receive like institutions, or to work out the social problem, without more than British restraint. Arbitrary government being quite foreign to our own notions, is invariably regarded by us with dislike; and our decided impulse, on the appearance of each new insurrection, is to attribute the whole of the blame to the inflexibil-

ity of the sovereign power. So long as this feeling is merely confined to expression of opinion at home, it is comparatively, though not altogether, harmless. Undue weight is attached abroad to the articles of the press, enunciated with perfect freedom, but certainly not always expressing the sense of the community; and foreign statesmen, unable to appreciate this license, have ere now taken umbrage at diatribes, which, could the matter be investigated, would be found to proceed from exceedingly humble sources. So long, however, as our government professed and acted upon the principles of non-interference, there was little likelihood of our being embroiled in disputes with which we had no concern, simply on account of liberal meetings, tavern speeches, or hebdomadal oburgations of despotism.

The real danger commenced when a government, calling itself liberal, began to interfere, most unjustifiably and most unwisely, with the concerns of its neighbours. Powerless to do good at home, the Whigs have ever shown themselves most ready to do mischief abroad; and probably in the whole history of British diplomacy, there stands recorded no transaction more deplorable, from first to last, than the part which Lord Palmerston has taken in the late Italian movements. It is the fashion to laud the present Foreign Secretary as a man of consummate ability; nor is it possible to deny that, so far as speech-making is concerned, he certainly surpasses his colleagues. We were almost inclined to go farther, and admit that no one could equal him in dexterity of reading official documents, so as to mystify and distort their meaning; but were we to assign him pre-eminence in this department, we should do signal injustice to Earl Grey, who unquestionably stands unrivalled in the art of cooping a despatch. Ability Lord Palmerston certainly has, but we deny that he has shown it in his late Italian negotiations. Restless activity is not a proof of diplomatic talent, any more than an appetite for intrigue, or a perverse obstinacy of purpose. Men of the above temperament have, in all ages, been held incompetent for the duties of so delicate

and difficult a station as that of minister of foreign affairs; and yet who will deny that the whole course of our recent diplomatic relations with the south of Europe, has been marked by an unusual display of restlessness, obstinacy, and intrigue? Public men must submit to have their labours judged of by their fruits; it is the penalty attached to their high office, and most righteously so, since the destinies of nations are committed to their hands. Lord Palmerston may possibly have thought that, by dictating to the governments of Italy the nature of the relations which, in his opinion, ought to subsist between them and their subjects, he was consulting the honour and advantage of England, fulfilling his duty to the utmost, and providing for the maintenance of the public tranquillity of Europe. We say it is possible that such was his thought and intention; but, if so, surely never yet did a man, possessing more than common ability, resort to such extraordinary means, or employ such incapable agents. Of all the men who could have been selected for such a service, Lord Minto was incalculably the worst. We have nothing whatever to say against that nobleman in his private capacity; but, throughout his whole public, we cannot say useful, career, he has never, on one occasion, exhibited a spark even of ordinary talent, and it is more than questioned by many, whether his intelligence rises to the ordinary level. Through accident and connexion he has been thrust into state employment, and has never rendered himself otherwise remarkable than for a most egregious partiality for those of his family, kindred, and name. And yet this was the accredited agent sent out by Lord Palmerston to expound the intentions and views of Great Britain, not only to the sovereigns of Italy, but also to their revolted subjects.

We say nothing of the diplomatic employment of such a representative as Mr. Abercromby, at the Court of Turin. The correspondence contained in the Blue Books laid before parliament, shows how singularly ignorant that minister was of the real posture of affairs in Italy; how eagerly he caught at every insinuation which was thrown

out against the good faith and pacific policy of Austria; and how completely he was made the tool and the dupe of the revolutionary party. It is enough to note the fruits of the Palmerstonian policy, which have been, so far as we are concerned, the utter annihilation of all respect for the British name in Italy, insurrections, wild and wasting civil war, and, finally, the occupation of Rome by the French. Whatever may be thought of the prudence of this latter move, or whatever may be its remote consequences, this at least is certain, that, but for Oudinot and his army, the Eternal City would have been given up as a prey to the vilest congregation of ruffians that ever profaned the name of liberty by inscribing it on their blood-stained banners. To associate the cause of such men with that of legitimate freedom is an utter perversion of terms; and those who have been rash enough to do so must stand convicted, before the world, of complete ignorance of their subject. No pen, we believe, could adequately describe the atrocities which were perpetrated in Rome, from the day when Count Rossi fell by the poniard of the assassin, on the steps of the Quirinal palace, down to that on which the gates were opened for the admittance of the besieging army. Not the least of Popish miracles was the escape of Pius himself, who beheld his secretary slain, and his body-guard butchered by his side. Of these things modern liberalism takes little note: it hears not the blood of innocent and unoffending priests cry out for vengeance from the pavement; it makes no account of pillage and spoliation, of ransacked convent, or of harried home. It proclaims its sympathy aloud with the robber and the bravo, and is not ashamed to throw the veil of patriotism over the enormities of the brigand Garibaldi!

When, therefore, not only a considerable portion of the press of this country, but the government itself, is found espousing the cause of revolution in the south of Europe, we need not be surprised if other governments, at a period of so much danger and insecurity, regard Great Britain as a renegade to the cause of order. Our position at present is, in reality, one of great difficulty, and such as ought to

make us extremely cautious of indulging in unnecessary bravado. The state of our financial affairs is anything but encouraging. We are answerable for a larger debt than any other nation of the world; and our economists are so sensible of the weight of our burdens, that they would fain persuade us to denude ourselves even of the ordinary means of defence. Our foreign exports are stationary; our imports immensely increasing; our home market reduced, for the present, to a state of terrible prostration. Free trade, by destroying the value of agricultural produce, has almost extinguished our last hope of restoring tranquillity to Ireland, and of raising that unhappy country to the level of the sister kingdoms. It is in vain that we have crippled ourselves to stay the recurring famine of years, since our statesmen are leagued with famine, and resolute to persevere in their iniquity. The old hatred of the Celt to the Saxon is still burning in the bosoms of a large proportion of the misguided population of Ireland; and were any opportunity afforded, it would break forth as violently as ever. So that, even within the girdle of the four seas, we are not exactly in that situation which might justify our provoking unnecessary hostility from abroad. So far we are entirely at one with the Peace Congress. When we look to the state of our colonies, the prospect is not more encouraging. Through Whig misrule, our tenure of the Canadas has become exceedingly precarious. The West Indies are writhing in ruin; and even the inhabitants of the Cape are rampant, from the duplicity of the Colonial Office. Our interest is most clearly and obviously identified with the cause of order; for, were Britain once actively engaged in a general war, it is possible that the presence of her forces would be required in more than a single point. Of the final result, in the event of such a calamity, we have no doubt, but not the less, on that account, should we deeply deplore the struggle.

Such being our sentiments, it is with considerable pain that we feel ourselves called upon to notice as strong an instance of charlatanism and presumption as was ever exhi-

bited in this country. Fortunately, on this occasion, the offender has gone so far that no one can be blind to his delinquencies; for, if there be any truth in the abstract principles of the Peace Association, their last disciple has disowned them; if the doctrines of free trade were intended to have universal application, Richard Cobden, in the face of the universe, has entered his protest against them. It signifies very little to us, and less to the powers against whom he has thundered his anathemas, what Mr. Cobden thinks proper either to profess or repudiate; still, as he has been pleased to attempt the performance of the part of Guy Fawkes, we judge it necessary to conduct him from the coal-cellar, and to throw the light of the lantern upon his visage, and that of his accomplices. And, first, a word or two as to the occasion of his last appearance.

The recent Hungarian rising is by no means to be classed in the same category with the wretched Italian insurrections. Much as it is to be deplored that any misunderstanding should have arisen between the Austrian cabinet and the Hungarian Diet, so serious as to have occasioned a war; we look upon the latter body as uninfluenced by those wild democratic notions which have been and are still prevalent in the west of Europe. Whatever may have been the case with Kossuth, and some of his more ambitious confederates, the mass of the Hungarian people had no wish whatever to rise in rebellion against their king. Their quarrel was that of a minor state to which certain privileges had been guaranteed; against the presumed infringement of which, by their more powerful neighbour, they first protested, and finally had recourse to arms. Their avowed object, throughout the earlier part of the struggle, was not to overturn, but to maintain certain existing institutions: and it is remarkable that, from the day on which Kossuth threw off the mask, and renounced allegiance to his sovereign, the Hungarians lost confidence in their leader, and their former energy decayed. We need not now discuss the abstract justice of the Hungarian claims; but whatever may be thought of these, we must, in common fairness

to Austria, consider her peculiar position at the time when they were sought to be enforced. Concessions which, during a season of tranquillity, might have been gracefully made, were rendered almost impossible when demanded with threats, in the midst of insurrection and revolt. It was but too obvious that the leaders of the Hungarian movement, forgetful of their fealty to the chief of that great empire of which their country formed a part, were bent upon increasing instead of lessening the difficulties with which Austria was everywhere surrounded, and eager to avail themselves of distractions elsewhere, for the purpose of dictating insolent and exorbitant terms. In short, we believe that the real claims of Hungary, however they may have formed the foundation of the discontent which ripened into war, were used by Kossuth and his colleagues as instruments for their own ambition; and that, by throwing off the mask too precipitately, they opened the eyes of their followers to the true nature of their designs, and forfeited that support which the realm was ready to accord the men who, with a single and patriotic purpose, demanded nothing more than the recognition of the rights of their country.

It was but natural that the intervention of Russia should have been viewed with some uneasiness in the west of Europe. Every movement of that colossal power beyond the boundaries of its own territory excites a feeling of jealousy, singularly disproportionate to the real character of its resources, if Mr. Cobden's estimate of these should be adopted as the true one; and we fairly confess that we have no desire to see any considerable augmentation made to the territorial possessions of the Czar. But the assistance which, on this occasion, has been sent to Austria by Russia, however much we may regret the occasion which called the latter into activity, cannot surely be tortured into any aggressive design. Apart from all our jealousies, it was a magnanimous movement on the part of one powerful sovereign in favour of a harassed ally; nor can we see how that assistance could have been refused by Russia, without incurring the reproach

of bad faith, and running imminent risk with regard to her own dependencies. Those active revolutionists, the Poles, whose presence behind every barricade has been conspicuously marked and unblushingly avowed, showed themselves foremost in all the disturbances which threatened the dismemberment of Austria. By them the Hungarian army was principally officered; and it now appears, from the intercepted correspondence of their nominal chief, that the Hungarian insurrection was relied upon as the first step for a fresh attempt towards the restoration of a Polish kingdom. Under these circumstances, the Czar felt himself imperatively called upon to act; and his honour has been amply vindicated by the withdrawal of his forces after his mission was accomplished, and the Hungarian insurrection quelled.

It would undoubtedly have been far more satisfactory to every one, if the differences between Austria and Hungary could have been settled without an appeal to arms; but such a settlement was, we apprehend, utterly beyond the powers even of the Peace Congress to effect; and the next best thing is to know that tranquillity has actually been restored. That a great deal of sympathy should be shown for the Hungarians, is, under the circumstances, by no means unnatural. It is no exaggeration to say, that hardly one man out of a thousand, in Britain, comprehends the merits of the dispute, or is able, if called upon, to give an intelligible account of the quarrel. Such amount of knowledge, however, is by no means necessary to qualify a platform orator for holding forth at a moment's notice; and, accordingly, meetings expressive of sympathy with the persecuted Hungarians were called in many of our larger towns, and the usual amount of rhodomontade uttered, by gentlemen who make a point of exhibiting their elocutionary powers upon the slightest colourable pretence. Had these meetings been held earlier, they might have been worth something. We shall not go the length of assuring the very shallow and conceited personages who constitute the oratorical rump, or public debating society of Edinburgh, that their opi-

nions are likely to be esteemed of surpassing importance, even if they were to be heard of so far as St. Petersburg or Vienna; for their utter ignorance of the aspect of foreign affairs is such as would excite ridicule in the bosoms of those whom they profess to patronise and applaud. But if they really were impressed with the notion that the claims of Hungary were of such mighty importance, how was it that they tarried until the consideration of all constitutional questions had been swallowed up in war—until those who fully understood the true position of Hungary, and her rights as legally guaranteed and defined, were forced to acknowledge that, through the violence, treachery, and ambition of the insurgent nobles, all hope of a pacific settlement had disappeared; and that the best result which Europe could hope for, was the speedy quenching of an insurrection, now broadly revolutionary and republican, and threatening to spread still wider the devastating flames of anarchy? The explanation we believe to be a very simple one. Most of them knew as much of the affairs of Cappadocia as they did of those of Hungary, and they would have been equally ready to spout in favour of either country.

Late in July, Mr. Bernal Osborne, backed by Mr. R. M. Milnes, whose knowledge of politics is about equal to his skill in the construction of dactyls, brought forward the Hungarian question in the House of Commons, and thereby gave Lord Palmerston an opportunity of unbosoming himself on that branch of our European relations. His lordship's speech, on that occasion, was very much lauded at the time; but on referring to it now, we are somewhat at a loss to understand how it could have given satisfaction to any one. It was, indeed, as insulting to Austria, whose back was then supposed to be at the wall, as any opponent of constitutional government could have desired. Alliance was sneered at, as a mere empty word of no significance whatever: nor can we much wonder at this ebullition, considering the manner in which his lordship has thought proper to deal with other powers, who attached some value to the term. This topic was, further, a congenial one, inasmuch as it afforded

the Foreign Secretary an opportunity of gibing at his predecessor, Lord Aberdeen, whose sense of honour does not permit him to indentify the solemn treaties of nations with folios of waste paper; and who, therefore, was held up to ridicule as a pattern of "antiquated imbecility." But, after all this persiflage, which could serve no purpose whatever, save that of giving vent to an unusual secretion of Palmerstonian bile, it appeared that his lordship was actually to do nothing at all. He regretted, just as much as we do, and probably not more than the Austrian cabinet, that no accommodation of differences had taken place. He said, very truly, that whatever the result of the struggle might be, it could not strengthen the stability of the Austrian empire; but at the same time he distinctly repudiated all intention of interfering beyond mere passive advice, and he could not deny the right of Austria, if it thought proper, to call in the aid of the Russian arms. His conclusion, in short, was sound, and we only regret that, while it was so, the tone and temper of his speech were not equally judicious. This debate in the House of Commons was immediately followed up by a public meeting at the London Tavern, presided over by Mr. Alderman Salomons.

We had not the good fortune to be present on that occasion; but, from the accounts contained in the morning papers, it must have been an assemblage of a singularly motley kind. There was a considerable muster of Radical members of parliament; the Financial Reform and the Peace Associations were respectively represented; Lord Nugent and Mr. Milnes stood forth as delegates from the Bards of Britain; Julian Harney and Mr. G. W. M. Reynolds headed a numerous band of Chartists; and Lord Dudley Stuart, as a matter of course, was surrounded by a whiskered phalanx of Poles, Hungarians, Italians, Germans, and Sicilians, each one striving to look more patriotically ferocious than his neighbour. The first sympathetic resolution was moved by a Quaker, and seconded by no less a person than Richard Cobden, who had only been prevented from attending the previous debate in the House

of Commons by a swan-hopping expedition on the Thames.

Then it was that Mr. Cobden first favoured the world with some economical views, so exceedingly novel and startling, as to excite, even in that audience, unequivocal symptoms of incredulity. He set out by laying it down as a general rule, that every separate state ought to be left to the management of its own affairs, without the interference of any foreign power whatever. "If," said he, "this had been a question simply between Hungary and Austria, I should not have appeared here to-day, nor indeed would it have been necessary for any of us to have appeared here to-day. So long as the Hungarians were left to settle their affairs with the government of Vienna, they were perfectly competent to do it, without the interference of the citizens of London." This is intelligible enough. So long as central governments are merely fighting with their own dependencies, there is no room at all, according to Mr. Cobden, for interference. It matters not which side prevails: they must be left wholly to themselves. This doctrine could not, we think, have been very acceptable to the Poles; since it amounts to an entire admission that Russia has a right to deal with them at her pleasure; neither is it altogether consistent with our ideas, or interpretation of the law of nations. But it is Cobden's view, and therefore let it pass. To him, then, it mattered nothing whether Goth or Hun prevailed—it was the intervention of Russia that peremptorily called him to the platform. Now we must own, that we cannot understand this sort of reasoning, though it may possibly be suited to the capacities of a Manchester audience. If, as many people no doubt conscientiously believe, Austria was trampling upon the liberties of a brave and loyal people, not only justice but humanity demands that our sympathies should be enlisted on their side. We cannot acquiesce in a doctrine which would have left the Greeks (lamentably small sense as they have shown of the benefits of liberty) to toil on for ever under the grievous yoke of the Ottoman; nor are we prepared to carry our apathy

to so extreme a length. The intervention of Russia could not, by any possibility, alter the complexion of the quarrel. It might either crush freedom, or maintain constitutional government and the balance of power in Europe; but the principle of the contest, whatever that might be, was declared before Russia appeared, and according as men view it, so should their sympathies be given. The whole question, however, as Mr. Cobden put the case, turned upon Russian interference.

If Mr. Cobden's next door neighbour happened to have a dispute with his operatives, touching the interpretation of certain points of the Charter, and if the latter, in their zeal for enlightenment, were to set fire to their master's premises, we apprehend that the honourable member for the West Riding, (having neglected his own insurance,) might blamelessly bear a hand to quench the threatening conflagration. Further, if he were assured that the said operatives, assisted by a gang of deserters from his own mills, were trying their hands at an incendiary experiment, preliminary to operating upon his calico warehouses, how could he be blamed, if he sallied to attack the rioters in their first position? Yet, if we are permitted to compare very great things with small, this was precisely the situation of Russia. If she did not assist Austria, the flame would have been kindled in her own provinces; if the Hungarian insurrection had triumphed, Poland would have been up in arms. With the old partition of Poland we have nothing now to do, any more than with the junction of the Slavonic provinces with Austria. Right or wrong, these have long become acknowledged facts in European history, and the boundary divisions have been acquiesced in by a congress of the assembled nations. We cannot go back upon matters of ancient right and occupation; were we to do so, the peace of every nation in Europe must necessarily be disturbed, and no alternative would remain, save the Utopian one of parcelling out territory according to the language of the inhabitants. Boundaries must be settled somehow. They were so settled by the consent of all the nations, at the treaty of

Vienna; and our duty, as well as our interest, is to adhere to that arrangement. Russia, by assisting Austria, has in no way contravened any of the stipulations of that treaty. From the moment when the Hungarian party declared their country independent, and proclaimed a republic, a new cause of discord and misrule was opened in the East of Europe, and the greatest of the eastern potentates was not only entitled but forced to interfere. It by no means follows that we, who uphold this view, have any partiality or liking for Russian institutions. No man who lives in a free country, like ours, can possibly sympathise with despotism, serfism, and that enormous stretch of feudal power which is given to a privileged class—we must regard such things with a feeling nearly akin to abhorrence; nor can we, with our Saxon notions, fancy existence even tolerable in such a state of society. But our likings or disgusts cannot alter matters as they stand. We cannot force other nations to see with our eyes, to think with our thoughts, or to adapt their constitutions according to the measure of our accredited standard of excellence. That amount of irresponsible and uncontrolled action which we term freedom, presupposes the existence of a large and general spread of intelligence throughout the community, fixed laws of property, consolidated social relationship, pure administration of justice, and wisdom and temperance on the part of the governed and the governor. Such things are not the rapid results of months, or years, or centuries. They are of slow growth, but they are the inevitable fruits of order; and very blind and ignorant must that man be who does not see the hand of progress at work even in the institutions of Russia. That country emerged from barbarism later than the rest of Europe, but, since the days of Peter the Czar, its strides towards civilisation have been most rapid. Commerce has been established, manufactures introduced, learning and the arts cultivated, and such a foundation laid as, in no very long time, must perceive secure to all ranks of the people a larger share of freedom than they are now qualified to enjoy.

Revolution cannot hasten such a state of matters, but it may materially retard it. Foolish and short-sighted men seem to think that revolt is a synonymous term with freedom, and, accordingly, they hail each fresh outbreak with shouts of indiscriminate approval. They can draw no distinction between the revolt of the barons and that of Jack Cade in England; they are as ready to applaud Spartacus as Brutus; they think a peasant's war as meritorious as the up-raising of the standard of the League. They never stop to consider that freedom is a mere relative term, and that it is worse than useless to pluck down one form of government by violence, unless a better is to be reared in its stead. And who can venture to say that this would have been the case with Hungary? Who would predict it with certainty even of Poland, were that dismembered kingdom to be restored? It is notorious that Poland went to pieces under the weight of its elective monarchy, and the perpetual feuds, turbulence, and tyranny of a lawless and fierce aristocracy. No doubt, men will fight for these things—they will fight for traditions, and bad ones too, as keenly as for the most substantial benefits. A century ago, the Highlanders would have fought to the death for clanship, chieftainship, heritable jurisdictions, and the right of foray and of feud; but will any man now raise up his voice in favour of the old patriarchal constitution? In Ireland, at this moment, we believe that a large body of the Celts is willing to stand up for a restoration of the days of Malachi of the Golden Collar—a form of government which, we presume, even an O'Connell would decline. This is just the case with our sympathisers. They take it for granted that, because there is revolt, there must be a struggle for freedom, and they are perfectly ready to accept, without the slightest examination, any legend that may be coined for the nonce. Gullible as a considerable number of the British public may be, especially that section of the public which delights in platform oratory, we really could not have believed that any assemblage could be so utterly ignorant, as to receive a statement to

the effect that the old constitution of Hungary bore a close resemblance to our own!

We are tempted here to insert an extract from the works of a popular writer regarding the constitution of Poland, because it expresses, in excellent language, the opinions which we are attempting to set forth in this article, and denounces the folly of those who confound the term freedom with its just and rational application. Will the reader favour us by perusing the following passage with attention?—when he has done so, we shall state from whose eloquent pen it proceeded.

"Of how trifling consequence it must be to the practical minded and humane people of Great Britain, or to the world at large, whether Poland be governed by a king of this dynasty or of that—whether he be lineally descended from Boleslas the Great, or of the line of the Jagellons—contrasted with the importance of the inquiries as to the social and political condition of its people—whether they be as well or worse governed, clothed, fed, and lodged in the present day as compared with any former period,—whether the mass of the people be elevated in the scale of moral and religious beings,—whether the country enjoys a smaller or larger amount of the blessings of peace; or whether the laws for the protection of life and property are more or less justly administered. These are the all-important inquiries about which we busy ourselves; and it is to cheat us of our stores of philanthropy, by an appeal to the sympathy with which we regard these vital interests of a whole people, that the declaimers and writers upon the subject invariably appeal to us on behalf of the oppressed and enslaved *Polish nation*—carefully obscuring, amidst the cloud of epithets about 'ancient freedom,' 'national independence,' 'glorious republic,' and the like, the fact that, previously to the dismemberment, the term *nation* implied only the nobles;—that, down to the partition of their territory, about nineteen out of every twenty of the inhabitants were slaves, possessing no right, civil or political; that about one in every twenty was a nobleman—and that that body of nobles formed the very worst aristocracy of ancient or modern times;

putting up and pulling down their kings at pleasure; passing selfish laws, which gave them the power of life and death over their serfs, whom they sold and bought like dogs or horses; usurping, to each of themselves, the privileges of a petty sovereign, and denying to all besides the meanest rights of human beings; and, scorning all pursuits as degrading, except that of the sword, they engaged in incessant wars with neighbouring states, or plunged their own country into all the horrors of anarchy, for the purpose of giving employment to themselves and their dependents." And the same writer, after remarking upon the character and conduct of the privileged class in Poland, in language which is just as applicable to those of the Hungarian nobles, thus accounts for the insurrection in 1830. The Italics are his own. "*We hesitate not emphatically to assert, that it was wholly, and solely, and exclusively, at the instigation, and for the selfish benefit, of this aristocratic faction of the people, that the Polish nation suffered for twelve months the horrors of civil war, was thrown back in her career of improvement, and has since had to endure the rigours of a conqueror's vengeance.* The Russian government was aware of this; and its severity has since been chiefly directed towards the nobility." And in a note appended to the above paragraph he says, "The peasants joined, to a considerable extent, the standard of revolt; but this was to be expected, in consequence of the influence necessarily exercised over them by the superior class. Besides, patriotism or nationality is an instinctive virtue, that sometimes burns the brightest in the rudest and least reasoning minds; and its manifestation bears no proportion to the value of the possessions defended, or the object to be gained. The Russian serfs at Borodino, the Turkish slaves at Ismail, and the lazaroni of Naples, fought for their masters and oppressors more obstinately than the free citizens of Paris or Washington did, at a subsequent period, in defence of those capitals."

And who was the author of these very lucid and really excellent remarks? We reply, RICHARD CORDEN, Esq. The curious in such

matters will find these, and many similar passages, in a pamphlet entitled *Russia, by a Manchester Manufacturer*, which was published in 1836, for the purpose of showing that, on the whole, it would be an advantage to British commerce if Russia were to lay violent hands on Turkey, and possess herself of Constantinople!

But it is time we should return to the London Tavern meeting, where we left Mr. Cobden, this time denouncing the active interference of Russia. Here the apostle of peace was certainly upon ticklish ground. Large as his estimate undoubtedly is of his own influence and power, he could hardly expect, that, because he and some other gentlemen of inferior endowments were pleased to hold a meeting in the London Tavern, and pass resolutions condemnatory of the conduct of the Czar, the immediate consequence would be a withdrawal of the Russian forces. Under such circumstances, as he must have perfectly well known, the expression of his opinion was not worth the splinter of a rush to the Hungarians, unless, indeed, he were prepared to follow up his words by deeds. On the other hand, he was debarred, by some fifty public declarations, from advocating the propriety of war: not only upon the general pacific principle—for that might easily have been evaded,—but upon economical considerations connected with his darling scheme of reducing the British navy and army, which would be clearly incompatible with the commencement of a general European conflict. An ordinary man, entertaining such views and sentiments, would probably have considered himself as lodged between the horns of an inextricable dilemma. Not so Cobden, whose genius rose to the difficulty. The experience of a hundred platform fights had taught him this great truth, that no proposition was too monstrous to be crammed down the public throat, provided the operator possessed the requisite share of effrontery; and he straightway proceeded, *secundum artem*, to exhibit a masterpiece of his skill.

Probably not one man in all that room but had been impressed, from his youth upwards, with a wholesome terror and respect for the magnitude

of the Russian power. That, at all events, was the feeling of the Poles, and decidedly of the Polish champions. But in less than an instant they were disabused. Most of our readers must have seen how a small figure, painted on a tiny slip of glass, may, when passed through the aperture of a magic lantern, be made to reflect the attitude and dimensions of a giant: Cobden's trick was exactly the opposite of this; he made the actual giant appear in the dwindled proportions of a dwarf. "I will tell you," said he, "how we can bring moral force to bear on these armed despots. We can stop the supplies. (Loud cheers.) Why, Russia can't carry on two campaigns beyond her own frontiers, without coming to Western Europe for a loan. She never has done so, without being either subsidised by England, or borrowing money from Amsterdam. I tell you I have paid a visit there, and I assert that they cannot carry on two campaigns in Hungary, without either borrowing money in Western Europe or robbing the bank at St. Petersburg. (A laugh and a cry of 'Question.') That must be a Russian agent, a spy, for this is the question. I know," continued our magniloquent Richard, "that the Russian party, here and abroad, would rather that I should send against them a squadron of cavalry and a battery of cannon, than that I should fire off the facts that I am about to tell you. I say, then, that Russia cannot carry on two campaigns without a loan." We believe that the latter part of Mr. Cobden's statement is tolerably accurate, so that he need not give himself any further trouble about the production of his indicated horse and artillery. We agree with him that Russia might be puzzled to carry on two vigorous campaigns without a loan; but we should be glad to know what country in Europe is not in the same predicament? War, as everybody knows, is a very costly matter—not much cheaper than revolution, though a good deal more speedy in its results—and every nation which engages in it must, perforce, liquidate the expense. Great Britain could not, any more than Russia, go to war without a loan. In such an event, the only

difference would be that the British loan must necessarily be six or seven times greater than that of Russia, for this simple reason, that Russia has a large standing army levied and prepared, whereas we have not. Now what is there to prevent Russia from negotiating a loan? The first question, we apprehend, is the state of her finances—let us see whether there is any symptom of approaching bankruptcy in these. The debt of Russia, according to the most recent authorities, is seventy-six millions, being as near as possible one-tenth of our own. Her revenue is about seventeen millions, or one-third of ours. So far, therefore, as the mere elements of credit go, Russia would, in the eyes of the capitalist, be the more eligible debtor of the two. There could, we apprehend, be no possible doubt of her solvency, for, with large resources behind, she has a mere fraction of a debt, and her power of raising revenue by taxes has been little exercised. Our readers will better understand this by keeping in mind, that, while the revenue presently levied is just one-third of ours, the population of Russia is considerably more than double that of Great Britain and Ireland. Mr. Cobden, however, accepting, as we presume he must do, the above official facts, draws from them inferences of a very startling character. "Don't let any one talk," said he, "of Russian resources. It is the poorest and most beggarly country in Europe. It has not a farthing. Last year there was an immense deficit in its income as compared with its expenditure, and during the present financial year it will be far worse. Russia a strong political power! Why, there is not so gigantic a political imposture in all Europe." And again, "Russia a strong, a powerful, and a rich country! Don't believe any one who tells you so in future. Refer them to me." We feel deeply obliged to Mr. Cobden for the last suggestion, but we would rather, with his permission, refer to facts. If the poorest and most beggarly country in Europe has contrived to rear its magnificent metropolis from the marshes of the gelid Neva, to create and maintain large and well-equipped fleets in the Baltic and the Black seas, and to

keep up a standing army of about half a million of men, without increasing its permanent debt beyond the amount already specified, all we shall say is, that the semi-civilised Russian is in possession of an economical secret utterly unknown to the statesmen of more favoured climes, and that the single farthing in his hand, has produced results more wonderful than any achieved by the potency of the lamp of Aladdin. But the climax has yet to come. Waxing bolder and bolder on the strength of each successive assertion of Russian weakness and impotency, the Apostle of Peace assumed the attitude of defiance: "If Russia should take a step that required England, or any other great maritime power, like the United States, to attack that power, why, we should fall like a thunderbolt upon her. You would in six months crumple that empire up, or drive it into its own dreary fastnesses, as I now crumple up that piece of paper in my hand!!!" Here is a pretty fellow for you! This invincible fire-eater is the same man who, for the last couple of years, has been agitating for the reduction of the army and navy, on the ground that the whole world was in a state of the profoundest peace, and likely so to remain! This crumpler-up and defier of empires is the gentleman who held forth this by-gone summer, at Paris, on the wickedness of war, and on the spread of fraternity and brotherly love among the nations! Why, if old Admiral Drake had risen from the dead, he could not have spoken in a more warlike strain, only the temper and tone of his remarks would have been different. A hero is bold but temperate: a demagogue blustering and pot-valiant.

It is but right to say, that this impudent and mischievous trash, though of course abundantly cheered by many of the poor creatures who knew no better, did not altogether impose upon the meeting. Mr. Bernal Osborne could not find it in his conscience to acquiesce, even tacitly, in this monstrous attempt at imposition, and accordingly, though "he coincided in much that had been said by the member for the West Riding, he must take the liberty to say that, in exposing the weakness of Russia, he

had gone rather too far. Forewarned was forearmed, and let them not lay it to their hearts that the great empire was not to be feared, but despised." And therefore, he, Mr. Osborne, "would be sorry if any man in the meeting should go away with the impression that the monstrous Panslavonic empire was to be thoroughly despised." Neither did the chairman exactly approve of the line of discussion which had been introduced by Mr. Cobden. He said, with great truth, that they had nothing to do at present with the resources of Russia; their business being simply to consider the wrongs of Hungary, and to give utterance to such an expression of opinion as might act upon the British government. Mr. Salomons is a practical man, and understands the use of mob-meetings, which is to coerce and compel Whig administrations to do precisely what the frequenters of the London Tavern desire. Better versed, by a great deal, in monetary matters than Mr. Cobden, he knows that financial discussions are utterly out of place in such an assemblage; and, moreover, we have a strong suspicion that the latter part of Mr. Cobden's speech, to which we are just about to refer, must have sounded harshly in the ears of a gentleman of the Hebrew persuasion, initiated, after the custom of his tribe, in the mysteries of borrowing and lending. Up to this point we have considered Mr. Cobden in the united character of peace-maker and bully: let us now see how he contrives to combine the hitherto antagonistic qualities of free-trader and restrictionist.

Having, satisfactorily to himself, demonstrated the pitiable weakness of Russia, and having got over the notorious fact of her large bullion deposit, and her purchases in the British funds, by explaining that the first is the foundation of her currency, and the second a private operation of the Bank of St. Petersburg—an establishment which, according to his showing, is no way connected with the government—Mr. Cobden proceeded to unravel his schemes for paring the claws of the northern Bear. It has the merit of pure simplicity. Not one penny is henceforward to be lent to the Russian government. The capitalists of Europe are henceforth to

look, not to the security, but to the motives of the borrowing power. If they think that the money required is to be expended in purchasing munitions of war, in fitting out an armament, or in any other way hostile to the continuance of peace, they are grimly to close their coffers, shake their heads, and refuse to advance one single sixpence, whatever be the amount of percentage offered; and this kind of moral force, Mr. Cobden thinks, would not only be effectual, but can easily be brought into action. Let us hear him. "Now, will any one in the city of London dare to be a party to a loan to Russia, either directly or openly, or by agency and copartnership with any house in Amsterdam or Paris? Will any one dare, I say, to come before the citizens of this free country, and avow that he has lent his money for the purpose of cutting the throats of the innocent people of Hungary? I have heard such a project talked of. But let it only assume a shape, and I promise you that we, the peace party, will have such a meeting as has not yet been held in London, for the purpose of denouncing the blood-stained project—for the purpose of pointing the finger of scorn at the house, or the individuals, who would employ their money in such a manner—for the purpose of fixing an indelible stigma of infamy upon the men who would lend their money for such a vile, unchristian, and barbarous purpose. That is my moral force. As for Austria, no one, I suppose, would ever think of lending her money." We shall, by-and-by, have occasion to see more of Mr. Cobden in connexion with the Austrian loan; in the mean time, let us keep to the general proposition. The meaning of the above unadorned fustian is simply this—that no man shall, in future, presume to lend his money without consulting the views of Mr. Cobden and his respectable confederates. This ukase—and a magnificent one it is—was rapturously received by his audience; a fiat of approval which we set no great store on, seeing that, in all probability, not fifty of those excellent philanthropists could command as many pounds for the permanent purpose of investment. But the idea

of controlling, by their sweet voices, the monetary operations of the great banking-houses of the world, the Rothschilds, the Barings, and the Hopes, was too delicious a hallucination not to be rewarded with a corresponding cheer. Now, setting aside the absolute impudence of the proposal—for we presume Mr. Cobden must have known that he had as much power to stay the flux of the tides, as to regulate the actions of the money-lenders—what are we to think of the new principle enunciated by the veteran free-trader? What becomes of the grand doctrine of buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market without the slightest regard to any other earthly consideration, save that of price? Will Mr. Cobden now venture to persuade us that he had some mental reservation, when he propounded that ever-memorable axiom; or that dealers in coin were to be regulated by a different code of moral laws from that which was laid down for the use of the more fortunate dealers in calico? We presume, that, without cotton, and blankets, and machinery, exported from this country, the slaves of Cuba could hardly be made to work—why, then, should we not clap an embargo on these articles, and point with the finger of scorn, disgust, and execration, to every man who traffics in that unholy trade? And yet, if our memory serves us right, no very long time has elapsed since we beggared our West Indian colonies, solely to drive a larger trade in those articles with the slave plantations, for behoof of Messrs. Cobden and Co. Slavery, we presume, is an institution not congenial to the mind of Mr. Cobden—at least we hope not, and we are sure he would not be willing to admit it. In point of humanity, it is rather worse than war; why not, then, let us have a strong exercise of moral force to abolish it, by stopping the supplies? The withdrawal of our custom for three or four years, would effectually knock Cuba on the head. Why not try it? We should like to see Mr. Cobden's face if such a proposition were made in Parliament; and yet is it not as rational, and a great deal more feasible, than the other? But it is a positive waste of time to dwell further upon such a glaring absurdity as this. Baron Rothschild, member-

elect, though he be for the city of London, will care very little for the extended digit of Mr. Cobden, and will doubtless consult his own interest, without troubling himself about Manchester demagogues, when the next Russian loan is proposed.

Having delivered himself of this remarkable oration, Mr. Cobden very wisely withdrew; perhaps he had a slight suspicion of the scene which was presently to follow. The majority of the meeting consisted of gentlemen whose notions about moral force were exceedingly vague and general. Their strong British instincts, inflamed by the stimulus of beer, led them to question the use of abstract sympathy, unless it was to be followed up by action; and accordingly Mr. Reynolds, a person of some literary as well as political notoriety, thought it his duty to give a more practical turn to the deliberations of the meeting, and thereby cut short several interesting harangues. We quote from the report of the *Times* of 24th July.

“MR. G. W. M. REYNOLDS, whose remarks were frequently followed by interruption and cries of ‘question,’ next addressed the meeting. He avowed his belief, that in so holy, sacred, and solemn a cause, England must even go to war in defence of Hungary, if necessary. (This assertion was received with such hearty cheering as proved that the speaker had expressed the sentiments of the vast body of the meeting.) All the moral effects of that meeting (continued Mr. Reynolds) would be perfectly useless, unless they were prepared to go further. If the government would employ some of the ships that were now rotting in our harbours, and some of the troops now marching about London, that would really benefit the Hungarians. (Cheers.) France used to be regarded as a barrier against Russia, but France was no longer so, because that humbug Louis Napoleon (tremendous cheers—and three hearty groans for Louis Napoleon)—that rank impostor (continued cheering)—

“THE CHAIRMAN here interfered, and much interruption ensued. If anything could disturb and injure the cause which they were met to support, it was such remarks as they had just heard. (“No, no.”) If he (the Chairman) were a spy of Russia, he should follow out the course pursued by Mr. Reynolds. (Much confusion and disapprobation.)”

We really cannot see wherein the author of the *Mysteries of London* was to blame. His proposition had, at all events, the merit of being intelligible, which Mr. Cobden's was not, and he clearly spoke the sentiments of the large majority of the unwashed. He certainly went a little out of his way, to denounce the President of the French Republic as an impostor: a deviation which we regret the more, as he might have found ample scope for such expositions without going further than the speeches of the gentlemen who immediately preceded him. We need not linger over the ensuing scene. Mr. Duncan—"said to be a Chartist poet"—attempted to address the meeting, but seems to have failed. We do not remember to have met with any of Mr. Duncan's lyrics, but we have a distinct impression of having seen a gentleman of his name, and imputed principles, at the bar of the High Court of Justiciary in Edinburgh. But if the sacred voice of one poet was not listened to, the same meed of inattention was bestowed upon another. The arms of Mr. R. M. Milnes were seen hopelessly gesticulating above the press; and Lord Dudley Stuart, for once, was cut short in his stereotyped harangue. The case was perfectly clear: Reynolds was the only man who had enunciated a practical idea, and accordingly the voice of the meeting was unequivocally declared for war.

We hope that the Peace Congress, and the economists, and the free-traders, are all equally delighted with this notable exhibition of their hero. If they are so, we certainly have no further commentary to offer. To secure peace, Mr. Cobden openly defies and challenges Russia; to further economy he does his best to inflame the passions of the people, and to get up a cry for war; to vindicate free trade, he proposes henceforward to coerce Lombard Street. Is there, in all the history of imposture, an instance comparable to this? Possibly there may be; but, if so, we are certain it was better veiled.

The evil luck of Mr. Cobden still clung to him. Within a very short time after this memorable meeting was held, the Hungarian armies surrendered at discretion, and the in-

surrection was thoroughly quenched. Not two, not even one complete campaign, were necessary to put an end to an ill-advised struggle, in which the hearts of the Hungarian people were never sincerely enlisted; and good men hoped that the sword might now be sheathed in the eastern territories of Europe. That portion of the press which had sympathised with the insurgents, and hailed with frantic delight the suicidal resolution of the Hungarian chiefs to separate themselves for ever from the house of Austria, was terribly mortified at a result so speedy and unexpected; and did its best to keep up the excitement at home, by multiplying special instances of credulity and barbarity said to have been wrought by the victors on the persons of their vanquished foemen. That many such instances really occurred we do not for a moment doubt. When the passions of men have been inflamed by civil war, and whetted by a desire for vengeance, it is always difficult for the authorities to preserve a proper restraint. This is the case even among civilised nations; and when we reflect that a large portion of the troops on either side engaged in the Hungarian war, cannot with any justice be termed civilised, it is no wonder if deeds of wanton atrocity should occur. Indeed, late events may lead us to question how far civilisation, on such occasions, can ever operate as a check. Who could have believed that last year, in Frankfort, a young and gallant nobleman, whose sole offence was, the free expressions of his opinions in a parliament convened by universal suffrage, should have been put to death at noonday by lingering torments, and his groans of agony echoed back by the laughter of his brutal assassins? The names of Felix Lichnowsky and Von Auerswaldt will surely long be remembered to the infamy of that city which was the birthplace of Goethe, and boasted of itself as the refined capital of the Rhenish provinces. A veil of mystery still hangs over the circumstances connected with the assassination of Count Latour; and though we are unwilling to give currency to a rumour, which would entail infamy on the memory of one who has since passed to his account, the

victim of an unbridled ambition, strong suspicions exist that a Hungarian minister was directly privy to that act of dastardly and cruel murder. But there is no manner of doubt at all as to the atrocities which were committed in Vienna when that hapless city was in the hands of the red republicans and the Poles. Pillage, murder, and violation were crimes of every-day occurrence, and it is not wonderful if the memory of these wrongs has in some instances goaded on the victors to a revenge which all must deplore. As to the military executions which have taken place, we have a word to say. The suppression of almost every revolt has been followed by strong measures on the part of the conquerors, against those who excited the insurrection. Our own history is full of them. Succeeding generations, according to their estimate of the justness of the cause which they espoused, have blamed, or pitied, or applauded the conduct of the men who thus perilled and lost their lives; but the necessity of such executions has rarely or never been questioned. We allude, of course, to those who have been the leaders and instigators of the movement, and upon whom the responsibility, and the expiation for the blood which has been shed must fall; not to the subordinates who ought to be, and almost always are, the proper objects of mercy. The most ardent Jacobite, while he deplored the death, and vindicated the principles of Lords Balmerino and Kilmarnock, never thought of blaming the government of the day for having sent those devoted noblemen to the block. But in their case the execution assumed the character of a terrible national solemnity—not hastily enacted, but following after a deliberate trial before unprejudiced judges, upon which the attention and interest of the whole country was concentrated. And, therefore, while posterity has been unanimous in expressing its abhorrence of the bloody butcheries of William, Duke of Cumberland, after the battle of Culloden, no reflection has been thrown upon the ministers of George II. for having allowed the law to take its course against the more prominent leaders of the rebellion,

even though the sympathies of many good men have been enlisted on the losing side. Now, we do not hesitate to condemn most strongly the conduct of Austria on the present occasion. No judicial process, so far as we can learn, has been instituted against the captive chiefs, save that which is equivalent to no process at all—the sentence of a court-martial. Except in cases of the most absolute necessity, the functions of the soldier and the judge ought never to be combined and confounded. When the flame of civil war is once trodden out, the civil law ought immediately to resume its wonted supremacy. Treason and rebellion are undoubtedly the highest of all crimes; but, being the highest, it is therefore the more necessary that they should be subjected to the gravest investigation; so that in no way may the punishment inflicted, on account of a heinous breach of the law, be mistaken, even by the most ignorant, for an act of hurried vengeance. We may perhaps have no right to object to the measure of the punishment. We cannot know what charges were brought, or even substantiated against the unfortunate Hungarian leaders of Arad. We are quite unaware what disclosures may have been laid before the Austrian government as to the participation of Count Bathiany in Kossuth's republican schemes. One and all of them may have been guilty in the worst degree; one and all of them may have deserved to die; and it is even possible that circumstances may have rendered such a terrible example necessary, for the future preservation of order; but the manner in which the punishment has been dealt is, we think, wholly indefensible. It is no answer to say, that the administration of the laws of Austria is different from that of our own, and that we are not entitled to apply the measure of a foreign standard. No point of legal technicality, or even consuetude is involved; there is but one law which, whatever be its extrinsic form, ought to regulate such a proceeding as this—a law which, we trust, is acknowledged in Austria as well as in Britain—the law of justice and humanity. The most suspected criminal, when arraigned before secret and biassed judges, loses, in the

estimation of the public, half his imputed criminality. He has not had a fair trial; and, if condemned, it is possible that his execution may be considered rather as a case of martyrdom, than as one of righteous punishment. A court-martial never is a satisfactory tribunal; least of all can it be satisfactory when the object of its inquiry arises from a civil war. The judges have seen too much of the actual misery and ruin which has occurred to be impartial. That propensity to vengeance, from which it can hardly be said that even the noblest nature is altogether exempt, so nearly akin is it to righteous indignation, is at such times unnaturally excited. The fiery zeal, which shows so graceful in the soldier, is utterly unsuited to the ermine; and when the ermine is thrown, as in this instance, above the soldier's uniform, there can be very little doubt that ancient habit and inflamed passion will supersede judicial deliberation. By acting thus, we conscientiously believe that Austria has inflicted a serious injury on herself. She has given to those who are her enemies a heavy cause of argument and reproach against those who are her well-wishers; and the immediate and not unnatural result will be an increased amount of sympathy for the political fugitives, and a great disinclination to canvass their true motives and their characters. Francis Joseph at the outset of his reign will be stigmatised—most unjustly, indeed, for the fault lies not with him—as a relentless tyrant, and all who escape from tyranny are sure of popular though indiscriminate compassion.

We have thought it our duty to make those remarks at the present time, because out of this Hungarian affair a question has arisen in which we are to a certain extent implicated, and which may possibly, though we do not think probably, be productive of most serious results. We allude, of course, to the joint demand of Russia and Austria upon Turkey for the surrender of the political fugitives at Widdin. In common with the whole public press of this country, we consider such a demand, on general grounds, to be unexampled and unjust. The abstract right of every indepen-

dent nation to afford shelter to political fugitives, has, we believe, never been questioned; but, even had it been doubtful, there are very many reasons founded upon humanity and honour, why all of us should combine to protest against a claim so imperiously and threateningly advanced. Cases may arise, and have arisen, where the privilege has been scandalously abused. For example, the Baden insurgents have fled for shelter across the frontier of Switzerland, and have there remained hatching treason, collecting adherents, and waiting for an opportunity of renewing their treasonable designs. In such a case, we conceive that the threatened government has a decided right to require the sheltering country to remove or banish those fugitives from its territory, and in the event of a refusal, to declare that a proper *casus belli*. But this, it will be seen, is widely different from a demand for the surrender of the fugitives; and we presume that, in the case of the Hungarians, no allegation can be made, that they have sought harbour, and remain in Turkey, with a view towards renewing their attempt. Unquestionably it is quite competent for states to enter into treaties in fulfilment of which political fugitives must be surrendered when claimed. Such a treaty is said to exist between Russia and Turkey; but it is clearly not applicable in the case of such of the Hungarian refugees as have claimed the shelter of the latter power. Russia, in this quarrel, appears only as the ally of Austria; and she can have no right to admit the latter to a direct participation in any of the stipulations contained in her peculiar treaty. No Hungarian is a subject of Russia; and, therefore, under that treaty, he cannot possibly be reclaimed. With regard to the Polish refugees, there certainly does seem to be a difference; and we care not to own, that we feel far less interest for them than for the Hungarians. Their own national struggle excited throughout Europe great sympathy and compassion. No matter what were the merits of the kind of government which they sought to restore—no man could be cold-blooded enough to forget that the kingdom of Poland had been

violently seized and partitioned; and though sober reason, and, in fact, good faith, compelled us to abstain from espousing the cause of those who, by solemn European treaty, had been confirmed as subjects but who had risen as rebels, we yet gave our hospitality to the fugitive Poles with a heartiness greater and more sincere than was ever accorded on any other occasion. All ranks in this country, and in France, combined to do them honour; and the general wish in both countries was, not to afford them a mere temporary shelter, but to give them a permanent habitation. For this purpose, and to fit them for industrial employment, the British government gave an annual grant of money, and the private subscriptions were munificent. Some of the exiles most creditably availed themselves of the means so placed within their reach, and have become amongst us useful and esteemed citizens. But there were others, and the larger number, who utterly misinterpreted this sympathy, and never would abandon their dreams of Polish restoration. For this we cannot blame them; and we must needs allow that they received much encouragement to persevere in those dreams from men who ought to have been wiser. They took undue advantage of their situation, and preferred living in idleness, though certainly not in affluence, upon eleemosynary aid, to gaining their bread honourably by active industry and exertion. This was certainly not the best way of securing the affection of a practical people like the British to them and to their cause; and the result has been, that the moral prestige of the Poles has greatly declined in this country. We are not arguing from inference, but from facts; for we are perfectly certain that if the Emperor Nicholas had made his visit to London in 1834, instead of nine or ten years later, his reception by the public would have been materially different. Since then, the Poles have altogether forfeited the esteem of the friends of order, by coming forward as the most active agents and instigators of revolution all over the continent of Europe. In France, in Italy, in Germany, and above all, in Hungary, they have thrust themselves forward in quarrels

with which they had nothing to do, and even have violated that hospitality which was accorded them on account of their misfortunes. It is time that they should learn that the British public has no sympathy with unprincipled condottieri. No amount of tyranny, inflicted by one nation, will entitle an exile deliberately to arm himself against the constitution of another. Foreign service—manly open service indeed is honourable, but foreign conspiracy is, beyond all doubt, one of the basest and the worst of crimes. Now, we are not versed enough in treaties to know what are the exact terms of the conditions made between Russia and Turkey. We hope, for the sake of Bem, Dembinski, and the others, that they merely apply to the surrender of those who shall take refuge in the neighbouring territory on account of war waged, or revolt raised, against their sovereigns; and though, should such be the nature of the contract, there may still be a doubt whether the Poles are entitled to plead exemption under it, that doubt, we presume, will be given in their favour by the sheltering power; at all events, we think it very unlikely that any distinction will be drawn betwixt the two classes of refugees. Still we are compelled to maintain our honest and sincere conviction that, apart from other and greater considerations, there is nothing in this demand of Russia and Austria, to justify us in active interference. The demand has not been made on us; it does not refer to British subjects; and it in no way concerns our honour. We have nothing more to do with it, in the abstract, than if it was a demand made by the Shah of Persia upon the Emperor of China. We beg especial attention to this point, because we observe that some of our journalists assume that Great Britain and France will act together vigorously in resisting the demand. Now, we hold, that, though both countries may have a clear right to protest against such a demand, on the ground of its being at variance with the law of nations, neither of them has the right to make that a pretext for ulterior measures, or for resorting to the desperate expedient of a war. The representatives of both powers, it

is said, have advised the Porte to return a firm refusal to the demand; and, since their advice was asked, we hold that they were clearly right in doing so. They were acting merely as assessors, or rather as expounders of international law. But suppose that Russia should make this declaration a *casus belli* with Turkey,—what then? We have in that case a most decided interest; because it is part of our policy that Russia shall not, under any pretext whatever, lay her hand upon the Turkish dominions, or force the passage of the Dardanelles. Our policy may be wrong, and Mr. Cobden thinks, or thought so: still we are committed to that view; and we can hardly escape from interpreting the conduct of Russia, if she shall persist in enforcing her demand by dint of arms, into an overt attempt to get possession of the Turkish territory. But France has no such interest as we have. Our reason for disputing the possession of Turkey with Russia is a purely selfish one. We wish to prevent the latter power from coming into dangerous proximity with Egypt, and we have a kind of vague idea that some attack is meditated upon our Indian provinces. It is quite possible that these notions may be visionary or greatly exaggerated, and that Russia wants nothing more than an open passage from the Black Sea—a right which, if free-trade doctrines are to be held of universal application, it does seem rather hard to deny to her. Still, such is our idea, and in our present temper we shall probably act accordingly. But France has no real interest at stake. She has nothing to lose, suppose Russia got possession of Turkey to-morrow; and we are very much mistaken if she will go to war from a mere spirit of chivalry, and in behalf of a few refugees with whom she is in no way connected. However disturbed may be the state of France, or however inflammable may be the minds of her population, she has statesmen who will not suffer her to be committed to so egregious an act of folly. If Russia perseveres in her demand to the utmost, on Britain will fall, in the first instance at least, the whole weight of the resistance. We agree with the *Times*, that “this demand for the surrender

of the refugees, is either a wanton outrage for an object too trifling to be insisted on, or else it masks a more serious intention of hostility against the Turkish empire;” but we are not prepared to adopt the conclusion of that able journal, that “the governments and the nations of Western Europe are resolved to oppose that demand, even to the last extremity.” On the contrary, we believe that the opposition would be left to Great Britain alone.

We trust no apology is necessary for having wandered from our text on a topic of so much interest; however, we ask Mr. Cobden's pardon for having left him uncourteously so long.

We were remarking that ill-luck in the way of prophecy and presentiment still clung to Mr. Cobden, even as Care is said to follow the horseman. Hungary speedily succumbed, and Russia did not ask for a loan. Now that the Hungarians were beaten and victory impossible, we presume the next best thing for that unfortunate people would be to bind up their wounds, and let them return as speedily as might be to their usual industrial employments. Austria, at the conclusion of the contest, finds herself largely out of pocket. She has troops whose pay is greatly in arrear, and she has made temporary loans which it is absolutely necessary to discharge. She might, if she were so disposed, liquidate the claims of the first, by letting them loose upon the conquered Hungarians, from whom they probably could still contrive to exact a fair modicum of booty; she might pay off the latter by resorting to wholesale confiscation, and by sweeping into her public treasury whatever the war has left of value. But Austria has no desire to proceed to either extremity. She knows very well that it is not for her interest that Hungary should become a sterile waste; and she is further aware that the best mode of securing tranquillity for the future, is to foster industry, and to abstain from laying any additional burden upon the already impoverished people. Therefore, meditating no further conquest, but, on the contrary, anxious to sit down to the sober work of reparation, Austria

proposes to borrow in the public money-markets of Europe a sum of seven millions. The advertisement meets the eye of Mr. Cobden, who straightway rose in wrath, indited a letter to a certain Mr. Edmund Fry, ordaining him to convene a public meeting in London, for the purpose of considering the said advertisement, and agreeing "to an address to the friends of peace and disarmament throughout the world, on the general question of loans for war purposes," and on the 8th October, the intrepid orator again mounted on the platform. This time, we are sorry to remark, that the meeting was neither so variously nor so interestingly attended as before. The Chartists very properly thought that they had nothing whatever to do with foreign loans; and, besides, that they had already been regaled with an ample allowance of Mr. Cobden's eloquence on the subject. The two parliamentary poets were doubtless writing odes, and did not come. Also there was but a poor sprinkling of M.P.'s; but Lord Dudley Stuart was at his post, and Friend Alexander; and beyond these twain there appeared no notable whomsoever. Mr. Reynolds must have been sadly missed.

Mr. Cobden's first speech at this meeting—for the lack of orators was such, that he was compelled to indulge his audience with two—was a very dull and dreary affair indeed. He began first with loans in general, and went on in his usual style of asseveration. "I say that, as I have gone through the length and breadth of this country with Adam Smith in my hand to advocate the principles of free trade, I can stand here with Adam Smith also in my hand, to denounce, not merely for its inherent waste of national wealth, not only because it anticipates income and consumes capital, but also on the ground of injustice to posterity, in saddling upon our heirs a debt we have no right to call upon them to pay—the loans we have this day met to consider." It is very hard that unfortunate Adam Smith should be made answerable for all the eccentricities of Mr. Cobden. Little did the poor man think, whilst hammering his brains at Kirkcaldy, that their product was to be explained at

a future time, according to the sweet will of so accomplished a commentator! Adam Smith had a great deal too much sense to expect that wars would cease to arise, and government loans to be contracted. His remark is not directed against loans, but against the funding or accumulation of them, which most of us, in the present generation, are quite ready to admit to be an evil. The remedy to which he pointed, was the establishment of a sinking-fund to prevent debt from accumulating; but so long as Mr. Cobden's economical views are acted on, and the currency maintained on its present basis, the idea of a sinking-fund is altogether visionary. The evil which Adam Smith complains of is permanent funding, not loan. There is nothing imprudent in a man borrowing a thousand pounds from his banker, if he regularly sets apart an annual sum out of his income for its repayment; but it is a very different thing when he hands over the debt undiminished for his successor to discharge.

Having preluded with this little piece of hocus, Mr. Cobden came to the point, and attempted to show that Austria was in such a state of insolvency that it was not safe for any one to lend money to her. We by no means object to this sort of exposition. If it be true that the finances of the borrowing party are in a dismal state, we are none the worse for the information; if the statement is false, it is sure to be speedily disproved. We have no objection to concede to Mr. Cobden the possession of that almost preternatural amount of knowledge, which is his daily and perpetual boast. When he tells us that he knows all about the produce of the mines of Siberia, because "I have been there, and I know what is the value of those mines"—when he speaks positively as to the amount of specie in the vaults of the fortress of St. Petersburg, and states that he knows it—"because I have been on the spot, and made it my business to understand these things"—and when, with regard to the general question of Russian finance, he observes that "few men, probably not six men in England, have had my opportunities of investigating and ascertaining upon

the best and safest authority on the spot, where alone you can properly understand the matter, what actually is the state of the resources of Russia."—we listen with a kind of awe to the words of this egotistical Exile of Siberia. But though not six men in England are qualified to compete with him in his knowledge of Russian affairs, we suspect that it would be no difficult matter to find six clerks in a single banking establishment a great deal better acquainted with the state of Austrian finance than Mr. Cobden. His object, it would appear, is less to warn the great capitalists—who indeed may be supposed to be perfectly capable of taking care of themselves—against the danger of handing over their money to Austria, than to secure the poor labouring man with ten pounds to spare, against defraudment. We were not previously aware that people with ten pounds to spare were in the habit of investing them in the foreign funds. We hope to heaven such is not the case, for we happen to be acquainted with several very estimable porters and Celtic chairmen, who have saved a little money; and, should the mania for foreign investment have reached them, we should tremble to approach any corner of a street where those excellent creatures are wont to linger, lest we should be assailed with the question, "Hoo's the Peroovian four per cents?" or, "Div ye ken if they're gaun to pay the interest on the New Bonos Areas bonds?" We have hitherto been labouring under the delusion that the accumulations of the working classes were safe in the British Savings Banks, or Funds; but we are now sorry to learn from Mr. Cobden that such is not the case. "I knew myself," said Mr. Cobden, "many years ago, when resident in the city, a man who worked as a porter on weekly wages—his family and himself being reduced to that state that they had no other earthly dependence—and yet that man had Spanish bonds to the nominal amount of £2000 in his pocket. They were not worth more than waste paper, and came into the hands of poor men like this porter, who had no experience and knowledge in such matters; and it is to guard such poor men that I now

utter the voice of warning." We have not read anything more affecting since we perused *The Dairyman's Daughter*. Mr. Cobden does not tell us that he immediately organised a subscription for the behoof of the wronged individual; but we think it probable that he did so, and, if it be not too late, we shall be glad to contribute our mite—on one condition. The next time Mr. Cobden tells this story, will he be good enough to specify the precise sum *which the porter paid* for those bonds? Our reason for requiring particular information as to this point, is founded on a fact which lately came to our knowledge, viz. that the name of a promising chimney-sweep stands recorded in the books of a certain railway company, which shall be nameless, as the proprietor of stock in new shares, to an amount of nearly double that possessed by Mr. Cobden's acquaintance. The railway has not paid a single farthing of dividend, several calls are still due, and the market price of those shares is considerably below zero. The chimney-sweep is a steady young man, whose only failing is an inveterate attachment to whisky: he never was in possession of five pounds in his life, except on the day when he became the nominal proprietor of that stock. We make Mr. Cobden a present of this anecdote, in case he should have occasion, in the course of some future crusade, to warn labouring people against indulging in railway speculation. It is quite as genuine and forcible an illustration as his own; and we suspect that for one person in the position of the porter, there are at this moment some hundreds in possession of transferred certificates like the chimney-sweep.

In sober sadness, it is pitiable to see a man reduced, for sheer lack of argument, to such wretched clap-trap as this. The wildest kind of rant about freedom and tyranny would have been more to the purpose, and infinitely more grateful to the popular ear. Mr. Cobden's estimate of his own position and European importance is delicious. "I have no hesitation in saying that there is not a government in Europe that is not frowning upon this meeting!" What a mercy it is that Nicholas had no

suspicion of the tremendous influence of the man who was once rash enough to trust himself in his dominions! We positively tremble at the thought of what might have ensued had Mr. Cobden been detected on his visit to the Siberian mines! The governments of Europe frowning on Mr. Cobden's meeting—what a subject for the classical painter!

We need hardly trouble our readers with any remarks upon the speech of Lord Dudley Stuart. His monomania on Continental subjects is well known, and he carries it so far as to hazard the most extravagant statements. For example, he set out with insinuating that this Austrian loan was neither more nor less than a deliberate attempt at swindling, seeing that it had not received the sanction of the Diet; "and, consequently," said Lord Dudley, "nothing could be easier than for the Austrian government, whenever they found it inconvenient to pay the interest of the loan, to turn round and call those who had advanced the money very simple people, and tell them that they ought to have made due inquiry before parting with it. It might be said that this would be a most extraordinary and outrageous course for any government to adopt; but they lived in times when monarchs performed acts of the most unusual and the most outrageous description; and it seemed almost as if the dark ages had returned, such scenes of barbarity and cruelty were being enacted throughout Europe, by order, and in the name of established governments." Lord Dudley Stuart is one of those who think that no crowned head can sit down comfortably to supper, unless he has previously immolated a victim. His idea of the dark ages is derived from the popular legend of Raw-head and Bloody-bones. Confiding, and it would appear with justice, in the singular ignorance of his audience, he went on to say:—"Certain writers and speakers were never tired of uttering warnings against the danger of an infuriated mob. But had any of those popular outbreaks, as they were called, ever been attended with an amount of cruelty, rapine, and spoliation, to be named in comparison with the deeds of the despots

of Europe? At Paris, Vienna, and Rome, for a time, power was in the hands of the people—the wild democracy, as it was called. Where were their deeds of blood and spoliation?" Lord Dudley Stuart might just as well have asked, where were the victims of the guillotine during the supremacy of Robespierre. We have known metaphysicians who could not be brought to an acknowledgment that the continent of America has an actual existence, or that the battle of Waterloo was ever fought, owing to what they were pleased to style a want of sufficient evidence. Lord Dudley Stuart is precisely in the same situation. He has patronised foreign patriots to such an extent, that he believes every one of them to be a saint; and if he saw with his own eyes a democrat piking a proprietor, he would probably consider it a mere *deceptio visus*. Not that he is in the slightest degree short-sighted, or incredulous, whenever he can get hold of a story reflecting on the other side. On the contrary, he favoured his audience with a minute description of several floggings and executions, which he had, no doubt, received from his foreign correspondents; and actually threw the blame of the apostacy of some of his Polish protégées from the Christian faith upon the Czar! This is a topic upon which we would rather not touch. Men have been known to deny their Saviour for the sake of escaping from the most hideous personal agony, but we never heard before of apostacy committed for such motives as Lord Dudley has assigned. "Some, but very few men, whose lives had been devoted to fighting against Russia, and whose religion seemed to consist in that alone, lured, no doubt, by the hope of entering the Turkish army, and again waging war against their implacable enemies, Russia and Austria, had been induced to accept the offers of the Porte, and to embrace Islamism." We hope it may be long before we shall be again asked to express our sympathy for those wretched renegades from their faith.

Mr. Cobden having gathered wind, again started up; and this time he did not confine himself to mere economical prose. We rather think that he felt slightly jealous of the cheering

which Lord Dudley Stuart's more animated speech had elicited; for it is a well-known fact that the majority of people would rather listen to the details of an atrocious murder, than to a dissertation upon Adam Smith. Accordingly, he came out hot, furious, pugnacious, and withal remarkably irrelevant. Throwing aside all consideration of the Austrian loan, he fell foul of the Czar, whom he facetiously compared to Nebuchadnezzar. Listen to the Apostle of peace! "The man was incapable of appreciating anything but a physical-force argument, and he (Mr. Cobden) did not think he was departing from his peace principles, in resorting to a mode of admonition which the nature of the animal was capable of understanding. He surely might be excused from admonishing, if it were possible, a wild bull, that, if he did not take care, he might run his head against something harder even than his own skull. He therefore said, that if the Emperor of Russia attacked us, we might hermetically seal the ports of Russia, and there would be an end of the matter. There could be no fighting between England and Russia. If the question were put to a jury of twelve competent men, belonging to any maritime power, who were perfectly indifferent to the quarrel, they would at once say that as England and Russia could not come to collision by land, the only question was, what naval force would be required by England to blockade Petersburg, Archangel, Odessa and Riga for six months of the year, and

that the frost would keep up the blockade for the other six months." But the best is yet to come. Mr. Cobden is perfectly aware that the sentiments of such an eminent European personage as himself must have terrible weight on the Continent. When the Czar reads the report of the speeches delivered at the London Tavern, he will burst into a paroxysm of fury, order some hundred serfs to be instantly knouted to death, and send for the minister of marine. When it is known at Vienna that Cobden has declared against the Austrian loan, Francis Joseph will gnash his teeth, and desire Jellachich, Radetsky, and Haynau to concert measures with his brother emperor for taking vengeance for this unparalleled affront. What, then, are we to do? Is there no danger to Great Britain from such a combination? None—for we have a guarantee. A greater than Nicholas has promised to stand between us and peril. People of Great Britain! read the following paragraph, and then lie down in security under the charge of your protecting angel.

"If he (Mr. Cobden) were told that he ran the risk of provoking these brutal tyrants to come here and attack this country, HE WOULD REPLY THAT HE WAS PREPARED TO TAKE THE RISK UPON HIMSELF OF ALL THAT THEY COULD DO!"

After this, we have not another word to say. Yes—one. Before Mr. Cobden's meeting broke up, the Austrian loan had been subscribed for to more than the required amount.

THE FRENCH NOVELS OF 1849.

DURING the twelve months that have elapsed since we devoted a sheet of *Maga* to a flying glance at French novels and novelists, there has been a formidable accumulation upon our shelves of the produce of Paris and Brussels presses. Were their merit as considerable as their number, the regiment of pink, blue, and yellow octavos and duodecimes would need a whole magazine to do them justice. As it is, however, a line a volume would be too much to devote to some of them. The lull in literature which ensued in France, on the shock of the February revolution, has been succeeded by a revival of activity. Most of the old staggers have resumed the quill, and a few "green hands" have come forward. As yet, however, the efforts of the former have in few instances been particularly happy; whilst amongst the latter, there is no appearance worthy of note. Upon the whole, we think that the ladies have been at least as successful as the men. Here is a trio of tales from feminine pens, as good as anything that now lies before us. *Hélène*, although it may not greatly augment the well-established reputation of that accomplished authoress, Madame Charles Reybaud, is yet a very pleasing novel, approaching in character rather to a graceful English moral tale, than to the commonly received idea of a French romance. It is a story of the first Revolution; the scene is in Provence, and subsequently at Rochefort, on board ship, and in French Guiana. The chief characters are Helen, and her father, the Count de Blanquefort, a steadfast royalist, who traces back his ancestry to the crusades; her lover, a plebeian and *Montagnard*; her godmother, Madame de Rocabert, and Dom Massiot, a fanatic priest. Lovers of mysterious intrigues, and complicated plots, need not seek them in Madame Reybaud's novels, whose charm resides for the most part in elegance of style, graceful description, and delicate and truthful delineation of character. In one of the recent tales—a very attractive, if not a very probable one—*Le Cadet de Colobrières*, she ad-

mirably sketches the interior of a poor nobleman's dwelling, where all was pride, penury, and privation, for appearance sake. The companion and contrast to that painful picture, is her description of the domestic arrangements of Castle Rocabert, where ease, placidity, and comfort reign; where the ancient furniture is solid and handsome, the apartments commodious, the cheer abundant; where the antiquated waiting women, and venerable serving men, are clad after the most approved fashion of Louis the Fifteenth's day, and disciplined in accordance with the most precious traditions of aristocratic houses. Madame de Rocabert herself is a fine portrait, from the old French régime. Forty years long has she dwelt in her lonely chateau, isolated from the world, on the summit of a cloud-capped rock. Widowed at the age of twenty of an adored husband, she shut herself up to weep, and, as she hoped, to die. Contrary to her expectation, little by little she was comforted; she lived, she grew old. Time and religion had appeased her sorrow, and dried her tears. There is a tenderness and grace in Madame Reybaud's account of the widow's mourning and consolation, which reminds us of the exquisite pathos and natural touches of Madame d'Arbouville. That such a comparison should occur to us, is of itself a high compliment to Madame Reybaud, who, however, is unquestionably a very talented writer, and to the examination of whose collective works it is not impossible we may hereafter devote an article. At present, we pass on to a lady of a different stamp, who does not very often obtain commendation at our hands; and yet, in this instance, we know not why we should withhold approval from George Sand's last novel, *La Petite Fadette*, one of those seductive trifles which only Madame Dudevant can produce, and is free from the pernicious tendencies that disfigure too many of her works. In this place we can say little about it. A sketch of the plot would be of small interest, for it is as slight and inartificial as well may be; and an

attempt to analyse the book's peculiar charm would lead us a length incompatible with the omnium-gatherum design of this article. *La Petite Fadette* is a story of peasant habits and superstitions, and these are treated with that consummate artistical skill for which George Sand is celebrated—every coarser tint of the picture mellowed and softened, but never wholly suppressed. Fadette, a precocious and clever child, and her brother, a poor deformed cripple, dwelt with their grandmother, a beldame cunning in herbs and simples, and who practises as a sort of quack doctress. The three are of no good repute in the country-side; Fadette, especially, with her large black eyes and Moorish complexion, her elf-like bearing and old-fashioned attire, is alternately feared and persecuted by the village children, who have nicknamed her the Cricket. But although her tongue is sharp, and often malicious, and her humour wilful and strange, the gipsy has both heart and head; and, above all, she has the true woman's skill to make herself beloved by him on whom she has secretly fixed her affections. This is the hero of the story—Landry, the handsome son of a farmer. Love works miracles with the spitefully-lovenly Cricket, who hitherto has dressed like her grandmother, and squabbled with all comers. Although the style of George Sand's books is little favourable to extract, and that in this one the difficulty is increased by the introduction of provincialisms and peasant phrases, we will nevertheless translate the account of Fadette's transformation, and of its effect upon Landry, upon whom, as the reader will perceive, the charm has already begun to work.

"Sunday came at last, and Landry was one of the first at mass. He entered the church before the bells began to ring, knowing that *la petite* Fadette was accustomed to come early, because she always made long prayers, for which many laughed at her. He saw a little girl kneeling in the chapel of the Holy Virgin, but her back was turned to him, and her face was hidden in her hands, that she might pray without disturbance. It was Fadette's attitude, but it was neither her head-dress nor her figure, and Landry went

out again to see if he could not meet her in the porch, which, in our country, we call the *guenillière*, because the ragged beggars stand there during service. But Fadette's rags were the only ones he could not see there. He heard mass without perceiving her, until, chancing to look again at the girl who was praying so devoutly in the chapel, he saw her raise her head, and recognised his Cricket, although her dress and appearance were quite new to him. The clothes were still the same—her petticoat of drugget, her red apron, and her linen coif without lace; but during the week she had washed and re-cut and re-sewn all that. Her gown was longer, and fell decently over her stockings, which were very white, as was also her coif, which had assumed the new shape, and was neatly set upon her well-combed black hair; her neckerchief was new, and of a pretty pale yellow, which set off her brown skin to advantage. Her boddice, too, she had lengthened, and, instead of looking like a piece of wood dressed up, her figure was as slender and supple as the body of a fine honey-bee. Besides all this, I know not with what extract of flowers or herbs she had washed her hands and face during the week, but her pale face and tiny hands looked as clear and as delicate as the white hawthorn in spring.

"Landry, seeing her so changed, let his prayer-book fall, and at the noise little Fadette turned herself about, and her eyes met his. Her cheek turned a little red—not redder than the wild rose of the hedges; but that made her appear quite pretty—the more so that her black eyes, against which none had ever been able to say anything, sparkled so brightly, that, for a moment, she seemed transfigured. And once more Landry thought to himself:

"She is a witch; she wished to become pretty, from ugly that she was, and behold the miracle has been wrought!"

"A chill of terror came over him, but his fear did not prevent his having so strong a desire to approach and speak to her, that his heart throbbed with impatience till the mass was at an end.

"But she did not look at him again,

and instead of going to run and sport with the children after her prayers, she departed so discreetly, that there was hardly time to notice how changed and improved she was. Landry dared not follow her, the less so that Sylvinet would not leave him a moment; but in about an hour he succeeded in escaping; and this time, his heart urging and directing him, he found little Fadette gravely tending her flock in the hollow road which they call the *Traine-au-Gendarme*, because one of the king's gendarmes was killed there by the people of La Cosse, in the old times, when they wished to force poor people to pay *taillage*, and to work without wage, contrary to the terms of the law, which already was hard enough, such as they had made it."

But it is not sufficient to win Landry's heart: Fadette has much more to overcome. Public prejudice, the dislike of her lover's family, her own poverty, are stumbling-blocks, seemingly insurmountable, in her path to happiness. She yields not to discouragement; and finally, by her energy and discretion, she conquers antipathies, converts foes into friends, and attains her ends—all of which are legitimate, and some highly praiseworthy. The narrative of her tribulations, constancy, and ultimate triumph, is couched in a style of studied simplicity, but remarkable fascination. Slight as it is, a mere *bluette*, *La Petite Fadette* is a graceful and very engaging story; and it would be ungrateful to investigate too closely the amount of varnish applied by Madame Dudevant to her pictures of the manners, language, and morals of French peasantry.

La Famille Récur is the last book, by a lady novelist, to which we shall now refer. It is the best of a series of six, intended as pictures of French society, in successive centuries, closing with the nineteenth. The five previous novels, which were published at pretty long intervals, being of no very striking merit, we were agreeably surprised by the lively and well-sustained interest of this romance, the last, Madame de Bawr informs us, which she intends to offer to the public. Paul Récur, the penniless nephew of a rich capitalist, is defrauded

by a forged will of his uncle's inheritance, which goes to a worthless cousin, who also obtains the hand of a girl between whom and Paul an ardent attachment exists. The chief interest of the tale hinges on Paul's struggles, after an interval of deep despondency, against poverty and the world—struggles in which he is warmly encouraged by his friend Alfred, a successful *feuilletoniste* and dramatic author; and by a warm-hearted but improvident physician, M. Duvernoy, whose daughter Paul ultimately marries, out of gratitude, and to save her from the destitution to which her father's extravagance and approaching death are about to consign her. Paul is a charming character—a model of amiability, generosity, and self-devotion, and yet not too perfect to be probable. There is a strong interest in the account of his combat with adversity, and of the tribulations arising from the folly and thoughtlessness of his wife, and the implacable hostility of his treacherous cousin. How the story ends need not here be told. The first four-fifths of the book entitle it to a high place amongst the French light literature of the year 1849; but then it begins to flag, and the termination is lame and tame—a falling off which strikes the more from its contrast with the preceding portion. The authoress appears, in some degree, conscious of this defect, and prepares her readers for it in her preface. "The second volume," she says, "was written amidst the anguish and alarm which revolutions occasion to a poor old woman. Although but ill-satisfied with my work, I have not courage to recommence it. I appeal, then, to the reader's indulgence for my last romance, happy in the consciousness that my pen has never traced a single word which was not dictated by my lively desire to lead men to virtue." So humble and amiable an apology disarms criticism.

Having given precedence to the ladies, we look around for some of their male colleagues who may deserve a word. Amongst the new candidates for the favour of romance-readers is a writer, singing himself Marquis de Foudras, and whose debut, if we err not, was made in conjunction with a M. de Montepin, in a romance en-

titled *Les Chévaliers du Lansquenet*—a long-winded imitation of the Sue school, extremely feeble, and in execrable taste, but which, nevertheless, obtained a sort of circulating library success. Encouraged by this, Messrs Foudras and Montepin achieved a second novel, upon the whole a shade better than the first; and then, dissolving their association, set off scribbling, each "on his own hook;" and threaten to become as prolific, although not as popular, as the great Dumas himself. The last production of M. de Foudras bears the not unattractive title of *Les Gentilhommes Chasseurs*. It is a series of sporting sketches and anecdotes, of various merit, in most of which the author—who would evidently convince us that he is a genuine marquis, and not a plebeian under a pseudonyme—himself has cut amore or less distinguished figure. To the curious in the science of venery, as practised in various parts of France, these two volumes may have some interest; and the closing and longest sketch of the series, a tale of shooting and smuggling adventures in the Alps, is, we suspect, the best thing the author has written. Unless, indeed, we except his account of a stag-hunt in Burgundy in 1785, in which he gives a most animated and graphic account of the mishaps of a dull-dog of an Englishman, who arrives from the further extremity of Italy to join the party of French sportsmen. Of course Lord Henry is formal, peevish, and unpolished; the very model, in short, of an English nobleman. Disdaining to mount French horses, which, he politely informs his entertainer, have no speed, and cannot leap, he has had four hunters brought from England, upon one of which, "a lineal descendant of *Arabian Godolphin*, and whose dam was a mare unconquered at Newmarket," he follows the first day's hunt, by the side of a beautiful countess, by whose charms he is violently smitten, and who rides a little old Limousin mare, of piteous exterior, but great merit. The pace is severe, the country heavy, the Arabian's grandson receives the go-by from the Limousin cob, and shows signs of distress. The following passage exhibits the author's extraordinary acquaintance with the customs

and usages of the English hunting-field,—“We were still ahead, and had leaped I know not how many hedges, ditches, and ravines, when I observed that Lord Henry, who had refused to take either a whip or spurs, struck repeated blows on the flank of his horse, which, still galloping, writhed under the pressure of its master's fist. Looking with more attention, I presently discovered in *milord's* hand a sharp and glittering object, in which I recognised one of the elegant chased gold toothpicks which men carried in those days. I saw at once that poor *Cœur-de-Lion* was done up.” In spite of the toothpick, *Cœur-de-Lion* refuses a leap, whereupon his master hurls away the singular spur, leaps from his saddle, draws his hunting-knife, and plunges it to the hilt in the horse's breast!—with which taste of his quality, we bid a long farewell to the Marquis de Foudras.

It were strange indeed if the name of Dumas did not more than once appear on the numerous title-pages before us. We find it in half-a-dozen different places. The amusing Charlatan, who, in the first fervour and novelty of the republican regime, seemed disposed to abandon romance for politics, has found time to unite both. Whilst writing a monthly journal, in which he professes to give the detailed history of Europe day by day—forming, as his puffs assure us, the most complete existing narrative of political events since February 1848—he has also produced, in the course of the last twelve months, some twenty-five or thirty volumes of frivolities. Thus, whilst with one hand he instructs, with the other he entertains the public. For our part, we have enjoyed too many hearty laughs, both with and at M. Dumas, not to have all inclination to praise him when possible. In the present instance, and with respect to his last year's tribute to French literature, we regret to say it is quite impossible. He has been trifling with his reputation, and with the public patience. Since last we mentioned him, he has added a dozen volumes to the *Vicomte de Bragelonne*, which nevertheless still drags itself along, without prospect of a termination. A tissue of greater improbabilities and absurdities we have rarely

encountered. Certainly no one but Alexander Dumas would have ventured to strain out so flimsy a web to so unconscionable a length. Are there, we wonder, in France or elsewhere, any persons so simple as to rely on his representations of historical characters and events? The notions they must form of French kings and heroes, courtiers and statesmen, are assuredly of the strangest. We doubt if, in any country but France, a writer could preserve the popularity Dumas enjoys, who caricatured and made ridiculous, as he continually does, the greatest men whose names honour its chronicles. Besides the wearisome adventures of Mr. Bragelonne and the eternal Musketeers, M. Dumas has given forth the first three or four volumes of a rambling story, founded on the well-known affair of Marie Antoinette's diamond necklace. Then he has completed the account of his Spanish rambles, which we rather expected he would have left incomplete, seeing the very small degree of favour with which the first instalment of those most trivial letters was received. In the intervals of these various labours, he has thrown off a history of the regency, and a historical romance, of which Edward III. of England is the hero. The latter we have not read. On French ground, M. Dumas is sometimes unsuccessful, but when he meddles with English personages he is invariably absurd. Finally, and we believe this closes the catalogue—although we will not answer but that some trifle of half-a-dozen volumes may have escaped our notice—M. Dumas, gliding, with his usual facility of transition, from the historical to the speculative, has begun a series of ghost-stories, whose probable length it is difficult to foretell, seeing that what he calls the introduction occupies two volumes. Some of these tales are tolerably original, others are old stories dressed up *à la Dumas*. They are preceded by a dedication to M. Dumas' former patron, the Duke of Montpensier, and by a letter to his friend Véron, editor of the *Constitutionnel*, theatrical manager, &c. These two epistles are by no means the least diverting part of the book. M. Dumas, whom we heard of, twenty months ago, as a fervid partisan and armed

supporter of the republic, appears to have already changed his mind, and to hanker after a monarchy. Some passages of his letter to his friend are amusingly conceited and characteristic. "My dear Véron," he writes, "you have often told me, during those evening meetings, now of too rare occurrence, where each man talks at leisure, telling the dream of his heart, following the caprice of his wit, or squandering the treasures of his memory—you have often told me, that, since Scheherazade, and after Nodier, I am one of the most amusing narrators you know. To-day you write to me that, *en attendant* a long romance from my pen—one of my interminable romances, in which I comprise a whole century—you would be glad of some tales, two, four, or six volumes at most—poor flowers from my garden—to serve as an interlude amidst the political preoccupations of the moment: between the trials at Bourges, for instance, and the elections of the month of May. Alas! my friend, the times are sad, and my tales, I warn you, will not be gay. Weary of what I daily see occurring in the real world, you must allow me to seek the subjects of my narrative in an imaginary one. Alas! I greatly fear that all minds somewhat elevated, somewhat poetical and addicted to reverie, are now situated similarly to mine; in quest—that is to say, of the ideal—sole refuge left us by God against reality." After striking this desponding chord, the melancholy poet of elevated mind proceeds to regret the good old times, to deplore the degeneracy of the age, to declare himself inferior to his grandfather, and to express his conviction that his son will be inferior to himself. We are sorry for M. Dumas, junior. "It is true," continues Alexander, "that each day we take a step towards liberty, equality, fraternity, three great words which the Revolution of 1793—you know, the other, the dowager—let loose upon modern society as she might have done a tiger, a lion, and a bear, disguised in lambskins; empty words, unfortunately, which were read, through the smoke of June, on our public monuments all battered with bullets." After so reactionary a tirade, let M. Dumas beware lest, in

the first fight that occurs in Paris streets, a Red cartridge snatch him from an admiring world. His moan made for republican illusions, he proceeds to cry the coronach over French society, unhinged, disorganised, destroyed, by successive revolutions. And he calls to mind a visit he paid, in his childhood, to a very old lady, a relic of the past century, and widow of King Louis Philippe's grandfather, to whom Napoleon paid an annuity of one hundred thousand crowns—for what? "*For having preserved in her drawing-rooms the traditions of good society of the times of Louis XIV. and Louis XV.* It is just half what the chamber now gives his nephew for making France forget what his uncle desired she should remember." Take that, President Buonaparte, and go elsewhere for a character than to the *Débit de Romans* of Mr. Alexander Dumas. How is it you have neglected to propitiate the suffrage of the melancholy poet? Repair forthwith the omission. Summon him to the Elysée. Pamper, caress, and consult him, or tremble for the stability of your presidential chair! After Louis Napoleon, comes the turn of the legislative chamber; apropos of which M. Dumas quotes the Marquis d'Argenson's memoirs, where the courtier of 1750 bewails the degeneracy of the times neither more nor less than does the dramatic author of a century later. "People complain," M. d'Argenson says, "that in our day there is no longer any conversation in France. I well know the reason. It is that our cotemporaries daily become less patient listeners. They listen badly, or rather they listen not at all. I have remarked this in the very best circles I frequent." "Now, my dear friend," argues M. Dumas, with irresistible logic, "what is the best society one can frequent at the present day? Very certainly it is that which eight millions of electors have judged worthy to represent the interests, the opinions, the genius of France. It is the chamber, in short. Well! enter the chamber, at a venture, any day and hour that you please. The odds are a hundred to one, that you will find one man speaking in the tribune, and five or six hundred others sitting on the

benches, not listening, but interrupting him. And this is so true, that there is an article of the constitution of 1848 prohibiting interruptions. Again, reckon the number of boxes on the ear, and fisticuffs given in the chamber during a year that it has existed—they are innumerable. All in the name—be it well understood—of liberty, equality, and fraternity!" Rather strange language in the mouth of a citizen of the young republic; and its oddness diminishes the surprise with which we find, on turning the page, the captor of the Tuileries paying his devoirs to the most presently prosperous member of the house of Orleans. "Monseigneur," he says, to the illustrious husband of the Infanta Louisa, "this book is composed for you, written purposely for you. Like all men of elevated minds, you believe in the impossible," &c. &c. Then a flourish about Galileo, Columbus, and Fulton, and a quotation from Shakespeare, some of whose plays M. Dumas has been so condescending as to translate and improve. Then poor Scheherazade is dragged in again, always apropos of "I, Alexander," and then, the flourish of trumpets over, the fun begins and phantoms enter.

Although not generally partial to tales of *diablerie*—a style which the Germans have overdone, and in which few writers of other nations have succeeded—we have been much amused by the story of *Jean le Trouveur*, in which, upon the old yarn of a pact with the evil one, M. Paul de Musset has strung a clever and spirited series of Gil-Blas-like adventures, interspersed with vivid glimpses of historical events and personages, with here and there a garnishing of quiet satire. "The life of Jean le Trouveur," says the ingenious and painstaking author of these three pleasant little volumes, "is one of those histories which the people tell, and nobody has written. . . . This fantastical personage is known in several countries under different names. In Provence he is called Jean l'Leureux; in Arragon, Don Juan el Pajarero—that is to say, the Fowler or Birdcatcher; in Italy Giovanni il Trovatore. His real name will be found in the course of the fol-

lowing narration. His death was related to me in Lower Brittany, where I did not expect to meet with him. This circumstance decided me to write his history, uniting the various chronicles, whose connexion is evident." That accomplished antiquarian and legendary, M. Prosper Mérimée, would doubtless be able to tell us whether this be a mere author's subterfuge, or a veritable account of the sources whence M. de Musset derived the amusing adventures of John the Finder. We ourselves are not sufficiently versed in the traditions of Provence and Italy, Arragon and Brittany, to decide, nor is it of much interest to inquire. M. de Musset may possibly have found the clay, but he has made the bricks and built the house. It is a light and pleasant edifice, and does him credit.

The main outline of the story of *Jean le Trouveur* is soon told, and has no great novelty. The interest lies in the varied incidents that crowd every chapter. In the year 1699 there dwelt at Arles, in Provence, a commander of Malta, by name Anthony Quiqueran, Lord of Beaujeu. After an adventurous career, and innumerable valiant exploits achieved in the wars of the Order against Turks and barbarians; after commanding the galleys of Malta in a hundred successful sea-fights, and enduring a long captivity in the fortress of the Seven Towers, this brave man, at the age of nearly eighty years, dwelt tranquilly in his castle of Beaujeu, reposing, in the enjoyment of perfect health, from the fatigues of his long and busy life, and awaiting with seeming resignation and confidence the inevitable summons of death. Only two peculiarities struck the neighbours of the old knight: one of which was, that he avoided speaking of his past adventures; the other, that he would attend mass but at a particular convent, and that even there he never entered the chapel, but kneeled on a chair in the porch, his face covered with his hands, until the service was concluded. It was supposed by many that he was bound by a vow, and that his conduct was a mark of penitence and humiliation. And although the commander never went to confession, or the communion

table, his life was so pure, his charities were so numerous, and he had rendered such great services to the cause of religion, that none ventured to blame his eccentricities and omissions. But one stormy day a little old Turk, the fashion of whose garments was a century old, landed from a brigantine, which had made its way up the Rhone in spite of wind, and, to the wonder of the assembled population, approached the commander of Malta, and said to him—"Anthony Quiqueran, you have but three days left to fulfil your engagements." An hour later, the old knight is in the convent chapel, assisting at a mass, which he has requested the superior to say for him. But when the priest takes the sacred wafer it falls from his hands, a gust of wind extinguishes the tapers, and a confused murmur of voices is heard in the lateral nave of the church. In spite of himself, the officiant utters a malediction instead of a prayer, and, horror-stricken, he descends the steps of the altar, at whose foot M. de Beaujeu lies senseless, his face against the ground. The ensuing chapters contain the commander's confession. Long previously, when languishing in hopeless captivity in a Turkish dungeon, he had made a compact with a demon, by which he was to enjoy liberty and health, and thirty years of glory and good fortune. At the end of that term he must find another person to take his place on similar conditions, or his soul was the property of the fiend. Scarcely was the bargain concluded, when he doubted its reality, and was disposed to attribute it to the delirium of fever. In the uncertainty, he studiously abstained from the advantage of the compact, hoping thereby to expiate its sin. His health returned, his liberty was given him, but he sought neither glory, nor wealth, nor honours, living retired upon ten thousand crowns a-year, the gift of the King of France and other princes, for his services to Christendom, practising good works, and cultivating his garden. He began to hope that this long course of virtue and self-denial had redeemed his sin, when the warning of the demon, in the garb of the Turkish captain, renewed his alarm, and the inter-

rupted mass convinced him of the graceless state of his soul. No act of penitence, the superior now assured him, could atone his crime. Too high-minded to seek a substitute, and endeavour to shift its penalty upon another's shoulders, M. de Beaujeu attempts the only reparation in his power, by bequeathing half his wealth to charities. To inherit the other moiety, he entreats the superior to select a foundling worthy of such good fortune. The superior is not at a loss. "I have got exactly what you want," he says; "the chorister who answered at the mass at which you swooned away has no relations. I picked him up in the street on a winter's night, fourteen years ago, and since then he has never left me. He has no vocation for the church, and you will do a good action in restoring him to the world." The chorister boy who had been baptised Jean le Trouvé, is sent for, but cannot at first be found; for the excellent reason that, hidden in the recesses of the superior's bookcase, behind a row of enormous folios, he had listened to all that had passed between the commander and the monk. As soon as he can escape he repairs to the castle of Beaujeu, where his good looks, his simplicity and vivacity, interest the old knight, who receives him kindly, resolves to make him his heir, and sends him back to the convent to announce his determination to the superior. The foundling is grateful. His joy at his brilliant prospects is damped by the recollection of the commander's confession and despair. He resolves to astonish his benefactor by the greatness of his gratitude. The following extract, which has a good deal of the *Hoffmannsche* flavour, will show how he sets about it.

In the street of La Trouille, which took its name from the fortress built by the Emperor Constantine, dwelt a barber, who, to follow the mode of the barbers and bath-keepers of Paris, sold wine and entertained gamblers. Young men, sailors, merchants, and citizens of Arles, resorted to his shop—some to transact business; others to discuss matters of gallantry or pleasure; others, again, to seek dupes. Of a night, sounds of quarrel were

often heard in the shop, to which the town-archers had more than once paid a visit. If a stranger staked his coin on a turn of the cards, or throw of the dice, it was no mere hazard that transferred his ducats to the pockets of the regular frequenters of the house. Seated upon a post, opposite to this honest establishment, John the Foundling watched each face that entered or came out. After some time, he saw approaching from afar the captain of the brigantine, with his flat turban and his great matchlock pistol. When the Turk reached the barber's door, John placed himself before him.

"Sir stranger," said the boy, "did you not arrive here this morning from the East, on important business which concerns the Commander de Beaujeu?"

"Si," replied the Turk; "but I may also say that it is business which concerns you not."

"You mistake," said John; "it does concern me, and I come on purpose to speak to you about it."

"'Tis possible," said the old captain; "*ma mi non voler, mi non poter, mi non aver tempo.*"

"Nevertheless," firmly retorted John, "you must find time to hear me. What I have to communicate to you is of the utmost importance."

"Do me the pleasure *de andar al diable*," cried the Turk, in his Franco-Italian jargon.

"I am there already," replied the lad; "rest assured that I know who you are. I will not leave you till you have given me a hearing."

The old Mussulman, who had hitherto averted his head to try to break off the conversation, at last raised his melancholy and aquiline countenance. With his yellow eyes he fixed an angry gaze upon the chorister, and said to him in a full strong voice:—

"Well, enter this shop with me. We will presently speak together."

There was company in the barber's shop of the Rue de la Trouille, when little John and the captain of the brigantine raised the curtain of checked linen which served as a door. In a corner of the apartment, four men, seated round a table, were absorbed in a game at cards, to which they appeared to pay extreme attention, although the stake was but of a few

miserable sous. One of the gamblers examined, with the corner of his eye, the two persons who entered; and, seeing it was only a lad and a Turk of mean and shabby appearance, he again gave all his attention to the game. The master of the shop conceived no greater degree of esteem for the new comers, for he did not move from the stool on which he was sharpening his razors. At the further end of the apartment a servant stood beside the fire, and stirred with a stick the dirty linen of the week, which boiled and bubbled in a copper caldron. A damaged hour-glass upon a board pretended to mark the passage of time; and small tables, surrounded with straw-bottomed stools, awaited the drinkers whom evening usually brought. Bidding the chorister to be seated, the captain of the brigantine placed himself at one of the tables, and called for wine for all the company. The barber hastened to fetch a jug of Rhone wine, and as many goblets as there were persons in the room. When all the glasses were filled, the captain bid the barber distribute them, and exclaimed, as he emptied his own at a draft:—

"A la salute de leurs Seigneuries!"

Thereupon the four gamblers exchanged significant glances, whispered a few words, and then, as if the politeness of the Turkish gentleman had caused them as much pleasure as surpriſe, they pocketed their stakes and discontinued their game. With gracious and gallant air, and smiling countenance, one hand upon the hip and the other armed with the goblet, the four gentlemen approached the old Turk with a courteous mien, intended to eclipse all the graces of the courtiers of Versailles. But there was no need of a magnifying-glass to discern the true character of the four companions; the adventurer was detectible at once in their threadbare coats, their collars of false lace, and in the various details of their dress, where dirt and frippery were ill concealed by trick and tawdry. A moderately experienced eye would easily have seen that it was vice which had fattened some of them, and made others lean. The most portly of the four, approaching the Turkish gentleman, thanked him in the name of his

friends, and placed his empty glass upon the table with so polite and kindly an air, that the Turk, touched by his good grace, took the wine jug and refilled the four goblets to the brim. Some compliments were exchanged, and all sorts of titles used; so that by the time the jug was empty they had got to calling each other Excellency! The barber, putting his mouth to the captain's ear, with such intense gravity that one might have thought him angry, assured him that these gentlemen were of the very first quality, whereat the Turk testified his joy by placing his hand on his lips and on his forehead. In proportion as mutual esteem and good understanding augmented the contents of the jug diminished. A second was called for; it was speedily emptied in honour of the happy chance that had brought the jovial company together. A third disappeared amidst promises of frequent future meetings, and a fourth was drained amidst shaking of hands, friendly embraces, and unlimited offers of service.

The barber, a man of taste, observed to his guests, that four jugs amongst five persons made an uneven reckoning, which it would need the mathematical powers of Barème duly to adjust. For symmetry's sake, therefore, a fifth jug was brought, out of which the toppers drank the health of the king, of their Amphitryon, and of Barème, so appositely quoted. The four seedy gentlemen greatly admired the intrepidity with which the little old man tossed off his bumpers. Their project of making the captain drunk was too transparent to escape any spectator less innocent than the chorister; but in vain did they seek signs of intoxication on the imperturbable countenance of the old Turk. In reply to each toast and protestation of friendship, the captain emptied his glass, and said:—

"Much obliged, gentlemen; mi trop flatté."

No sparkle of the eyes, no movement of the muscles, broke the monotony of his faded visage. His parchment complexion preserved its yellow tint. On the other hand, the cheeks of the four adventurers began to flush purple; they unbuttoned their doublets, and used their hats as fans. The

signs of intoxication they watched for in their neighbour were multiplied in their own persons. At last they got quite drunk. He of the four whose head was the coolest proposed a game of cards.

"I plainly see," said the Turk, accepting, "that the *Signori n'esser pas joueurs per habitude*."

"And how," exclaimed one of the adventurers, "did your excellency infer from our physiognomy that incontestible truth?"

"*Perché*," replied the Turk, "on my arrival you broke off in the middle of your game. A professed gambler never did such a thing."

They were in ecstasies at the noble foreigner's penetration, and they called for the dice. When the captain drew forth his long purse, stuffed with *génovèses*,* the four gentlemen experienced a sudden shock, as if a thunderbolt had passed between them without touching them, and this emotion half sobered them. The Turk placed one of the large gold pieces upon the table, saying he would hold whatever stake his good friends chose to venture. The others said that a *génovèse* was a large sum, but that nothing in the world should make them flinch from the honour of contending with so courteous an adversary. By uniting their purses, they hoped to be able to hold the whole of his stake. And accordingly from the depths of their fobs, the gentlemen produced so many six-livre and three-livre pieces, that they succeeded in making up the thirty-two crowns, which were equivalent to the *génovèse*. They played the sum in a rubber. The Turk won the first game, then the second; and the four adventurers, on beholding him sweep away their pile of coin, were suddenly and completely sobered. The captain willingly agreed to give them their revenge. The difficulty was to find the two-and-thirty crowns. By dint of rummaging their pockets, the gentlemen exhibited four-and-twenty livres: but this was only a quarter of the sum. The oldest of the adventurers then took the buckle from his hat, and threw it on the table, swearing by the soul of his uncle that the trinket was worth two hundred

livres, although even the simple choriater discerned the emeralds that adorned it to be but bits of bottle-glass. Like a generous player the old Turk made no difficulties; he agreed that the buckle should stand for two hundred livres, and it was staked to the extent of twenty-four crowns. This time the dice was so favourable to the captain, that the game was not even disputed. His adversaries were astounded; they twisted their mustaches till they nearly pulled them up by the roots; they rubbed their eyes and cursed the good wine of Rhone. In the third game, the glass jewel, already pledged for twenty-four crowns, passed entire into the possession of the Turk. Then the excited gamblers threw upon the table their rings, their sword-knots, and the swords themselves, assigning to all these things imaginary value, which the Turk feigned to accept as genuine. Not a single game did they win. The captain took a string, and proceeded to tie together the tinsel and old iron he had won, when he felt a hand insinuate itself into the pocket of his ample hose. He seized this hand, and holding it up in the air—

"*Messirs*," he said, "*vous esser des coquins. Mi saper que vous aver triché*."

"*Triché!*" cried one of the sharpers. "He strips us to the very shirt, and then accuses us of cheating! *Morbleu!* Such insolence demands punishment."

A volley of abuse and a storm of blows descended simultaneously upon the little old man. The four adventurers, thinking to have an easy bargain of so puny a personage, threw themselves upon him to search his pockets; but in vain did they ransack every fold of his loose garments. The purse of gold *génovèses* was not to be found; and unfortunately the old Turk, in his struggles, upset the tripod which supported the copper caldron. A flood of hot water boiled about the legs of the thieves, who uttered lamentable cries. But it was far worse when they saw the overturned caldron continue to pour forth its scalding stream as unceasingly as the allegoric urn of Scamander. The four

* A large gold coin, then worth nearly a hundred French livres.

sharpers and the barber, perched upon stools, beheld, with deadly terror, the boiling lake gradually rising around them. Their situation resembled that in which Homer has placed the valiant and light-footed Achilles; but as these rogues had not the intrepid soul of the son of Peleus, they called piteously upon God and all the saints of paradise; mingling, from the force of habit, not a few imprecations with their prayers. The wizened carcase of the old Turk must have been proof against fire and water, for he walked with the streaming flood up to his knees. Lifting the chorister upon his shoulders, he issued, dry-footed, from the barber's shop, like Moses from the bosom of the Red Sea. The river of boiling water waited but his departure to re-enter its bed. This prodigy suddenly took place, without any one being able to tell how. The water subsided, and flowed away rapidly, leaving the various objects in the shop uninjured, with the exception of the legs of the four adventurers, which were somewhat deteriorated. The servant, hurrying back at sound of the scuffle, raised the caldron, and resumed the stirring of her dirty linen, unsuspecting of the sorcery that had just been practised. The barber and the four sharpers took counsel together, and deliberated amongst themselves whether it was proper to denounce the waterproof and incombustible old gentleman to the authorities. The quantity of hot water that had been spilled being out of all proportion with the capacity of the kettle, it seemed a case for hanging or burning alive the author of the infernal jest. The barber, however, assured his customers that learned physicians had recently made many marvellous discoveries, in which the old Turk might possibly be versed. He also deemed it prudent not lightly to put himself in communication with the authorities, lest they should seek to inform themselves as to the manner in which the cards were shuffled in his shop. It was his opinion that the offender should be generously pardoned, unless, indeed, an opportunity occurred of knocking him on the head in some dark corner. This opinion met with general approbation.

Whilst this council of war is held,

Jean and the old Turk are in confabulation, and a bargain is at last concluded, by which the commander's soul is redeemed, and Jean is to have five years of earthly prosperity, at the end of which time, if he has failed to find a substitute, his spiritual part becomes the demon's property. Two years later we find Jean upon the road to Montpellier, well mounted and equipped, and his purse well lined. Although but in his eighteenth year, he is already a gay gallant, with some knowledge of the world, and eager for adventures. These he meets with in abundance. A mark, imprinted upon his arm by his attendant demon, causes him to be recognised as the son of the Chevalier de Cerdagne. Thus ennobled, he feels that he may aspire to all things, and soon we find him pushing his fortune in Italy, attached to the person of the French Marshal de Marchin, discovering the Baron d'Isola's conspiracy against the life of Philip V. of Spain, and gaining laurels in the campaigns of the War of Succession. There is much variety and interest in some of his adventures, and the supernatural agency is sufficiently lost sight of not to be wearisome. Time glides away, and the fatal term of five years is within a few days of its completion. But *Jean le Trouvé*, now *le Trouveur*, is in no want of substitutes. Two volunteers present themselves; one his supposed sister, *Mademoiselle de Cerdagne*, whom he has warmly befriended in certain love difficulties; the other a convent gardener, whom he has made his private secretary, and whose name is *Giulio Alberoni*. The Demon, who still affects the form of an old Turkish sailor, receives *Alberoni* in lieu of Jean, to whom, however,—foreseeing that the young man's good fortune may be the means of bringing him many other victims—he offers a new contract on very advantageous terms. But *Jean de Cerdagne*, who is now Spanish ambassador at Venice, with the title of prince, and in the enjoyment of immense wealth, refuses the offer, anxious to save his soul. He soon discovers that his good fortune is at an end. The real son of the Chevalier de Cerdagne turns up, Jean is disgraced, stripped of his honours and dignities, and his vast property is

confiscated by the inquisition. The ex-ambassador exchanges for a squalid disguise his rich costume of satin and velvet, and we next find him a member of a secret society in the thieves' quarter of Venice. The worshipful fraternity of Chiodo—so called from their sign of recognition, which is a rusty nail—live by the exercise of various small trades and occupations, which, although not strictly beggary or theft, are but a degree removed from these culpable resources. Jean, whose conscience has become squeamish, will accept none but honest employment. But the malice of the demon pursues him, and he succeeds in nothing. He stations himself at a ferry to catch gondolas with a boat-hook, and bring them gently alongside the quay; he stands at a bridge stairs, to afford support to passengers over the stones, slippery with the slime of the lagoons; he takes post in front of the Doge's palace, with a vessel of fresh water and a well-polished goblet, to supply passers-by. Many accept his stout arm, and drink his cool beverage, but none think of rewarding him. Not all his efforts and attention are sufficient to coax a sou from the pockets of his careless customers. At last, upon the third day, he receives a piece of copper, and trusts that the charm is broken. The coin proves a bad one. His seizure by the authorities, and transportation to Zara, relieve him of care for his subsistence. At last, pushed by misery, and in imminent danger of punishment for having struck a Venetian officer, Jean succumbs to temptation, and renews his infernal compact. A Venetian senator adopts him, and he discovers, but too late, that had he delayed for a few minutes his recourse to diabolical aid, he would have stood in no need of it. He proceeds to Spain, where he has many adventures and quarrels with his former secretary, Alberoni, now a powerful minister. His contract again at an end, he would gladly abstain from renewing it, but is hunted by the Inquisition into the arms of the fiend. After a lapse of years, he is again shown to us in Paris, and, finally, in Brittany, where he meets his death, but, at the eleventh hour, disappoints the expectant demon, (who in a manner outwits himself,) and re-enters

the bosom of the church, his bad bargain being taken off his hands by an ambitious village priest. The book, which has an agreeable vivacity, closes with an attempt to explain a portion of its supernatural incidents by a reference to popular tradition and peasant credulity. Near the ramparts of the Breton town of Guérande, an antiquary shows M. de Musset a moss-grown stone, with a Latin epitaph, which antiquary and novelist explain each after his own fashion.

"Let us see if you understand that, *M. le Parisien*," said the antiquary. "Up to the two last words we shall agree; but what think you of the *Ars. Inf.*?"

"It appears to me," I replied, "that the popular chronicle perfectly explains the whole epitaph—*Ars. Inf.* means *ars inferna*; that is to say,—'Here reposes Jean Capello, citizen of Venice, whose body was sent to the grave, and his soul to heaven, by infernal artifices.'"

"A translation worthy of a romance writer," said the antiquary. "You believe then in the devil, in compact with evil spirits, in absurd legends invented by ignorance and superstition amidst the evening gossip of our peasants? You believe that, in 1718, a parish priest of Guérande flew away into the air, after having redeemed the soul of this Jean Capello. You are very credulous, *M. le Parisien*. This Venetian, who came here but to die, was simply poisoned by the priest, who took to flight; the town doctor, having opened the body, found traces of the poison. That is why they engraved upon the tomb these syllables: *Ars. Inf.* which signify *arsenic infusion*, an infusion of arsenic. I will offer you another interpretation—Jean Capello was perhaps a saltmaker, killed by some accident in our salt-works, and as in 1718 labourers of that class were very miserable, they engraved upon this stone, to express the humility of his station, *Ars. Inf.*, that is to say, inferior craft."

"Upon my word!" I exclaimed, "that explanation is perfectly absurd. I keep to the popular version: Jean le Trouveur was sent to heaven by the stratagems of the demon himself. Let sceptics laugh at my superstition,

I shall not quarrel with them for their incredulity."

We see little else worthy of extract or comment in the mass of books before us. M. Méry, whose extraordinary notions of English men and things we exhibited in a former article, has given forth a rhapsodical history, entitled *Le Transporté*, beginning with the Infernal Machine, and ending with Surcouf the Pirate, full of conspiracies, dungeons, desperate sea-fights, and tropical scenery, where English line-of-battle ships are braved by French corvettes, and where the transitions are so numerous, and the variety so great, that we may almost say everything is to be found in its pages, except probability. M. Dumas the younger, who follows at respectful distance in his father's footsteps, and publishes a volume or two per month, has not yet, so far as we have been able to discover, produced anything that attains mediocrity. M. Sue has dished up, since last we have adverted to him, two or three more capital sins, his illustrations of which are chiefly remarkable for an appearance of great effort, suggestive of the pitiable plight of an author who, having pledged himself to public and publishers for the production of a series of novels on given subjects, is compelled to work out his task, however unwilling his mood. This is certainly the most fatal species of book-making—a selling by the cubic foot of a man's soul and imagination. Evil as it is, the system is largely acted upon in France at the present day. Home politics having lost much of the absorbing interest they possessed twelve months ago, the Paris newspapers are resorting to their old stratagems to maintain and increase their circulation. Prominent amongst these is the holding out of great at-

tractions in the way of literary feuilletons. Accordingly, they contract with popular writers for a name and a date, which are forthwith printed in large capitals at the head of their leading columns. Thus, one journal promises its readers six volumes by M. Dumas, to be published in its feuilleton, to commence on a day named, and to be entitled *Les Femmes*. The odds are heavy, that Alexander himself has not the least idea what the said six volumes are to be about; but he relies on his fertility, and then so vague and comprehensive a title gives large latitude. Moreover, he has time before him, although he has promised in the interval to supply the same newspaper with a single volume, to be called *Un Homme Fort*, and to conclude the long procession of *Fantômes*, a thousand and one in number, which now for some time past has been gliding before the astonished eyes of the readers of the *Constitutionnel*. Other journals follow the same plan with other authors, and in France no writer now thinks of publishing a work of fiction elsewhere than at the foot of a newspaper. To this feuilleton system, pushed to an extreme, and entailing the necessity of introducing into each day's fragment an amount of incident, mystery, or pungent matter, sufficient to carry the reader over twenty-four hours, and make him anxious for the morrow's return, is chiefly to be attributed the very great change for the worse that of late has been observable in the class of French literature at present under consideration. Its actual condition is certainly anything but vigorous and flourishing, and until a manifest improvement takes place, we are hardly likely again to pass it in review.

Dies Boreales.

No. V.

CHRISTOPHER UNDER CANVASS.

Camp at Cladich.

SCENE—*The Pavilion.* TIME—*After breakfast.*

NORTH—TALBOYS—SEWARD—BULLER.

NORTH.

I begin to be doubtful of this day. On your visits to us, Talboys, you have been most unfortunate in weather. This is more like August than June.

TALBOYS.

The very word, my dear sir. It is indeed most august weather.

NORTH.

Five weeks to-day since we pitched our camp—and we have had the Beautiful of the Year in all its varieties; but the spiteful Season seems to owe you some old grudge, Talboys—and to make it a point still to assail your arrival with “thunder, lightning, and with rain.”

TALBOYS.

“I tax not you, ye Elements! with unkindness.” I feel assured they mean nothing personal to me—and though this sort of work may not be very favourable to Angling, ’tis quite a day for tidying our Tackle—and making up our Books. But don’t you think, sir, that the Tent would look nothing the worse with some artificial light in this obscurity of the natural?

NORTH.

Put on the gas. Pretty invention, the Gutta Percha tube, isn’t it? The Electric Telegraph is nothing to it. Tent illuminated in a moment, at a pig’s whisper.

TALBOYS.

Were I to wish, sir, for anything to happen now to the weather at all, it would be just ever so little toning down of that one constituent of the orchestral harmony of the Storm which men call—howling. The Thunder is perfect—but that one Wind Instrument is slightly out of tune—he is most anxious to do his best—his motive is unimpeachable; but he has no idea how much more impressive—how much more popular—would be a somewhat subdued style. There again—that’s positive discord—does he mean to disconcert the Concert—or does he forget that he is not a Solo?

BULLER.

That must be a deluge of—hail.

TALBOYS.

So much the better. Hitherto we have had but rain. “Mysterious horrors! HAIL!”

“Twas a rough night.

My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.”

NORTH.

Suppose we resume yesterday’s conversation?

TALBOYS.

By all manner of means. Let’s sit close—and speak loud—else all will be dumb show. The whole world’s one waterfall.

NORTH.

Take up Knight on Taste. Look at the dog-ear.

TALBOYS.

"The most perfect instance of this kind is the Tragedy of Macbeth, in which the character of an ungrateful traitor, murderer, usurper, and tyrant, is made in the highest degree interesting by the sublime flashes of generosity, magnanimity, courage, and tenderness, which continually burst forth in the manly but ineffective struggle of every exalted quality that can dignify and adorn the human mind, first against the allurements of ambition, and afterwards against the pangs of remorse and horrors of despair. Though his wife has been the cause of all his crimes and sufferings, neither the agony of his distress, nor the fury of his rage, ever draw from him an angry word, or upbraiding expression towards her; but even when, at her instigation, he is about to add the murder of his friend and late colleague to that of his sovereign, kinsman, and benefactor, he is chiefly anxious that she should not share the guilt of his blood:—'Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck! till thou applaud the deed.' How much more real grandeur and exaltation of character is displayed in one such simple expression from the heart, than in all the laboured pomp of rhetorical amplification."

NORTH.

What think you of that, Talboys?

TALBOYS.

Why, like much of the cant of criticism, it sounds at once queer and common-place. I seem to have heard it before many thousand times, and yet never to have heard it at all till this moment.

NORTH.

Seward?

SEWARD.

Full of audacious assertions, that can be forgiven but in the belief that Payne Knight had never read the tragedy, even with the most ordinary attention.

NORTH.

Buller?

BULLER.

Cursed nonsense. Beg pardon, sir—sink cursed—mere nonsense—out and out nonsense—nonsense by itself nonsense.

NORTH.

How so?

BULLER.

A foolish libel on Shakspeare. Was he the man to make the character of an ungrateful traitor, murderer, usurper, and tyrant, interesting by sublime flashes of generosity, magnanimity, courage, and tenderness, and—do I repeat the words correctly?—of every exalted quality that can dignify and adorn the human mind.

NORTH.

Buller—keep up that face—you are positively beautiful—

BULLER.

No quizzing—I am ugly—but I have a good figure—look at that leg, sir!

NORTH.

I prefer the other.

TALBOYS.

There have been Poets among us who fain would—if they could—have so violated nature; but their fabrications have been felt to be falsehoods—and no quackery may resuscitate drowned lies.

NORTH.

Shakspeare nowhere insists on the virtues of Macbeth—he leaves their measure indeterminate. That the villain may have had some good points we are all willing to believe—few people are without them;—nor have I any quarrel with those who believe he had high qualities, and is corrupted by ambition. But what high qualities had he shown before Shakspeare sets him personally before us to judge for ourselves? Valour—courage—intrepidity—call it what you will—*Martial Virtue*.

"For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name,) Disdaining fortune, with his brandished steel, Which smoked with bloody execution Like valour's minion, Carved out his passage till he faced the slave ; And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him, Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps, And fixed his head upon our battlements."

The "bleeding Serjeant" pursues his panegyric till he grows faint—and is led off speechless; others take it up—and we are thus—and in other ways—prepared to look on Macbeth as a paragon of bravery, loyalty, and patriotism.

TALBOYS.

So had seemed Cawdor.

NORTH.

Good. Shakspeare sets Macbeth before us under the most imposing circumstances of a warlike age; but of his inner character as yet he has told us nothing—we are to find that out for ourselves during the Drama. If there be sublime flashes of generosity, magnanimity, and every exalted virtue, we have eyes to see, unless indeed blinded by the lightning—and if the sublime flashes be frequent, and the struggle of every exalted quality that can adorn the human mind, though ineffectual, yet strong—why, then, we must not only pity and forgive, but admire and love the "traitor, murderer, usurper, and tyrant," with all the poetical and philosophical fervour of that amiable enthusiast, Mr. Payne Knight.

BULLER.

Somehow or other I cannot help having an affection for Macbeth.

NORTH.

You had better leave the Tent, sir.

BULLER.

No. I won't.

NORTH.

Give us then, my dear Buller, your Theory of the Thane's character.

BULLER.

"Theory, God bless you, I have none to give, sir." Warlike valour, as you said, is marked first and last—at the opening, and at the end. Surely a good and great quality, at least for poetical purposes. High general reputation won and held. The opinion of the wounded soldier was that of the whole army; and when he himself says, "I have bought golden opinions from all sorts of people, which would be worn now in their newest gloss, not thrown aside so soon," I accept that he then truly describes his position in men's minds.

NORTH.

All true. But we soon gain, too, this insight into his constitution, that the pillar upon which he has built up life is Reputation, and not Respect of Law—not Self-Respect; that the point which Shakspeare above all others intends in him, is that his is a spirit not self-stayed—leaning upon outward stays—and therefore—

BULLER..

Liable to all—

NORTH.

Don't take the words out of my mouth, sir; or rather, don't put them into my mouth, sir.

BULLER.

Touchy to-day.

NORTH.

The strongest expression of this character is his throwing himself upon the illicit divinings of futurity, upon counsellors known for infernal; and you see what subjugating sway the Three Spirits take at once over him. On the contrary, the Thaness is self-stayed; and this difference grounds the poetical opposition of the two personages. In Macbeth, I suppose a certain splendour

of character—magnificence of action high—a certain impure generosity—mixed up of some kindness and sympathy, and of the pleasure from self-elation and self-expansion in a victorious career, and of that ambition which feeds on public esteem.

BULLER.

Ay—just so, sir.

NORTH.

Now mark, Buller—this is a character which, if the path of duty and the path of personal ambition were laid out by the Sisters to be one and the same path, might walk through life in sunlight and honour, and invest the tomb with proud and revered trophies. To show such a spirit wrecked and hurled into infamy—the ill-woven sails rent into shreds by the whirlwind—is a lesson worthy the Play and the Poet—and such a lesson as I think Shakspeare likely to have designed—or, without preaching about lessons, such an ethical revelation as I think likely to have caught hold upon Shakspeare's intelligence. It would seem to me a dramatically-poetical subject. The mightiest of temptations occurs to a mind, full of powers, endowed with available moral elements, but without set virtue—without principles—"and down goes all before it." If the essential delineation of Macbeth be this conflict of Moral elements—of good and evil—of light and darkness—I see a very poetical conception; if merely a hardened and bloody hypocrite from the beginning, I see none. But I need not say to you, gentlemen, that all this is as far as may be from the exaggerated panegyric on his character by Payne Knight.

TALBOYS.

Macbeth is a brave man—so is Banquo—so are we Four, brave men—they in their way and day—we in ours—they as Celts and Soldiers—we as Saxons and Civilians—and we had all need to be so—for hark! in the midst of ours, "Thunder and Lightning, and enter Three Witches."

BULLER.

I cannot say that I understand distinctly their first Confabulation.

NORTH.

That's a pity. A sensible man like you should understand everything. But what if Shakspeare himself did not distinctly understand it? There may have been original errata in the report, as extended by himself from notes taken in short-hand on the spot—light bad—noise worse—voices of Weird Sisters worst—matter obscure—manner uncouth—why really, Buller, all things considered, Shakspeare has shown himself a very pretty Penny-a-liner.

BULLER.

I cry you mercy, sir.

SEWARD.

Where are the Witches on their first appearance, at the very opening of the wonderful Tragedy?

NORTH.

An open Place, with thunder and lightning.

SEWARD.

I know that—the words are written down.

NORTH.

Somewhere or other—anywhere—nowhere.

BULLER.

In Fife or Forfar? Or some one or other of your outlandish, or inlandish, Lowland or Highland Counties?

NORTH.

Not knowing, can't say. Probably.

SEWARD.

"When the Hurly Burly's done,
When the Battle's lost and won."

What Hurly Burly? What Battle? That in which Macbeth is then engaged? And which is to be brought to issue ere "set of sun" of the day on which "enter Three Witches?"

Let it be so.

NORTH.

SEWARD.

"Upon the heath,
There to meet with Macbeth."

The Witches, then, are to meet with Macbeth on the heath on the evening of the Battle?

NORTH.

It would seem so.

SEWARD.

They are "posters over sea and land"—and, like whiffs of lightning, can out sail and outride the sound of thunder. But Macbeth and Banquo must have had on their seven-league boots.

NORTH.

They must.

SEWARD.

"A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come."

Was he with the advance guard of the Army?

NORTH.

Not unlikely—attended by his staff. Generals, on such occasions, usually ride—but perhaps Macbeth and Banquo, being in kilts, preferred walking in their seven-league boots. Thomas Campbell has said, "When the drum of the Scottish Army is heard on the wild heath, and when I fancy it advancing with its bowmen in front, and its spears and banners in the distance, I am always disappointed with Macbeth's entrance at the head of a few kilted actors." The army may have been there—but they did not see the Weirds—nor, I believe, did the Weirds see them. With Macbeth and Banquo alone had they to do; we see no Army at that hour—we hear no drums—we are deaf even to the Great Highland Bagpipe, though He, you may be sure, was not dumb—all "plaided and plumed in their tartan array" the Highland Host ceased to be—like vanished shadows—at the first apparition of "those so withered and so wild in their attire"—not of the earth though on it, and alive somewhere till this day—while generations after generations of mere Fighting Men have been disbanded by dusty Death.

SEWARD.

I wish to know *where* and *when* had been the Fighting? The Norwegian—one Sweno, had come down very handsomely at Inchcolm with ten thousand dollars—a sum in those days equal to a million of money in Scotland—

NORTH.

Seward, speak on subjects you understand. What do you know, sir, of the value of money in those days in Scotland?

SEWARD.

But *where* had been all the Fighting? There would seem to have been two hurley-burleys.

NORTH.

I see your drift, Seward. *Time and place*, through the First Scene of the First Act, are past finding out. It has been asked—Was Shakspeare ever in Scotland? Never. There is not one word in this Tragedy leading a Scotsman to think so—many showing he never had that happiness. Let him deal with our localities according to his own sovereign will and pleasure, as a prevailing Poet. But let no man point out his dealings with our localities as proofs of his having such knowledge of them as implies personal acquaintance with them gained by a longer or shorter visit in Scotland. The Fights at the beginning seem to be in Fife. The Soldier, there wounded, delivers his relation at the King's Camp before Forres. He has crawled, in half-an-hour, or an hour—or two hours—say seventy, eighty, or a hundred miles or more—crossing the ridge of the Grampians. Rather smart. I do not know what you think here of Time; but I think that Space is here pretty well done for. The TIME of the Action of Shakspeare's Plays has never yet, so far as I know,

been, in any one Play, carefully investigated—never investigated at all; and I now announce to you Three—don't mention it—that I have made discoveries here that will astound the whole world, and demand a New Criticism of the entire Shakspearean Drama.

BULLER.

Let us have one now, I beseech you, sir.

NORTH.

Not now.

BULLER.

No sleep in the Tent till we have it, sir. I do dearly love astounding discoveries—and at this time of day, an astounding discovery in Shakspeare! May it not prove a Mare's Nest!

NORTH.

The Tragedy of Macbeth is a *prodigious* Tragedy, because in it the Chariot of Nemesis *visibly* rides in the lurid thunder-sky. Because in it the ill motions of a human soul, which Theologians account for by referring them all to suggestions of Beelzebub, are expounded in visible, mysterious, tangible, terrible shape and symbolisation by the Witches. It is great by the character and person, workings and sufferings, of Lady Macbeth—by the immense poetical power in doing the Witches—mingling for once in the world the Homely, Grotesque and the Sublime—extinguishing the Vulgar in the Sublime—by the bond, whatsoever it be, between Macbeth and his wife—by making us tolerate her and him—

BULLER.

Didn't I say that in my own way, sir? And didn't you reprove me for saying it, and order me out of the Tent?

NORTH.

And what of the Witches?

BULLER.

Had you not stopt me. I say now, sir, that nobody understands Shakspeare's HECATE. Who is she? Each of the Three Weirds is = one Witch + one of the Three Fates—therefore the union of two incompatible natures—more than in a Centaur. Oh! sir! what a hand that was which bound the two into one—inseparably! There they are for ever as the Centaurs *are*. But the gross Witch prevails; which Shakspeare needed for securing belief, and he has it, full. Hecate, sir, comes in to balance the disproportion—she lifts into Mythology—and strengthens the mythological tincture. So does the "Pit of Acheron." That is classical. To the best of my remembrance, no mention of any such Pit in the Old or New Statistical Account of Scotland.

NORTH.

And, in the Incantation Scene, those Apparitions! Mysterious, ominous, picturesque—and self-willed. They are commanded by the Witches, but under a limitation. Their oracular power is their own. They are of unknown orders—as if for the occasion created in Hell.

NORTH.

Talboys, are you asleep—or are you at Chess with your eyes shut?

TALBOYS.

At Chess with my eyes shut. I shall send off my move to my friend Stirling by first post. But my ears were open—and I ask—when did Macbeth first design the murder of Duncan? Does not everybody think—in the moment *after* the Witches have first accosted and left him? Does not—it may be asked—the whole moral significancy of the Witches disappear, unless the invasion of hell into Macbeth's bosom is first made by their presence and voices?

NORTH.

No. The whole moral significancy of the Witches only then appears, when we are assured that they address themselves only to those who already have been tampering with their conscience. "Good sir! why do you start, and seem to fear things that do sound so fair?" That question put to Macbeth by Banquo turns our eyes to his face—and we see Guilt. There was no start

at "Hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor,"—but at the word "King," well might he start ; for——eh ?

TALBOYS.

We must look up the Scene.

NORTH.

No need for that. You have it by heart—recite it.

TALBOYS.

"*Macbeth*. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Banquo. How far is't called to Forres ?—What are these,
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire;
That look not like the inhabitants of the earth,
And yet are on't ? Live you ? or are you aught
That man may question ? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips :—You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macbeth. Speak, if you can ;—What are you ?

1st Witch. All hail, Macbeth ! hail to thee, thane of Glamis !

2d Witch. All hail, Macbeth ! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor !

3d Witch. All hail, Macbeth ! that shalt be king hereafter.

Banquo. Good sir, why do you start ; and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair ?—I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show ? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having, and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal ; to me you speak not :
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow, and which will not :
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.

1st Witch. Hail !

2d Witch. Hail !

3d Witch. Hail !

1st Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2d Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

3d Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none :
So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo.

1st Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail !

Macbeth. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more ;
By Sinel's death, I know, I am thane of Glamis :
But how of Cawdor ? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman ; and to be king,
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence ? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting ?—Speak, I charge you.

[*Witches vanish*.]

Banquo. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them :—Whither are they vanished ?

Macbeth. Into the air, and what seem'd corporal, melted
As breath into the wind. Would they had staid !

Banquo. Were such things here, as we do speak about ?
Or have we eaten of the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner.

Macbeth. Your children shall be kings.

Banquo. You shall be king.

Macbeth. And thane of Cawdor too ; went it not so ?

Banquo. To the self-same tune, and words."

NORTH.

Charles Kemble himself could not have given it more impressively.

BULLER.

You make him blush, sir.

NORTH.

Attend to that "start" of Macbeth, Talboys.

TALBOYS.

He might well start on being told of a sudden, by such seers, that he was hereafter to be King of Scotland.

NORTH.

There was more in the start than that, my lad, else Shakspeare would not have so directed our eyes to it. I say again—it was the start—of a murderer.

TALBOYS.

And what if I say it was not? But I have the candour to confess, that I am not familiar with the starts of murderers—so may possibly be mistaken.

NORTH.

Omit what intervenes—and give us the Soliloquy, Talboys. But before you do so, let me merely remind you that Macbeth's mind, from the little he says in the interim, is manifestly ruminating on something bad, ere he breaks out into Soliloquy.

TALBOYS.

"Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill—cannot be good:—If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am Thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought whose murder is yet but fantastical
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smothered in surmise; and nothing is,
But what is not."

NORTH.

Now, my dear Talboys, you will agree with me in thinking that this first great and pregnant, although brief soliloquy, stands for germ, type, and law of the whole Play, and of its criticism—and for clue to the labyrinth of the Thane's character. "Out of this wood do not desire to go." Out of it I do not expect soon to go. I regard William as a fair Poet and a reasonable Philosopher; but as a supereminent Play-wright. The First Soliloquy *must* speak the nature of Macbeth, else the Craftsman has no skill in his trade. A Soliloquy *reveals*. That is its function. Therein is the soul heard and seen discoursing with itself—within itself; and if you carry your eye through—up to the First Appearance of Lady Macbeth—this Soliloquy is distinctly the highest point of the Tragedy—the tragic acme—or dome—or pinnacle—therefore of power indefinite, infinite. On this rock I stand, a Colossus ready to be thrown down by—an Earthquake.

BULLER.

Pushed off by—a shove.

NORTH.

Not by a thousand Buller-power. Can you believe, Buller, that the word of the Third Witch, "that shalt be KING HEREAFTER," *sows* the murder in Macbeth's heart, and that it springs up, flowers, and fruits with such fearful rapidity?

BULLER.

Why—Yes and No.

NORTH.

Attend, Talboys, to the words "supernatural soliciting." What "supernatural soliciting" to evil is there here? Not a syllable had the Weird Sisters breathed about Murder. But now there is much soliloquizing—and Cawdor contemplates himself *objectively*—seen busy upon an elderly gentleman

called Duncan—after a fashion that so frightens him *subjectively*—that Banquo cannot help whispering to Rosse and Angus—

“ See how our partner’s rapt ! ”

TALBOYS.

“ My thought whose murder’s yet fantastical.” I agree with you, sir, in suspecting that he must have thought of the murder.

NORTH.

It is from no leaning towards the Weird Sisters—whom I never set eyes on but once, and then without interchanging a word, leapt momentarily out of this world into that pitch-pot of a pond in Glenco—it is, I say, from no leaning towards the Weird Sisters that I take this view of Macbeth’s character. No “ sublime flashes of generosity, magnanimity, tenderness, and every exalted quality that can dignify and adorn the human mind,” do I ever suffer to pass by without approbation, when coruscating from the character of any well-disposed man, real or imaginary, however unaccountable at other times his conduct may appear to be ; but Shakspeare, who knew Macbeth better than any of us, has here assured us that he was in heart a murderer—for how long he does not specify—before he had ever seen a birse on any of the Weird Sisters’ beards. But let’s be canny. Talboys—pray, what is the meaning of the word “ soliciting,” “ preternatural soliciting,” in this Soliloquy ?

TALBOYS.

Soliciting, sir, is, in my interpreting, “ an appealing, intimate visitation.”

NORTH.

Right. The appeal is general—as that *challenge* of a trumpet—*Fairy Queen*, book III., canto xii., stanza 1—

“ Signs of nigh battail or got victorye”—

which, all indeterminate, is notwithstanding a *challenge*—operates, and is felt as such.

TALBOYS.

So a thundering knock at your door—which may be a friend or an enemy. It comes as a summoning. It is more than internal urging and inciting of me by my own thoughts—for mark, sir, the rigour of the word “ supernatural,” which throws the soliciting off his own soul upon the Weirids. The word is really undetermined to pleasure or pain—the essential thought being that there is a searching or penetrating provocative—a stirring up of that which lay dead and still. Next is the debate whether this intrusive, and pungent, and stimulant assault of a presence and an oracle be good or ill ?

NORTH.

Does the hope live in him for a moment that this home-visiting is not ill—that the Spirits are not ill ? They have spoken truth so far—ergo, the Third “ All hail ! ” shall be true, too. But more than that—they have spoken *truth*. Ergo, they are not spirits of Evil. That hope dies in the same instant, submerged in the stormy waves which the blast from hell arouses. The infernal revelation glares clear before him—a Crown held out by the hand of Murder. One or two struggles occur. Then the truth stands before him fixed and immutable—“ Evil, be thou my good.” He is dedicated : and passive to fate. I cannot comprehend this so feeble debate in the mind of a good man—I cannot comprehend any such debate at all in the mind of a previously settled and determined murderer ; but I can comprehend and feel its awful significancy in the mind of a man already in a most perilous moral condition.

SEWARD.

The “ start ” shows that the spark has caught—it has fallen into a tun of gunpowder.

TALBOYS.

The touch of Ithuriel’s spear.

NORTH.

May we not say, then, that perhaps the Witches have shown no more than this—the Fascination of Contact between Passion and Opportunity ?

SEWARD.

To Philosophy reading the hieroglyphic; but to the People what? To them they are a reality. They seize the imagination with all power. They come like "blasts from hell"—like spirits of Plague, whose breath—whose very sight kills.

"Within them Hell

They bring, and round about them; nor from Hell

One step, no more than from themselves, can fly."

The contagion of their presence, in spite of what we have been saying, almost reconciles *my* understanding to what it would otherwise revolt from, the *suddenness* with which the penetration of Macbeth into futurity lays fast hold upon Murder.

BULLER.

Pretty fast—though it gives a twist or two in his handling.

SEWARD.

Lady Macbeth herself corroborates your judgment and Shakspeare's on her husband's character.

TALBOYS.

Does she?

SEWARD.

She does. In that dreadful parley between them on the night of the Murder—she reminds him of a time when

"Nor time nor place

Did then adhere, and yet you would make both;

They have made themselves, and that their fitness now

Does unmake you."

This—mark you, sir—must have been before the Play began!

NORTH.

I have often thought of the words—and Shakspeare himself has so adjusted the action of the Play as that, *since the encounter with the Weirds*, no opportunity had occurred to Macbeth for the "making of time and place." Therefore it must, as you say, have been *before it*. Buller, what say you now?

BULLER.

Gagged.

NORTH.

True, she speaks of his being "full of the milk of human kindness." The words have become favourites with us, who are an affectionate and domestic people—and are lovingly applied to the loving; but Lady Macbeth attached no such profound sense to them as we do; and meant merely that she thought her husband would, after all, much prefer greatness unbought by blood; and, at the time she referred to, it is probable he would; but that she meant no more than that, is plain from the continuation of her praise, in which her ideas get not a little confused; and her words, interpret them as you will, leave nothing "milky" in Macbeth at all. Milk of human kindness, indeed!

TALBOYS.

"What thou would'st highly,

That would'st thou holily; would'st not play false,

And yet would'st wrongly win: thou'dst have great Glamis,

That which cries, 'Thus thou must do, if thou have it;

And that which rather thou dost fear to do,

Than wishest should be undone."

That is her Ladyship's notion of the "milk of human kindness!" "I wish somebody would murder Duncan—as for murdering him myself, I am much too tender-hearted and humane for perpetrating such cruelty with my own hand!"

BULLER.

Won't you believe a Wife to be a good judge of her Husband's disposition?

NORTH.

Not Lady Macbeth. For does not she herself tell us, at the same time, that he had formerly schemed how to commit Murder?

BULLER.

Gagged again.

NORTH.

I see no reason for doubting that she was attached to her husband; and Shakspeare loved to put into the lips of women beautiful expressions of love—but he did not intend that we should be deceived thereby in our moral judgments.

SEWARD.

Did this ever occur to you, sir? Macbeth, when hiring the murderers who are to look after Banquo and Fleance, cites a conversation in which he had demonstrated to them that the oppression under which they had long suffered, and which they had supposed to proceed from Macbeth, proceeded really from Banquo? My firm belief is that it proceeded from Macbeth—that their suspicion was right—that Macbeth is misleading them—and that Shakspeare means you to apprehend this. But why should Macbeth have oppressed his inferiors, unless he had been—long since—of a tyrannical nature? He oppresses his inferiors—they are sickened and angered with the world—by his oppression—he tells them 'twas not he but another who had oppressed them—and that other—at his instigation—they willingly murder. An ugly affair altogether.

NORTH.

Very. But let us keep to the First Act—and see what a hypocrite Macbeth has so very soon become—what a savage assassin! He has just followed up his Soliloquy with these significant lines—

“Come what come may,

Time and the hour run through the roughest day;”

when he recollects that Banquo, Rosse, and Angus are standing near. Richard himself is not more wily—guilty—smily—and oily; to the Lords his condescension is already quite kingly—

“Kind gentlemen, your pains

Are registered where every day I turn

The leaf to read them”—

TALBOYS.

And soon after, to the King how obsequious!

“The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your Highness' part
Is to receive our duties; and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children, and servants;
Which do but what they should by doing everything
Safe toward you love and honour.”

What would Payne Knight have said to all that? This to his King, whom he has resolved, first good opportunity, to murder!

NORTH.

Duncan is now too happy for this wicked world.

“My plenteous joys,

Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves

In drops of sorrow.”

Invaders—traitors—now there are none. Peace is restored to the Land—the Throne rock-fast—the line secure—

“We will establish our estate upon

Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter,

The Prince of Cumberland; which honour must

Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,

But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine

On all deservers.”

Now was the time for “the manly but ineffectual struggle of every exalted quality that can dignify and exalt the human mind”—for a few sublime flashes at least of generosity and tenderness, et cetera—now when the Gracious Duncan is loading him with honours, and, better than all honours,

lavishing on him the boundless effusions of a grateful and royal heart. The Prince of Cumberland! Ha, ha!

"The Prince of Cumberland!—That is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies."

But the remorseless miscreant becomes poetical—

"Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see!"

The milk of human kindness has coagulated into the curd of inhuman ferocity—and all this—slanders say—is the sole work of the Weird Sisters! No. His wicked heart—because it is wicked—believes in their Prophecy—the end is assured to him—and the means are at once suggested to his own slaughterous nature. No supernatural soliciting here, which a better man would not successfully have resisted. I again repudiate—should it be preferred against me—the charge of a *tendresse* towards the Bearded Beauties of the Blasted Heath; but rather would I marry them all Three—one after the other—nay all three at once, and as many more as there may be in our Celtic Mythology—than see your Sophia, Seward, or, Buller, your—

BULLER.

We have but Marmy.

NORTH.

Wedded to a Macbeth.

SEWARD.

We know your affection, my dear sir, for your goddaughter. She is insured.

NORTH.

Well, this Milk of Human Kindness is off at a hand-gallop to Inverness. The King has announced a Royal Visit to Macbeth's own Castle. But Cawdor had before this despatched a letter to his lady, from which Shakspeare has given us an extract. And then, as I understand it, a special messenger besides, to say "the King comes here to-night." Which of the two is the more impatient to be at work 'tis hard to say; but the idea of the murder originated with the male Prisoner. We have his wife's word for it—she told him so to his face—and he did not deny it. We have his own word for it—he told himself so to his own face—and he never denies it at any time during the play.

TALBOYS.

You said, a little while ago, sir, that you believed Macbeth and his wife were a happy couple.

NORTH.

Not I. I said she was attached to him—and I say now that the wise men are not of the Seven, who point to her reception of her husband, on his arrival at home, as a proof of her want of affection. They seem to think she ought to have rushed into his arms—slobbered upon his shoulder—and so forth. For had he not been at the Wars? Pshaw! The most tender-hearted Thanesses of those days—even those that kept albums—would have been ashamed of weeping on sending their Thanes off to battle—much more on receiving them back in a sound skin—with new honours nodding on their plumes. Lady Macbeth was not one of the turtle-doves—fit mate she for the King of the Vultures. I am too good an ornithologist to call them Eagles. She received her mate fittingly—with murder in her soul; but more cruel—more selfish than he, she could not be—nor, perhaps, was she less; but she was more resolute—and resolution even in evil—in such circumstances as hers—seems to argue a superior nature to his, who, while he keeps vacillating, as if it were between good and evil, betrays all the time the bias that is surely inclining him to evil, into which he makes a sudden and sure wheel at last.

BULLER.

The Weirds—the Weirds!—the Weirds have done it all!

NORTH.

Macbeth—Macbeth!—Macbeth hath done it all!

BULLER.

Furies and Fates!

NORTH.

Who make the wicked their victims!

SEWARD.

Is she sublime in her wickedness?

NORTH.

It would, I fear, be wrong to say so. But I was speaking of Macbeth's character—not of hers—and, in comparison with him, she may seem a great creature. They are now utterly alone—and of the two he has been the more familiar with murder. Between them, Duncan already is a dead man. But how pitiful—at such a time and at such a greeting—Macbeth's cautions

“My dearest love,

Duncan comes here to-night!

Lady.—And when goes hence?

Macbeth.—To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady.—Oh, never

Shall sun that morrow see!”

Why, Talboys, does not the poor devil—

TALBOYS.

Poor devil! Macbeth a poor devil?

NORTH.

Why, Buller, does not the poor devil?

BULLER.

Poor devil! Macbeth a poor devil?

NORTH.

Why, Seward, does not the poor devil—

SEWARD.

Speak up—speak out? Is he afraid of the spiders? You know him, sir—you see through him.

NORTH.

Ay, Seward—reserved and close as he is—he wants nerve—*pluck*—he is close upon the coward—and that would be well, were there the slightest tendency towards change of purpose in the Pale Face; but there is none—he is as cruel as ever—the more close the more cruel—the more irresolute the more murderous—for to murder he is sure to come. Seward, you said well—why does not the poor devil speak up—speak out? Is he afraid of the spiders?

TALBOYS.

Murderous-looking villain—no need of words.

NORTH.

I did not say, sir, there was any need of words. Why will you always be contradicting one?

TALBOYS.

Me? I? I hope I shall never live to see the day on which I contradict Christopher North in his own Tent. At least—rudely.

NORTH.

Do it rudely—not as you did now—and often do—as if you were agreeing with me—but you are incurable. I say, my dear Talboys, that Macbeth so bold in a “*twa-haun'd crack*” with himself in a Soliloquy—so figurative—and so fond of swearing by the Stars and old Mother Night, who were not aware of his existence—should not have been thus tongue-tied to his own wife in their own secretest chamber—should have unlocked and flung open the door of his heart to her—like a man. I blush for him—I do. So did his wife.

BULLER.

I don't find that in the record.

NORTH.

Don't you? “Your face, my Thane, is as a book where men may read

strange matters." She sees in his face self-alarm at his own murderous intentions. And so she counsels him about his face—like a self-collected, trust-worthy woman. "To beguile the time, look like the time;" with further good stern advice. But—"We shall speak farther," is all she can get from him in answer to conjugal assurances that should have given him a palpitation at the heart, and set his eyes on fire—

"He that's coming
Must be provided for; and you shall put
This night's great business into my despatch;
Which shall, to all our nights and days to come,
Give solely sovereign sway and Masterdom."

There spoke one worthy to be a Queen!

SEWARD.

Worthy!

NORTH.

Ay—in that age—in that country. 'Twas not then the custom "to speak daggers but use none." Did Shakspeare mean to dignify, to magnify Macbeth by such demeanour? No—to degrade and minimise the murderer.

TALBOYS.

My dear sir, I cordially agree with every word you utter. Go on—my dear sir—to instruct—to illumine—

SEWARD.

To bring out "sublime flashes of magnanimity, courage, tenderness," in Macbeth—

BULLER.

"Of every exalted quality that can dignify and adorn the human mind"—the mind of Macbeth in his struggle with the allurements of ambition!

NORTH.

Observe, how this reticence—on the part of Macbeth—contrasted with his wife's eagerness and exultation, makes her, for the moment, seem the wicked of the two—the fiercer and the more cruel. For the moment only; for we soon ask ourselves what means this unhusbandly reserve in him who had sent her *that letter*—and then a messenger to tell her the king was coming—and who had sworn to himself as savagely as she now does, not to let slip this opportunity of cutting his king's throat. He is well-pleased to see that his wife is as bloody-minded as himself—that she will not only give all necessary assistance—as an associate—but concert the when, and the where, and the how—and if need be, with her own hand deal the blow.

SEWARD.

She did not then know that Macbeth had made up his mind to murder Duncan that very night. *But we know it.* She has instantly made up hers—we know how; but being as yet unassured of her husband, she welcomes him home with a Declaration that must have more than answered his fondest hopes; and, therefore, he is almost mute—the few words he does utter seem to indicate no settled purpose—Duncan may fulfil his intention of going in the morning, or he may not; but we know that the silence of the murderer now is because the murder is manifestly all he could wish—and that, had she shown any reluctance, he would have resumed his eloquence, and, to convert her to his way of thinking, argued as powerfully as he did when converting himself.

BULLER.

You carry on at such a pace, sir, there's no keeping up with you. Pull up, that I may ask you a very simple question. On his arrival at his castle, Macbeth finds his wife reading a letter from her amiable spouse, about the Weird Sisters. Pray, when was that letter written?

NORTH.

At what hour precisely? That I can't say. It must, however, have been written before Macbeth had been presented to the King—for there is no allusion in it to the King's intention to visit their Castle. I believe it to have been written about an hour or so after the prophecy of the Weirds—either in some

place of refreshment by the road-side—or in such a Tent as this—kept ready for the General in the King's Camp at Forres. He despatched it by a Gilly—a fast one like your Cornwall Clipper—and then tumbled in.

BULLER.

When did she receive it?

NORTH.

Early next morning.

BULLER.

How could that be, since she is reading it, as her husband steps in, well on, as I take it, in the afternoon?

NORTH.

Buller, you are a blockhead. There had she, for many hours, been sitting, and walking *about* with it, now rumped up in her fist—now crunkled up between her breasts—now locked up in a safe—now spread out like a sampler on that tasty little oak table—and sometimes she might have been heard by the servants—had they had the unusual curiosity to listen at the door—murmuring like a stock-dove—anon hooting like an owl—by-and-by barking like an eagle—then bellowing liker a hart than a hind—almost howling like a wolf—and why not?—now singing a snatch of an old Gaelic air, with a clear, wild, sweet voice, like that of a “human!”

“Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promised.”

“Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise with the valour of my tongue,
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which Fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.”

BULLER.

Grand indeed.

NORTH.

It is grand indeed. But, my dear Buller, was that all she had said to herself, think you? No—no—no. But it was all Shakespeare had time for on the Stage. Oh, sirs! The Time of the Stage is but a simulacrum of true Time. That must be done at one stroke, on the Stage, which in a Life takes ten. The Stage persuades *that* in one conversation, or soliloquy, which Life may do in twenty—you have not leisure or good-will for the ambages and iterations of the Real.

SEWARD.

See an artist with a pen in his hand, challenged; and with a few lines he will exhibit a pathetic story. From how many millions has he given you—One? The units which he abstracts, represent sufficiently and satisfactorily the millions of lines and surfaces which he neglects.

NORTH.

So in Poetry. You take little for much. You need not wonder, then, that on an attendant entering and saying, “The King comes here to-night,” she cries, “Thou art mad to say it!” Had you happened to tell her so half-an-hour ago, who knows but that she might have received it with a stately smile, that hardly moved a muscle on her high-featured front, and gave a merciful look to her green eyes even when she was communing with Murder!

NORTH.

What hurry and haste had been on all sides to get into the House of Murder!

“Where's the Thane of Cawdor?”

We coursed him, at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well:
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us—Fair and noble Hostess,
We are your guest to-night.”

Ay, where is the Thane of Cawdor? I, for one, not knowing, can't say. The gracious Duncan desires much to see him as well as his gracious Hostess.

"Give me your hand:
Conduct me to mine host; we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess."

Ay—where's the Thane of Cawdor? Why did not Shakspeare show him to us, sitting at supper with the King?

TALBOYS.

Did he sup with the King?

BULLER.

I believe he sat down—but got up again—and left the Chamber.

TALBOYS.

His wife seeks him out. "He has almost supped. Why have you left the Chamber?" "Has he asked for me?" "Know ye not he has?"

NORTH.

On Macbeth's Soliloquy, which his wife's entrance here interrupts, how much inconsiderate comment have not moralists made! Here—they have said—is the struggle of a good man with temptation. Hearken, say they—to the voice of Conscience! What does the good man, in this hour of trial, say to himself? He says to himself—"I have made up my mind to assassinate my benefactor in my own house—the only doubt I have, is about the consequences to myself in the world to come." Well, then—"We'd jump the world to come. But if I murder him—may not others murder me? Retribution even in this world." Call you that the voice of Conscience?

SEWARD.

Hardly.

NORTH.

He then goes on to descant to himself about the relation in which he stands to Duncan, and apparently discovers for the first time, that "he's here in double trust;" and that as his host, his kinsman, and his subject, he should "against his murderer shut the door, not bear the knife myself."

SEWARD.

A man of genius.

NORTH.

Besides, Duncan is not only a King, but a good King—

"So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off."

That is much better morality—keep there, Macbeth—or thereabouts—and Duncan's life is tolerably safe—at least for one night. But Shakspeare knew his man—and what manner of man he is we hear in the unbearable context, that never yet has been quoted by any one who had ears to distinguish between the true and the false.

"And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind."

Cant and fustian. Shakspeare knew that cant and fustian would come at that moment from the mouth of Macbeth. Accordingly, he offers but a poor resistance to the rhetoric that comes rushing from his wife's heart—even that sentiment which is thought so fine—and 'tis well enough in its way—

"I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none"—

is set aside at once by—

"What beast was it, then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?"

We hear no more of "Pity like a naked new-born babe"—but at her horrid scheme of the murder—

"Bring forth men children only!
For thy undaunted metal should compose
Nothing but males!"

Shakspeare does not paint here a grand and desperate struggle between good and evil thoughts in Macbeth's mind—but a mock fight; had there been any deep sincerity in the feeling expressed in the bombast—had there been any true feeling at all—it would have revived and deepened—not faded and died almost—at the picture drawn by Lady Macbeth of their victim—

"When Duncan is asleep,
Whereto the rather shall this day's hard journey
Soundly invite him."

the words that had just left his own lips—

"His virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off,"

would have re-rung in his ears; and a strange medley—words and music—would they have made—with his wife's

"When in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan?"

That is my idea of the Soliloquy. Think on it.

TALBOYS.

The best critics tell us that Shakspeare's Lady Macbeth has a commanding Intellect. Certes she has a commanding Will. I do not see what a commanding Intellect has to do in a Tragedy of this kind—or what opportunity she has of showing it. Do you, sir?

NORTH.

I do not.

TALBOYS.

Her Intellect seems pretty much on a par with Macbeth's in the planning of the murder.

NORTH.

I defy any human Intellect to devise well an atrocious Murder. Pray, how would you have murdered Duncan?

TALBOYS.

Ask me rather how I would—this night—murder Christopher North.

NORTH.

No more of that—no dallying in that direction. You make me shudder. Shakspeare knew that a circumspect murder is an impossibility—that a murder of a King in the murderer's own house, with expectation of non-discovery, is the irrationality of insatiation. The poor Idiot chuckles at the poor Fury's device as at once original and plausible—and, next hour, what single soul in the Castle does not know who did the deed?

SEWARD.

High Intellect indeed!

TALBOYS.

The original murder is bad to the uttermost. I mean badly contrived. What colour was there in colouring the two Grooms? No two men kill their master, and then go to bed again in his room with bloody faces and poignards.

BULLER.

If this was really a very bad plot altogether, it is her Ladyship's as much—far more than his Lordship's. Against whom, then, do we conclude? Her? I think not—but the Poet. *He* is the badly-contriving assassin. He does not intend lowering your esteem for her Ladyship's talents. Am I, sir, to think that William himself, after the same game, would have hunted no better? I believe he would; but he thinks that this will carry the Plot through for the Stage well enough. The House, seeing and hearing, will not stay to

criticise. The Horror persuades Belief. He knew the whole mystery of murder.

NORTH.

My dear Buller, wheel nearer me. I would not lose a word you say.

BULLER.

Did Macbeth commit an error in killing the two Grooms? And does his Lady think so?

TALBOYS.

A gross error, and his Lady thinks so.

BULLER.

Why was it a gross error—and why did his lady think so?

TALBOYS.

Because—why—I really can't tell.

BULLER.

Nor I. The question leads to formidable difficulties—either way. But answer me this. Is her swooning at the close of her husband's most graphic picture of the position of the corpses—real or pretended?

SEWARD.

Real.

TALBOYS.

Pretended.

BULLER.

Sir?

NORTH.

I reserve my opinion.

TALBOYS.

Not a faint—but a *faint*. She cannot undo that which is done; nor hinder that which he will do next. She must mind her own business. Now distinctly her own business—is to faint. A high-bred, sensitive, innocent Lady, startled from her sleep to find her guest and King murdered, and the room full of aghast nobles, cannot possibly do anything else but faint. Lady Macbeth, who “all particulars of duty knows,” faints accordingly.

NORTH.

Seward, we are ready to hear you.

SEWARD.

She has been about a business that must have somewhat shook her nerves—granting them to be of iron. She would herself have murdered Duncan had he not resembled her Father as he slept; and on sudden discernment of that dreadful resemblance, her soul must have shuddered, if her body served her to stagger away from parricide. On the deed being done, she is terrified after a different manner from the doer of the deed; but her terror is as great; and though she says—

“The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures—’tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted Devil—”

believe me that her face was like ashes, as she returned to the chamber to gild the faces of the grooms with the dead man's blood. That knocking, too, alarmed the Lady—believe me as much as her husband; and to keep cool and collected before him, so as to be able to support him at that moment with her advice, must have tried the utmost strength of her nature. Call her Fiend—she was Woman. Down stairs she comes—and stands among them all, at first like one alarmed only—astounded by what she hears—and striving to simulate the ignorance of the innocent—“What, in our house?” “Too cruel anywhere!” What she must have suffered then, Shakspeare lets us conceive for our ourselves; and what on her husband's elaborate description of his inconsiderate additional murders. “The whole is too much for her”—she “is perplexed in the extreme”—and the sinner swoons.

NORTH.

Seward suggests a bold, strong, deep, tragical turn of the scene—that she faints actually. Well—so be it. I shall say, first, that I think it a weakness

in my favourite; but I will go so far as to add that I can let it pass for a not unpardonable weakness—the occasion given. But I must deal otherwise with her biographer. Him I shall hold to a strict rendering of account. I will know of him what he is about, and what she is about. If she faints really, and against her will, having forcible reasons for holding her will clear, she must be shown fighting to the last effort of will, against the assault of womanly nature, and drop, vanquished, as one dead, without a sound. But the Thaness calls out lustily—she remembers, “as we shall make our griefs and clamours roar upon his death.” She makes noise enough—takes good care to attract everybody’s attention to her performance—for which I commend her. Calculate as nicely as you will—she distracts or diverts speculation, and makes an interesting and agreeable break in the conversation.—I think that the obvious meaning is the right meaning—and *that she faints on purpose.*

NORTH.

Decided in favour of Feint.

BULLER.

You might have had the good manners to give for *my* opinion.

NORTH.

I beg a thousand pardons, Buller.

BULLER.

A hundred will do, North. In Davies’ *Anecdotes of the Stage*, I remember reading that Garrick would not trust Mrs. Pritchard with the Swoon—and that Macklin thought Mrs. Porter alone could have been endured by the audience. Therefore, by the Great Manager, Lady Macbeth was not allowed in the Scene to appear at all. His belief was, that with her Ladyship it was a feint—and that the Gods, aware of that, unless restrained by profound respect for the actress, would have *laughed*—as at something rather comic. If the Gods, in Shakespeare’s days, were as the Gods in Garrick’s, William, methinks, would not, on any account, have exposed the Lady to derision at such a time. But I suspect the Gods of the Globe would not have laughed, whatever they might have thought of her sincerity, and that she did appear before them in a Scene from which nothing could account for her absence. She was not, I verily believe, given to fainting—perhaps this was the first time she had ever fainted since she was a girl. Now I believe she did. She would have stood by her husband at all hazards, had she been able, both on his account and her own; she would not have so deserted him at such a critical juncture; her character was of boldness rather than duplicity; her business now—her duty—was to brazen it out; but she grew sick—qualms of conscience, however terrible, can be borne by sinners standing upright at the mouth of hell—but the flesh of man is weak, in its utmost strength, when moulded to woman’s form—other qualms assail suddenly the earthly tenement—the breath is choked—the “distracted globe” grows dizzy—they that look out of the windows know not what they see—the body reels, lapses, sinks, and at full length smites the floor.

SEWARD.

Well said—Chairman of the Quarter-sessions.

BULLER.

Nor, with all submission, my dear Sir, can I think you treat your favourite murderess, on this trying occasion, with your usual fairness and candour. All she says is, “Help me hence, ho!” Macduff says, “Look to the Lady”—and Banquo says “Look to the Lady”—and she is carried off.” Some critic or other—I think Malone—says that Macbeth shows he knows “’tis a feint” by not going to her assistance. Perhaps he was mistaken—know it he could not. And nothing more likely to make a woman faint than that revelling and wallowing of his in that bloody description.

NORTH.

By the Casting Vote of the President—*Feint.*

TALBOYS.

Let’s to Lunch.

NORTH.

Go. You will find me sitting here when you come back.

SCENE II.

SCENE—*The Pavilion. TIME—after Lunch.*

NORTH—TALBOYS—BULLER—SEWARD.

NORTH.

Claudius, the Uncle-king in Hamlet, is perhaps the most odious character in all Shakspeare. But he does no unnecessary murders. He has killed the Father, and will the Son, all in regular order. But Macbeth plunges himself, like a drunken man, into unnecessary and injurious cruelties. He throws like a reckless gamester. If I am to own the truth, I don't know why he is so cruel. I don't think that he takes any pleasure in mere cruelty, like Nero—

BULLER.

What do we know of Nero? Was he mad?

NORTH.

I don't think that he takes any pleasure in mere cruelty, like Nero; but he seems to be under some infatuation that drags or drives him along. To kill is, in every difficulty, the ready resource that occurs to him—as if to go on murdering were, by some law of the Universe, the penalty which you must pay for having once murdered.

SEWARD.

I think, Sir, that without contradicting anything we said before Lunch about his Lordship or his Kingship, we may conceive in the natural Macbeth considerable force of Moral Intuition.

NORTH.

We may.

SEWARD.

Of Moral Intelligence?

NORTH.

Yea.

SEWARD.

Of Moral Obedience?

NORTH.

No.

SEWARD.

Moral Intuition, and Moral Intelligence breaking out, from time to time, all through—we understand how there is engendered in him strong self-dissatisfaction—thence perpetual goadings on—and desperate attempts to loose conscience in more and more crime.

NORTH.

Ay—Seward—even so. He tells you that he stakes soul and body upon the throw for a Crown. He has got the Crown—and *paid for it*. He *must* keep it—else he has bartered soul and body—for nothing! To make his first crime *good*—he strides gigantically along the road of which it opened the gate.

TALBOYS.

An almost morbid impressibility of imagination is energetically stamped, and universally recognised in the Thane, and I think, sir, that it warrants, to a certain extent, a *sincerity* of the mental movements. He really sees a fantastical dagger—he really hears fantastical voices—perhaps he really sees a fantastical Ghost. All this in him is Nature—not artifice—and a nature deeply, terribly, tempestuously commoved by the near contact of a murder imminent—doing—done. It is more like a murder a-making than a murderer made.

SEWARD.

See, sir, how precisely this characteristic is proposed.

By whom?

BULLER.

SEWARD.

By Shakspeare in that first Soliloquy. The poetry colouring, throughout his discourse, is its natural efflorescence.

NORTH.

Talboys, Seward, you have spoken well.

BULLER.

And I have spoken ill?

NORTH.

I have not said so.

BULLER.

We have all Four of us spoken well—we have all Four of us spoken ill—and we have all Four of us spoken but so-so—now and heretofore—in this Tent—hang the wind—there's no hearing twelve words in ten a body says. Honoured sir, I beg permission to say that I cannot admit the Canon laid down by your Reverence, an hour or two ago, or a minute or two ago, that Macbeth's extravagant language is designed by Shakspeare to designate hypocrisy.

NORTH.

Why?

BULLER.

You commended Talboys and Seward for noticing the imaginative—the poetical character of Macbeth's mind. There we find the reason of his extravagant language. It may, as you said, be cant and fustian—or it may not—but why attribute to hypocrisy—as you did—what may have flowed from his genius? Poets may rant as loud as he, and yet be honest men. “In a fine frenzy rolling,” their eyes may fasten on fustian.

NORTH.

Good—go on. Deduct.

BULLER.

Besides, sir, the Stage had such a language of its own; and I cannot help thinking that Shakspeare often, and too frankly, gave in to it.

NORTH.

He did.

BULLER.

I would, however, much rather believe that if Shakspeare meant anything by it in Macbeth's Oratory or Poetry, he intended thereby rather to impress on us that last noticed constituent of his nature—a vehement seizure of imagination. I believe, sir, that in the hortatory scene Lady Macbeth really vanquishes—as the scene ostensibly shows—his irresolution. And if Shakspeare means irresolution, I do not know why the grounds thereof which Shakspeare assigns to Macbeth should not be accepted as the true grounds. The Dramatist would seem to demand too much of me, if, under the grounds which he expresses, he requires me to discard these, and to discover and express others.

SEWARD.

I do not know, sir, if that horrible Invocation of hers to the Spirits of Murder to unsex her, be held by many to imply that she has no need of their help?

NORTH.

It is held by many to prove that she was not a woman but a fiend. It proves the reverse. I infer from it that she does need their help—and, what is more, that she gets it. Nothing so dreadful, in the whole range of Man's Tragic Drama, as that Murder. But I see Seward is growing pale—we know his infirmity—and for the present shun it.

SEWARD.

Thank you, sir.

NORTH.

I may, however, ask a question about Banquo's Ghost.

SEWARD.

Well—well—do so.

TALBOYS.

You put the question to me, sir? I am inclined to think, sir, that no real Ghost sits on the Stool—but that Shakespeare meant it as with the Daggers. On the Stage he appears—that is an abuse.

NORTH.

Not so sure of that, Talboys.

TALBOYS.

Had Macbeth himself continued to believe that the first-seen Ghost was a real Ghost, he would not, could not have ventured so soon after its disappearance to say again, "And to our dear friend Banquo." He does say it—and then again diseased imagination assails him at the rash words. Lady Macbeth reasons with him again, and he finally is persuaded that the Ghost, both times, had been but brain-sick creations.

"My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:—
I am but young in deed."

BULLER.

That certainly looks as if he did then know he had been deceived. But perhaps he only censures himself for being too much agitated by a real ghost.

TALBOYS.

That won't do.

NORTH.

But go back, my dear Talboys, to the first enacting of the Play. What could the audience have understood to be happening, without other direction of their thoughts than the terrified Macbeth's bewildered words? He never mentions Banquo's name—and recollect that nobody sitting there then knew that Banquo had been murdered. The dagger is not in point. Then the spectators heard him say, "Is this a dagger that I see before me?" And if no dagger was there, they could at once see that 'twas phantasy.

TALBOYS.

Something in that.

BULLER.

A settler.

NORTH.

I entirely separate the two questions—first, how did the Manager of the Globe Theatre have the King's Seat at the Feast filled; and second, what does the highest poetical Canon deliver? I speak now, but to the first. Now, here the rule is—"the audience *must understand, and at once*, what that which they see and hear means"—that Rule must govern the art of the drama in the Manager's practice. You allow that, Talboys?

TALBOYS.

I do.

BULLER.

Rash—Talboys—rash; he's getting you into a net.

NORTH.

That is not my way, Buller. Well, then, suppose Macbeth acted for the first time to an audience, who are to establish it for a stock-play or to *damn* it. Would the Manager commit the whole power of a scene which is perhaps the most—singly—effective of the whole Play—

BULLER.

No—no—not the most effective of the whole Play—

NORTH.

The rival, then, of the Murder Scene—the Sleep-Walking stands aloof and aloft—to the chance of a true divination by the whole Globe audience? I think not. The argument is of a vulgar tone, I confess, and extremely literal, but it is after the measure of my poor faculties.

SEWARD.

In confirmation of what you say, sir, it has been lately asserted that one of the two appearances at least is not Banquo's—but Duncan's. How is that to be settled but by a real Ghost—or Ghosts?

NORTH.

And I ask, what has Shakspeare himself undeniably done elsewhere! In Henry VIII., Queen Katherine sleeps and *dreams*. Her Dream enters, and performs various acts—somewhat expressive—minutely contrived and prescribed. It is a mute Dream, which she with shut eyes sees—which you in pit, boxes, and gallery see—which her attendants, watching about her upon the stage, do *not* see.

SEWARD.

And in Richard III.—He dreams, and so does Richmond. Eight Ghosts rise in succession and *speak* to Richard first, and to the Earl next—each hears, I suppose, what concerns himself—they seem to be present in the two Tents at once.

NORTH.

In Cymbeline, Posthumus dreams. His Dream enters—Ghosts and even JUPITER! They act and speak; and this Dream has a reality—for Jupiter hands or tosses a parchment-roll to one of the Ghosts, who lays it, as bidden, on the breast of the Dreamer, where he, on awaking, perceives it! I call all this physically strong, sir, for the representation of the metaphysically thought.

BULLER.

If Buller may speak, Buller would observe, that once or twice both Ariel and Prospero come forward “invisible.” And in Spenser, the Dream of which Morpheus lends the use to Archimago, is—carried.

SEWARD.

We all remember the Dream which Jupiter sends to Agamemnon, and which, while standing at his bed’s-head, puts on the shape of Nestor and speaks;—the Ghost of Patroclus—the actual Ghost which stands at the bed’s-head of Achilles, and is his Dream.

NORTH.

My friends, Poetry gives a body to the bodiless. The Stage of Shakspeare was rude, and gross. In my boyhood, I saw the Ghosts appear to John Kemble in Richard III. Now they may be abolished with Banquo. So may be Queen Katherine’s Angels. But Shakspeare and his Audience had no difficulty about one person’s seeing what another does not—or one’s *not* seeing, rather, that which another does. Nor had Homer, when Achilles alone, in the Quarrel Scene, sees Minerva. Shakspeare and his Audience had no difficulty about the bodily representation of Thoughts—the inward by the outward. Shakspeare and the Great Old Poets leave vague, shadowy, mist-shrouded, and indeterminate the boundaries between the Thought and the Existent—the Real and the Unreal. I am able to believe with you, Talboys, that Banquo’s Ghost was understood by Shakspeare, the Poet, to be the Phantasm of the murderer’s guilt-and-fear-shaken soul; but was required by Shakspeare, the Manager of the Globe Theatre, to rise up through a trap-door, mealy-faced and blood-boulted, and so make “the Table full.”

BULLER.

Seward, do bid him speak of Lady Macbeth.

SEWARD.

Oblige me, sir—don’t now—after dinner, if you will.

NORTH.

I shall merely allude now, as exceedingly poetical treatment, to the discretion throughout used in the showing of Lady Macbeth. You might almost say that she never takes a step on the stage, that does not *thrill the Theatre*. Not a waste word, gesture, or look. All at the studied fulness of sublime tragical power—yet all wonderfully tempered and governed. I doubt if Shakspeare could have given a good account of everything that he makes Macbeth say—but of all that She says he could.

TALBOYS.

As far as I am able to judge, she but once in the whole Play loses her perfect self-mastery—when the servant surprises her by announcing the King’s coming. She answers, ‘thou’rt mad to say it;’ which is a manner of speaking

used by those who cannot, or can hardly believe tidings that fill them with exceeding joy. It is not the manner of a lady to her servant who unexpectedly announces the arrival of a high—of the highest visitor. She recovers herself instantly. 'Is not thy master with him, who, wer't so, would have informed for preparation?' This is a turn colouring her exclamation, and is spoken in the most self-possessed, argumentative, demonstrative tone. The preceding words had been torn from her; now she has passed, with inimitable dexterity, from the dreamed Queen, to the usual mistress of her household—to the housewife.

NORTH.

In the Fourth Act—she is not seen at all. But in the Fifth, lo! and behold! and at once we know why she had been absent—we see and are turned to living stone by the revelation of the terrible truth. I am always inclined to conceive Lady Macbeth's night-walking as the summit, or top-most peak of all tragic conception and execution—in Prose, too, the crowning of Poetry! But it must be, because these are the *ipsissima verba*—yea, the escaping sighs and moans of the bared soul. There must be nothing, not even the thin and translucent veil of the verse, betwixt her soul showing itself, and yours beholding. Words which your "hearing latches" from the threefold abyss of Night, Sleep, and Conscience! What place for the enchantment of any music is here? Besides, she speaks in a whisper. The Siddons did—audible distinctly, throughout the stilled immense theatre. Hero music is not—sound is not—only an anguished soul's faint breathings—gasps. And observe that Lady Macbeth carries—a candle—besides washing her hands—and besides speaking prose—three departures from the severe and elect method, to bring out that supreme revelation. I have been told that the great Mrs. Pritchard used to touch the palm with the tips of her fingers, for the washing, keeping candle in hand;—that the Siddons first set down her candle, that she might come forwards, and wash her hands in earnest, one over the other, as if she were at her wash-hand stand, with plenty of water in her basin—that when Sheridan got intelligence of her design so to do, he ran shrieking to her, and, with tears in his eyes, besought that she would not, at one stroke, overthrow Drury Lane—that she persisted, and turned the thousands of bosoms to marble.

TALBOYS.

Our dear, dear Master.

NORTH.

You will remember, my friends, her *four rhymed lines*—uttered to herself in Act Third. They are very remarkable—

"Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy."

They are her only *waking* acknowledgments of having mistaken life! So—they forebode the Sleep-Walking, and the Death—as an owl, or a raven, or vulture, or any fowl of obscene wing, might flit between the sun and a crowned but doomed head—the shadow but of a moment, yet ominous, for the augur, of an entire fatal catastrophe.

SEWARD.

They do. But to say the truth, I had either forgot them or never discovered their significancy. O that William Shakspeare!

TALBOYS.

O that Christopher North!

NORTH.

Speak so, friends—'tis absurd, but I like it.

TALBOYS.

It is sincere.

NORTH.

At last they call him, "black Macbeth," and "this dead Butcher." And

with good reason. They also call her "his fiend-like Queen," which last expression I regard as highly offensive.

BULLER.

And they call her so not without strong reason.

NORTH.

A bold, bad woman—not a Fiend. I ask—Did she, or did she not, "with violent hand foredo her life?" They mention it as a rumour. The Doctor desires that all means of self-harm may be kept out of her way. Yet the impression on us, as the thing proceeds, is that she dies of pure remorse—which I believe. She is *visibly dying*. The cry of women, announcing her death, is rather as of those who stood around the bed watching, and when the heart at the touch of the invisible finger stops, shriek—than of one after the other coming in and finding the self-slain—a confused, informal, perplexing, and perplex proceeding—but the Cry of Woman is formal, regular for the stated occasion. You may say, indeed, that she poisoned herself—and so died in bed—watched. Under the precautions, that is unlikely—too refined. The manner of Seyton, "The Queen, my Lord, is dead," shows to me that it was hourly expected. How these few words would *seek* into you, did you first read the Play in mature age! She died a natural death—of remorse. Take my word for it—the rumour to the contrary was natural to the lip and ear of Hate.

TALBOYS.

A question of primary import is—What is the relation of feeling between him and her? The natural impression, I think, is, that the confiding affection—the intimate confidence—is "there"—of a husband and wife who love one another—to whom all interests are in common, and are consulted in common. Without this belief, the Magic of the Tragedy perishes—vanishes to me. "My dearest love, Duncan comes here to-night." "Be innocent of the knowledge, *dearest chuck*,"—a marvellous phrase for Melpomene. It is the full union—for ill purposes—that we know habitually for good purposes—that to me tempers the Murder Tragedy.

NORTH.

Yet believe me, dear Talboys—that of all the murders Macbeth may have committed, she knew beforehand but of one—Duncan's. The haunted somnambulist speaks the truth—the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

TALBOYS.

"The Thane of Fife had a wife." Does not that imply that she was privy to *that* Murder?

NORTH.

No. Except that she takes upon herself *all* the murders that are the offspring, legitimate or illegitimate, of that First Murder. But we *know* that Macbeth, in a sudden fit of fury, ordered the Macduffs to be massacred when on leaving the Cave Lennox told him of the Thane's flight.

TALBOYS.

That is decisive.

NORTH.

A woman, she feels for a murdered woman. That is all—a touch of nature—from Shakespeare's profound and pitiful heart.

TALBOYS.

"The Queen, my Lord, is dead." "She should have died hereafter; There would have been a time for such a word"—Often have I meditated on the meaning of these words—yet even now I do not fully feel or understand them.

NORTH.

Nor I. This seems to look from them—"so pressed by outward besiegings I have not capacity to entertain the blow as it requires to be entertained. With a free soul I could have measured it. Now I cannot."

TALBOYS.

Give us, sir, a commentary on the Revelations of the Sleeping Spectre.

NORTH.

Idare not. Let's be cheerful. I ask this—when you see and hear Kemble

Macbeth—and Siddons-Macbeth—whom do you believe that you see and hear? I affirm that you at one and the same instant—(or at the most in two immediately successive instants—yet I believe in one and the same instant,—*know* that you see and hear Kemble—or if that accomplished gentleman and admirable actor—Macready be performing the part—then Macready;—and yet *believe* that you see and hear Lord Macbeth. I aver that you entertain a mixt—confused—self-contradictory state of mind—that two elements of thought which cannot co-subsist do co-subsist.

TALBOYS.

De jure they cannot—*DE FACTO* they do.

NORTH.

Just so.

TALBOYS.

They co-subsist fighting, and yet harmonising—there is half-belief—semi-illusion.

NORTH.

I claim the acknowledgment of such a state—which any one who chooses may better describe, but which shall come to that effect—for the lowest substratum of all science and criticism concerning POESY. Will anybody grant me this, then I will reason with him about Poesy, for we begin with something in common. Will anybody deny me this, then I will not argue with him about Poesy, for we set out with nothing in common.

BULLER.

We grant you all you ask—we are all agreed—"our unanimity is wonderful."

NORTH.

Leave out the great Brother and Sister, and take the Personated alone. I *know* that Othello and Desdemona never existed—that an Italian Novelist began, and an English Dramatist ended them—and there they are. But do I *not believe* in their existence, "their loves and woes?" Yes, I do *believe* in their existence, in their loves and woes—and I hate Iago accordingly with a vicious, unchristian, personal, active, malignant hatred.

TALBOYS.

Dr. Johnson's celebrated expression, "all the belief that Poetry claims"—

BULLER.

Celebrated! Where is it?

TALBOYS.

Preface to Shakspeare—is idle, and frivolous, and false?

NORTH.

It is. He belies his own experience. He cannot make up his mind to admit the *irrational thought* of belief which you at once reject and accept. But exactly the half acceptance, and the half rejection, separates poetry from—prose.

TALBOYS.

That is, sir, the poetical from the prosaic.

NORTH.

Just so. It is the life and soul of all poetry—the *lusus*—the make-believe—the glamour and the gramarye. I do not know—gentlemen—I wish to be told, whether I am not throwing away words upon the setting up of a pyramid which was built by Cheops, and is only here and there crumbling a little, or whether the world requires that the position shall be formally argued and acknowledged. Johnson, as you remind me, Talboys, did not admit it.

TALBOYS.

That he tells us in so many words. Has any more versed and profound master in criticism, before or since, authentically and authoritatively, luminously, cogently, explicitly, psychologically, metaphysically, physiologically, psychogically, propounded, reasoned out, legislated, and enthroned the Dogma?

NORTH.

I know not, Talboys. Do you admit the Dogma?

I do.

TALBOYS.

NORTH.

Impersonation—Apostrophe—of the absent; every poetical motion of the Soul; the whole pathetic beholding of Nature—involve the secret existence and necessity of this irrational psychical state for grounding the Logic of Poesy.

BULLER.

Go on, sir.

NORTH.

I will—but in a new direction. Before everything else, I desire, for the settlement of this particular question, a foundation for, and some progress in the science of MURDER TRAGEDIES.

SEWARD.

I know *properly* two.

BULLER.

Two only? Pray name.

SEWARD.

This of Macbeth and Richard III.

BULLER.

The Agamemnon—the Choephoræ—the Electra—the Medea—

SEWARD.

In the Agamemnon, your regard is drawn to Agamemnon himself and to Cassandra. However, it is after a measure a prototype. Clytemnestra has in it a principality. Medea stands eminent—but then she is in the right.

BULLER.

In the right?

SEWARD.

Jason at least is altogether in the wrong. But we must—for obvious reasons—discuss the Greek drama by itself; and therefore not a word more about it now.

NORTH.

Richard III., and Macbeth and his wife, are in their Plays the principal people. You must go along with them to a certain guarded extent—else the Play is done for. To be kept abhorring and abhorring, for Five Acts together, you can't stand.

SEWARD.

Oh! that the difference between Poetry and Life were once for all set down—and not only once for all, but every time that it comes in question.

BULLER.

My dear sir, do gratify Seward's very reasonable desire, and once for all set down the difference.

SEWARD.

You bear suicides on the stage, and tyrannicides and other cides—all simple homicide—much murder. Even Romeo's killing Tybalt in the street, in reparation for Mercutio's death, you would take rather differently, if happening to-day in Pall Mall, or Moray Place.

NORTH.

We have assuredly for the Stage a qualified scheme of sentiment—grounded no doubt on our modern or every-day morality—but specifically modified by Imagination—by Poetry—for the use of the dramatist. Till we have set down what we *do* bear, and why, we are not prepared for distinguishing what we won't bear, and why.

BULLER.

Oracular!

SEWARD.

Suggestive.

NORTH.

And if so, sufficient for the nonce. Hamlet's uncle, Claudius, seems to me to be the most that can be borne of one purely abhorrible. He is made disgust-

ing besides—drunken and foul. Able he is—for he won the Queen by “witchcraft of his wit :” but he is made endurable by his diminished proportion in the Play—many others overpowering and hiding him.

BULLER.

Pardon me, sir, but I have occasionally felt, in the course of this conversation, that you were seeking—in opposition to Payne Knight—to reduce Macbeth to a species of Claudius. I agree with you in thinking that Shakspeare would not give a Claudius so large a proportion of his drama. The pain would be predominant and insupportable.

NORTH.

I would fain hope you have misunderstood me, Buller.

BULLER.

Sometimes, sir, it is not easy for a plain man to know what you would be at.

NORTH.

I?

BULLER.

Yea—you.

NORTH.

Richard III. is a hypocrite—a hard, cold murderer from of old—and yet you bear him. I suppose, friends, chiefly from his pre-eminent intellectual Faculties, and his perfectly courageous and self-possessed Will. You do support your conscience—or traffic with it—by saying all along—we are only conducting him to the retribution of Bosworth Field. But, friends, if these motions in Macbeth, which look like revealings and breathings of some better elements, are sheer and vile hypocrisy—if it is merely his manhood that quails, which his wife has to virilify—a dastard and a hypocrite, and no more—I cannot abide him—there is too much of a bad business, and then I must think Shakspeare has committed an egregious error in Poetry. Richard III. is a bold, heroic hypocrite. He knows he is one. He lies to man—never to his own Conscience, or to Heaven.

TALBOYS.

What?

NORTH.

Never. There he is clear-sighted, and stands, like Satan, in open and impious rebellion.

BULLER.

But your Macbeth, sir, would be a shuffling Puritan—a mixture of Holy Willie and Greenacre. Forgive me——

SEWARD.

Order—order—order.

TALBOYS.

Chair—chair—chair.

BULLER.

Swing—Swing—Swing.

NORTH.

My dear Buller—you have misunderstood me—I assure you you have. Some of my expressions may have been too strong—not sufficiently qualified.

BULLER.

I accept the explanation. But be more guarded in future, my dear sir.

NORTH.

I will.

BULLER.

On that assurance I ask you, sir, how is the Tragedy of Macbeth morally saved? That is, how does the degree of complacency with which we consider the two murderers not morally taint ourselves—not leave us predisposed murderers?

NORTH.

That is a question of infinite compass and fathom—answered then only when the whole Theory of Poesy has been expounded.

Whew !

BULLER.

NORTH.

The difference established between our contemplation of the Stage and of Life.

BULLER.

I hardly expect that to be done this Summer in this Tent.

NORTH.

Friends ! Utilitarians and Religionists shudder and shun. They consider the Stage and Life as of one and the same kind—look on both through one glass.

BULLER.

Eh ?

NORTH.

The Utilitarian will settle the whole question of Life upon half its data—the lowest half. He accepts Agriculture, which he understands logically—but rejects Imagination which he does not understand at all—because, if you sow it in the track of his plough, no wheat springs. Assuredly not ; a different plough must furrow a different soil for that seed and that harvest.

BULLER.

Now, my dear sir, you speak like yourself. You always do so—the rashness was all on my side.

SEWARD.

Nobody cares—hold your tongue.

NORTH.

The Religionist errs from the opposite quarter. He brings measures from Heaven to measure things of the Earth. He weighs Clay in the balance of Spirit. I call him a Religionist who overruns with religious rules and conceptions things that do not come under them—completely distinct from the native simplicity and sovereignty of Religion in a piously religious heart. Both of them are confounders of the sciences which investigate the Facts and the Laws of Nature, visible and invisible—subduing inquiry under preconception.

BULLER.

Was that the Gong—or but thunder ?

NORTH.

The Gong.

TALBOYS.

I smell sea-trout.

SCENE III.

SCENE—*Deeside.* TIME—*after Dinner.*

NORTH—BULLER—SEWARD—TALBOYS.

NORTH.

One hour more—and no more—to Shakspeare.

BULLER.

May we crack nuts ?

NORTH.

By all means. And here they are for you to crack.

BULLER.

Now for some of your *astounding Discoveries.*

NORTH.

If you gather the Movement, scene by scene, of the Action of this Drama, you see a few weeks, or it may be months. There must be time to hear that

Malcolm and his brother have reached England and Ireland—time for the King of England to interest himself in behalf of Malcolm, and muster his array. More than this seems unrequired. But the zenith of tyranny to which Macbeth has arrived, and particularly the manner of describing the desolation of Scotland by the speakers in England, conveys to you the notion of a long, long dismal reign. Of old it always used to do so with me; so that when I came to visit the question of the Time, I felt myself as if baffled and puzzled, not finding the time I had looked for, demonstrable. Samuel Johnson has had the same impression, but has not scrutinised the data. He goes probably by the old Chronicler for the actual time, and this, one would think, must have floated before Shakspeare's own mind.

TALBOYS.

Nobody can read the Scenes in England without seeing long-protracted time.

"*Malcolm.* Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macduff. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword, and, like good men,
Bestride our down-fallen birthdom: Each new morn,
New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour."

NORTH.

Ay, Talboys, that is true Shakspeare. No Poet—before or since—has in so few words presented such a picture. No poet, before or since, has used such words. He writes like a man inspired.

TALBOYS.

And in the same dialogue Malcolm says—

"I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds."

NORTH.

Go on, my dear Talboys. Your memory is a treasury of all the highest Poetry of Shakspeare. Go on.

TALBOYS.

And hear Rosse, on his joining Malcolm and Macduff in this scene, the latest arrival from Scotland;—

"*Macduff.* Stands Scotland where it did?"

Rosse. Alas, poor country!
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs and groans, and shrieks that rent the air,
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy; the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying, or ere they sicken."

NORTH.

Words known to all the world, yet coming on the ear of each individual listener with force unweaken'd by familiarity, power increased by repetition, as it will be over all Scottish breasts in *secula seculorum*.

TALBOYS.

By Heavens! he smiles! There is a sarcastic smile on that incomprehensible face of yours, sir—of which no man in this Tent, I am sure, may divine the reason.

NORTH.

I was not aware of it. Now, my dear Talboys, let us here endeavour to

ascertain Shakspeare's Time. Here we have long time with a vengeance—and here we have short time; FOR THIS IS THE PICTURE OF THE STATE OF POOR SCOTLAND BEFORE THE MURDER OF MACDUFF'S WIFE AND CHILDREN.

BULLER.

What?

SEWARD.

Eh?

NORTH.

Macduff, moved by Rosse's words, asks him, you know, Talboys, "how does my wife?" And then ensues the affecting account of her murder, which you need not recite. Now, I ask, when was the murder of Lady Macduff perpetrated? Two days—certainly not more—after the murder of Banquo. Macbeth, incensed by the flight of Fleance, goes, the morning after the murder of Banquo, to the Weirds, to know by "the worst means, the worst." You know what they showed him—and that, as they vanished, he exclaimed—

"Where are they? Gone?—Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!—
Come in, without there!

Enter LENOX.

Len. What's your grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd all those that trust them!—I did hear
The galloping of horse: Who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word,

MACDUFF IS FLED TO ENGLAND.

Macb. Fled to England?

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it: from this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace his line. No boasting like a fool:
This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool."

And his purpose does not cool—for the whole Family are murdered. When, then, took place the murder of Banquo? Why, a week or two after the Murder of Duncan. A very short time indeed, then, intervened between the first and the last of these Murders. And yet from those pictures of Scotland, painted in England for our information and horror, we have before us a long, long time, all filled up with butchery over all the land! But I say there had been no such butchery—or anything resembling it. There was, as yet, little amiss with Scotland. Look at the *linking* of Acts II. and III. End of Act II., Macbeth is gone to Scone—to be invested. Beginning of Act III., Banquo says, in soliloquy, in Palace of Fores, "Thou hast it *now*." I ask, when is this now? Assuredly just after the Coronation. The Court was moved from Scone to Fores, which, we may gather from finding Duncan there formerly, to be the usual Royal Residence. "Enter Macbeth as King." "Our great Feast"—our "solemn Supper"—"this day's Council"—all have the aspect of new taking on the style of Royalty. "Thou hast it now," is formal—weighed—and in a position that gives it authority—at the very beginning of an Act—therefore intended to mark time—a very pointing of the finger on the dial.

BULLER.

Good image—short and apt.

Let me perpend.

TALBOYS.

Do, sir, let him perpend.

BULLER.

NORTH.

Banquo fears "Thou play'st most foully for it;" he goes no farther—not a word of any tyranny done. All the style of an incipient, *dangerous* Rule—clouds, but no red rain yet. And I need not point out to you, Talboys, who carry Shakspeare unnecessarily in a secret pocket of that strange Sporting Jacket, which the more I look at it the greater is my wonder—that Macbeth's behaviour at the Banquet, on seeing Banquo nodding at him from his own stool, proves him to have been *then* young in blood.

"My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear that wants hard use.
We are yet but young in deed." •

He had a week or two before committed a first-rate murder, Duncan's—that night he had, by hired hands, got a second-rate job done, Banquo's—and the day following he gave orders for a bloody business on a more extended scale, the Macduffs. But nothing here the least like Rosse's, or Macduff's, or Malcolm's Picture of Scotland—during those few weeks. For Shakspeare forgot what the true time was—his own time—the *short time*; and introduced *long time at the same time*—why, he himself no doubt knew—and you no doubt, Talboys, know also—and will you have the goodness to tell the "why" to the Tent?

TALBOYS.

In ten minutes. Are you done?

NORTH.

Not quite. Meanwhile—Two Clocks are going at once—which of the two gives the true time of Day?

BULLER.

Short and apt. Go on, Sir.

NORTH.

I call that an ASTOUNDING DISCOVERY. Macduff speaks as if he knew that Scotland had been for ever so long desolated by the Tyrant—and yet till Rosse told him, never had he heard of the Murder of his own Wife! Here Shakspeare either forgot himself wholly, and the short time he had himself assigned—or, with his eyes open, forced in the *long time* upon the *short*—in wilful violation of possibility! All silent?

TALBOYS.

After supper—you shall be answered.

NORTH.

Not by any man now sitting here—or elsewhere.

TALBOYS.

That remains to be heard.

NORTH.

Pray, Talboys, explain to me *this*. The Banquet scene breaks up in most admired disorder—"stand not upon the order of your going—but go at once,"—quoth the Queen. The King, in a state of great excitement, says to her—

"I will to-morrow,
(Betimes I will,) unto the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst: for mine own good,
All causes shall give way; I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er."

One might have thought not quite so tedious; as yet he had murdered only Duncan and his grooms, and to-night Banquo. Well, he does go "to-morrow and by times" to the Cave.

"Witch.—By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes;
Open, locks, whoever knocks.
Macbeth.—How now, you secret, Black, and midnight Hags?"

It is a "dark Cave,"—dark at all times—and now "by times" of the morning! Now—observe—Lenox goes along with Macbeth—on such occasions 'tis natural to wish "one of ourselves" to be at hand. And Lenox had been at the Banquet. Had he gone to bed after that strange Supper? No doubt, for an hour or two—like the rest of "the Family." But whether he went to bed or not, *then and there* he and another Lord had a confidential and miraculous conversation.

TALBOYS.

Miraculous! What's Miraculous about it?

NORTH.

Lenox says to the other Lord—

"My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret further; only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne: the gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth—marry he was dead.
*And the right valiant Banquo walked too late;
Whom, you may say, if it please you, Fleance killed,
For Fleance fled.*"

Who told him all this about Banquo and Fleance? He speaks of it quite familiarly to the "other lord," as a thing well known in all its bearings. But not a soul but Macbeth, and the Three Murderers themselves, could possibly have known anything about it! As for Banquo, "Safe in a ditch he hides,"—and Fleance had fled. The body may, perhaps in a few days, be found, and, though "with twenty trenched gashes on its head," identified as Banquo's, and, in a few weeks, Fleance may turn up in Wales. Nay, the Three Murderers may confess. But now all is hush; and Lenox, unless endowed with second sight, or clairvoyance, could know nothing of the murder. Yet, from his way of speaking of it, one might imagine crowner's 'quest had sitten on the body—and the report been in the *Times* between supper and that after-supper confab! I am overthrown—everted—subverted—the contradiction is flagrant—the impossibility monstrous—I swoon.

BULLER.

Water—water.

NORTH.

Thank you, Buller. That's revivifying—I see now all objects distinctly. Where was I? O, ay. The "other Lord" seems as warlock-wise as Lenox—for he looks forward to times when

"We may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives."

An allusion, beyond doubt, to the murder of Banquo! A sudden thought strikes me. Why, not only must the real, actual, spiritual, corporeal ghost of Banquo *sate on the stool*, but "Lenox and the other Lord," as well as Macbeth, *saw him*.

BULLER.

Are you serious, sir?

NORTH.

So serious that I can scarcely hope to recover my usual spirits to-day. Have you, gentlemen, among you any more plausible solution to offer? All mum. One word more with you. Lenox tells the other Lord"

"From broad words, and 'cause he fail'd
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
MACDUFF LIVES IN DISGRACE; SIR, CAN YOU TELL
WHERE HE BESTOWS HIMSELF?"

And the "other Lord," who is wonderfully well informed for a person "strictly anonymous," replies that Macduff—

"Is gone to pray the holy king, (Edward) on his aid
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward."

Nay, he minutely describes Macduff's surly reception of the King's messenger, sent to invite him to the Banquet, and the happy style of that official on getting the Thane of Fife's "absolute, Sir, not I," and D. I. O.! And the same nameless "Lord in waiting" says to Lenox, that

"this report
Hath so exasperate the king, that he
Prepares for some attempt of war."

I should like to know first where and when these two gifted individuals picked up all this information? The king himself had told the Queen, that same night, that he had *not sent* to Macduff—but that he had heard "by the way" that he was not coming to the Banquet—and he only *learns* the flight of Macduff after the Cauldron Scene—that is at end of it:—

"Macbeth. Come in, without there!

Enter Lenox.

Lenox. What's your Grace's will?

Macbeth. Saw you the Weird Sisters?

Lenox. No, indeed, my Lord.

Macbeth. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd all those that trust them!—I did hear
The galloping of horse: Who was't came by?

Lenox. 'Tis two or three, my Lord, that bring you word,

MACDUFF IS FLED TO ENGLAND.

Macbeth. FLED TO ENGLAND?"

For an Usurper and Tyrant, his Majesty is singularly ill-informed about the movements of his most dangerous Thanes! But Lenox, I think, must have been not a little surprised at that moment to find that, so far from the *exasperated* Tyrant having "*prepared for some attempt of war*" with England—he had not till then positively known that Macduff had fled! I pause, as a man pauses who has no more to say—not for a reply. But to be sure, Talboys will reply to anything—and were I to say that the Moon is made of green cheese, he would say—yellow—

TALBOYS.

If of weeping Parmesan, then I—of the "cheese without a tear"—Double Gloucester.

NORTH.

The whole Dialogue between Lenox and the Lord is *miraculous*. It abounds with knowledge of events that had not happened—and *could not* have happened—on the showing of Shakspeare himself; but I do not believe that there is another man now alive who knows that Lenox and the "other Lord" are caught up and strangled in that *noose of Time*. Did the Poet? You would think, from the way they go on, that one ground of war, one motive of Macduff's going, is the murder of Banquo—perpetrated since he is gone off!

TALBOYS.

Eh?

NORTH.

Gentlemen, I have given you a specimen or two of Shakspeare's way of dealing with Time—and I can elicit no reply. You are one and all dumb-founded. What will you be—where will you be—when I—

BULLER.

Have announced "all my astounding discoveries!" and where, also, will be poor Shakspeare—where his Critics?

NORTH.

Friends, Countrymen, and Romans, lend me your ears! A dazzling

spell is upon us that veils from our apprehension all incompatibilities—all impossibilities—for he dips the Swan-quill in Power—and Power is that which you must accept from him, and so to the utter oblivion, while we read or behold, of them all. To go to work with such inquiries is to try to articulate thunder. What do I intend? That Shakspeare is only to be *thus* criticised? Apollo forbid—forbid the Nine! I intend Prologemena to the Criticism of Shakspeare, I intend mowing and burning the brambles before ploughing the soil. I intend showing where we must not look for the Art and the Genius of Shakspeare, as a step to discovering where we must. I suspect—I know—that Criticism has oscillated from one extreme to another, in the mind of the country—from denying all art, to acknowledging consummated art, and no flaw. I would find the true Point. Stamped and staring upon the front of these Tragedies is a conflict. He, the Poet, beholds Life—he, the Poet, is on the Stage. The littleness of the Globe Theatre mixes with the greatness of human affairs. You think of the Green-room and the Scene-shifters. I think that when we have stripped away the disguises and incumbrances of the Power, we shall see, naked, and strong, and beautiful, the statue moulded by Jupiter.

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THE NATIONAL DEBT AND THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

THE idea of associating history with some specific locality or institution, has long ago occurred to the skilful fabricators of Romance. If old walls could speak, what strange secrets might they not reveal! The thought suggests itself spontaneously even to the mind of the boy; and though it is incapable of realisation, writers—good, bad, and indifferent—have seriously applied themselves to the task of extracting sermons from the stones, and have feigned to reproduce an audible voice from the vaults of the dreary ruin. Such was at least the primary idea of Scott, incomparably the greatest master of modern fiction, whilst preparing his materials for the construction of the *Heart of Mid-Lothian*. Victor Hugo has made the Cathedral of Paris the title and centre-point of his most stirring and animated tale. Harrison Ainsworth, who seems to think that the world can never have too much of a good thing, has assumed the office of historiographer of antiquity, and has treated us in succession to *Chronicles of Windsor Castle*, the *Tower*, and *Old St. Paul's*. Those of the *Bastille* have lately been written by an author of no common power, whose modesty, rarely imitated in these days, has left us ignorant of his name; and we believe that it would be possible to augment the list to a considerable

extent. In all those works, however, history was the subsidiary, while romance was the principal ingredient; we have now to deal with a book which professes to abstain from romance, though, in reality, no romance whatever has yet been constructed from materials of deeper interest. We allude, of course, to the work of Mr. Francis; Mr. Doubleday's treatise is of a graver and a sterner nature.

We dare say, that no inconsiderable portion of those who derive their literary nutriment from Maga, may be at a loss to understand what element of romance can lie in the history of the Stock Exchange. With all our boasted education, we are, in so far as money-matters are concerned, a singularly ignorant people. That which ought to be the study of every citizen, which *must* be the study of every politician, and without a competent knowledge of which, the exercise of the electoral franchise is a blind vote given in the dark, is as unintelligible as the Talmud to many persons of more than ordinary accomplishment and refinement. The learned expounder of Thucydides would be sorely puzzled, if called upon to give an explanation of the present funding system of Great Britain. The man in easy circumstances, who draws his dividend at

A Financial, Monetary, and Statistical History of England, from the Revolution of 1688 to the present time. By THOMAS DOUBLEDAY, Esq. London: 1847.

Chronicles and Characters of the Stock Exchange. By JOHN FRANCIS, Esq. London: 1849.

the bank, knows little more about the funds, than that they mysteriously yield him a certain return for capital previously invested, and that the interest he receives comes, in some shape or other, from the general pocket of the nation. He is aware that consols oscillate, but he does not very well understand why, though he attributes their rise or fall to foreign news. It never occurs to him to inquire for what reason that which yields a certain return, is yet liable to such surprising and violent fluctuations; he shakes his head in despair at the mention of foreign exchanges, and is not ashamed to avow his incapacity to grapple with the recondite question of the currency. And yet it may not only be safely, but it ought to be most broadly averred, that without a due comprehension of the monetary system of this country, and the general commercial principles which regulate the affairs of the world, history is nothing more than a tissue of barren facts and perpetual contradictions, which it is profitless to contemplate, and utterly impossible to reconcile. Nay, more, all history which is written by authors, who have failed to acknowledge the tremendous potency of the monetary power in directing the destinies of nations, and who have neglected to scrutinize closely the source and operation of that power, must necessarily be fallacious, and can only mislead the reader, by false pictures of the condition of the present as contrasted with that of a former age. No eloquence, no genius, will avail to compensate for that radical defect, with which some most popular writers are justly chargeable, and a glaring instance of which we propose to examine in the course of the present paper.

The study is said to be a dry one. Certainly, until we have mastered the details, it does look forbidding enough; but, these once mastered, our eyes appear to be touched with fairy ointment. What formerly was confusion, worse than Babel, assumes a definite order. We behold, in tangible form, a power so terribly strong, that with a touch, it can paralyse armies. We behold it gradually weaving around us a net,

from which it is impossible to escape, and claiming with a stern accent, which brooks no denial, a right of property in ourselves, our soil, our earnings, our industry, and our children. To its influence we can trace most of the political changes which perplex mankind, and which seem to baffle explanation. Like the small reptile of the old Northumbrian legend, it has grown into a monstrous dragon, capable of swallowing up both herd and herdsman together. The wisest of our statesmen have tried to check its advance and failed; the worst of them have encouraged its growth, and almost declared it harmless; the most adroit have yielded to its power. Interest after interest has gone down in the vain struggle to oppose it, and yet its appetite still remains as keen and insatiable as ever.

When, in future years, the history of this great nation and its dependencies shall be adequately written, the annalist must, perforce, give due prominence to that power which we weakly and foolishly overlook. He will then see, that the matchless industry displayed by Great Britain is far less the spontaneous result of bold and honest exertion, than the struggle of a dire necessity which compels us to go on, because it is death and ruin to stand still. He will understand the true source of all our marvellous machinery, of that skill in arts which the world never witnessed before, of our powers of production pushed to the utmost possible extent. And he will understand more. He will be able to comprehend why, within the circuit of one island, the most colossal fortunes and the most abject misery should have existed together; why Britain, admitted to be the richest of the European states, and in one sense imagined to be the strongest, should at this moment exercise less influence in the councils of the world than she did in the days of Cromwell, and though well weaponed, be terrified to strike a blow, lest the recoil should prove fatal to herself. The knowledge of such things is not too difficult for our attainment; and attain it we must, if, like sensible men, we are desirous to ascertain the security or the precariousness of our own position.

The history of the Stock Exchange involves, as a matter of necessity, the history of our national debt. From that debt the whole fabric arose; and, interesting as are many of the details connected with stock-jobbing, state-loans, lotteries, and speculative manias, the origin of the mystery appears to us of far higher import. It involves political considerations which ought to be pondered at the present time, because it has lately been averred, by a writer of the very highest talent, that the Revolution of 1688 was the cause of unmingled good to this country. That position we totally deny. Whatever may be thought of the folly of James II., in attempting to force his own religion down the throats of his subjects—however we may brand him as a bigot, or denounce him for an undue exercise of the royal prerogative—he cannot be taxed with financial oppression, or general state extravagance. On the contrary, it is a fact that the revenue levied by the last of the reigning Stuarts was exceedingly moderate in amount, and exceedingly well applied for the public service. It was far less than that levied by the Long Parliament, which has been estimated at the sum of £4,862,700 a-year. The revenue of James, in 1688, amounted only to £2,001,855; and at this charge he kept together a strong and well-appointed fleet, and an army of very nearly twenty thousand men. The nation was neither ground by taxes, nor impoverished by wars; and whatever discontent might have been excited by religious bickerings, and even persecution, it is clear that the great body of the people could not be otherwise than happy, since they were left in undisturbed possession of their own earnings, and at full liberty to enjoy the fruits of their own industry and skill. As very brilliant pictures have been drawn of the improved state of England now, contrasted with its former position under the administration of James, we think it right to exhibit another, which may, possibly, surprise our readers. It is taken from Mr. Doubleday's *Financial History of England*, a work of absorbing interest and uncommon research; we have tested it minutely, by reference to documents of the time, and we be-

lieve it to be strictly true, as it is unquestionably clear in its statements.

"The state of the country," says Mr. Doubleday, "was, at the close of the reign of James II., very prosperous. The whole annual revenue required from his subjects, by this king, amounted to only a couple of millions of pounds sterling,—these pounds being, in value, equal to about thirty shillings of the money of the present moment. So well off and easy, in their circumstances, were the mass of the people, that the poor-rates, which were in those days liberally distributed, only amounted to £300,000 yearly. The population, being rich and well fed, was moderate in numbers. No such thing as 'surplus population' was even dreamed of. Every man had constant employment, at good wages; bankruptcy was a thing scarcely known; and nothing short of sheer and great misfortune or culpable and undeniable imprudence, could drive men into the Gazette bankrupt-list, or upon the parish-books. In trade, profits were great and competition small. Six per cent. was commonly given for money when it was really wanted. Prudent men, after being twenty years in business, generally retired with a comfortable competence; and thus competition was lessened, because men went out of business almost as fast as others went into it; and the eldest apprentice was frequently the active successor of his retired master, sometimes as the partner of the son, and sometimes as the husband of the daughter. In the intercourse of ordinary life, a hospitality was kept up, at which modern times choose to mock, because they are too poverty-stricken to imitate it. Servants had presents made to them, by guests, under the title of 'vails,' which often enabled them to realise a comfortable sum for old age. The dress of the times was as rich, and as indicative of real wealth, as the modes of living. Gold and silver lace was commonly worn, and liveries were equally costly. With less pretence of taste and show, the dwellings were more substantially built; and the furniture was solid and serviceable, as well as ornamental—in short, all that it seemed to be."

The above remarks apply principally to the condition of the middle classes. If they be true, as we see no reason to doubt, it will at once be evident that things have altered for the worse, notwithstanding the enormous spread of our manufactures, the creation of our machinery, and the constant and continuous labour of more than a century and a half.

But there are other considerations which we must not keep out of view, if we wish to arrive at a thorough understanding of this matter. Mr. Macaulay has devoted the most interesting chapter of his history to an investigation of the social state of England under the Stuarts. Many of his assertions have, as we observe, been challenged; but there is one which, so far as we are aware, has not yet been touched. That is, his picture of the condition of the labouring man. We do not think it necessary to combat his theory, as to the delusion which he maintains to be so common, when we contemplate the times which have gone by, and compare them with our own. There are many kinds of delusion, and we suspect that Mr. Macaulay himself is by no means free from the practice of using coloured glasses to assist his natural vision. But there are certain facts which cannot, or ought not, to be perverted, and from those facts we may draw inferences which are almost next to certainty. Mr. Macaulay, in estimating the condition of the labouring man in the reign of King James, very properly selects the rate of wages as a sound criterion. Founding upon data which are neither numerous nor distinct, he arrives at the conclusion, that the wages of the agricultural labourer of that time, or rather of the time of Charles II., were about half the amount of the present ordinary rates. At least so we understand him, though he admits that, in some parts of the kingdom, wages were as high as six, or even seven shillings. *The value*, however, of these shillings—that is, the amount of commodities which they could purchase—must, as Mr. Macaulay well knows, be taken into consideration; and here we apprehend that he is utterly wrong in his facts. The following is his summary:—

“It seems clear, therefore, that the wages of labour, estimated in money, were, in 1685, not more than half of what they now are; and there were few articles important to the working man of which the price was not, in 1685, more than half of what it now is. Beer was undoubtedly much cheaper in that age than at present. Meat was also cheaper, but was still so dear that hundreds of thousands of families scarcely knew the taste of it. *In the cost of wheat there has been*

very little change. The average price of the quarter, during the last twelve years of Charles II., was *fifty shillings*. Bread, therefore, such as is now given to the inmates of a workhouse, was then seldom seen, even on the trencher of a yeoman or of a shopkeeper. The great majority of the nation lived almost entirely on rye, barley, and oats.”

If this be true, there must be a vast mistake somewhere—a delusion which most assuredly ought to be dispelled, if any amount of examination can serve that purpose. No fact, we believe, has been so well ascertained, or so frequently commented on, as the almost total disappearance of the once national estate of yeomen from the face of the land. How this could have happened, if Mr. Macaulay is right, we cannot understand; neither can we account for the phenomenon presented to us, by the exceedingly small amount of the poor-rates levied during the reign of King James. One thing we know, for certain, that, in his calculation of the price of wheat, Mr. Macaulay is decidedly wrong—wrong in this way, that the average which he quotes is the highest that he could possibly select during two reigns. Our authority is Adam Smith, and it will be seen that his statement differs most materially from that of the accomplished historian.

“In 1688, Mr. Gregory King, a man famous for his knowledge of matters of this kind, estimated the average price of wheat, in years of moderate plenty, to be to the grower 3s.6d the bushel, or *eight-and-twenty shillings the quarter*. The grower's price I understand to be the same with what is sometimes called the contract price, or the price at which a farmer contracts for a certain number of years to deliver a certain quantity of corn to a dealer. As a contract of this kind saves the farmer the expense and trouble of marketing, the contract price is generally lower than what is supposed to be the average market price. Mr. King had judged eight-and-twenty shillings the quarter to be, at that time, the ordinary contract price in years of moderate plenty.”—SMITH'S *Wealth of Nations*.

In corroboration of this view, if so eminent an authority as Adam Smith requires any corroboration, we subjoin the market prices of wheat at Oxford for the four years of James's reign. The averages are struck from

the highest and lowest prices calculated at Lady-day and Michaelmas.

1685,	43.8 per qr
1686,	26.8 ..
1687, .	27.7 ..
1688, .	23.2 ...

4)121.1 ..

Average, per qr., 30.34 ...

But the Oxford returns are always higher than those of Mark Lane, which latter again are above the average of the whole country. So that, in forming an estimate from such data, of the general price over England, we may be fairly entitled to deduct two shillings a quarter, which will give a result closely approximating to that of Gregory King. We may add, that this calculation was approved of and repeated by Dr. Davenant, who is admitted even by Mr. Macaulay to be a competent authority.

Keeping the above facts in view, let us attend to Mr. Doubleday's statement of the condition of the working men, in those despotic days, when national debts were unknown. It is diametrically opposed in every respect to that of Mr. Macaulay; and, from the character and research of the writer, is well entitled to examination:—

“The condition of the working classes was proportionably happy. Their wages were good, and their means far above want, where common prudence was joined to ordinary strength. In the towns the dwellings were cramped, by most of the towns being walled; but in the country, the labourers were mostly the owners of their own cottages and gardens, which studded the edges of the common lands that were appended to every township. The working classes, as well as the richer people, kept all the church festivals, saints' days, and holidays. Good Friday, Easter and its week, Whitsuntide, Shrove Tuesday, Ascension-day, Christmas, &c., were all religiously observed. On every festival, good fare abounded from the palace to the cottage: and the poorest wore strong broad-cloth and homespun linen, compared with which the flimsy fabrics of these times are mere worthless gossamers and cobwebs, whether strength or value be looked at. At this time, all the rural population brewed their own beer, which, except on fast-days, was the ordinary beverage of the working man.

Flesh meat was commonly eaten by all classes. The potato was little cultivated; oatmeal was hardly used; even bread was neglected where wheat was not ordinarily grown, though wheaten bread (contrary to what is sometimes asserted) was generally consumed. In 1760, a later date, when George III began to reign, it was computed that the whole people of England (alone) amounted to six millions. Of these, three millions seven hundred and fifty thousand were believed to eat wheaten bread; seven hundred and thirty-nine thousand were computed to use barley bread; eight hundred and eighty-eight thousand, rye bread; and six hundred and twenty-three thousand, oatmeal and oat-cakes. All, however, ate bacon or mutton, and drank beer and cider; tea and coffee being then principally consumed by the middle classes. The very diseases attending this full mode of living were an evidence of the state of national comfort prevailing. Surfeit, apoplexy, scrofula, gout, piles, and hepatitis; agues of all sorts, from the want of drainage; and malignant fevers in the walled towns, from want of ventilation, were the ordinary complaints. But consumption in all its forms, marasmus and atrophy, owing to the better living and clothing, were comparatively unfrequent; and the types of fever, which are caused by want, equally so.”

We shall fairly confess that we have been much confounded by the dissimilarity of the two pictures; for they probably furnish the strongest instance on record of two historians flatly contradicting each other. The worst of the matter is, that we have in reality few authentic data which can enable us to decide between them. So long as Gregory King speaks to broad facts and prices, he is, we think, accurate enough; but whenever he gives way, as he does exceedingly often, to his speculative and calculating vein, we dare not trust him. For example, he has entered into an elaborate computation of the probable increase of the people of England in succeeding years, and, after a show of figures which might excite envy in the breast of the Editor of *The Economist*, he demonstrates that the population in the year 1900 cannot exceed 7,350,000 souls. With half a century to run, England has already more than doubled the prescribed number. Now, though King certainly does attempt to frame an estimate of the number of those

who, in his time, did not indulge in butcher meat more than once a week, we cannot trust an assertion which was, in point of fact, neither more nor less than a wide guess; but we may, with perfect safety, accept his prices of provisions, which show that high living was clearly within the reach of the very poorest. Beef sold then at 1½d., and mutton at 2½d. per lb.; so that the taste of those viands must have been tolerably well known to the hundreds of thousands of families whom Mr. Macaulay has condemned to the coarsest farinaceous diet.

It is unfortunate that we have no clear evidence as to the poor-rates, which can aid us in elucidating this matter. Mr. Macaulay, speaking of that impost, says, "It was computed, in the reign of Charles II., at near seven hundred thousand pounds a-year, much more than the produce either of the excise or the customs, and little less than half the entire revenue of the crown. *The poor-rate went on increasing rapidly*, and appears to have risen in a short time to between eight and nine hundred thousand a-year—that is to say, to one-sixth of what it now is. The population was then less than one-third of what it now is." This view may be correct, but it is certainly not borne out by Mr. Porter, who says that, "so recently as the reign of George II., the amount raised within the year for poor-rates and county-rates in England and Wales, was only £730,000. This was the average amount collected in the years 1748, 1749, 1750." To establish anything like a rapid increase, we must assume a much lower figure than that from which Mr. Macaulay starts. A rise of £30,000 in some sixty years is no remarkable addition. Mr. Doubleday, as we have seen, estimates the amount of the rate at only £300,000.

But even granting that the poor-rate was considered high in the days of James, it bore no proportion to the existing population such as that of the present impost. The population of England has trebled since then, and we have seen the poor-rates rise to the enormous sum of seven millions. Surely that is no token of the superior comfort of our people. We shall not do more than allude to another topic,

which, however, might well bear amplification. It is beyond all doubt, that, before the Revolution, the agricultural labourer was the free master of his house and garden, and had, moreover, rights of pasturage and common, all which have long ago disappeared. The lesser freeholds, also, have been in a great measure absorbed. When a great national poet put the following lines into the mouth of one of his characters,—

"Even therefore grieve I for those yeomen,
England's peculiar and appropriate sons,
Known in no other land. Each boasts his
hearth,
And field as free, as the best lord his barony,
Owing subjection to no human vassalage.
Save to their king and law. Hence are they
resolute,
Leading the van on every day of battle.
As men who know the blessings they defend;
Hence are they frank and generous in peace,
As men who have their portion in its plenty.
No other kingdom shows such worth and
happiness
Vell'd in such low estate—therefore I mourn
them."

we doubt not that he intended to refer to the virtual extirpation of a race, which has long ago been compelled to part with its birthright, in order to satisfy the demands of inexorable Mammon. Even whilst we are writing, a strong and unexpected corroboration of the correctness of our views has appeared in the public prints. Towards the commencement of the present month, November, a deputation from the agricultural labourers of Wiltshire waited upon the Hon. Sidney Herbert, to represent the misery of their present condition. Their wages, they said, were from six to seven shillings a-week, and they asked, with much reason, how, upon such a pittance, they could be expected to maintain their families. This is precisely the same amount of nominal wage which Mr. Macaulay assigns to the labourer of the time of King James. But, in order to equalize the values, we must add a third more to the latter, which is at once decisive of the question. Perhaps Mr. Macaulay, in a future edition, will condescend to explain how it is possible that the labourer of our times can be in a better condition than his ancestor, seeing that the price of wheat is nearly doubled, and that of butcher-meat

fully quadrupled! We are content to take his own authorities, King and Davenant, as to prices; and the results are now before the reader.

These remarks we have felt ourselves compelled to make, because it is necessary that, before touching upon the institution of the national debt, we should clearly understand what was the true condition of the people. We believe it possible to condense the leading features within the compass of a single sentence. There were few colossal fortunes, because there was no stock gambling; there was little poverty, because taxation was extremely light, the means of labour within the reach of all, prices moderate, and provisions plentiful: there was less luxury, but more comfort, and that comfort was far more equally distributed than now. It is quite true, that if a man breaks his arm at the present day, he can have it better set; but rags and an empty belly are worse evils than indifferent surgical treatment.

We are very far from wishing to attribute this state of national comfort—for we think that is the fittest word—to the personal exertions of James. We give him no credit for it whatever. His bigotry was far greater than his prudence; and he forfeited his throne, and lost the allegiance of the gentlemen of England, in consequence of his insane attempt to thrust Popery upon the nation. But if we regard him simply as a financial monarch, we must admit that he taxed his subjects lightly, used the taxes which he drew judiciously for the public service and establishment, and imposed no burden upon posterity.

The peculiar, and, to them, fatal policy of the Stuart family was this, that they sought to reign as much as possible independent of the control of parliaments. Had they not been blinded by old traditions, they must have seen that, in attempting to do so, they were grasping at the shadow without the possibility of attaining the substance. They came to the English throne too late to command the public purse, and at a period of time when voluntary subsidies were visionary. They looked upon parliaments with an eye of extreme jealousy; and parliam-

ents, in return, were exceedingly chary of voting them the necessary supplies. Corruption, as it afterwards crept into the senate, was never used by the Stuarts as a direct engine of power. The sales of dignities by the first James, detrimental as they proved to the dignity of the crown, were in substitution of direct taxation from the people. When supplies were withheld, or only granted with a niggardly hand, it was but natural in the monarch to attempt to recruit his exchequer by means of extraordinary and often most questionable expedients. The second James, had he chosen to bribe the Commons, might have been utterly too strong for any combination of the nobles. William III. was troubled with no scruples on the score of prerogative. He saw clearly the intimate and indissoluble connexion between power and money: he secured both by acquiescing in a violent change of the constitution as it had hitherto existed; held them during his life, and used them for the furtherance of his own designs; and left us as his legacy the nucleus of a debt constructed on such a scheme that its influence must be felt to the remotest range of posterity.

That the exigencies of every state must be met by loans, is a proposition which it would be useless to question. Such loans are, however, strictly speaking, merely an anticipation of taxes to be raised from the country and generation which reaps the benefit of the expenditure. Such was the old principle, founded upon law, equity, and reason; and it signifies nothing how many instances of forced loans, and breach of repayment, may be culled from our earlier history. Mr. Macaulay says, "From a period of immemorial antiquity, it had been the practice of every English government to contract debts. What the Revolution introduced was the practice of honestly paying them." This is epigrammatic, but not sound. From the time when the Commons had the power of granting or withholding supplies, they became the arbiters of what was and what was not properly a state obligation. In order to ascertain the actual value of a debt, and the measure of the creditor's claim, we must necessarily look

to the nature of the security granted at the time of borrowing. Forced extortions by kings are not properly debts of the state. The sanction of the people, through its representatives, is required to make repayment binding upon the people. The practice which the Revolution introduced was the contraction of debt, not intended to be liquidated by the borrowing generation, but to be carried over so as to affect the industry of generations unborn; not to make the debtor pay, but to leave the payment to his posterity.

When William and Mary were proclaimed, there was no such thing as a national debt. We may indeed except a comparatively small sum, amounting to above half a million, which had been detained in exchequer by the profligate Charles II., and applied to his own uses. But this was not properly a state debt, nor was it acknowledged as such till a later period.

To those who are capable of appreciating that genius which is never so strongly shown as in connexion with political affairs, the conduct of William is a most interesting study. It would be impossible to exaggerate his qualities of clear-sightedness and decision; or to select a more forcible instance of that ascendancy which a man of consummate discernment and forethought may attain, in spite of every opposition. He had, in truth, very difficult cards to play. The different parties, both religious and political, throughout the nation, were so strongly opposed to each other, that it seemed impossible to adopt any line of conduct, which should not, by favouring one, give mortal umbrage to the others. It was reserved for William, by a master-stroke of policy, to create a new party by new means, which in time should absorb the others; and to strengthen his government by attaching to it the commercial classes, by a tie which is ever the strongest—that of deep pecuniary interest in the stability of existing affairs. At the same time he was most desirous, without materially increasing the taxation of England, to raise such sums of money as might enable him to prosecute his darling object of striking a death-blow at the

ascendency of France. The scheme answered well—possibly beyond his most sanguine expectation. Nor was it altogether without a precedent.

"In Holland," says Mr. Doubleday, "the country of his birth, the Dutch king and his advisers found both a precedent to quote, and an example to follow. By its position and circumstances, this country, inconsiderable in size and population, and not naturally defensible, had been compelled to act the part, for a series of years, of a leading power in Europe; and this it had only been enabled to do, by that novel arm which a very extensive foreign trade is sure to create, and by the money drawn together by successful trading. Venice had at an earlier period played a similar part; but a series of struggles at last led the huckstering genius of the Dutch into a system at which the Venetian public had not arrived: and this was the fabrication of paper money, the erection of a bank to issue it, and the systematic borrowing of that money, and the creation of debt on the part of government, for only the interest of which taxes were demanded of the people. Here was machinery set up and at work; and, in the opinion of interested and superficial observers, working successfully. It was, accordingly, soon proposed to set up a copy of this machinery in England, and in 1694, the blow was struck which was destined to have effects so monstrous, so long continued, and so marvellous, on the fortunes of England and her people; and the establishment, since known as the Bank of England, was erected under the sanction of the government."

The worst and most dangerous feature of a permanent national debt is, that during the earlier stages of its existence, an appearance of factitious prosperity is generated, and the nation consequently blinded to its remote but necessary results. The tendency to such a delusion is inherent in human nature. *Après nous le déluge!* is a sorry maxim, which has been often acted on, if not quoted by statesmen, who, like a certain notable Scottish provost, being unable to discover anything that posterity has done for them, have thought themselves entitled to deal as they pleased with posterity. The proceeds of the earlier loans enabled William to carry on his wars; and the nation, puffed up with pride, looked upon the new discovery as something far more important and

valuable than the opening of another Indies. Nor did William confine himself merely to loans. Lotteries, tontines, long and short annuities, and every species of device for raising money, were patronised and urged on by the former Stadtholder, and the rage for public gambling became uncontrollable and universal. As we have just emerged from one of those periodical fits of speculation which seem epidemical in Great Britain, and which in fact have been so ever since the Revolution, it may be interesting to the reader to know, that the introduction of the new system was marked by precisely the same social phenomena which were observable four years ago, when the shares in every bubble railway scheme commanded a ridiculous premium. We quote from the work of Mr. Francis:—

"The moneyed interest—a title familiar to the reader of the present day—was unknown until 1692. It was then arrogated by those who saw the great advantage of entering into transactions in the funds for the aid of government. The title claimed by them in pride was employed by others in derision; and the purse-proud importance of men grown suddenly rich was a common source of ridicule. Wealth rapidly acquired has been invariably detrimental to the manners and the morals of the nation, and in 1692 the rule was as absolute as now. The moneyed interest intoxicated by the possession of wealth, which their wildest dreams had never imagined, and incensed by the cold contempt with which the landed interest treated them, endeavoured to rival the latter in that magnificence which was one characteristic of the landed families. Their carriages were radiant with gold; their persons were radiant with gems; they married the poorer branches of the nobility; they eagerly purchased the princely mansions of the old aristocracy. The brush of Sir Godfrey Kneller, and the chisel of Caius Cibber, were employed in perpetuating their features. Their wealth was rarely grudged to humble the pride of a Howard, or a Cavendish; and the money gained by the father was spent by the son in acquiring a distinction at the expense of decency."

It is curious to remark that the Stock Exchange cannot be said to have had any period of minority. It leaped out at once full-armed, like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter. All the arts of *bulling* and *bearing*, of

false rumours, of expresses, combinations, squeezings—all that constitute the mystery of Mammon, were known as well to the fathers of the Alley, as they are to their remote representatives. Nay, it would almost appear that the patriarchal jobber had more genius than has since been inherited. William's retinue did not consist only of mercenaries and refugees. Hovering on the skirts of his army came the sons of Israel, with beaks whetted for the prey, and appetites which never can be sated. *Vixere forties ante Agamemnona*—there were earlier vultures than Nathan Rothschild. The principal negotiators of the first British loan were Jews. They assisted the Stadtholder with their counsel, and a Mephistopheles of the money-making race attached himself even to the side of Marlborough. According to Mr. Francis:—"The wealthy Hebrew, Medina, accompanied Marlborough in all his campaigns; administered to the avarice of the great captain by an annuity of six thousand pounds per annum; repaid himself by expresses containing intelligence of those great battles which fire the English blood to hear them named; and Ramilies, Oudenarde, and Blenheim, administered as much to the purse of the Hebrew as they did to the glory of England."

It has been estimated, upon good authority, that from fifteen to twenty per cent. of every loan raised in England, has, directly or indirectly, found its way to the coffers of those unconscionable Shylocks; so that it is small wonder if we hear of colossal fortunes coexisting with extreme national depreciation and distress. We might, indeed, estimate their profits at a much higher rate. Dr. Charles Davenant, in his essay on the *Balance of Trade*, written in the earlier part of the last century, remarked—"While these immense debts remain, the necessities of the government will continue, interest must be high, and large premiums will be given. And what encouragement is there for men to think of foreign traffic (whose returns for those commodities that enrich England must bring no great profit to the private adventurers) when they can sit at home, and, without any care or hazard, get from the state, by dealing

with the exchequer, fifteen, and sometimes twenty, thirty, forty, and fifty per cent.? Is there any commerce abroad so constantly advantageous?" We apprehend not. Capital is defined by the economists as the accumulation of the savings of industry. Such men as Rothschild have no doubt been industrious, but not according to the ordinary acceptation of the term. Their industry is of a wholesale kind. It is confined to a resolute and systematic endeavour to avail themselves of the savings of others; and we need hardly state that, in this pursuit, they have shown themselves most eminently successful.

The remarkable change which took place in the monetary system of England, under the auspices of William, could not, of course, have been effected without the concurrence of parliament. That body had certainly no reason to charge him with neglect of their interests. The representatives of the people for the first time began to understand, that there might be certain perquisites arising from their situation as men of trust, which could be made available to them, provided they were not too scrupulous as to the requirements of the crown. The maffiff which had bayed so formidably at James and his predecessors, because none of them would deign to cajole him, became at once amenable to a sop. Mr. Macaulay should have written: "The revolution of 1688 did not introduce the practice of regularly summoning parliaments; what it introduced was the practice of regularly bribing them." Mr. Francis, though an apologist of King William, who, as he thinks, was compelled to act thus from imperious necessity, is not blind to this stigma on his memory. He also believes that the settled animosity between England and France, which has caused so many wars, and led to such an extravagant expenditure of blood and treasure, is mainly to be attributed to the persevering efforts of William of Orange. The following summary is of much interest:—

"The parliamentary records of William's reign are curious. The demands which he made for money, the hatred to France which he encouraged, and the frequent supplies he received, are remarkable features in his history. Every art

was employed; at one time a mild remonstrance, at another a haughty menace, at a third the reproach that he had ventured his life for the benefit of the country. The bribery, during this reign, was the commencement of a system which has been very injurious to the credit and character of England. The support of the members was purchased with places, with contracts, with titles, with promises, with portions of the loans, and with tickets in the lottery. The famous axiom of Sir Robert Walpole was a practice and a principle with William; he found that custom could not stale the infinite variety of its effect, and that, so long as bribes continued, so long would supplies be free. Exorbitant premiums were given for money; and so low was public credit, *that of five millions granted to carry on the war, only two and a half millions reached the Exchequer.* Long annuities and short annuities, lottery tickets and irredeemable debts, made their frequent appearance; and the duties, which principally date from this period, were most pernicious."

These things are elements of importance in considering the political history of the country. They explain the reason why the great bulk of the nation never cordially supported the new succession; and why, for the first time in English history, their own representative house lost caste and credit with the commons. Fifty years later, when Charles Edward penetrated into the heart of England, he met with no opposition. If the inhabitants of the counties through which he passed did not join his standard, they thought as little of making any active opposition to his advance; thereby exhibiting an apathy totally at variance with the high national and independent spirit which in all times has characterised the English, and to be accounted for on no other ground than their disgust with the new system which, even then, had swollen the amount of taxation to an extent seriously felt by the commonalty, and which had so corrupted parliament that redress seemed hopeless within the peaceful limits of the constitution. The proclamation issued by the prince, from Edinburgh, bore direct reference to the funded debt, and to the notorious ministerial bribery; and it must have found an echo in the hearts of many, who began to perceive that the cry of civil and religious liberty is the standard stalking-horse for every

revolution, but that the result of revolutions is too commonly an imperative demand upon the people for a large augmentation of their burdens, backed too by the very demagogues who were the instigators of the violent change. In this crisis, the moneyed interest, which William had so dexterously created, saved the new dynasty—less, certainly, from patriotism, than from the fear of personal ruin.

It is a memorable fact that, from the very first, the Tory party opposed themselves strenuously to the creation and progress of the national debt. It is well that those who, in our own times, bitterly denounce the system which has landed us in such inextricable difficulties, and which has had the effect of rearing up class interests, irreconcilably opposed to each other, in once united England, should remember that for all this legacy we are specially indebted to the Whigs. Except by Tory ministers, and in one case by Walpole, no attempt has been made to stem the progress of the current; and this consideration is doubly valuable at this moment, when it is proposed, by a vigorous effort, to make head against the monster grievance, and, by the establishment of an inviolable sinking-fund, to commence that work which liberal and juggling politicians have hitherto shamefully evaded. It is more than probable that "the moneyed interest" will throw the whole weight of their influence in opposition to any such movement; unless, indeed, they should begin already to perceive that there may be worse evils in store for them than a just liquidation of their claims. Matters have now gone so far as to be perilous, if no practicable mode of ultimate extrication can be shown. Real property cannot be taxed any higher—indeed, the landowners have claims for relief from peculiar burdens imposed upon them, which in equity can hardly be gainsaid. The property and income-tax, admittedly an impolitic impost in the time of peace, cannot remain long on its present footing. To tax professional earnings at the same rate as the profits of accumulated capital, is a manifest and gross injustice against which people are beginning to rebel. There is no choice left, except between direct taxation and a

recurrence to the system which we have abandoned, of raising the greater part of our revenue by duties upon foreign imports. The former method, now openly advocated by the financial reformers, is, in our opinion, a direct step towards repudiation. Let the fundholders look to it in time, and judge for themselves what results are likely to accrue from such a policy. One thing is clear, that if no effort should be made to redeem any portion of the debt—but if, on the contrary, circumstances should arise, the probability of which is before us even now, to call for its augmentation, and for a corresponding increase of the public revenue, the financial reformers will not be slow to discover that the only interest hitherto unassailed must submit to suffer in its turn. The Whigs are now brought to such a pass, that they cannot hope to see their way to a surplus. We shall have no more of those annual remissions of duties, which for years past have been made the boast of every budget, but to which, in reality, the greater part of our present difficulties is owing. Had a sinking fund been established long ago, and rigidly maintained, and at the same time the revenue kept full, the nation would ere now have been reaping the benefit of such a policy. We should have had the satisfaction of seeing our debt annually diminishing, and the interest of it becoming less; whereas, by the wretched system of fiddling popularity which has been pursued, the debt has augmented in time of peace, the annual burdens absolutely increased, ruinous competition been fostered, and internal jealousies excited. The Whigs, who arrogate for themselves, not only now but in former times, the guardianship of the liberties of Britain, have taken especial pains to conceal the fact that they were, in reality, the authors of our funding system, and the bitterest opponents of those who early desisted its remote and ruinous consequences. Their motives cannot be concealed, however it may be their interest at the present time to gloss them over. Lord Bolingbroke thus exposes their occult designs, in his "*Letters on the Use of History.*"

"Few men, at the time (1688), looked forward enough to foresee the necessary consequences of the new constitution of

the revenue that was soon afterwards formed, nor of the method of funding that immediately took place; which, absurd as they are, have continued ever since, till it is become scarce possible to alter them. Few people, I say, saw how the creation of funds, and the multiplication of taxes, would increase yearly the power of the Crown, and bring our liberties, by a natural and necessary progression, into more real though less apparent danger than they were in before the Revolution! The excessive ill husbandry practised from the very beginning of King William's reign, and which laid the foundation of all we feel and fear, was not the effect of ignorance, mistake, or what we call chance, *but of design and scheme in those who had the sway at the time.* I am not so uncharitable, however, as to believe that they intended to bring upon their country all the mischiefs that we who came after them experience and apprehend. No: they saw the measures they took singly and unrelatively, or relatively alone to some immediate object. The notion of attaching men to the new government, by tempting them to embark their fortunes on the same bottom, was a reason of state to some; the notion of creating a new, that is, a moneyed interest, in opposition to the landed interest, or as a balance to it, and of acquiring a superior interest in the city of London at least, by the establishment of great corporations, was a reason of party to others; and I make no doubt that the opportunity of amassing immense estates, by the management of funds, by trafficking in paper, and by all the arts of jobbing, was a reason of private interest to those who supported and improved that scheme of iniquity, if not to those who devised it. They looked no further. Nay, we who came after them, and have long tasted the bitter fruits of the corruption they planted, were far from taking such alarm at our distress and our dangers as they deserved."

In like manner wrote Swift, and Hume, and Smith; nor need we wonder at their vehemence, when we direct our attention to the rapid increase of the charge. William's legacy was £16,400,000 of debt, at an annual charge to the nation of about £1,311,000. At the death of Queen Anne, the debt amounted to fifty-four millions, and the interest to three millions, three hundred and fifty thousand—being nearly double the *whole* revenue raised by King James! The total amount of the annual revenue

under Queen Anne, was more than five millions and a half. Under George I., singular to relate, there was no increase of the debt. At the close of the reign of George II., it amounted to about a hundred and forty millions; and, in 1793, just one hundred years after the introduction of the funding system in Britain, we find it at two hundred and fifty-two millions, with an interest approaching to ten. Twenty-two years later, that amount was more than trebled. These figures may well awaken grave consideration in the bosoms of all of us. The past is irremediable; and it would be a gross and unpardonable error to conclude, that a large portion of the sum thus raised and expended was uselessly thrown away; or that the corruption employed by the founders of the system, to secure the acquiescence of parliament, was of long continuance. On the contrary, it is undeniable that the result of many of the wars in which Britain engaged has been her commercial, territorial, and political aggrandisement; and that bribery, in a direct form, is now most happily unknown. The days have gone by since the parliamentary guests of Walpole could calculate on finding a note for £500 folded up in their dinner napkins—since great companies applying for a charter, were compelled to purchase support—or when peace could only be obtained, as in the following instance, by means of purchased votes:—"The peace of 1763," said John Ross Mackay, private secretary to the Earl of Bute, and afterwards Treasurer to the Ordnance, "was carried through, and approved, by a pecuniary distribution. Nothing else could have surmounted the difficulty. I was myself the channel through which the money passed. With my own hand I secured above one hundred and twenty votes on that vital question. Eighty thousand pounds was set apart for the purpose. Forty members of the House of Commons received from me a thousand pounds each. To eighty others I paid five hundred pounds a-piece." Still we cannot disguise the fact, that a vast amount of the treasure so levied, and for every shilling of which the industry of the nation was mortgaged, never reached the coffers of the state,

but passed in the shape of bonuses, premiums, and exorbitant contracts, to rear up those fortunes which have been the wonder and admiration of the world. Nor is it less palpable that the fortunes so constructed could not have had existence, unless abstracted from the regular industry of the country, to the inevitable detriment of the labourer, whose condition has at all times received by far too little consideration. Add to this the spirit of public gambling, which, since the Revolution, has manifested itself periodically in this country—the sudden fever-fits which seem to possess the middle classes of the community, and, by conjuring up visions of unbounded and unbased wealth, without the necessary preliminary of labour, to extinguish their wanted prudence—and we must conclude that the funding system has been pregnant with social and moral evils which have extended to the whole community. Before we pass from this subject—which we have dwelt upon at considerable length, believing it of deep interest at the present point of our financial history—we would request the attention of our readers to the following extract from the work of Mr. Francis, as condemnatory of the policy pursued by recent governments, and as tending to throw light on the ultimate designs of the Financial Reform Associations. It is quite possible that, in matters of detail, we might not agree with the writer—at least, he has given us no means of ascertaining upon what principles he would base an “efficient revision of our taxation;” but we cordially agree with him in thinking that, as we presently stand, the right arm of Great Britain is tied up, and the Bank of England, under its present restrictions, in extreme jeopardy at the first announcement of a war.

“It is one great evil of the present age, that it persists in regarding the debt as perpetual. Immediately the expenditure is exceeded by the revenue, there is a demand for the reduction of taxation. We, a commercial people, brought up at the feet of M'Culloch, with the books of national debt as a constant study, with the interest on the national debt as a constant remembrancer, persist in scoffing at any idea of decreasing the encumbrance:

and when a Chancellor of the Exchequer proposes a loan of eight millions, we growl and grumble, call it charitable, trust for better times, and read the Opposition papers with renewed zest.

“There is no doubt that the resources of the nation are equal to far more than is now imposed; but it can only be done by an efficient revision of our taxation, and this will never be effected till the wolf is at the door. A war which greatly increased our yearly imposts would, with the present system, crush the artisan, paralyse the middle class, and scarcely leave the landed proprietor unscathed. The convertibility of the note of the Bank of England would cease; and it would be impossible to preserve the charter of Sir Robert Peel in its entirety, while twenty-eight millions were claimable yearly in specie, and the gold of the country went abroad in subsidies.

“In an earlier portion of the volume, the writer briefly advocated annuities as one mode of treating the national debt. There would in this be no breach of faith to the present public: there would be no dread of a general bankruptcy; there would be no need of loans; and, had this principle been carried out, the national debt would be yearly diminishing. In ten years, nearly two millions of terminable annuities will expire, and it behoves the government to inquire into the effect which the conversion of the interminable debt into terminable annuities would have on the money market.

“It is absolutely idle for the Financial Reform Association to think of effectually lowering the taxation of the country, while twenty-eight millions are paid for interest; and it is to be feared that great evil will accompany whatever good they may achieve. That there are many offices which might be abolished; that it is a rule in England that the least worked should be best paid; that an extravagant system of barbaric grandeur exists; that the army and the navy, the pulpit and the bar, are conducted unwisely; and that great men are paid great salaries for doing nothing,—is indisputable; but it is equally so that great savings have been effected, and that greater efforts are making to economise further. There is a faith pledged to the public servant as much as to the public creditor; and, whether he be a colonel or a clerk, a man of peace or a man of war, it is impracticable, imprudent, and unjust to attempt that which would as much break faith with him, as to cease to pay the dividends on the national debt would be to break faith with the national creditor.

“These things are paltry and puerile

compared with that which, excepting a total revision of taxation, can alone materially meet the difficulties of England; and the gentlemen of the Reform Association are aware of this. They may cut down salaries; lower the defences of the country; abolish expensive forms and ceremonies; amalgamate a few boards of direction; reduce the civil list; and do away with all sinecures. But the evil is too vast, and the difficulties are too gigantic, to be met in so simple a manner. Nor will these gentlemen be satisfied with it while there are eight hundred millions at which to level their Quixotic spear. Repudiation was darkly alluded to at one meeting of the Association, and, though it has since been denied, it is to be feared that time only is required to ripen the attempt."

Turn we now from the national debt to its eldest offspring, the Exchange. Marvellous indeed are the scenes to which we are introduced, whether we read its history as in the time of William of Orange, enter it at the period when the South Sea bubble had reached its utmost width of distension, or tread its precincts at a more recent date, when railway speculation was at its height, and the Glenmutchkin at a noble premium. John Bunyan could not have had a glimpse of it, for he died in 1688: nevertheless his *Vanity Fair* is no inaccurate prototype of its doings. No stranger, indeed, may enter the secret place where its prime mysteries are enacted: if any uninitiated wight should by chance or accident set foot within that charmed circle, the alarm is given as rapidly as in Alsatia when a bailliff trespassed upon the sanctuary. With a shout of "Fourteen hundred fives!" the slogan of their clan, Jew, Gentile, and proselyte precipitate themselves upon the rash intruder. In the twinkling of an eye, his hat is battered down, and amidst kicks, cuffs, and bustling, he is ejected from the temple of Mammon. But, lingering in the outer court and vestibule, we can gain some glimpses of the interior worship; imperfect, indeed, but such as may well deter us from aspiring to form part of the congregation.

The creation and transferable character of public funds, necessarily involved the existence of a class of men who deal in such securities. That class multiplied apace, and multiplied so

much that, after a time, the commissions exigible for each *bona fide* transaction could not afford a decent subsistence for all who were engaged in the business. People who buy into the stocks with a view to permanent investment, are not usually in a hurry to sell; and this branch of the profession, though, strictly speaking, the only legitimate one, could not be very lucrative. Gambling was soon introduced. The fluctuations in the price of the funds, which were frequent in those unsettled times, presented an irresistible temptation to buying and selling for the account—a process by means of which a small capital may be made to represent fictitiously an enormous amount of stock: no transfers being required, and in fact no sales effected, the real stake being the difference between the buying and the selling prices. But, the natural fluctuations of the stocks not affording a sufficient margin for the avarice of the speculators, all sorts of deep-laid schemes were hatched to elevate or depress them unnaturally. In other words, fraud was resorted to, from a very early period, for the purpose of promoting gain. The following may serve as an example:—"The first political hoax on record occurred in the reign of Anne. Down the Queen's road, riding at a furious rate, ordering turnpikes to be thrown open, and loudly proclaiming the sudden death of the Queen, rode a well-dressed man, sparing neither spur nor steed. From west to east, and from north to south, the news spread. Like wild fire it passed through the desolate fields where palaces now abound, till it reached the City. The train-bands desisted from their exercise, furled their colours, and returned home with their arms reversed. The funds fell with a suddenness which marked the importance of the intelligence; and it was remarked that, while the Christian jobbers stood aloof, almost paralysed with the information, Manasseh Lopez and the Jew interest bought eagerly at the reduced price." The whole thing was a lie, coined by the astute Hebrews, who then, as now, accumulated the greater part of their money in this disgraceful and infamous manner, and doubtless had the audacity even to glory in their shame. A more ingeni-

ous trick was played off in 1715, when a sham capture was made in Scotland of a carriage and six, supposed to contain the unfortunate Chevalier St. George. The news, being despatched to London, instantly elevated the funds, "and the inventors of the trick laughed in their sleeves as they divided the profit." Modern jobbers will doubtless read these records with a sigh for the glory of departed times, just as a schoolboy bitterly regrets that he was not born in the days of chivalry. Universal rapidity of communication, and the power of the press, have rendered such operations on a large scale almost impossible. The electric telegraph has injured the breed of carrier pigeons, and more than half the poetry of fraudulent stock-jobbing has disappeared.

The range of the jobbers speedily extended itself beyond the comparatively narrow field presented by the funds. Exchequer bills with a variable premium were invented and brought into the market, a large and lucrative business was done in lottery tickets, and even seats in Parliament were negotiated on the Stock Exchange. Joint-stock companies next came into play, and these have ever since proved an inexhaustible mine of wealth to the jobbers. Nor were they in the least particular as to the nature of the commodity in which they dealt. Thomas Guy, founder of the hospital called after his name, acquired his fortune by means similar to those which are now made matter of reproach to the Jews of Portsmouth and Plymouth. It is a curious feature in the history of mankind, that money questionably amassed is more often destined to pious uses than the savings of honest industry. The conscience of the usurer becomes alarmed as the hour of dissolution draws nigh. "His principal dealings were in those tickets with which, from the time of the second Charles, the seamen had been remunerated. After years of great endurance, and of greater labour, the defenders of the land were paid with inconvertible paper; and the seamen, too often improvident, were compelled to part with their wages at any discount, which the conscience of the usurer would offer. Men who had gone the round of the

world like Drake, or had fought hand to hand with Tromp, were unable to compete with the keen agent of the usurer, who, decoying them into the low haunts of Rotherhithe, purchased their tickets at the lowest possible price; and skilled seamen, the glory of England's navy, were thus robbed and ruined, and compelled to transfer their services to foreign states. In these tickets did Thomas Guy deal, and on the savings of these men was the vast superstructure of his fortune reared. But jobbing in them was as frequent in the high places of England as in 'Change Alley. The seaman was poor and unrefusential, and the orders which were refused payment to him were paid to the wealthy jobber, who parted with some of his plunder as a premium to the treasury to disgorge the remainder." But, frauds and injustice, even when countenanced by governments, have rarely other than a disastrous issue to the state. So in the case of those seamen's tickets. That the wages due to the sailor should have fallen into arrears during the reigns of Charles and of James, need excite little surprise, when we remember that the revenue in their day never exceeded two millions annually. But that the abuse should have been continued after the revolutionary government had discovered its easy method of raising subsidies—more especially when ample proof had been given of the danger of such a system, by the want of alacrity displayed by the English seamen when the Dutch fleet burned our vessels in the Thames and threatened Chatham—is indeed matter of marvel, and speaks volumes as to the gross corruption of the times. So infamous was the neglect, that at length the sailors' tickets had accumulated to the amount of nine millions sterling of arrears. Not one farthing had been provided to meet this huge demand; and in order to stay the clamours of the holders,—not now mariners, but men of the stamp of Thomas Guy,—Parliament erected them into that body known as the South Sea Company, the transactions of which will ever be memorable in the commercial history of Great Britain.

The existence of this company

dates from the reign of Queen Anne; but for some years its operations were conducted on a small scale, and it only assumed importance in 1719, when exclusive privileges of trading within certain latitudes were assured to it. We quote from Mr. Doubleday the following particulars, which utterly eclipse the grandeur of modern gambling and duplicity.

"As soon as the act had fairly passed the Houses, the stock of the company at once rose to *three hundred and nineteen per cent.*; and a mad epidemic of speculative gambling seemed, at once, to seize the whole nation, with the exception of Mr. Hutchison, and a few others, who not only preserved their sanity, but energetically warned the public of the ultimate fate of the scheme and its dupes. The public, however, was deaf. The first sales of stock by the Court of Directors were made at three hundred per cent. Two millions and a quarter were taken, and the market price at once reached *three hundred and forty*—double the first instalment according to the terms of payment. To set out handsomely, the Court voted a dividend of ten per cent. upon South Sea Stock, being only a half-yearly dividend, payable at midsummer, 1720. To enable persons to hold, they also offered to lend half a million on security of their own stock; and afterwards increased the amount to a million, or nearly so. These bold steps gained the whole affair such an increase of credit, that, upon a bare notice that certain irredeemable annuities would be received for stock, upon terms hereafter to be settled, numbers of annuitants deposited their securities at the South Sea House, without knowing the terms! About June, when the first half-yearly dividend was becoming due, the frenzy rose to such a pitch, that the stock was sold at *eight hundred and ninety per cent.* This extravagance, however, made so many sellers, that the price suddenly fell, and uneasiness began to be manifested; when the Directors had the inconceivable audacity to propose to create new stock at *one thousand per cent.*, to be paid in ten instalments of one hundred pounds each. Strange to relate, this desperate villany turned the tide again, and, to use the words of Anderson, 'in a few days the hundred pound instalment was worth *four hundred l.'*'"

We invariably find that the success, whether real or pretended, of any one scheme gives rise to a host of imitations. If any new company, whatever be its

object, is started, and the shares are selling at a premium, we may look with perfect confidence for the announcement of six or seven others before as many days have elapsed. This is, of course, partly owing to the cupidity of the public; but that cupidity could not manifest itself so soon in a tangible form, but for the machinations of certain parties, who see their way to a profit whatever may be the result of the speculation. Amidst the ruin and desolation which invariably follow those seasons of infuriated and infatuated gambling, to which we are now almost habituated, such men preserve a tranquil and a calm demeanour. And no wonder: they have reaped the harvest which the folly of others has sown. At the hottest and most exciting period of the game, they have their senses as completely under control as the sharper who has deliberately dined on chicken and lemonade, with the prospect of encountering afterwards an inebriated victim at Crockford's. They may play largely, but they only do so while their hand is safe; the moment luck changes, they sell out, and leave the whole loss to be borne by the unfortunate dupes, who, believing in their deliberate falsehoods, still continue to hold on, trusting to the advent of those fabulous better times which, in their case, never can arrive. It has been so in our own times, and it was so when the South Sea bubble was expanding on its visionary basis. Multitudes of minor schemes were projected, subscribed for, and driven up to an exorbitant premium. The shares of really solid companies participated in the rise, and mounted correspondingly in the market. The nominal value of all the sorts of stock then afloat was computed at no less than five hundred millions; being exactly double the estimated value of the whole lands, houses, and real property in the kingdom!

The collapse came, and brought ruin to thousands who thought that they held fortune within their grasp. The history of the downfall is not less suggestive than that of the rapid rise. It has had its parallel in our days, when the most rotten and unsubstantial of companies have brazened out their frauds to the last, doctored

accounts, declared fictitious dividends, and threatened with legal prosecution those who had the courage and the honesty to expose them.

"The minor bubbles burst first, when the South Sea schemers were foolish enough to apply for a *scire facias* against their projectors, on the ground that their schemes injured the credit of the grand scheme. This turned quondam allies into furious enemies. The *scire facias* was issued on 13th August 1720, when the downfall began: and Mr. Hutchison saw his predictions completely fulfilled. The South Sea villains, in sheer desperation, declared a *half-yearly dividend of thirty per cent.* due at Christmas, and offered to guarantee fifty per cent. per annum for twelve years! They might as well have declared it for the thirtieth of February. Everything was done to prop the reputation of the directors, but all was in vain; and when the stock fell at last to one hundred and seventy-five, a panic ensued, and all went to the ground together, totally ruining thousands, and nearly dragging the Bank and East India Company along with it."

Mr. Francis gives us some interesting anecdotes of the casualties arising from this gigantic scheme of imposture. Gay, the author of the *Beggar's Opera*, was a holder of stock, and at one time might have sold out with a profit of twenty thousand pounds—an opportunity very rarely vouchsafed to a poet. In spite of shrewd advice, he neglected his chance, and lost every penny. One Hudson, a native of Yorkshire, who had succeeded to a large fortune, went deeply into the scheme. From a millionaire he became a beggar and insane, and wandered through the streets of London a pitiable object of charity. But it would be work of supererogation to multiply instances of similar calamity. They are reproduced over and over again at the conclusion of every fit of wild and reckless speculation; and yet the warning, terrible as it is, seems to have no effect in restraining the morbid appetite.

It would, we apprehend, be impossible to find any one who will advocate gambling upon principle; though a multitude of excellent persons, who would shrink with horror were the odious epithet applied to them, are, nevertheless, as much gamblers as if they were staking their money at

rouge-et-noir or *roulette*. The man who buys into a public stock with the intention of selling in a week or a fortnight, in the expectation of doing so at an advanced price, or the other who sells shares which he does not possess, in the confident belief of a speedy fall, is, in everything save decency of appearance, on a par with the haunter of the casino. He may, if he so pleases, designate himself an investor, but, in reality, he is a common gamester. This may be a hard truth, but it is a wholesome one, and it cannot be too often repeated, at a time when general usage, and yielding to temptation, have perverted words from their ordinary significance, and led many of us to justify transactions which, when tried by the standard of morality, and stripped of their disguise, ought to be unhesitatingly condemned. "He that loveth gold shall not be justified," said the son of Sirach. "Many have sinned for a small matter; and he that seeketh for abundance will turn his eyes away. As a nail sticketh fast between the joinings of the stones, so doth sin stick close between buying and selling." This spirit, when it becomes general in the nation, cannot be otherwise than most hurtful to its welfare, since it diverts the thoughts of many from those industrial pursuits which are profitable to themselves and others, and leads them astray from that honourable and upright course which is the sure and only road to wealth, happiness, and esteem. This has been, to a certain extent, acknowledged by government, even within our own time. The pernicious effect of the lotteries, originally a state device, upon the morals and condition of the lower classes, as testified by the vast increase of crime, became at length so glaring, that these detestable engines of fraud were suppressed by act of parliament. They still linger on the Continent, as most of us have reason to know from the annual receipt of documents, copiously circulated by the Jews of Hamburg and Frankfort, offering us, in exchange for a few florins, the chance of becoming proprietors of several chateaux on the Rhine, with boar-forests, mineral springs, vineyards, and other appurtenances. We presume, from

the continuity of the circulars, that Israel still finds its dupes; but we never happened, save in one of Charles Lever's novels, to hear of any person lucky enough to stumble on the ticket which secured the right to Henkersberg, Bettlersbad, or Narrenstein. The extent to which lottery gambling was carried in this country seems to us absolutely incredible. Derby sweeps were nothing to it.

"In 1772," says Mr. Francis, "lottery magazine proprietors, lottery tailors, lottery staymakers, lottery glovers, lottery hatmakers, lottery tea merchants, lottery barbers—where a man, for being shaved and paying threepence, stood a chance of receiving £10; lottery shoeblacks, lottery eating-houses—where, for sixpence, a plate of meat and the chance of 60 guineas were given; lottery oyster-stalls—where threepence gave a supply of oysters, and a remote chance of five guineas, were plentiful; and, to complete a catalogue which speaks volumes, at a sausage-stall, in a narrow alley, was the important intimation written up, that, for one farthing's worth of sausages, the fortunate purchaser might realise a capital of five shillings. Quack doctors, a class which formed so peculiar a feature in village life of old, sold medicine at a high price, giving those who purchased it tickets in a lottery purporting to contain silver and other valuable prizes."

A new discovery was presently made, which had a serious effect upon trade. Money-prizes were discontinued, and shopkeepers, parcelling out their goods, disposed of them by lottery. As a matter of course, this business, commenced by disreputable adventurers, proved most injurious to the regular dealer. People refused to buy an article at the regular price, when it might be obtained for next to nothing. They were, however, utterly wrong, for the staple of the prize goods, when inspected, proved to be of the most flimsy description. Tickets in the state lotteries became the subject of pawn, and were so received by the brokers, and even by the bankers. Suicide was rife; forgery grew common; theft increased enormously. Husbands and fathers saw their wives and children reduced to absolute starvation, and weeping bitterly for bread, and yet pawned their last articles of household furniture for one more desperate chance in the lottery. Wives

betrayed their husbands, and plundered them for the same purpose. Servants robbed their masters; commissions and offices were sold. Insurance was resorted to, to accommodate all classes. Those who had not money to pay for tickets might insure a certain number for a small sum, and thus obtain a prize; and so lottery grew upon lottery, and the sphere was indefinitely extended. It was not until 1826 that this abominable system was finally crushed. The image of the vans, placards, and handbills of Bish is still fresh in our memory; and we pray devoutly that succeeding generations may never behold a similar spectacle.

It would be in vain for us, within the limits of an article, to attempt even the faintest sketch of the speculative manias which, from time to time, have affected the prosperity of Great Britain. Some of these have been quite as baseless as the South Sea bubble, and may be directly traced to the agency and instigation of the Stock Exchange. Others were founded upon schemes of manifest advantage to the public, and even to the proprietary, if cautiously and wisely carried out; but here again the passion for gambling has been insanely developed, and encouraged by those who sought to make fortunes at the expense of their dupes. There is at all times, in this country, a vast deal of unemployed capital, which, in the cant phrase, "is waiting for investment," and which cannot well be invested in any of the ordinary channels of business. The fact is, that within the area of Britain, it has been long difficult for a capitalist to select a proper field of operation; and the tendency of recent legislation has materially increased the difficulty. The country, in fact, may be considered as entirely *made*. Agricultural improvement, on a large scale, which implied the possession of a tract of unprofitable country, was considered, even before the repeal of the corn laws, as no hopeful speculation. Since that disastrous event, the chances have naturally diminished; and we suspect that, by this time, very few people have any faith in Sir Robert Peel's proposal for establishing new colonies in Connaught. When we find the Whig

Lord Monteagle denouncing free trade as the bane of Ireland, we may be sure that few capitalists will sink their funds in the western bogs, hoping that they may appear again in the shape of golden grain which may defy the competition of the fertile valleys of America. We have quite enough of factories for all the demand which is likely to come for years: instead of building new ones, it is always easy, if any one has a fancy for it, to purchase abandoned mills at a very considerable discount; but we do not find such stock eagerly demanded in the market. Foreign competition has extinguished several branches of industry to which capital might be profitably applied, and materially injured others; so that moneyed men really are at a loss for eligible investment. This want has been felt for a long time; and the uncertain polity of our ministers, with regard to colonial affairs, has undoubtedly had an injurious effect upon the prosperity of these dependencies. We have annihilated much of the capital invested in the West Indies, and have withdrawn a great deal more. It is long since Adam Smith urged the propriety and the policy of identifying some of our more important colonies with Great Britain, by the simple process of incorporation, thus extending materially the field of the capitalist upon security equal to that which he can always command at home. Such an opportunity is at this moment afforded by Canada; but it seems that we will rather run the risk of seeing Canada merge in the United States than make any sacrifice of our pride, even where our interest is concerned. A considerable deal of capital has gone to Australia; but we suspect, from late events, that the future supply will be limited.

Before the railways opened to capitalists a channel of investment which appeared exceedingly plausible, and which was, in a great measure, guaranteed by the result of experiment, vast masses of realised wealth accumulated from time to time. Upon these hoards the members, myrmidons, and jobbers of the Stock Exchange, cast a covetous eye: they whispered to each other, in the language of King John—

"Let them shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; angels imprisoned
Set thou at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon:
Use our commission in its utmost force."

Acting upon this principle, they made their business to find out new channels of investment—an easier task than the discovery of a north-western passage in the arctic regions—and to represent these in all the glowing colours which are peculiar to the artists of 'Change Alley.

The year 1823 was remarkable for the commencement of an epidemic which proved, in its effects, even more disastrous than the South Sea delusion. It would be tedious to enumerate or discuss the causes which led to this sudden outburst; some of them have been indirectly traced to the operation of Sir Robert Peel's famous Currency Act of 1819, which fettered the Bank of England, whilst it left the country bankers free to issue unlimited paper, and to the respite of the smaller notes which had been previously doomed to extinction. Whatever may have been the cause, speculation began and increased at a rate which was quite unprecedented. All kinds of ridiculous schemes found favour in the public eye: nothing was too absurd or preposterous to scare away applicants for shares. Mining, building, shipping, insurance, railway, colonising, and washing companies were established: even an association for the making of gold was subscribed for to the full amount, and doubtless a balloon company for lunar purposes would have been equally popular. This period was marked by the apparition of an entirely new animal in the precincts of the Stock Exchange. Bulls, bears, and even lame ducks, were creatures coeval with its existence; but the "stag," in its humanised form, first appeared in 1823. The following sketch might pass for a view of Capel Court some two-and-twenty years later:—

"The readiness with which shares were attainable first created a class of speculators that has ever since formed a marked feature in periods of excitement, in the dabblers in shares and loans with which the courts and crannies of the parent establishment were crowded. The scene was worthy the pencil of an artist. With huge pocket-book containing

worthless scrip; with crafty countenance and cunning eye; with showy jewellery and threadbare coat; with well-greased locks, and unpolished boots; with knavery in every curl of the lip, and villany in every thought of the heart; the stag, as he was afterwards termed, was a prominent portrait in the foreground. Grouped together in one corner, might be seen a knot of boys, eagerly buying and selling at a profit which bore no comparison to the loss of honesty they each day experienced. Day after day were elderly men with huge umbrellas witnessed in the same spot, doing business with those whose characters might be judged from their company. At another point, the youth just rising into manhood, conscious of a few guineas in his purse, with a resolute determination to increase them at any price, gathered a group around, while he delivered his invention to the listening throng, who regarded him as a superior spirit. In every corner, and in every vacant space, might be seen men eagerly discussing the premium of a new company, the rate of a new loan, the rumoured profit of some lucky speculator, the rumoured failure of some great financier, or wrangling with savage eagerness over the fate of a shilling. The scene has been appropriated by a novelist as not unworthy of his pen. 'There I found myself,' he writes, 'in such company as I had never seen before. Gay sparks, with their hats placed on one side, and their hands in their breeches' pockets, walked up and down with a magnificent strut, whistling most harmoniously, or occasionally humming an Italian air. Several grave personages stood in close consultation, scowling on all who approached, and seeming to reprehend any intrusion. Some lads, whose faces announced their Hebrew origin, and whose miscellaneous finery was finely emblematical of Rag Fair, passed in and out; and besides these, there attended a strangely varied rabble, exhibiting in all sorts of forms and ages, dirty habiliments, calamitous poverty and grim-visaged villany. It was curious to me to hear with what apparent intelligence they discussed all the concerns of the nation. Every wretch was a statesman; and each could explain, not only all that had been hinted at in parliament, but all that was at that moment passing in the bosom of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.'

The sketch is not over-coloured. No one can have forgotten the sudden swarm of flesh-flies, called from corruption into existence during the heat

of the railway mania, and the ridiculous airs of importance which they assumed. A convulsion of this kind—for it can be styled nothing else—does infinite injury to society: for the common greed of gain too often breaks down the barriers which morality, education, and refinement have reared up, and proves that speculation, as well as poverty, has a tendency to make men acquainted with strange companions.

There were, however, features in the mania of 1823 which distinguish it from every other. The joint-stock companies established for domestic bubble purposes engrossed but a limited share of the public attention; though the extent of that limitation may be estimated by the fact, that five hundred and thirty-two new companies were projected, with a nominal subscribed capital of £441,649,600. Of course only a mere fraction of this money was actually put down; still the gambling in the shares was enormous. The greater part of the capital actually abstracted from the country went in the shape of foreign loans, of which there were no less than twenty-six contracted during that disastrous period, or very shortly before, to an amount of about fifty-six millions. On sixteen of these loans interest has ceased to be paid. We find among the borrowers such states as Chili, Buenos Ayres, Colombia, Guatemala, Gunduljava, Mexico, and Peru, not to mention Greece, Portugal, and Spain, countries which have set to Europe a scandalous example of repudiation. Most of these loans purported to bear interest at the rate of six per cent., and some of them were contracted for at so low a figure as 68; nevertheless, with all these seeming advantages, it appears marvellous that people should have lent their money on such slender security as the new republics could offer. We observe that Mr. Francis has revived the antiquated scandal touching Joseph Hume's "mistake" with regard to the Greek *bo da*, a story which has been a sore thorn in the side of the veteran reformer. We think he might have let it alone. The real mistake lay on the part of those who assumed that Joseph's philanthropic interest in the Greek cause was so intense as to suffer him for one moment

to lose sight of his own. His anxiety to back out of a bad bargain was perfectly natural. He never was an Epaminondas, and he felt justly irritated at the foolishness of the Greeks in persisting that he should sustain the heroic character, at the expense of his privy purse, when the stock had fallen to a discount. If, when it rose again to par, the Greek deputies were weak enough to repay him the amount of his loss, with the uttermost farthing of interest, that was their concern. When a senatorial sympathiser gives the aid of his lungs to the cause of suffering humanity, he has surely done enough. Why mulct him further from the pocket?

Those foreign loans, and the drain of bullion which they occasioned, speedily brought on the crisis. It was a very fearful one, and for the second time, at least, the Bank of England was in danger. It was then that mighty establishment owed its safety to the discovery of a neglected box of one pound notes, which, according to the evidence of Mr. Harman, one of the principal directors, saved the credit of the country. The coffers of the bank were exhausted, almost to the last sovereign; and but for that most fortunate box, cash payments must have been suspended in December, 1825, a position of affairs the issue of which no human intelligence could predicate. Subsequent legislation has not been able to guard us against the possibility of a similar recurrence. All that has been done is to insure the certainty of an earlier and more frequent panic, and to clog the wheels of commerce by rendering discounts impracticable at periods when no speculation is on foot. But as far as regards the stability of the Bank of England, under our present monetary laws, no provision has been made, in any way commensurate to the additional risk occasioned by the absorption of the twenty millions and upwards lodged in the savings-banks, all which must, when required, be repaid in the precious metals; and in case of any convulsion, or violent alarm, it is clear that such a demand would be made. The experience of 1832 has clearly demonstrated how the fate of a ministry may be made to depend upon the position

of the establishment in Threadneedle Street.

It is perhaps not to be wondered at that, in a commercial country like ours, wealth should command that respect and homage which, in other times, was accorded to the possessors of nobler attributes. We make every allowance for the altered circumstances of the age. High and heroic valour, as it existed before, and undoubtedly still does exist, has not the same field for its display as in the days when Christendom was leagued against the Infidel, or even in those, comparatively later, when contending factions made their appeal to arms. Our wars, when they do occur, are matters of tactics and generalship; and physical courage and daring has ceased to be the path to more than common renown. Where most are loyal, and no treason is at hand, loyalty is no conspicuous virtue. Those who are distinguished in the walks of literature and science need not covet adulation, and very seldom can command it. Their fame is of too noble and enduring a quality to be affected by ephemeral applause; and it is good for them to work on in patience and in silence, trusting for their reward hereafter. The substantiality of wealth, the power and patronage which it commands, will inevitably make its possessor more conspicuous in the eyes of the community, than if he were adorned with the highest mental attributes. All things are measured by money: and when money is acknowledged as the chief motive power, he who knows best how to amass it cannot fail to be the object of attention. But the marked and indiscriminate homage which is paid to wealth alone, without regard to the character of the possessor, or the means through which that wealth has been acquired, is, in our estimation, a feature disgraceful to the age, and, were it altogether new, would justify us in thinking that the spirit of independence had declined. We shall hold ourselves excused from illustrating our meaning by making special reference to a recent but striking instance, in which wealth suddenly acquired, though by most iniquitous means, raised its owner, for a time, to the pinnacle of public observation. We prefer selecting from the pages of

Mr. Francis the portrait of a man whose character displayed nothing that was great, generous, benevolent, or noble; whose whole life and whole energies were devoted to the acquisition of pelf; whose manners were coarse; whose person was unprepossessing; whose mind never ranged beyond its own contracted and money-making sphere; and who yet commanded, in this England of ours, a homage greater than was ever paid to virtue, intellect, or valour. Such a man was Nathan Meyer Rothschild, the famous Jew capitalist.

Originally from Frankfort, this remarkable man came over to England towards the close of last century, and commenced operations in Manchester, where he is said to have speedily trebled his first capital of £20,000:—

"This," says Mr. Francis, "was the foundation of that colossal fortune which afterwards passed into a proverb; and in 1800, finding Manchester too small for the mind which could grapple with these profits, Rothschild came to London. It was the period when such a man was sure to make progress, as, clear and comprehensive in his commercial views, he was also rapid and decisive in working out the ideas which presented themselves. Business was plentiful; the entire Continent formed our customers; and Rothschild reaped a rich reward. From bargain to bargain, from profit to profit, the Hebrew financier went on and prospered. Gifted with a fine perception, he never hesitated in action. Having bought some bills of the Duke of Wellington at a discount—to the payment of which the faith of the state was pledged—his next operation was to buy the gold which was necessary to pay them, and, when he had purchased it, he was, as he expected, informed that the government required it. Government had it—but, doubtless, paid for the accommodation. 'It was the best business I ever did!' he exclaimed triumphantly; and he added that, when the government had got it, it was of no service to them until he had undertaken to convey it to Portugal."

Rothschild was, in fact, a usurer to the state, as greedy and unconscionable as the humbler Hebrew who discounts the bill of a spendthrift at forty per cent. and, instead of handing over the balance in cash to his victim, forces him to accept the moiety in coals, pictures, or cigars. His information was minute, exclusive,

and ramified. All the arts which had been employed on the Stock Exchange in earlier times were revived by him, and new "dodges" introduced to depress or to raise the market.

"One cause of his success was the secrecy with which he shrouded all his transactions, and the tortuous policy with which he misled those the most who watched him the keenest. If he possessed news calculated to make the funds rise, he would commission the broker who acted on his behalf to sell half a million. The shoal of men who usually follow the movements of others sold with him. The news soon passed through Capel Court that Rothschild was bearing the market, and the funds fell. Men looked doubtfully at one another; a general panic spread; bad news was looked for; and these united agencies sank the price two or three per cent. This was the result expected; and other brokers, not usually employed by him, bought all they could at the reduced rate. By the time this was accomplished, the good news had arrived; the pressure ceased; the funds rose instantly; and Mr. Rothschild reaped his reward."

The morality of the ring has sometimes been called in question; but we freely confess, that we would rather trust ourselves implicitly to the tender mercies of the veriest leg that ever bartered horse-flesh, than to those of such a man as "the first baron of Jewry"—a title which was given him by a foreign potentate, to the profanation of a noble Christian order.

Such were the doings of Rothschild; let us now see him in person. "He was a mark for the satirists of the day. His huge and somewhat slovenly appearance; the lounging attitude he assumed, as he leaned against his pillar in the Royal Exchange; his rough and rugged speech; his foreign accent and idiom, made caricature mark him as its own; while even caricature lost all power over a subject which defied its utmost skill. His person was made an object of ridicule; but his form and features were from God. His mind and manners were fashioned by circumstances; his acts alone were public property, and by these we have a right to judge him. No great benevolence lit up his path; no great charity is related of him. The press, ever ready to chronicle liberal deeds, was

almost silent upon the point; and the fine feeling which marked the path of an Abraham Goldsmid, and which brightens the career of many of the same creed, is unrecorded by the power which alone could give it publicity."

Mr. Disraeli, in some of his clever novels, has drawn the portrait of a great Jew financier in colours at once brilliant and pleasing. His Sidonia, whilst deeply engaged in money-making pursuits, is represented as a man of boundless accomplishment, expanded intellect, varied information, and princely generosity. He is the very Paladin of the Exchange—a compound of Orlando and Sir Moses Montefiore. The extravagance of the conception does not prevent us from admiring the consummate skill of the author, in adapting his materials so as to elevate our ideas and estimate of the Hebrew idiosyncrasy. Sidonia is as much at home in the palace as in the counting-room; his great wealth ceases to be the prominent feature, and becomes the mere accessory of the polished and intellectual man; avarice never for one moment is permitted to appear; on the contrary, the prodigality of the munificent Hebrew is something more than Oriental. We may refuse to believe in the reality of such a character, which implies a combination of the most antagonistic pursuits, and a union of mental attributes which could not possibly coexist; but, this difficulty once surmounted, we cannot challenge the right of so eminently gifted an individual to take his place among the true nobility of the earth. We fear, however, that such a phoenix of Palestine has no existence, save on paper. Certain it is, that Rothschild was not the man; and yet Rothschild, in his day, commanded as much homage as the novelist has claimed for Sidonia. Great is the power of money! Princes feasted with him; ambassadors attended him to the tomb; and yet, for all we can learn, he was not equal, in moral worth, to the meanest pauper in the workhouse. He would at times give a guinea to a street beggar, not for the object of relieving his wants, but to enjoy the joke of seeing him run away, under the apprehension that the donor had been mistaken in the

coin. His wealth was gained by chicanery, and augmented by systematic deceit; and yet attend to the words of the chronicler:

"Peers and princes of the blood sat at his table; clergymen and laymen bowed before him; and they who preached loudest against mammon, bent lowest before the mammon-worshipper. Gorgeous plate, fine furniture, an establishment such as many a noble of Norman descent would envy, graced his entertainments. Without social refinement, with manners which offensive in the million, were but *brusque* in the millionaire; he collected around him the fastidious members of the most fastidious aristocracy in the world. He saw the representatives of all the states in Europe proud of his friendship. By the democratic envoy of the New World, by the ambassador of the imperial Russ, was his hospitality alike accepted; while the man who warred with slavery in all its forms and phases, was himself slave to the golden reputation of the Hebrew. The language which Mr. Rothschild could use when his anger overbalanced his discretion, was a license allowed to his wealth; and he who, when placed in a position which almost compelled him to subscribe to a pressing charity, could exclaim, 'Here, write a check—I have made one—fool of myself!' was courted and caressed by the clergy, was fêted and followed by the peer, was treated as an equal by the first minister of the crown, and more than worshipped by those whose names stood foremost on the roll of a commercial aristocracy. His mode of dictating letters was characteristic of a mind entirely absorbed in money-making; and his ravings, when he found a bill unexpectedly protested, were translated into mercantile language before they were fit to meet a correspondent's eye. It is painful to write thus depreciatingly of a man who possessed so large a development of brain; but the golden gods of England have many idolaters, and the voice of truth rarely penetrates the private room of the English merchant."

Poor as Lazarus may be, let him not envy the position of Dives. Even in this world, riches cannot purchase happiness. Any pecuniary loss was enough to drive Rothschild to despair. His existence was further embittered by the dread of assassination—no uncommon symptom, when the mind is rarely at ease; and those who knew him best, said that he was often troubled with such thoughts, and that they haunted him at moments when he

would willingly have forgotten them. "Happy!" he said, in reply to the compliment of a guest—"me happy! what! happy when, just as you are going to dine, you have a letter placed in your hands, saying, 'If you do not send me £500, I will blow your brains out?' Happy!—me happy!" We are not compassionate enough to wish that it had been otherwise. Such thoughts are the foreshadowing of the end of those who have prospered beyond their deserts, and have failed in making even that negative expiation, which conscience sometimes extorts from the apprehensions of unscrupulous men.

And here we shall close our remarks. There is still a fertile field before us, on which we might be tempted to enter; but that discussion would bring us too near our own days, and involve the resumption of topics which have already been handled in *Maga*. The time doubtless will come, when, after the cessation of some new fit of speculation, and when men are cursing their folly, and attempting by late industry to repair their shattered fortunes, some historian like Mr. Francis shall take up the pen, and chronicle our weakness, as that of our fathers is already chronicled. In the meantime, it would be well for all of us seriously to lay to heart the lesson

which may be drawn from this interesting record. Speculation, carried beyond due bounds, is neither more nor less than a repetition of the old game of *BEGGAR MY NEIGHBOUR* under another form. To fair and legitimate enterprise we owe much of our modern improvement; which has been further rendered necessary by the pressure which has increased, and is increasing upon us. To unfair and illegitimate enterprise, undertaken for the sole purpose of immediate gain, we owe nothing save periods of great misery and desolation. The game of *BEGGAR MY NEIGHBOUR* may be played privately or publicly. Some of us have taken a hand in it privately, with what results we shall keep to ourselves. For several years back, our statesmen have played the public game, and played it well. They have succeeded in inflicting successively a blow upon each great interest of the country, by dealing with each separately, and by alienating the sympathy of the others. The game is now pretty well played out; and when we come to reckon our counters, it is evident from the result, that not one of the parties so dealt with has been a winner! Who, then, are the gainers? We think the answer is plain. They are the Capitalist and the Foreigner.

MY PENINSULAR MEDAL.

BY AN OLD PENINSULAR.

PART II.—CHAPTER IV.

WE held our course, after parting with our friends in the boat, and were soon at the harbour's mouth. The breeze continued to freshen, and the swell to increase. Our little *Wilhelmina* now began to give us a specimen of her qualities as a sea-boat. Labouring through the curled and crested seas, creaking, groaning, vibrating from stem to stern; now balancing, with her keel half bare, on the summit of a lofty surge, now deep in a liquid trough; now kicking up behind, now running her nose bang into a bank of water; now pointing skywards, as if bound to the moon, and not to Lisbon; now pitching, now

jig-jigging it, she simulated the paces of a Spanish genet—a great deal of action, very little progress.

By the time we were clear of the harbour, and in comparatively smooth water, the wind had shifted to the north-west; our course lay south, and, being sheltered by the land, we soon exchanged the jig-jigging of our exit from port for a far more agreeable, because more equable motion, as we drove over ocean's swell. It had already become palpably evident that none of our military friends were good sailors. Now, however, they were all able to stand, without holding—all, I should say, but one un-

happy individual, and that was Mr. Commissary Capsicum, who had been reduced to a miserable state of disorder by the active movements of the brig, and whose actual symptoms were by no means those of convalescence.

Night closed in. It was past twilight, yet not wholly dark—in short, that interval between twilight and perfect night, for which in English we have no word, but which the richer language of Burns expressively designates as “the gloaming.” Little more than enough of it to fill the sails and give the vessel way, the wind was soft, and at times scarcely perceptible. The waves heaved lazily; the ship surmounted them with measured rise and fall; and, though the heavens were overcast, a light, different from that of day, clear but faint, was equally diffused on all sides. The tremulous surface of the ocean, dark, but distinguishable to the horizon, was there sharply outlined against the pale but still luminous sky.

Since we left port in the morning, what with showers and spray, wind and sunshine, I had been more than once wet through and dry again. The consequences were now perceptible. I shivered inwardly. My mind, too, was ill at ease. After much reflection, and some self-examination, I came to this conclusion: that something was requisite, something was indispensable, in my actual condition both of mind and body. What that something was, did not instantly occur to me. I asked myself the question point-blank—I answered it. The problem was solved: I wanted—a nightcap. Down I rushed into the cabin. “Steward, bring me some hot water and a little brandy.”—“Yes, sir; a glass of hot brandy and water, sir; coming directly, sir.”—“No, no, steward; that’s not what I called for. Bring the brandy and the hot water separate. I’ll mix for myself.”

“Quite right,” growled a feeble voice. It was poor, unhappy, still-very-far-from-perfectly-recovered Mr. Capsicum’s. The falling of the wind had so far abated the ship’s movements, that his worst symptoms were now relieved. Still, however, he was far, very far, from well. Most of the passengers had turned in; but there,

by lamplight, sat poor Capsicum at the cabin table, from sheer listlessness, destitute of sufficient energies to put himself to bed, a lamentable spectacle.

“Suppose you join me then,” said I. “Do you good.”

“Can’t, can’t,” said he plaintively. “Couldn’t get it down, if I knew it would make me well this instant. Wish I could. I’ll see you take yours, though. That’ll be some comfort, anyhow.”

The steward now brought hot water, half a lemon, lump-sugar, tumbler half full of capital brandy.—“Here, steward, you may take the lemon away with you. Don’t want it.”

“Quite right,” grunted Capsicum, who thought himself a connoisseur in all things eatable and drinkable. “Quite right; no rum, no lemon.” Spite of his pitiful plight, he now, *con amore*, set himself to watch my operations critically; as if, from the brewing, he would form an estimate of my judgment, capabilities, taste, character, and general attainments.

With the silver tongs I extracted a lump of crystal sugar, the largest in the basin. The present “without” system was not then in vogue, nor have I adopted it yet. But now there was a hitch—how to melt the sugar. In the tumbler it must not go—there was the brandy: that had been an infringement of all the laws of potatory combination. I felt that I was under observation, and that my character was at stake. I placed the sugar in the spoon. “Quite right,” said Capsicum.

Yet neither, according to the modern practice, did I wash the sugar, half melted, from the spoon into the tumbler, with a stream of hot water. That, I submit, is an approximation to the error of immersing the sugar in the unmixed brandy. No, no. Holding the spoon over the tumbler, I carefully dropped upon the sugar three drops of the boiling water. It was enough. The sugar gradually subsided into a pellucid liquid, which filled the spoon. Capsicum, who, sick as he was, still watched my proceedings with the deepest interest, and with a patronising air of mild benignity, repeated his testimonial—“Quite right.”

Waiting till the sugar was wholly dissolved, I then at length infused sufficient hot water to scald the raw spirits, then added the sugar. Two or three stirs sufficed; not a bead floated on the surface. The mixture was made—tumbler about half an inch from full—a “stiff un.” Capsicum raised himself from the table on which he had been leaning, with folded arms, like a cat watching a mouse, and gave a snort of approbation.

“You and that white fellow old acquaintance?” said Capsicum.

“Our acquaintance,” replied I, “commenced at Falmouth about a week ago.”

“Oh! thought perhaps he was some family connexion,” said Capsicum.

“The connexion is quite recent, as I tell you,” said I; “but I certainly don’t mean to cut it. Hope to dine with him at headquarters, every day I’m disengaged.”

“Dine with him at headquarters?” replied Capsicum. “You’ll do nothing of the kind, I can tell you that, sir. That is, you’ll dine with him at my table; pretty often, too, I trust. Hope I shall frequently have the pleasure of seeing you both. But at his own table, if you’re twenty years at headquarters, you won’t dine with him once; take my word for that. John Barrymore wouldn’t suffer it.” Here was a blow!

“Well, but that’s a thing I can’t understand,” said I.

“Well then, I must make you understand it,” replied Capsicum. “You are going out on an appointment as clerk in John Barrymore’s Department. Isn’t it so?” I bowed assent.

“Very well. That white chap does business in commissariat bills. When he gets a bill, he’s dying to get the cash. Your Department pays the cash. Don’t you see, my dear sir? It wouldn’t do. It would be utterly at variance with all the rules of propriety, for any man in your Department to be on terms of intimacy with any man who does business in bills. Besides, it would be contrary to headquarters etiquette; everybody would talk about it. Now,” added Capsicum, with a self-approving air, “now I’ve done my duty by John Barrymore. Noticed you were very thick.

Thought I’d tell you, the first opportunity. Oh me! oh me!” (sighing, panting, gasping, pressing his hands on his stomach, and swaying his head from side to side,) “how very ill I do feel! Such a horrid sensation! a don’t-know-howishness—a sort of a come-overishness! The exertion of talking has made me quite bad again. Here, steward! steward! I must go on deck this instant.” He turned ghastly green.

“Yet,” said I, hoping he would soon be better, “Mr. Gingham, it seems, can dine with you, without any breach of propriety.”

“Yes, yes, to be sure he can,” said Capsicum; “and so can you. Our Department don’t finger the cash. Don’t you see? That makes all the difference. Hope you’ll both dine with me often.”

“Shall be very happy,” replied I: “much obliged for your kind invitation. But still I can’t understand. Mr. Gingham has been at headquarters before, and knows headquarters. He also knows, I suppose, that your humble servant is a clerk of the military chest. Yet it was he himself who made the proposal that he and I should campaign together.”

“Can’t explain that,” said Capsicum; “must leave him to explain that as he can. Oh! here he comes.”

Gingham, before he turned in, had been on deck, to take a last look at the weather, to commune with the silent night, to scrutinise the horizon, to soliloquise with the clouds, and perhaps for some better or more solemn purposes: for Gingham, with all his oddities, was a man of religious principle, and of devotional feeling, and cared not who knew it. He now approached, and seated himself with us at the cabin table.

“Saw you at Cadiz,” said Capsicum. “Think I saw you at Madrid.”

“I saw you at Canton,” coolly replied Gingham. Capsicum looked a little queer.

“At Canton?” said Capsicum. “Saw me at Canton? Did you, though? Come, come, now you’re joking, you know. Did you though, really? How was I dressed?”

“You were dressed like what you were; not exactly as you are dressed now. You had a long taper pigtail,

reaching down to your heels; no hair on your head besides. You had slippers, scarlet and gold, turned up at the toes. You carried a fan; and didn't I once or twice see you followed by a fellow who carried a parasol over your head at the top of a long pole? You had—"

"I'll tell you what," said Capsicum precipitately; "I'm a Christian for all that, and my father was an Englishman. True, I was bred at Canton; but I wasn't born there. Born at Macao. My mother—"

Here, in a voice which ran through all the notes of the gamut, not however in due order, but like the cat's minuet, high and low alternately, Gingham struck up a strange outlandish sort of utterance, whether talking or singing I could not tell; but, if singing, it was the rummest song I ever heard—a jumping, dissonant compound of bass and treble. Capsicum responded in a similar fugue. The two funny rogues were speaking Chinese! The discovery of Capsicum's semi-gentile extraction tickled my fancy not a little.

"So," said Capsicum to Gingham, "you and Johnny intend to make a joint concern of it at headquarters."

"That's how we've settled it," replied Gingham.

"Can't be," said Capsicum. "Thought you knew all headquarters' rules, regulations, and observances."

"Thought I did know something about them," replied Gingham.

"Well, then," replied Capsicum, "don't you know what department young Johnny here belongs to?"

"Your department, the commissariat department, I always understood," replied Gingham; "saw his name put down so in the list of passengers per packet at Falmouth. If Mr. Y— will oblige me by referring to a document, which I had the honour of handing him before dinner, he will find himself there designated accordingly."

Sure enough, so it was: "G. Y—, Esq., Commissary-General's Department, in A. C., with Gingham Gingham."

"But didn't you happen to know that Mr. Y—, as you call him," said Capsicum, "was John Barrymore's own nephew?"

"Of that circumstance I was not cognisant," replied Gingham, "till I happened to become aware of it by the conversation during dinner. Still I retained my former impression, that Mr. Y— belonged to your department, not to the military chest."

"The long and the short of it," said I to Gingham, "is this. Shirty here, I am sorry to say, gives me to understand that, at headquarters, as I am attached to the military chest, and not to the commissariat, I cannot have the pleasure of stretching my legs under your table, when you give a spread. My regret is undissembled and profound."

"Nor," said Gingham, "while we both retain our present positions, can we be more than common acquaintance."

The shock of this *dénouement* was diverted by Capsicum. Spite of his sea-sickness he had purpled up; his eyes flashed and twinkled beneath his massive and contracted brows; he growled, he grunted, he wheezed, he snorted, he puffed; for a time he could not articulate. Either he performed admirably, or he was regularly riled. At length, recovering his breath, not once looking at me, but leaning over to Gingham on the table, he whispered hurriedly, "What does he mean by that? Shirty? Who's Shirty?" Again he turned very green, and sat back in his chair, panting, and swaying his head, like a man ready to faint.

I was sorry to see him so ill, and begged to apologise. He with the greatest propriety might call me "Johnny Newcome," yet it ill became me to call him "Shirty." The name was casually suggested by his profusion of frill, &c. &c. &c.

"I'll tell you what, Mr. Johnny," said Capsicum, "it's well for you I'm so bad as I am: wish I was better, for your sake. Wouldn't I pitch into you at once, and give you a precious good hiding? Oh dear! oh me! I am so very bad!" Then, rallying again: "Ah, I wish you did belong to my department! Wouldn't I detach you on outpost duty? Wouldn't I make you ride till you had no leather left? Wouldn't I send you bullock-hunting over the sierras? Oh, dreadful! dreadful! What a horrid sensation this

sea-sickness is! Well, good night. I suppose I shall be called Shirty as long as I live." He tottled off to his berth.

"Yes, you may say that," said Joey, from behind his curtain. Joey was right. Ten years after, I heard an old Peninsular speak of Capsicum by the name of Shirty.

There is certainly something very adhesive in a sobriquet; that is, if it happens to stick when first applied. A lubberly big boy once gave me a thrashing at school; and I gave him—the only redress in my power, as we were not allowed to throw stones—the name of "Buttons." He had cheated me at the game; and he had many on his jacket. "Buttons" was his name, to his dying day.

Gingham and I remained at the table. "Mr. Capsicum is quite right," said Gingham. "Very proper it should be so. Not the less sorry on that account. At Lisbon, you will, in fact, have joined. From the time we land, then, our communications must be limited to the ordinary civilities of social life: until," he added, with a confidential look, "having digested my grand financial project, with Lisbon as the basis of my operations, I am prepared to promulgate it, as authorised, at the headquarters of the British army. Then," said he, proudly, "I shall take such an entirely different footing, so high above the vulgar imputations which always attach to a dealer in bills, that, without exposing either you or myself to criticism, I may again permit myself the pleasure of cultivating your acquaintance, on our present terms of friendship—I may say, intimacy. At any rate, while we remain on board the packet, that intimacy, I trust, will experience no diminution. Good night, sir."

We shook hands: his manner, I thought, a little stiff.

Left alone in the cabin, leaning on the table, the night-lamp shedding a dim and dubious light, my small modicum of brandy-and-water expended, and the time gone by for brewing another, as the steward had turned in, I sat and ruminated. Gingham, watching his opportunity, had benevolently endeavoured to make me sensible, that, as a clerk on

actual service, I should soon be engaged in duties which could not be performed to my own credit, without care and circumspection; and that I might find myself, ere long, in some responsible situation, demanding the utmost caution and energy, to compensate my inexperience. Since the morning, for we had been much together during the day, through his friendly suggestions, I had, in a measure, become conscious of all this: I was beginning to feel the value of such a monitor; and now, it appeared, he was lost to me in that character! Then there were other considerations of a deeper kind. I remembered the dinner at the hotel; I remembered the breakfast; I thought of the travelling store-closet. To have lost such a companion of my first campaign—it was, indeed, a loss! Had I never dined with him, I could have better borne it!

At length I came to this conclusion; that, as all the other passengers had retired to rest, I—had better do the same. I was about to put my decision in execution, when my attention was arrested by a lamentable cry, which issued from the berth of poor Mr. Commissary Capsicum. "I can't—I can't—I'm stuck!—weak as a rat! Oh, I am so very bad! Here, steward! steward!—ah! oh!" Having heard his monody to the end, and waited in vain for a second stave, I flew to his assistance.

Poor Mr. Commissary Capsicum had contrived to divest himself of his diurnal habiliments; and was now embellished with a red *bonnet de nuit*; and an elegant night-shirt, which fitted—as if it had been made for him. I found him—in what an attitude! One leg he had contrived to hoist into his berth. *Quoad* that leg, he was kneeling on the mattress. The other leg was stretched towards the floor, which he barely touched with his extended and agonised toe. In this painful position, he was clawing with both hands at the board intended to keep him in bed, equally unable to advance and to recede. Something—either the wooden tester—or the proximity of his shake-down to the deck above—or what else I cannot pretend to say—prevented his further movements. He wanted

strength; there he was, literally, as he expressed it, stuck. I expressed the deepest sympathy.

Joey whipped on his drawers and dressing-gown, and was with us in a twinkling. Joey, seeing all other expedients vain, brought his shoulder to bear, and commenced a series of well-directed *hoists*, each hoist accompanied with a musical "Yeo-heave-ho." I laughed; Joey laughed; poor Capsicum himself caught the infection: his whining and whimpering gradually glided into a deep pectoral chuckle. The object was at length effected. Capsicum was stowed for the night: but not without vigorous

and long-continued efforts, both on Joey's part and mine. "Can't imagine what caused the obstruction," said I, "it's prodigious; it's incredible." "Incredible, but true," replied Joey; "suppose we call it 'A tale founded on facts.'" "Good night. Good night, Mr. Capsicum." "Good night, Mr. Gapsicnm; good night." "Good night; ah! oh! What *shall* I do? Suppose I should be taken bad again before morning! Thank you both. Good night. Two impudent, unfeeling young hounds. Good night."

So terminated our first day afloat.

CHAPTER V.

It has been intelligently remarked, that, in writing travels by land or by sea, the traveller has only to jot down everything just as it occurs, and he will be sure to produce a book worth reading. This rule may be excellent in theory; but, gentle reader, it will not do. Only look here. I have not jotted down one tithe of the incidents of the first ten hours since we left harbour; and see what a long yarn it makes. A man who, in travelling, really registered everything, would yarn away at the rate of a quarto a week.

There is, however, an observation which is much more to the purpose; namely, that one day at sea is very like another. This we certainly found out, in our voyage from Falmouth to Lisbon. For, with the exception of changes in wind and weather, little occurred to vary our daily existence; at least till we got off Oporto, and took in fresh passengers. During the first night after we left Falmouth, the wind got round to the S. W. We had three days of it, regular Channel weather; thick, cloudy, squally—much rain—the ship pitching, labouring, creaking, straining, groaning—going every way but the way we wanted to go—all the passengers, except Joey, more or less indisposed—and nobody pleased but the skipper, who whistled a perpetual "Yankee doodle" rondo, and seemed to exult in our miseries. "I calculate," said Joey, "if this lasts much

longer, we shall come to anchor in the Downs." For want of anything to relate, and for the benefit of the reader, should he cross "the Bay," I shall here beg leave to say a few words respecting that horrid malady to which landsmen are subject on board ship, and respecting my own mode of dealing with it. *Experto crede.*

My case resembles that of many other persons; i.e., in foul weather on board ship, you do not, we will say, at once get thoroughly ill; but certain disagreeable sensations, quite sufficient to call a man's attention to himself, such as giddiness, prostration of strength, awful depression of the whole system, and still more awful sensations at the pit of the stomach, induce the painful consciousness that you are very, very far from well, and in some danger of being worse before you are better. In this state of the case, the "indication," as the doctors say, is to keep off daddy Neptune's last outrage, the detested crisis. Don't give ear to the good-natured friend who says, "You had better be ill at once and get it over." That may do very well in a sail from West Cowes to Allum Bay; but it won't answer if you are a fortnight at sea. You may be "ill at once," if you please; but don't be certain "you'll get it over;" if once you begin, you may go on for a week. Keep well, then, if you can.

Now as long as you can keep your

legs, and keep on deck, you can generally effect this. In your berth, also, in a recumbent posture, you may manage to escape the dire catastrophe. The real difficulty is this: that, in passing from one of these states to the other, *e.g.*, in turning in at night, or turning out in the morning, in all human probability you become a miserable victim. You must dress—you must undress—and, in the course of doffing or donning, ten to one your worst apprehensions become a reality. What, then, is the remedy? Now, don't stare, but be advised. Till you are fairly seasoned, which you probably will be in three or four days if you do as I tell you, don't doff or don at all. Keep on deck all day, get thoroughly cold, tired, and drowsy, rush below at night, throw yourself on your mattress as you are, go to sleep at once. In the morning, the moment you turn out, rush on deck. No shaving; no titivating. You must wash, must you? Go forwards, then; wash in the open air; wash anywhere but below. "Beastly, though, to go day after day without a change." Beastly I admit; but not so beastly as day after day of convulsive paroxysms and horrid heavings; and depend upon it, if once you begin, there is no telling how long it may last. Whereas follow my plan, and in three or four days you are all right—you are seasoned—the ship may dance a polka, and you not the worse for it. You may then go below and stay below, with perfect impunity—treat yourself to a grand universal scrub and a clean shirt—and, if you are a shaver, shave—only remember you are shaving on board ship, and mind you don't cut off your nose. After all, it's a matter of taste, I admit: and tastes are various. If you consider a three-days' shirt, and a rough chin, greater evils than vomitory agonies, and spasms of the diaphragm, why, do as you like; shave, titivate, change your linen, and retch your heart up.

During the three days of foul weather, wind S.W., I contrived to keep about, by following the method indicated above. On the fourth, the wind returned to the N.W., with an occasional brash of rain; and we were again able to hold our course.

I was then myself again, past the power of sea-sickness; and could walk the deck with Joey, cast accounts with Gingham, sit out the dinner without declining soup, respectfully ogle the lovely Juno, and occasionally extort a giggle. On the morning of this same day, impelled by curiosity, I approached the birth where lay deposited the unhappy Capsicum, and drew his curtain. Ah! is that Capsicum? Alas, how changed! He looked like death. I spoke to him. His lips moved, but his voice was inaudible. I felt his pulse. It was scarcely perceptible. He was in a state of collapse!

Deeming the exigency cogent, I fetched Mr. Staff-surgeon Pledget. Pledget, after due examination, pronounced it a serious case, prescribed a restorative, departed to compound and soon came back with it—only about half a pint. With some difficulty, poor Capsicum was got up in his berth, and the restorative was got down. Anticipating recalcitration, Pledget had come provided with a small horn. Having swallowed the dose, Capsicum found his voice. "Ah me!" he feebly whined, with a look of inexpressible horror and disgust, and his hand pressed upon the pit of his stomach; "ah me! is it an aperient?" Then, in a low and indignant growl, "Never took physic before, in all my life." He lay back on his bolster, with closed eyes, in feeble and sulky silence. Pledget withdrew, and I remained.

Presently, reopening his eyes, he cautiously looked around, "Is that fellow gone?" he whispered. I nodded. "Look in the cabin," he whispered again.

"Gone on deck," said I; "not quite right yet, himself. Do you want him? Shall I call him back?"

"No, no; nonsense! I say, you mix me a glass of *that*—you know what—the same you took yourself t'other night."

I hesitated. There was no doubt in the world it would do him a deal of good. But then he was under treatment; he was *medically* ill. What was I to do?

He looked at me appealingly, coaxingly, touchingly. "I'd do as much for you," said he.

There was no standing that. I clancularly gave my orders to the steward. The steward grinned, and brought the materials. In due time the mixture was made; and, in a very short time after, the patient had stowed it away. "I shall get up," said he. "Just help me out." I sent the steward to request the aid of Joey.

By unshipping the board at the side, we got Capsicum out of his crib, far more easily than we had got him in. But, alas, his legs doubled under him; he was helpless as an infant, and almost fainted away. At length we managed to dress him; and seated him in full fig at the cabin table, with his enormous snuff-box open before him. At dinner, that day, he managed the wing of a chicken and a slice of tongue. Couldn't a currant dumpling, though—was set against it by the wine sauce. Pledget had the credit of the cure.

I omit to relate, *in extenso*, how we were chased by what we took for an American sloop of war, but what proved to be an English frigate; how the arm-chest was got upon deck when we expected to be brought to action; and how the muskets were found, like poor Capsicum, stuck—rusted together into a mass, for want of looking after; how badly the said frigate threw her shot, sending the first, which ought to have gone ahead of us, slap through our topsail, and the second, which should have been a more direct communication, half a quarter of a mile wide; how the Major and Captain Gabion saw the said shot as they were coming, while I saw nothing but the splash in the water; how our leisure hours were solaced by two combative drakes, shut up together in the same coop, which fought incessantly, day and night, from the beginning to the end of the voyage—if you held a lantern to them in the dark, they were still fighting; how, when one hen laid an egg, the others pecked at it, and gobbled it up; how the skipper was rude to everybody on board—to the Major, it appeared, grossly so. These particulars, with many others, I defer to my quarto edition.

Yet let me not omit the skipper's confidence to Joey; how he thought passengers should be victualled on

board ship. "Fust, good flabby pea-soup, as thick as batter—plenty on it—let 'em blow out their jeckits with that. When it's took away, why, then perpose a glass of bottled porter all round. Fust dinner aboard; won't it make some on 'em bolt?"

Perhaps, my dear madam, the best way of giving you a general idea of our voyage, will be to present you with a description of our mode of life from day to day. The rule with our military friends was, to take fun out of everything; and they proved themselves perfect adepts in all the means and methods thereto available; hoaxing, quizzing, shaving, imitating, trotting, cajoling, bamboozling. Pledget could not make it out—wondered what it all meant; and one day gravely asked me if I could explain the nature and cause of laughter. Laughter he viewed as a psychological problem; we had plenty on board; but he could not solve it. The best thing was, that Pledget himself caught the infection at last, and began to laugh. It was curious to watch the first stirrings of nascent humour in Pledget's mind. Towards the close of the voyage he had actually, though by slow degrees, concocted a joke; and, had our passage been to the West Indies, and not to Lisbon, he would perhaps have got so far as to try it on. The victim of the said joke was to be Capsicum. Capsicum's birth at Macao, and breeding at Canton, had transpired through Joey. Pledget's primary idea was, that Capsicum might possibly have a penchant for a dish of stewed puppies. This bold, ingenious, and comical conception, as he fed on it from hour to hour, and from day to day, in about three days' time began to grow in his mind; and, as it grew, it ramified. From one thing to another, at length it came to this: that, with my co-operation, Joey's, and the steward's, Capsicum was to be persuaded that a batch of puppies had actually been littered on board. Capsicum kept momentarily cognisant of the progress of Pledget's plot, by the treachery of those to whom it was confided, was prepared to humour the joke, however Pledget commenced operations. Pledget, big with his own idea, walked the deck for hours

together, rubbing his hands in an ecstasy, and laughing till he whimpered. When Joey or I took a turn, he was soon by our side, screeching in a rapidly ascending gamut, with pungent delight, and much cachinnation, "Puppies! puppies! Oh, sir, won't they be nice? Poor old Capsicum!—puppies! puppies!"

The day before we made the coast of Spain, I was fairly "trotted." You must know, I fancied in those days I could sing. Item, my dear father had brought home, from the Peninsula, some very pretty Portuguese airs, of the kind called *modinhas*—which *modinhas* I had at my fingers' ends. Now, there are two very distinct ideas, which young people are apt to confound. If they happen to know a pleasing song, they fancy themselves pleasing singers: often quite the reverse; the finer the song, the fouler the butchery. I wish singing was visible, and not audible; for then we could keep it out by shutting our eyes. Well, this is how it was: leaning, as I was wont, over the ship's side, my face to the horizon, my back to the company, I won't pretend to say that I exactly sang for their benefit: oh no; I sang, as I had right to do, for my own amusement; though I certainly did sing loud enough to be heard, without being listened to. Presently by my side leaned Captain Gabion, I ceased. He hummed a mellifluous song of Lusitania.

"Pity the Lisbon music-sellers don't print their music," said he; "Write it all. Quite a fuss, sometimes, to get a song you fancy."

"That explains something I never understood before," said I. "All the songs I have received from Portugal are in manuscript. Pray, what is a *modinha*, strictly speaking?"

"Why, a *modinha*," replied he, "in common parlance, means any song that you happen to like. *Modinha*: a little mode; a little fashion; any little fashionable song. But the grand, regular music of the Portuguese—oh! that's magnificent—their church music for instance. You must know, once a-year, in one of the Lisbon churches, they sing a grand mass for the souls of deceased musicians. Of course, on such an occasion, all the

living forces of the musical world are put in requisition. The last time I was at Lisbon, I attended—advise you, as a musical man, to do the same. Oh! wasn't that a grand harmonious crash? Extraordinary fellows, some of those singing monks and friars! Fancy one whole side of an immense church, from the floor to the roof, a grand bank of chorus-singers, as high as Shakspeare's Cliff; each bellowing like a bull; yet each with a voice as finely modulated as the richest violoncello, touched by a master's hand. Then there was one fellow, a bass, who stood up to sing a solo. Never heard anything like that. He struck off, deep down in his throat—yes, sir; and deeper down in the scale, too, than I ever heard any man go before—with a grand magnificent double shake, like—like—like the flutter of an eagle. Then down—down—down the villain dropped, four notes lower, and gave such another. I advised him to go to England. His name was Neldi. But let me see—oh—we were talking about *modinhas*. Why, sir, the fact is this—if you want to hear what I call the vernacular basis of the *modinha*, you must go up among the hills, a few leagues out of Lisbon."

"I suppose," said I, "my best plan will be to go by the mail."

"Yes," replied he; "any one in Lisbon will show you the booking office; unless, by the bye, you prefer palanquin, in which case I would advise you to order relays of black bearers from Jigitononha; or, you might do it on two donkeys. Well, sir; when you're up there in the mountains, among the goats, wolves, wild buffaloes and rhododendrons, the altitude about corresponding to latitude 66° N. in Europe, and to—let me see—latitude—say latitude 50° in the United States—of course you'll feel hungry. Step into the first hotel. But I'd advise you—don't order three courses; you'll find it come expensive; better rough it with something light—say a beef-steak and a bottle of port. That buffalo beef, capital. Port—let me see—are you particular in your port? Better ask for the Algarve sort. Well, sir; after you have dined, just step out into the village—walk into the first wine shop. You'll probably find half-a-dozen peasants there

—big, muscular, broad-chested, good-humoured-looking fellows—goatherds and all that kind of thing. Look out for the chap with the guitar—you'll be sure to find him in the wine-shop; order a quart tumbler of wine—just taste it yourself—then hand it to him—and tell him to play. The moment he has tossed off the tippie, he begins tinkling. The other six fellows stand up; throw back their shoulders; bulge out their chests; and begin smirking, winking their little black eyes, snapping their fingers, and screwing their backs in such an extraordinary manner as you never beheld—all in cadence to the guitar. That's the first access of the musical cæstrum. The guitar goes on—strum—strum—strum—a low monotonous jingle, just two or three chords. That's the accompaniment to the singing that's about to begin. At length, one of the fellows commences—air and words both extempore; perhaps something amatory, *Minha Maria, minha querida*; or, it may be, something satirical, if they see anything quizzable—something about yourself. While that first fellow is singing, the chap next him stands, still winking, screwing, smirking, snapping his fingers; and begins, as soon as the other has done. So it goes on, till all the half-dozen have had their turn. But the curious thing is this: though all the songs are different, different in the *tema*, different in the style, different in the compass of voice, different in the pitch, different in the words, the same accompaniment does duty for all: the chap with the guitar goes on, just tinkling the same chords, till the whole is finished. Then, if you want it *de capo*, give him another tumbler of wine. If you've had enough, why, then, you know, you can just fork out a *moidore* or two, tell them to divide it, and take your leave,—that is, if you don't want to see the fight for the money: but that's not worth your while; mere rough and tumble, with a little knifing. Only mind; don't give dollars or patacas. They prefer gold."

I really thought I was now trotting Captain Gabion, who was a musical amateur. Villain! he was operating to clap the saddle on me, in a way I little suspected. "Then," said I,

"each of these fellows, I suppose, has sung a *modinha*."

"Why, no; not exactly that, neither," said the Captain. "I'll tell you. Curious sort of music it is, though; the national music, in fact. When you see one of those big athletic fellows expanding his chest, sucking his breath, his whole pulmonary region heaving, labouring with the song he is going to sing, why, of course you'd expect him to break out like a clap of thunder. But, instead of that, forth comes from his big throat a very mouse-like issue of those mountain throes; an attenuated stream, not altogether unmusical though, of growling, grunting, squeaking cadences—for the compass of their voices is perfectly astonishing—a string of wild and rapid trills, very short notes, very long notes, mostly slurred, never *staccato*; and, if you should happen to notice, similar, in its intervals, to the music of Scotland. With your musical knowledge, of course you understand what I mean by intervals. Well, sir; that sort of mountain music is what I call the national basis of the Portuguese *modinha*. Take one of those wild airs, arrange it scientifically, with suitable symphonies, accompaniment, and all that sort of thing—no difficulty to *you*—the *modinha* is then complete."

This was by no means a bad theory of the *modinha* of those days; an Italian graft upon the native stock; a scientific modification of the music of the peasantry; so wild, so expressive, so sweet, so thrilling, never have I heard songs to compare with those old *modinhas*. Once, at a party in the house of a Lisbon lady, we persuaded her married daughter to sing; a round, fat, rosy-brunette little dumpy of a woman, famous for singing *modinhas*. She kindly took her guitar, spat in her handkerchief, and gave us them in such a style as I have never but once heard since—and then the fair vocalist was not a Portuguese. What rich expression, what rises and falls, what rapid execution, what accurate intonation, what power, what tenderness, what point, in that soft, flexible, delicate, yet rich, full, brilliant, and highly-cultivated voice! Alas, the *modinha* of that day is rapidly passing into oblivion. It has yielded in Lisbon

society to a new style of songs, still called *modinhas*, the words generally native, as they used to be; but the music, *modern* Italian—utterly destitute of sentiment; a constant straining at effect, and a constant failure.

"I understand," said I, "that in every part of the Peninsula you meet with a kind of songs that may be called local."

"Yes," said the Captain; "all, if I may so say, provincial; all peculiar; all highly characteristic; and all excellent. Even the occasional songs are good as compositions; that is to say, songs which refer to politics, passing events, and so forth. Did you ever hear this?" He gave *Ya vienen los Ingleses*.

"Very pleasing, and very lively," said I. "This is in the same style." I began to strike up *Quando el Pepe José*.

"Don't let's have any more Spanish," said the Captain. "Sing something in Portuguese." I gave *Os soldados do comercio*.

"Quite humorous," said he, "but very pleasing music. This is the Portuguese national song." He gave *Eis, Principe excelso*.

"Some of the satirical songs," said I, "are very well set." I gave *Estas senhoras da moda*. The Captain, I observed, looked at his watch. Little dreamt I the traitor was working against time.

"This, now," said he, "is what may be called the sentimental style; short, but expressive, like the serious epigram of the Greek Anthology." He gave *Tu me chamas tua vida*.

"The finest I have heard; though," said I, "in that style, is the Spanish song—"

"No, no," said the Captain; "give us something Portuguese; something by an old Padre. They are the fellows that knock off the best *modinhas*." I gave *Fui me confessar*.

The conclusion of this my third song was followed by loud shouts of laughter, a general clapping of hands, and cries of "Encore! encore! bravo! viva! encore! encore!" I turned, and stood the centre of a semicircle! Around me were ranged the delighted, applauding passengers; the Colonel, the Major, Capsicum, Pledget, Gingham,

Mr. Belvidere, Joey, and, oh! leaning on Joey's arm, the lovely Juno; the whole party, at my expense, in the highest possible state of hilarity. The skipper in the background, leaning on the binnacle, stood surveying the whole transaction with his face set in a sarcastic scowl, as though it had first been cast in plaster of Paris, and then painted with red ochre. Kitty's bonnet appeared on the level of the deck, projecting from the cabin stairs. Near her, profuse in soft attentions, stood the Colonel's flunkey, lavishing winks and winning simpers. Immediately above me, in the shrouds, with his face downwards, like a monkey in a tree, hung Snowball the nigger; his two eyes, full of wonder and delight, gloating like a basilisk's, and projecting like a skinned rabbit's; his mouth extended across his face in so broad a grin, you'd have thought his throat had been cut from ear to ear. The applause having a little subsided, each in turn paid me a compliment. Juno, the enchanting, saucy witch, dropped me a demure and very low curtsy, begged to thank me, and precipitately put her handkerchief to her face. Gingham advised me to cultivate my voice; begged to assure me I had very good taste, and only wanted modulation, flexibility, accuracy, and execution, with a little attention to time and tune, and care to avoid passing into the wrong key—nay, had no doubt, if I took pains, I should some day acquire an ear. Just when I was annoyed past bearing, Pledget, tittering with ecstasy, whispered at my elbow, "Capital joke! the Captain did it admirably. Almost as good as puppies!—puppies!—puppies!"

"Your compliment last, air," said I, "comes in the proper place. Allow me to designate it as it deserves—the ass's kick."

Pledget turned a little pale, and drew up; said something that seemed to stick in his throat, about "lions roaring, and asses braying."

We were on the edge of a regular tiff. The general garrulity dropped into a dead silence, and the whole party looked concerned. The Colonel at once interposed, and insisted on our shaking hands. This operation was performed accordingly, as in such

eases provided, with immense cordiality on both sides.

"Captain Gabion, I'll trouble you for a dollar," said the Major.

"No, no; I'll trouble *you* for a dollar," replied the Captain.

"How do you make that out?" said the Major. "You've lost; that's evident."

"What do you mean by lost?" said Captain Gabion. "Didn't I make Mr. Y— sing three songs within the given time? Hadn't I two minutes over, when he finished the last? Weren't they all three Portuguese? I took good care of that. Wasn't that our bet?"

"Yes, Captain; all right," said the Major. "But one of *your* songs was Spanish. That was an infringement."

"Didn't understand any condition of that sort," replied Captain Gabion. "All the party heard the bet. Let the company decide."

One said one thing, one another. By common consent it was referred to Gingham, who had held his tongue. Gingham decided that the Captain had lost.

"Very well," said the Captain, "then I have had all my trouble for nothing. Rather hard, though, to sing three songs yourself; get three more out of a gentleman that has a particular objection to singing, in forty minutes; and then have to pay a dollar besides. However, book it, Major. Very kind of you, though, Mr. Y—: equally obliged. Trust you'll often favour us." We all went below to prepare for dinner; but I had not heard the last of my singing.

We were now on the look-out for Cape Villano, and began to feel the N. wind which blows down the W. coast of the Spanish Peninsula ten months in the year. This wind, as you get further to the S., is generally attended with a clear sky. But in our present latitude, meeting the upper or S. W. current of air, which comes charged with the vapours of the Atlantic, it produced incessant rain. The rain commenced, as indeed rain often does commence, about three o'clock p. m., and kept us below all the evening; obliging us also to lay-to till daybreak, as the skipper did not like to run nearer in by night, with such weather.

From dinner to tea we managed to crack on, without finding the time hang heavy on our hands. After tea the conversation was resumed, but in the course of an hour or two began to flag; when Gingham enlivened it by volunteering his services in brewing a bowl of punch. The offer was received with tumultuous applause; except that Capsicum, who thought nobody understood brewing so well as himself, politely expressed a doubt as to Gingham's capabilities. Gingham avowed, with much seriousness, that he "yielded in punch-making to no man." A discussion arose, in the course of which I ventured to move, and it was carried, that a bowl of punch should be brewed by each, and that the company should award the palm after finishing both.

Capsicum brewed first. The materials were not wanting. The steward brought rum, brandy, lemons, all the etceteras. Gingham, chivalrous in his rivalry, tendered limes in lieu of lemons; "always took a few when he travelled—got them in Pudding Lane." Capsicum's sense of honour would have declined the limes; but the company ruled otherwise. The bowl was brewed—a perfect nosegay—and stood smoking in the centre of the table. In a very short time after, each man had his quantum before him.

"Now, gentlemen," said the Colonel, (chairman,) "punch is nothing without harmony. I beg leave to call on Mr. Y— for a song." Much applause. "Hear! hear! hear! A song by Mr. Y—! hear! hear! hear!"

I had not quite recovered the adventure of the morning, and was far from disposed to sing. Had sung enough for one day—felt rather hoarse—begged to decline—but all in vain: the company would take no denial. I was obstinate. Joey began to talk of keelhauling; the Major suggested the old mess fine, a sugared oyster; while a soft admonition was heard in the distance, "The bird that can sing, and that won't sing, must be made to sing."

Not to sing was just then a principle as fixed in my mind as any theorem in the first six books of Euclid. The company became peremptory. At length, tired of saying no, I rose, and begged leave to ask

the chairman whether, if I sang, I should have the usual privilege of calling on any other gentleman present. The chairman hesitated to reply. He saw his position: I might call upon him. I now had the best of it. The chairman laughed, leaned over to Capsicum, and whispered a remark about "generalship." Capsicum growled out something, of which I could only distinguish "jockey" and "young fox."

I was still on my legs, and continued,—“Well, Mr. Chairman, as my very equitable proposal is not met so promptly as I anticipated, would it not be better if the company resolve, instead of extorting a solitary song from an individual who has already contributed largely this day to the common stock of amusement,” (*hear! hear! hear!*) “that every person present should either sing a song, or tell a story?”

CHAPTER VI.

The Colonel looked quite relieved; the company, also, appeared content. “Well, gentlemen,” said he, “as it seems to meet your approval, suppose we accept Mr. Y—’s proposition. I will begin. Sooner, any day, tell a dozen stories, than sing one song. My story, at any rate, like Captain Gabion’s last song this morning, when he had only twelve minutes to spare, will have the merit of being short—A little more punch, if you please.—Allow me, then, to break ground, by relating an anecdote of my esteemed and much-lamented friend

MAJOR KRAUSS.

Some of you knew the Major well—are doubtless aware, also, that in a fit of excitement, which led to temporary insanity, he fell by his own hand. The circumstances, however, which gave occasion to that melancholy event were known only to myself. At the time when we were forming and drilling the Portuguese army, which afterwards proved so effective in the field, the Major and I were both stationed in winter-quarters at L—. In the same town were two regiments of newly-raised Portuguese cavalry, which it was requisite to have in complete efficiency against the opening of the campaign in the spring. The Major—a stiff hand I need not say, a regular Titan of the German school—was appointed to drill one; and I, for want of something to do, undertook the other. In this duty, there sprang up between us a little rivalry, amicable of course, as to which of us should first have his regiment ready. The Major had his own ideas; and, I thought, teased his men, and exacted

too much. He had an eye to a field-day; I had an eye to actual service. Foreigners say, we teach our cavalry everything, except pulling up. But I can tell you, before an enemy superior in force, and pressing you too close, nothing acts more effectually as a check, than riding through them. Well, we both drilled according to our views. One morning the Major announced to me, that he considered his regiment perfect, and that I must go with him and inspect it. We went. He put them through; I looked on; they performed admirably. Finally, he drew them up in line. Riding to the front, he surveyed his work with pride. Then, taking a flank position, he made me notice how accurate the perspective—every sabre sloped at the same angle, everything in its place—you might have stretched a gardening line from one end of the regiment to the other. Just then unfortunately, a new idea entered the Major’s mind: he proposed riding to the rear. Away he went. Alas! his discipline had not extended to the horses’ tails! Every tail was whisking: horses, Spanish and Portuguese—all long tails, no cock-tails—every tail in motion. In front, they stood like a wall: in the rear, it was whisk, whisk, whisk—swirl, swirl, swirl—switch, switch, switch—all down the line. It was too much for the poor Major. He was perfectly dumfounded—looked like a man out of his wits—took a hasty leave—rode home to his billet, and shot himself. I now beg leave to call on Mr. Y—, for either a story or a song.”

“I thought Major Krauss was still living,” said Pledget.

"Mr. Capsicum," said the Colonel, "have the kindness to fill Mr. Pledget a bumper. Always the fine you know, if any one calls a statement in question, when story-telling is going on. Now, if you please, Mr. Y—."

"Gentlemen," I said, "I have seen nothing of service, and little of the world. Perhaps, therefore, you will permit me to relate an anecdote, which I had from a near relative of mine, a naval officer; and which remarkably illustrates the characteristic coolness of British seamen. It was the act of a common sailor, who bore among his messmates, in consequence, the name of

SLUICY SAM.

"It was at the evacuation of Toulon. My aforesaid relative was then a lieutenant, and had been landed with a party from his ship, to take charge of one of the forts in the harbour. When Buonaparte, through the remissness of our Spanish allies, took the hill which commanded the anchorage, and we were forced to withdraw, the lieutenant received orders to bring off his party, and the ammunition which had been landed from the ship. There were several barrels of gunpowder to be brought away. These were stowed in the after part of the boat, between the officers and the men, to be under inspection; and were set on end, to save room. In pulling for the ship, the boat had to pass another fort, which was on fire. The English, you know, on coming away, burnt everything they could—that is, I mean, everything connected with the public service, ships, stores, storehouses, buildings. Just as the boat was passing, the fort blew up. The fragments of the explosion filled the air; and a rafter charred with fire fell into the boat, stove in the head of one of the powder-barrels, and stood upright in the powder. Its superior extremity was still burning. There was a dead silence. The men went on pulling, as if nothing had happened. In an instant they might all be blown to atoms. It seemed the easiest thing in the world to seize the smoking and crackling brand, pluck it out of the powder, and throw it into the sea. But that, doubtless, would have been instant destruction; one spark, shaken

off in the operation and falling, would have done the business. Everybody saw the hitch. Still the men pulled away. It wouldn't do to stir the brand; and it evidently wouldn't do to leave it where it was. "Ship your oar, Sam," said the lieutenant. Sam did so. Not a word more was spoken, or necessary. Sam coolly took off his hat, dipped it into the sea, filled it, carefully and thoroughly *sluiced* the whole surface of the exposed powder in the barrel; and then, having in this way made all safe, slowly drew the rafter out of the barrel, and pitched it overboard.—I beg here to call on Mr. Commissary Capsicum."

"Well, gentlemen," said Capsicum, "I will tell you another boat-story; and though the care of Providence was singularly illustrated in the wonderful preservation which Johnny has just related, I think it appeared quite as remarkably in the case which I am about to relate, of

THE MAN THAT WASN'T DROWNED.

"I am now a military commissary; I was once a naval one. I made my *debut* in the British service as a captain's clerk, and sailed in that capacity on board the *Negotiator*, 74, which was under orders for Lisbon. On our arrival in the Tagus, we found there the *Protocol*, 120, the *Pacificator*, 100, the *Persuasive*, 80, the *Conciliator*, 74, the *Preliminary*, 50, the *Envoy*, bomb, and the *Intervention*, fire-ship. The next day, the captain of the *Protocol* came on board, and was invited by our own skipper to stay and dine. But he knew the Lisbon weather too well—foresaw a gale; and, not relishing the idea of getting a wet jacket in returning at night to his ship, persuaded our skipper to go and dine with him. The *Negotiator's* boat was to fetch the skipper. Sure enough, the wind freshened about sunset, and in an hour or two it began to blow great guns. Our boat went, however, as arranged. Nasty work, boating at Lisbon. You may think it's nothing, in harbour. But I can tell you this—whenever there's a storm at sea, there's sure to be a little hurricane in the Tagus. No matter what's the direction of the wind outside—in the Tagus you have

it right up or right down. Well, gentlemen, Protocol advised Negotiator not to think of returning such a night as that—offered him a shake-down on board—assured him he'd be swamped—all to no purpose; Negotiator would go, as his boat was come. Just as they were leaving the ship's side, one of the boat's crew fell overboard. Every effort was made to recover him, but with what success you may easily suppose. The tide was running down like a torrent; the wind came roaring up from the bar, and lashed the water into froth and fury; the spray half filled the boat; it was pitch-dark. All was done that could be done, but to no purpose: the man was given up for lost; the boat returned to the ship. The skipper came into the cabin quite sorrowful-like, that he had lost one of his best men, but didn't forget to tell me to jump down into the boat, and see to the handing up of half-a-dozen fine melons, presented to him by Protocol. Down I went, in the dark, over the ship's side, got into the boat, groped about, found five melons and handed them up; could not find the sixth. I was just stepping out of the boat to return on board, when the thought struck me, what a blowing-up I should get from the skipper, when I told him a melon was missing. I paused, renewed my search, happened to put my hand down to the gunnel of the boat, to support myself in stooping. My hand lighted upon something; it wasn't the gunnel. I felt it—pitch-dark; couldn't see the tip of my own nose. It was a man's foot! I felt further—a man's leg! Some one was hanging on, outside the boat, with his heel uppermost, and his head under water. I held him fast by the leg, and sung out for help. The man was got on board insensible, and to all appearance past recovery. When he fell overboard alongside the Protocol, he had hooked on by his foot, and in that way had been dragged under water all the time they had been rowing about in the dark to find him, as well as afterwards, while they were pulling for the ship. We all thought him a dead man. The doctor said, 'No: if he had been, he would have let go.' Doctor ordered a sailor's flannel shirt and a kettle of boiling

water; had the patient stripped, and laid in hot blankets; rolled up the flannel shirt into a ball, poured into it the boiling water, and clapt it to the pit of his stomach." (Here Pledget took out his tablets, and made a note.) "What with this, and other gentle restoratives," continued Capsicum, "the man recovered. The skipper, glad as he was when the doctor reported it, didn't forget to give me a good blowing-up for the melon, which I suppose one of the boat's crew had grabbed in the dark."

"Of course he didn't forget that," said Joey, who had listened to this narrative with professional interest. "Pray, do you happen to know what time elapsed from the man's falling overboard till he was unhooked?"

"The little dog forgot to mention," replied Capsicum.

"What little dog?" said Joey, eagerly. "I am quite an *animal* man. I am particularly fond of dogs."

"The little dog whose tail curled so tight, that it lifted him off his hind legs. Will you oblige us, Mr. Gingham?"

"It is extraordinary enough, gentlemen," said Gingham, "that though three most interesting anecdotes have been related, we have not yet had either a ghost story, a love story, or a touch of the pathetic. The first of these omissions I will now endeavour to supply, by relating an occurrence which befel me during the short time I was at school, and in which the party most prominent was a strange sort of an individual, who went among the boys by the name of

THE CONJUROR.

"He was our writing-master. He was our ciphering-master. He was also our drawing-master. He was a foreigner. Not a boy in the school knew whence he came; but he certainly was not an Englishman. In person he was gaunt and uncouth. He was a mild, quiet sort of a man; but his eye had a sinister expression, and he was savage when provoked. It was commonly reported among the boys, not only that he could do extraordinary conjuring tricks, but that he was a master of magic, far deeper and darker than

legerdemain. He lived alone in a solitary cottage, which, with its garden and long shrubbery, skirted the road, about a mile out of the town where was our school. This cottage had never been entered by any of the boys; strange stories were told about it; and we viewed it with a sort of awe. You must know the gentleman in question had a remarkable habit of sitting. When he came to us at one o'clock, he immediately took his seat at his desk; and never rose till his two hours were up. This circumstance suggested to my mind a conjuring trick, to be played off on the conjuror. One day, just before his arrival, I spread some shoemakers' wax on his bench; and afterwards, when he was fairly seated, I gave out among the boys that I had conjured the conjuror, and that at three o'clock he wouldn't be able to go. The boys were all expectation. It struck three. He attempted to rise—an unseen power held him fast. At length, amidst much tittering, he contrived to get free; but only by extricating himself from that part of his habiliments which was in immediate contact with the bench. He did not exactly pull them off; but, poor man! he was obliged to pull himself out of them. The master lent him another pair; he went home filled with rage, but perfectly cool, having first contrived to identify the culprit; and his own, having been carefully detached with a hot knife by the master's daughter, Miss Quintilian, as the boys called her, were sent after him with a message of kind condolence, packed by her fair hands in a brown paper parcel, into which I contrived to slip a fig-leaf. Next day he reappeared at the usual hour. All went on smoothly for about a fortnight. At the end of that time, one afternoon when I was showing up my sum, he addressed me, observing that I had always been particularly diligent with my arithmetic, and that, as the holidays were at hand, he hoped I would do him the favour of drinking tea with him that evening. Some of the boys tried to frighten me—said he bottled the thunder and lightning, and kept it corked down, ready for use—oh, wouldn't he give me a touch of it? Others encouraged me. I

went. Tea over, he told me that he had contrived a little exhibition for my amusement; then flung open the folding doors of the parlour, and disclosed a large sheet, hanging as a curtain in the doorway. 'I must go into the next room,' said he, 'and take the candles with me, or you will not be able to see the exhibition.' He withdrew, leaving me alone in the dark, went into the next room, and commenced the exhibition—a sort of phantasmagoria—to me, sufficiently surprising; for the phantasmagoria had not at that time been brought before the public. One of the figures was a whole-length likeness of myself, which suddenly vanished, and was replaced by a skeleton. The exhibition finished, the conjuror returned with the lights; and, by way of supper, treated me to a glass of negus and a slice of seed-cake. He then intimated that it was time for me to think of playing the Bedfordshire march, but that before I went he had something to say to me, if I would follow him into the next room. We adjourned: and there, amongst other strange sights, I saw one of the identical bottles containing the thunder and lightning—expected to be blown up sky-high. The conjuror now addressed me. Alluding to the unfortunate affair of the wax, he remarked that his conduct to me had been uniformly kind; that he had always encouraged me, commended my diligence, and helped me in my difficulties. Then, in an appealing tone, he inquired how I could have made such an ungrateful return, as to play him that horrid trick of the wax. At the same time opening a drawer, and producing his corduroys, he pointed out to me their damaged condition, and put it to my best feelings, whether that was the way to recompense kindness such as his. I felt at once that my conduct had been immeasurably bad, and most humbly expressed my compunction. 'No,' said he, 'that is not sufficient. The offence was public, so should be also the reparation. Promise me that to-morrow, before the whole school, you will come up to my desk and apologise.' Perhaps this was only just; but I hesitated. He pressed me; but I would make no such pro-

mise. 'Very well,' said he, 'it is now time for you to think of returning. You will be sorry for your obstinacy, perhaps, before you get back to the school.' He then accompanied me into the passage, and kindly helped me on with my greatcoat. 'The front door,' said he, 'is fastened for the night. Here, step out this way.' He led me through the back passage into the garden, and opened the garden-gate, out-side of which was a field. 'There,' said he, 'follow that path, which runs along by the side of the shrubbery. When you have got to the end of it you will find a gate, which will let you into the road. Good night.'

"The night was splendid—a sky without a cloud. The full moon, high up in the heavens, shed a lustre which gave to every prominent object the distinctness of day. But the shrubbery, as I skirted it to gain the road, was dark—dark—dark. At its extremity, however, the moment I emerged from the garden into the field, I descried the gate; and to that point, with my eyes fixed upon it, I directed my steps. Suddenly, to my no small surprise, the gate began to clatter and rattle, as if violently shaken by the wind. This was the more extraordinary, because the night was as calm as it was brilliant; not a breath of air was stirring. Nor was any creature visible; yet still the gate went on, rattle, rattle, clatter, clatter, as if shaking itself for its own amusement. Presently, as though violently pushed by invisible hands, the gate swung wide open; then began swinging backwards and forwards, swing, swing, backwards and forwards, first into the road, then into the field, with a bang of the latch at every swing. The last time it swung fieldways, it stood open of itself; suddenly fixed by an unseen power at its utmost range. Then appeared a tall dark form, gliding into the field through the gateway from the road, and descending towards me by the path. It was the form of the conjuror himself! Yet, in its appearance, there was something appalling, and, I may say, unearthly. It did not step out, neither did it altogether glide. With a motion compounded of the two, it first advanced one leg, then, after a

long interval, the other, still moving towards me at a slow, uniform rate. One arm was solemnly extended, with the forefinger pointing to the moon: and, as the tall image approached and passed me, I could distinctly discern the uplifted visage of the conjuror, stern but calm, his head turned slightly on one side, his brow knit, his eyes fixed upon the moon. Without looking behind me to see what became of him after he passed, I hurried on; and had already arrived within about fifty paces of the gate, when it again began to rattle and swing as violently as at first—again stood open—and again the same form appeared, gliding, as before, from the road into the field, and descending towards me down the path. The arm was still extended; the finger still pointed majestically to the moon; the movement also, a mixture of striding and sliding, was still the same. But the conjuror's face, not turned as before towards the moon, was this time directed towards me. The eyes glared full in mine—but, oh, what eyes! They had stolen the gleam of the luminary on which they were fixed before; each eye was a moon! the window of a brain that glowed internally with a white heat! With a look of horrid vacuity fixed on my face, again it passed; and I, not at all coveting a third interview, cut away for the gate, and up the road homewards. I had no recollection of what occurred afterwards, till I was roused from my slumbers next morning by Miss Quintilian, who stood by my bedside with a lump of sugar and something nice in a teacup, which, *she said*, her pa had ordered me to take. We broke up, returned to school after the holidays, and found a new writing-master, the conjuror's cottage shut up, and the conjuror himself gone—nobody knew whither. Miss Quintilian said she would tell me how he went, if I promised not to mention it to her pa:—she had seen him with her own eyes, riding away over the church, astride on a broomstick.—Now, sir," added Gingham, bowing to Mr. Belvidere, "I trust that you will favour us. By the bye, Colonel, before we proceed, hadn't I better brew my promised bowl of punch?"

"My story will be a very short

one," said Mr. Belvidere, who spoke little, and, as it afterwards appeared, had a mighty matter on his mind.

"The punch will take no time," said Gingham. "I have everything ready."

The chairman, governed by the evident sense of the company, awarded priority to the punch. Gingham stepped aside, the steward was smart with the kettle, and in less than two minutes a fresh bowl was on the table. With such punch in Olympus, suffice it to say, nectar had soon become a drug. The chairman now called on Mr. Belvidere, who proceeded forthwith to relate.

THE TRIAL.

"I was once staying at Bath, about fifteen years ago, and, while there, became very thick with the officers of an English cavalry regiment. One day, when I dined at the mess, it so happened that there was also present a young gentleman, a sub, who had joined that morning. It was a practice in many regiments, in those days, I suppose I need not mention, when a sub joined, to take the first opportunity of trying him, as it was called—that is, trying his mettle. In the present instance, the time fixed was dinner. The youth was quiet and well-bred, a little reserved, and apparently not quite at home. Doubts were expressed whether he would show pluck. When dinner was on table, and we were all assembled, the senior officer present politely requested the young stranger to take the office of vice; and he, with equal politeness assenting, seated himself at the bottom of the table. A grim-looking countryman of mine, the major of the regiment, a jovial red-faced off-hand sort of a personage, full of whisky and waggery, was the individual appointed to make the customary trial, and took his seat at table to the vice-president's left. Soup and fish removed, an attendant placed before the young gentleman a boiled leg of mutton. Presently the major, addressing him, said, 'I'll thank you for a bit of that vale.'—'I beg your pardon,' said Mr. Vice; 'I rather think it's mutton, not veal: shall I have the pleasure of helping you?' The major made no reply. Presently the major began again:

'I'll thank you for a bit of that vale.'—'I tell you,' said the sub, 'it's not veal; it's mutton. Shall I give you some?' Again the major was silent. After a pause, the major renewed the attack: 'I'll thank you for a bit of that vale.'—'I'll soon let you know whether it's veal or mutton,' said the newly-arrived, jumping up. Then, with one hand seizing the leg of mutton by the knuckle, with the other the major by the collar, and wielding the gigot like a club, he banged it about the major's sconce till the company interposed. The major, fairly basted with half-raw gravy, and dripping with caper-sauce, flung up both his arms above his head, in an ecstasy of delight, and, exultingly waving his hands, exclaimed at the top of his voice, 'He'll do! he'll do!' Perhaps we shall now be favored with a story or a song by Mr. Staff-surgeon Pledget."

"Yes, yes," said the Colonel, laughing, "the old major took it all with a very good grace; a capital fellow he was, too. Sorry to say, one of his peepers got a little damaged, though, on the occasion. I could not do that, now that I am minus a claw."

"Why, Colonel d'Arbley!" said Mr. Belvidere, looking the Colonel very hard in the face, "I really ought to apologise. Wasn't at all aware that the hero of my story was sitting at the head of the table. Ah, I see—I recollect. The same features; yes, exactly. I think, though, Colonel, you were not then quite so tall."

"Well," replied the Colonel, "I'm not quite sure that I had done growing. I entered the service young. Now, Mr. Pledget, sir, if you please."

"I really feel quite at a loss, sir," said Pledget. "I have served in different parts of the world; but I positively never met with anything half so curious and interesting as the extraordinary incidents which I have heard this evening."

"Why, Pledget, man," said the Major, "you were on the expedition to Buenos Ayres. Come, tell us something about those lassoing fellows, or the lovely señoras, with their fine-turned ankles and slaughtering eyes."

"I'll tell you," said Pledget, "something that I picked up at the Cape, on the passage. It relates to a cele-

brated traveller, who was generally known at Cape Town by the name of

THE NATURALIST.

"While we were lying at Table Bay, I resided for a few days on shore. It so happened that I took up my residence in the same lodgings which had formerly been occupied by the traveller in question, the well-known Mons. V—. The landlord, an antiquated, good-humored old Dutchman, delighted to talk of his illustrious guest, and told me anecdotes of him. V—, it appears, afforded the household much amusement. One day he had found what he considered a very curious green bug, which he placed, alive, in a paper box. The green bug, however, thought fit to make its escape from the box, and walked away. V—, soon missing the fugitive, was in an agony—searched the room—searched the house—ran about, asking everybody he met, had they seen his green bug? Meanwhile, watching an opportunity while V—'s back was turned, the landlord's son took a hair pencil of green paint, and painted on a panel of the apartment an exact fac-simile of the green bug. Presently, in a perfect fever of excitement, the naturalist returned, still inquiring eagerly for his green bug. The family looked innocent, shook their heads, and said nothing. V— again began to search the room, till at length his eyes lighted on the panel. 'Ah!' he exclaimed, 'my green bug? Ah, I have findd you now, my dear little naughty green bug?' 'Ah non!' he added, after two or three ineffectual attempts to pick the picture off the panel—'ah non! it not is my littel green bug?' Whether V— was near-sighted, I know not. But, if so, I can easily account for his mistaking a painted green bug for a real one; for, gentlemen, I am slightly near-sighted myself," said Pledget; "and last autumn, I do assure you, while I was out shooting on my brother's estate in Kent, a humble-bee got up right under my nose, and I actually blazed away at it with both barrels, mistaking it for a pheasant. I know it was nothing but a humble-bee; for my shooting companion, a young Oxonian, my own nephew in fact, positively assured me. I can't

help thinking I must be a little near-sighted. Well, but that is not all about V—. The Dutchman one day, observing him so very curious in entomology, collected a variety of richly-coloured filaments from the plumage of birds, shreds of silk, &c.; then caught some fine blue-bottles, fastened the filaments to the blue-bottles with gum; and, when V— was out, turned the blue-bottles loose in his bedroom. V— came home—went direct to his sleeping apartment—the whole household, assembled and listening, stood outside in the passage. Presently the row began. V— was heard within, first uttering cries of astonishment and delight, then flouncing about the room, jumping over the bed, capsizing the water-jug, in hot pursuit of the nondescript varieties of the blue-bottle. At length a heavy bang was followed by a dead silence; then came a cry of piteous lamentation. The family entered, with sympathising looks. Poor V— had broken his shin, in an attempt to leap the table. The females rushed for brown paper and vinegar. The wounded man was extricated from the upturned legs of the table, and led out limping into the common apartment, to be doctored. The landlord, profiting by the opportunity, opened the bedroom window, and the blue-bottles escaped. The naturalist, who never knew by what means he had been beguiled, made frequent, and I need not say vain, inquiries, for similar 'prit littel bottle blue homing-beards.'—I beg leave to call on my friend the Major."

"I," said the Major, "as well as Captain Gabion, was on the retreat to Corunna, and now beg leave to relate an incident connected with

THE EMBARKATION.

"After we had served out the French, on the heights there, just above the town, we had no further trouble to signify, so far as they were concerned—a pretty deal, though, in getting our own army embarked. I was the last man on shore but two. Towards the close of the business, I went down to the place of embarkation—found old Blue Breeches (a sobriquet which I had in the morning been scandalized by hearing applied to my honoured father) there, the officer in

charge, superintending. There he was, up to his knees in the surf, giving his orders, helping the wounded into the boats with his own hands, directing everything. Such a precious scene of noise and confusion I never witnessed. 'Hadn't you better embark at once, sir?' said he. 'No—I'd rather wait a while,' said I. 'Hadn't you better go in *this* boat?' said he. 'No, sir; I'll go in the boat *you* go in,' said I. 'Then you'll have to wait quite to the last; I intend to be the last man off,' said he. 'Very well,' said I. 'If you really mean to wait, sir, I shall have to request your assistance,' said he. Didn't quite understand what that meant, but determined to stick to Old Blue Breeches. Don't you see? It was my best card. You don't suppose I was going to be boated off to a transport, when I could go home in a seventy-four? Well, sir, at length the men were all embarked—the sick, the wounded, every man John of them. The last boat-load had shoved off, and there now only remained the captain's own gig, ready to take us on board. Of course, I expected we should be off, like the rest, without delay. No, no; Old Blue Breeches had a different way of doing business. He turns round to me, and says, 'I am going to take a walk through the town, sir. Will you favour me with your company?' 'Should hardly think there was time for that, sir,' said I; 'but if it will answer any purpose, and you really mean to go, I shall be happy to go with you.' Thought some of the French might have got in. 'I want to look into the different wine-houses,' said he, 'just to see if there are any stragglers. Am ordered to bring all off: shouldn't like to leave a man behind.' Away we went—he, I, and old Powers, the Irish coxswain, almost as rum an old chap as Old Blue Breeches himself. He searched all the wine-shops for stragglers—found none. Besides our three selves, there wasn't an Englishman in Corunna. Came back through the sally-port that opened on the place of embarkation. At the sally-port Old Blue Breeches made a halt, rummaged in his pocket, brought out the key. 'Took care to secure this yesterday,' said he: 'just wait a

moment, while I lock the door.' He locked it, and brought away the key. Down we went to the boat. I hung behind, wanting to be the last man off. Old Powers was playing the same game, but it wouldn't do. 'Now, sir, if you please,' said Old Blue Breeches; 'company first.' In I got. 'Won't I help yer honour in?' said Powers to Old Blue Breeches. 'No, no, old fellow,' said he; 'that won't do, you know. Get in first yourself, and help me in afterwards.' Powers grinned, and tumbled in over the stern. Old Blue Breeches got in last. We shoved off. 'Three cheers, yer honour?' said Powers, as he took his seat by the tiller. 'Ay, ay; three cheers,' said Old Blue Breeches; 'and may the French soon catch such another whopping.' Three hearty cheers by the boat's crew, and away we pulled for the ship. Old Blue Breeches and I, both of us pretty considerably done up. Neither spoke for some minutes. Thought I should like to have that key; took a fancy to it. 'I suppose you mean to keep the key?' said I. 'Indeed you may say that,' said he. 'I do mean to keep it; and I have got another to put to it. Last man ashore here at Corunna; so I was at Toulon, in 1793. Then, also, I locked the gate, and brought away the key.' Now that's what I call cool.—Will you favour us, Captain Gabion?

"I should esteem it a favour," replied the Captain, "if I might be permitted to tell my story last. Perhaps the gentleman opposite to me," (bowing to Joey,) "will have the kindness to take his turn now. Mine will then be the only one remaining. Mr. Chairman, will you sanction this arrangement?" The chairman bowed. Joey began:—

"A previous narrator remarked, that no one had told either a ghost-story, a love story, or a pathetic story. The first deficiency he himself supplied; and, though I cannot say that I ever saw a ghost, I certainly never experienced anything so like seeing one, as while I listened to that extraordinary and appalling narrative. I, gentlemen, have no love story to tell, but I have a story of true pathos; and you shall hear it, if such is your pleasure."

In token of *my* acquiescence, I stepped to my berth, took out two white pocket-handkerchiefs, handed one to Joey, and kept the other ready for use.

"Gentlemen," said Joey, depositing the disregarded cambric on the table, "I will tell my story, but only on one condition. It is no fiction; and what I stipulate is this—that, since I relate it with a heart still wrung by recollection, as to men of manly feeling, and in perfect good faith, so you will listen with seriousness and sympathy."

We looked at each other. Each made up a face; all were grave, or appeared so; and Joey, with great earnestness of manner, and a voice husky with emotion, commenced the narrative of

THE MONKEY AND THE CAT.

"While I was serving on board the East India Company's cruiser the *Jackal*, we were one time employed surveying in the Persian Gulf. Being infested with rats, we one day requested our interpreter, when he went ashore, to bring off with him a cat from the nearest village. He returned, bearing in his arms, gentlemen, such an extraordinary specimen of feline beauty as, I will venture to say, has never graced a British menagerie, or sat upon any hearth-rug in the United Empire. Her elegance, her gentleness, her symmetry, I will not wrong, by attempting to describe: I should feel the poverty of the English language. Her two eyes had each a charm peculiar to itself. One was a pure celestial blue, the other green as an emerald. It was at once felt, by every officer on board, that a creature so superb was not to be employed in the vulgar office of catching rats. Our only thought was, to treat her with the care and tenderness which her beauty merited. As she was unquestionably the princess of cats, and as her coat was a soft tawny, in hue somewhat resembling the odoriferous powder of which our friend Mr. Capsicum makes such copious use—combining the two circumstances, we agreed to call her *Princeza*. *Princeza* at once established herself as the pet of the ship. What wonder?

We had no other domestic animal on board, save one solitary monkey—his name *Jocko*, his character, I grieve to say, a revolting compound of artifice, egotism, and low malignity.

"But now a new circumstance arose, which increased our interest in the lovely *Princeza*. Almost immediately she arrived on board, it became evident, from unmistakable indications, that she was about to be a mother. Her interesting situation, indeed, might have been detected by an observant eye, when she first embarked. In anticipation of the earnestly expected event, it was decided that *Princeza* should be provided with every accommodation in the officers' cabin. A basket, appropriated to her use, was lined and half-filled with the warmest and softest materials; and in the cabin this basket was deposited. Not that we apprehended injury from the crew. Oh no! our only fear was, that *Princeza* and her expected little ones would be over-nursed, over-petted, over-fed—in short, killed with kindness. Judge, gentlemen, what were my emotions, when, one morning early, returning to the cabin from my duty on deck, I heard *Princeza* purring in her basket with more than usual vehemence, and discovered, on examination, that she had become the happy mother of four dear little lovely kittens." Here Joey's voice quite broke down. At length, mastering his emotions, he proceeded: "Well, gentlemen; anxious to examine the little interesting accessions, I softly introduced my hand into the basket. But *Princeza* was now a mother, and had a mother's feelings. Doubtless apprehending injury to her little offspring—ah! could I have injured them!—in an instant, poor thing, she got my hand in chancery. Her foreclaws, struck deep, held me faster than a vice; with her hind claws she rasped away the flesh, spurring like a kangaroo; while, with her formidable teeth, she masticated my knuckles. After admiring awhile this affecting illustration of maternal tenderness, I attempted to withdraw my hand. But ah, gentle creature! she only struck her claws the deeper, spurred more vigorously, and chewed with redoubled energy. Only by assistance was I extricated; nor was

my hand perfectly recovered, till a fortnight after Princeza was herself no more! Well, gentlemen; for greater security it was now resolved that, every night at eight o'clock, Princeza's basket should be set on the cabin table. There it was placed the first night; and next morning, one of the kittens was found—can I utter it?—dead! No malice was suspected: the disaster was attributed to natural causes. Another night came. We used no precautions. In the morning, we found another kitten—dead! Suspicion was now awake, but overlooked the real culprit. The third night, I determined to watch. The basket stood, as before, upon the table: Princeza, with her two remaining little ones, lay snug and warm within: a lamp, burning near the entrance, shed its light throughout the cabin; and I, with my curtain all but closed, kept watch within my berth. In the dead of the night, when all between decks was quiet, save the snoring of the men, the flitting of a shadow made me sensible that some one, or something, was moving in the cabin. Presently, approaching stealthily, like Tarquin, or Shakspeare's wolf, appeared—gentlemen, I saw it with my eyes—the form of Jocko! With silent grimaces, advancing on all fours, stealthily, stealthily, a step at a time, he approached, he reached the table. There awhile he paused; then threw a somerset, and alighted upon it. The moment he was landed, the pricked ears and anxious face of Princeza appeared above the basket. He approached. She stirred not, but continued to observe him, with all a mother's fears depicted in her countenance. Jocko now laid one paw upon the basket's edge. Still Princeza moved not. Blackest of villains! he cuffed her—cuffed her again—again;—in short, repeated his cuffs, till, terrified and bewildered, the unhappy mother leaped from the basket on the table, from the table on the floor, and flew out of the cabin. Then did that monster in a monkey's form quietly take her place, and settle himself down for a night's rest, in the midst of the warmth and comfort from which he had ejected the lawful tenant. All was now discovered. The double

murderer of the two preceding nights lay housed and genial in that basket. Anxious to see and know the whole, up to this moment I had controlled myself. But now, too hastily, I rushed from my berth, to seize the detected culprit. The noise alarmed him. Snatching up a kitten in one paw he sprang from the cabin—on deck—up the rigging. Pursued, though it was night, he dodged his pursuers, taking advantage of the gloom. At length, hard pressed, seeing his retreat cut off and his capture inevitable, he dashed the kitten into the briny deep, and suffered himself to be taken. With difficulty I preserved him from the fury of the men. Suffice it to say, that night he was kept close prisoner in a hencoop, and, next morning, hanged. But oh, how shall I relate the sequel? The remaining kitten was found severely injured, crushed doubtless by Jocko's incumbent weight, and died within eight-and-forty hours. The mother, bereaved of all her little ones, went mewing about the ship as if in search of them, languished and pined away, refused all consolation, and expired about eight days after. We now became sensible of our loss in its full extent: and this, gentlemen, was felt by all on board to be the acme of our grief—the ship was left without a pet! Oh, could we have recalled Princeza and her kittens! Oh, could we have recalled even Jocko!"

At the conclusion of this tragic narrative, which was recounted to the end with unaffected feeling, the company awhile remained silent, respecting Joey's sensibilities. Joey looked very much as if my tender of the cambric had not been altogether superfluous. At length the conversation was renewed by Gingham.

"Your truly affecting story has a moral, sir. I am an observer of the habits of animals. Monkeys are very fond of warmth."

"Well, sir," replied Joey, with a deep-drawn sigh, "I should like to bear your moral at any rate."

"The fact is, sir," said Gingham, "on board ship, what is a poor wretch of a monkey to do? At night, probably, he is driven to the rigging. He would gladly nestle with the men, but the men won't have him; for, to

say nothing of the general ridicule a fellow would incur by having a monkey for his bedfellow, ten to one the poor wretch is swarming with fleas as big as jackasses, to say nothing of enormous ticks in the creases of his dirty skin. Monkeys, sir, like dogs, scratch themselves a great deal, but cleanse themselves very little. Now depend upon it, when the weather is cold and the wind high, monkeys never sleep in trees. Is it likely then, on board ship, that they prefer sleeping aloft?—that is, if a monkey ever sleeps. Did you ever see a monkey asleep?"

"Can't say I ever did," replied Joey. "I have seen them nodding. But the moral?"

"The moral," said Gingham, "is simply this. The next time you sail with a monkey and a cat on board, if you provide a basket for the cat, provide another for the monkey."

"Obviously!" replied Joey. "Would we had thought of that on board the Jackal! Obviously!"

"May I ask," said Gingham, "how you contrived to hang the monkey?"

"Of course," replied Joey, "he was first pinioned."

"Exactly," said Gingham; "so I conjectured. Otherwise I should consider the hanging of a monkey no easy matter."

"Now, Captain Gabion, if you please," said the Colonel, interposing.

"The punch is nearly out," replied the Captain, "and, if I might be excused, I should really feel thankful for the indulgence. I have nothing to tell but an ugly dream; and that dream relates to a subject which, as I believe my military friends here present are aware, is constantly and painfully present to my mind. The less said about it the better."

"Come, come, Captain Gabion," said the Colonel; "never think of that, man. You'll see Old England again, I tell you, and rise to rank in the service. Come, give us your story."

It is well known that, among the officers who embarked for the Peninsula, there was occasionally one who quitted his native shores with a strong presentiment that he should never see them again, but fall in action. In

such instances the mind retained the impression almost constantly. It was not the coward's fear of death—far from it. If ever it was forgotten, the moment was that of conflict and peril; and then, it was sometimes realised.

"Come, old fellow," said the Colonel; "your story, if you please."

The Captain was about to reply, when a musical voice, pitched in alto, was heard from the state-cabin:—"Kitty, Kitty, come down; come down, I tell you. You'll catch your death o' cold, standing there in the draught without your bonnet. Come down, child, this instant."

Kitty was now seen gliding from the foot of the cabin stairs into her mistress's apartment. The Colonel's keen eye glanced in that direction; ours took the same. A pair of legs was distinctly visible at the bottom of the stairs.

"Cupid, you villain! Cupid!" shouted the Colonel, "come here; come directly, sir. Aboard or ashore, that rascal never misses an opportunity of making love. Here, Cupid! Cupid!"

The Colonel's gentleman, with innocence pictured in his countenance, now entered, stepped quietly up to the foot of the table, and respectfully twitched his forelock.

"What are you about there on the cabin stairs, sir?" said the Colonel. "Can't you let the young woman be quiet, and be hanged to ye?"

"I vos owny a-cummin down into the cab'n, yer honour, jist to see if yer honour vaunted hennything."

The Colonel's gentleman, I ought to have stated before this, was an old light dragoon, and a Cockney. He had lost an eye, on the same occasion when the Colonel lost an arm; obtained his discharge; and from that time followed the Colonel's fortunes. His loss, I presume, had gained him the name of Cupid. He was a civil, well-behaved, handy fellow enough; had that particular way of speaking, emphatic and gesticulatory, which distinguishes old soldiers who have got their discharge; made himself universally useful to the Colonel, and helped him to dress and undress, morning and evening, the Colonel being dependent from the loss of a fin. Cupid, in consequence, was a privileged per-

son: had the *entrée* of the cabin at all times and seasons; and, being ready and sometimes sentimental in his replies, seldom made his appearance amongst us without being assailed with questions on all sides. The Colonel was now about to give him a regular jobation, but the Major struck in.

"I say, Cupid, very convenient for courtship, those cabin stairs in rainy weather. Eh, Cupid?"

"Courtship, yer honour?" said Cupid. "I vosn't not a doin' nothink of the kind. I vos owny a-meditatin, like."

"Oh, meditating, were you, though, Cupid?" said Captain Gabion. "Well, pray what were you meditating about? Come, tell us your thoughts."

"Vhy, sir," replied Cupid, "I vos a-meditatin upon the hair and upon the sea. Got plenty of bofe where ve now are; nothink helse, has I can see; so it vos owny natral I should meditate. And I vos just a-thinkin this: that the hair is made for men, and the sea is made for fishes, heench for heach; and t'other von't do for nayther. Pull a fish hout of his own heliment hinto the hair, and he dies. And pitch a man hout of his own heliment hinto the sea, and he's drowned."

"Really, Cupid," said Capsicum, "that never struck me before. It's very curious."

"Wherry," said Cupid. "But, please yer honour, I thought of something helse, vitch I consider it's more kew-russer still. And that's this: that though too much vorter drownds a man, and too much hair kills a fish, yit a fish can't do without a little hair, and a man can't do without a little drink." Cupid's eye, as if he had said too much, dropped, and fell upon the punch-bowl.

Amidst the general applause and merriment excited by this appeal, I pushed over a tumbler to Joey, who took up the punch-bowl, and soon transferred its remaining contents into the glass, which he handed, brimming, to Cupid. The next moment it stood empty on the table. Cupid smacked his lips.

"Cupid," said the Colonel, in a tone of authority, "what's your opinion of that punch?"

"Pertickerly obleeged to yer honour," replied Cupid, "and to haul the company vot's present." Cupid then made a nip at his knee, as if suddenly bit; and, availing himself of the stoop, whispered Joey: "Please, sir, did the Cornal brew it hisself?" With a twitch of the mouth, and a twist of the eye, Joey indicated Gingham.

"Come, Cupid," said the Colonel, "I want a direct answer. Tell me your opinion of that punch." The Colonel had a plot.

"Bless yer art, yer honour," said Cupid.

"Come, speak up, sir," said the Colonel.

"Speak up, man," said Gingham.

"Vell, yer honour," said Cupid, "I haulvays speaks the troof, except I'm hordered the contrary. Pleasant tippie, wherry. But if so be I hadn't not a' seed it in the punch-bowl, vhy, I shouldn't not a' knowed it vos punch, not no how."

"What drink do you like best, Cupid?" said the Major. "What d'ye think of water, now?"

"Vhy, I think this, yer honour," replied Cupid: "I'm a pertickler dislike to vorter; that's vot I think. I wouldn't ride no oss into no vorter, no, not for nothink."

"The fact is, gentlemen," said the Colonel, "Cupid thinks no man can brew a bowl of punch like himself. What say you?—shall we give him a trial?"

Capsicum consented—Gingham consented—we all consented. The third bowl of punch was carried by acclamation. Cupid retired to brew.

"If he beats mine," said Capsicum, "I'll give him half-a-guinea for the recipe."

"A guinea," said the Colonel, "with a promise not to communicate. Cupid never takes less."

Cupid returned with the punch-bowl, having executed the arcana aside. His punch had the aroma of arrack, though not arrack punch in the strict sense of the word. Capsicum's was a nosegay; Gingham's beat nectar; but Cupid's put them both out of court, by consent of the company. "Now, Captain Gabion," said the Colonel, "we'll trouble you for your story."

"Without disparagement of our previous brewers," said the Captain, "my feeling at the present moment is just this, that I never drank punch before. Well, gentlemen, if you will have it so, I proceed to relate

MY DREAM.

"Some of the friends here assembled are well aware—why should I conceal it?—that, for several months past, a load has been pressing on my mind. They are also aware of the cause. I certainly have an impression that I shall never see England again. But how that impression began, they are not aware. What I am now about to relate will afford the explanation. Yet what is the subject of my narrative? A dream—a mere dream; and a dream easily accounted for by the circumstances in which it was dreamt. So it is. Colonel d'Arbley knows, the Major knows, that I never shrank from peril. I have faced death; to all appearance, certain death. And, unless I felt prepared to do the like again, I should not have been now returning to the army;—no, I would rather have quitted the service. Death I am prepared at any time to meet; yet this presentiment of death is a burden upon my spirits. By the bye, my glass is empty. Hadn't I better replenish it ere I begin?

"You are aware, sir, that ill health, the effect of hard service and hard knocks, obliged me to return to England last spring. In the course of the autumn, I quitted Cheltenham, and resided at Woolwich. There, I was at a military party. We kept it up all night. Next morning, I was unexpectedly summoned to London; and, on my arrival, found work cut out for me,—papers to be prepared—public offices to be visited—lots of going about—lots of writing—all wanted instantly. Some parliamentary wretch had moved for returns, and I was to get them up. In short, the work could be done in time only by my again sitting up all night. It was on the day after these two sleepless nights that I had my dream. Where, do you think? And at what hour? At noon, with the sun shining above my head, on a bench in St. James's Park.

"I had just been calling in at the

Horse-Guards for a chat, my business completed, the excitement over, and was proceeding westward on foot along the Birdcage Walk, when I began to feel nervous and done up. All at once, my faculties experienced a sort of collapse. My whole frame was seized with a deadly chill; I shivered spasmodically; my strength seemed gone; and I became most enormously drowsy. Just at that moment—I suppose it was some anniversary, a birthday perhaps—bang, bang, the Park guns commenced firing, close at hand. In the midst of the firing, I sat down on a bench, and, in no time, dropped asleep. Then began my dream.

"It was a general action. The curious circumstance is, that I was still in the Park. The guns firing a holiday salute became the French position, which occupied the plateau of a low range of hills. At the foot of this range, in an avenue extending along its foot, was I alone. The firing went on, bang-banging, now no longer a *feu-de-joie*—the report was that of shotted guns. I heard not only their discharge, but the moan of the balls, and the whisk of the grape; yea, and the rattle of musketry, the shouts of men charging, and all that kind of thing. I saw the dust, the smoke, the occasional flash, quite as much as you can see of any battle if you're in it. Yet, all this time, I knew I was in the Birdcage Walk. Presently, in the direction of the Green Park, I heard a more distant cannonade, which was that of the British position. It was now time to change mine; for some of the shot from our guns began to pass up the avenue, close to me, tearing, rasping up the gravel, crashing among the trees, cutting down boughs, and rifling the trunks. Yet something kept me fixed. At length, looking in the direction of the British position, I distinctly saw a round-shot come hopping up the avenue—hop—hop—hop—nearer and nearer—but slowly—slowly—slowly; it seemed all but spent. Just when I thought it had done hopping, it took one more jump, and, with a heavy pitch, fetched me an awful polt in the right side. That moment I felt that I was a dead man; killed in action, yet by a friendly ball, and while sitting on a bench in St. James's Park! The vision now

passed. The noise and firing ceased; troops, smoke, dust—all the concomitants of combat vanished; the Birdcage Walk and its beautiful environs resumed their ordinary appearance.

"Presently, while still sitting on the bench, I was accosted by a tall sawallow-looking gentleman in black, who smirked, bowed, and handed me a letter with a broad black border—the seal, a tombstone and a weeping willow. It was addressed to myself—an invitation to attend a funeral. I pleaded my engagements—wanted to get back to Woolwich—begged to be excused. 'Sir,' said he, in courteous accents, 'you really must oblige us. Unless you are present, the funeral cannot take place. Hope you won't disappoint us, sir. I am the undertaker, sir.' I somehow felt that I had no choice, and went. The gentleman in black met me at the door.

"Other parties were assembled at the mansion; but not one of the company—I thought it rather strange—either spoke to me, or looked at me, or showed the least consciousness of my presence. The undertaker was all attention; handed round black kid gloves; fitted first one with a hatband, then another; and, last of all, addressed me: 'Now, sir, if you please, this way, sir; we only wait for you, sir.' I followed him. He led me into an adjoining apartment, where stood the coffin, surrounded by mutes. I wished to read the name on the lid, but was prevented by the pall.

"How we got to the place of interment, I recollect not. The only thing

I remember is this: as I saw the coffin carried down stairs, hoisted into the hearse, conveyed, hoisted out, and at last deposited by the side of the grave—every movement, every jolt, every thump, seemed to jar my whole system with a peculiar and horrid thrill. The service was performed, the coffin was lowered, the grating of the ropes grated upon my very soul; and the dust sprinkled by the sexton on its lid blew into my mouth and eyes, as I stood by the brink of the grave, and looked on. The service concluded, the undertaker, attendants, and company withdrew; and, what d'ye think?—there was I left remaining in the burial-ground, with no companion but a solitary gravedigger! He set to work, and began shovelling in the clods, to fill the grave. I heard their thud; I seemed to feel it, as they rattled in quick succession on the lid of the coffin.

"'You'll soon be filled in and all right, old feller,' said the gravedigger, as he proceeded with his work.

"A strange idea had gradually occupied my mind. It seemed absurd—impossible; and yet it offered the only conceivable solution of my sensations at that horrid moment. I addressed the gravedigger,—

"'My friend,' said I, 'have the goodness to inform me whose funeral this is.'

"'Whose funeral?' replied the gravedigger. 'Come, that's a good un. Why, it's your own.'—'I'll trouble you for a little more punch.'

SPAIN UNDER NARVAEZ AND CHRISTINA.

THE condition of Spain since the last French revolution, and especially since the commencement of the present year, has been taken as a theme of unbounded self-gratulation by persons who ascribe her tranquillity and alleged prosperity to their own patriotism and skill. For many months past, the friends, organs, and adherents of the dominant Camerilla have not ceased to call attention to the flourishing state of the country; repeatedly challenging the Continent to produce such another example of good government, internal happiness, and external dignity, as is now afforded by the fortunate land which their patrons and masters rule. When so many European states are revolutionized and unsettled, it is indeed pleasant to hear this good report of one which we have not been accustomed to consider a model for the imitation of its neighbours. Delightful it is to learn that Spain has cast her blood-stained slough of misrule, discord, and corruption, and glitters in renovated comeliness, an example to the nations, a credit and a blessing to herself, a monument of the disinterested exertions and unwearied self-devotion of her sage and virtuous rulers. We are anxious to believe that these glowing accounts are based upon fact, and worthy of credence—not a delusion and a blind; and that the happiness and prosperity so ostentatiously vaunted exist elsewhere than in the invention of those interested in proclaiming them. But we cannot forget that the evidence produced is entirely *ex-parte*, or lose sight of the great facility with which the French and English press and public accord credit and praise to the present government of Spain, simply on its own or its partisan's assertions of the great things it has done, and is about to do. It is not easy to obtain a correct knowledge of the condition of the bulk of the Spanish nation. That the country prospers means, in the mouths of the schemers and place-hunters of Madrid, and of the smugglers of the frontier, that there is a brisk flow of coin into their own pockets. That it is tranquil

signifies that no rebellious banner is openly displayed in its territory. No matter that the government is carried on by shifts, by forced loans and forestalled taxes and ruinous contracts; that the public servants of all grades, irregularly paid, and with bad examples before them, peculate and take bribes; that the widow and the orphan, the maimed soldier and the superannuated pensioner, continually with long arrears due to them, are in rags, misery, and starvation; that to the foreign creditor is given, almost as a favour, no part of the interest due upon the capital he has disbursed, but the interest on a small portion of the accumulation of unpaid dividends; that the streets and highways swarm with mendicants, and are perilous from the multitude of robbers; that the insecurity of life and property in country-places drives the rich proprietors into the towns, and prevents their expending their capital in the improvement of their property; and that the peasantry, deprived of instruction, example, and encouragement, deprived too, by the badness and scarcity of the communications, of an advantageous market for their produce, sink, as a natural consequence, daily deeper into sloth, ignorance, and vice. What matter all these things? The miseries of the suffering many are lightly passed over by the prosperous few; in Spain the multitude have no voice, no remedy but open and armed resistance. Thus it is that Spanish revolutions and popular outbreaks startle by their suddenness. Until the victim openly rebels, his murmurs are unheard: the report of his musket is the first intimation of his misery. In England and in France, abuses, oppression, and injustice, of whatever kind, cannot long be kept from the light. It is very different in Spain, under the present *régime*. There the liberty of the press is purely nominal, and no newspaper dares denounce an abuse, however flagrant, or speak above its breath on subjects whose discussion is unpleasant to the governing powers. On the first indication of such presumption, number after number of the

offending journal is seized, fines are inflicted, and if the editors audaciously persevere, they may reckon with tolerable certainty on exile or a prison. On the other hand, the ministerial and Camarilla organs, those of the Duke of Valencia and of Señor Sartorius, and of the dowager queen, and even of the dowager's husband—for his Grace of Rianzares follows the fashion, and has a paper at his beck, (partly for his assistance in those stock exchange transactions whose pursuit has more than once dilapidated his wife's savings,)—papers of this stamp, we say, carefully disguise or distort all facts whose honest revelations would be unpleasant or discredit to their employers. From the garbled and imperfect statements of these journals, which few Frenchmen, and scarcely any Englishmen, ever see, the "Madrid correspondents" of French and English newspapers—not a few of whom reside in Paris or London—compile their letters, and editors derive their data (for want of better sources) when discussing the condition and prospects of Spain. Hence spring misapprehension and delusion. Spain is declared to be prosperous and happy; and Spanish bondholders flatter themselves, for the hundredth time, with the hope of a satisfactory arrangement—to which their great patience certainly entitles them, and which they might as certainly obtain were the ill-administered revenues of Spain so directed as to flow into the public coffers, and not into the bottomless pockets of a few illustrious swindlers, and of the legion of corrupt underlings who prop a system founded on immorality and fraud. The system is rotten to the core, and the prosperity of Spain is a phantom and a fallacy. Not that she is deficient in the elements of prosperity: on the contrary, the country has abundant vitality and resource, and its revenue has been for years increasing, in the teeth of misgovernment, and of a prohibitive tariff, which renders the customs' revenue almost nominal. But it matters little how many millions are collected, if they be intercepted on their way to the exchequer, or squandered

and misappropriated as soon as gathered in.

In the absence of better evidence as to the real state of the country than that whose untrustworthiness we have denounced, the narrative of an unprejudiced and intelligent traveller in Spain has its value; and although the title of a recently published book by Mr. Dundas Murray,* proclaimed it to refer but to one province, yet, as that province comprises many of the principal Spanish posts and cities, we hoped to have found in his pages confirmation or correctness of our opinion as to the true condition of the nation, and more particularly of those middling and lower classes whose welfare is too frequently lost sight of in the struggles and projects of political factions. Since those pleasant "Gatherings" in which many home-truths were told with a playful and witty pen, no book on Spain worth naming has appeared; and if Mr. Murray's visit be recent, which he does not enable us to decide, he had abundant opportunity during his pretty long residence and active rambles—aided, as we learn he was, by thorough familiarity with the language—to collect materials for a work of no common interest and importance. He has preferred, however, to skim the surface: the romantic and the picturesque sketches on the road and traditions of Moorish Spain, are evidently more to his taste than an investigation of the condition of the people, and an exposure of social sores and official corruption. His book is a slight but unaffected production, containing much that has been said before, a little that has not, some tolerable descriptions of scenery, a number of legends borrowed from Conde and other chroniclers, and here and there a little personal incident which may almost pass muster as an adventure. Young Englishmen of Mr. Murray's class and standard of ability, who start on a tour in Spain, are of course on the look-out for the picturesque, and think it incumbent on them to embody their experiences and observations in a book. Such narratives are usually praiseworthy for good

* *The Cities and Wilds of Andalusia.* By the Honourable R. DUNDAS MURRAY. London: 1849.

feeling and gentlemanly tone; and indeed would be almost perfect, did they combine with these qualities the equally desirable ones of vigour and originality. But doubtless we shall do well to take them as they come, and be thankful; for it is not every one who has fortitude and courage to travel for any length of time in the flea-and-robber-ridden land of Spain. And as we cannot expect to meet every day with a Widdrington, a Carnarvon, or a Ford, so we must welcome a Murray when he presents himself, look leniently upon his repetitions, and be grateful if he occasionally affords us a hint or a text. It is perhaps a pity that Englishmen do not more frequently turn their steps towards the Peninsula, instead of pertinaciously pursuing the beaten tracks of Italy, Switzerland, the Levant; the furthest of which is now within the leave-of-absence ramble of a desultory guardsman or jaded journalist, covetous of purer air than Fleet Street or St. James's afford. Spain, we can assure all who are rovingly inclined—and Mr. Murray, we are certain, will corroborate our words—has at least as much to interest as any of the above regions, and much more than most of them. And assuredly an influx of British travellers would, by putting piastres into the pockets of the aborigines, do more than anything else towards improving roads, towards cleansing ventas of the *chinchas* and other light cavalry, against whose assaults Mr. Murray was fain to cuirass himself in a flannel bag, towards ameliorating the Iberian cuisine, and diminishing the numbers and audacity of the knights of the road. For, as regards the last-named peril, greatly increased by the dispersion of the republican and Carlist bands, and by the misery prevalent in the country, Englishmen, if they have the reputation of travelling with well-filled pockets and portmanteaus, have also that of fighting stoutly in defence of their property; and if they would make it a rule to travel two or three together, with light purses, a sharp look-out, and a revolver a-piece—or, as Mr. Murray and his companion did, each with a double-barrel on his shoulder—they might rest assured there are not many hands of brigands

on Spanish roads bold enough to bid them, in the classical phrase of those gentry, "*Boca abajo!*" which means, freely interpreted, "Down in the dust, and *with* the dust!" But let the traveller be on his guard against a surprise, and, to that end, avoid as much as possible all night-travelling, especially by diligence, which to many may seem the safest, on account of the society it insures, but which is in reality the most dangerous mode of journeying, for there the pusillanimous hamper and impede the resistance contemplated by the bold, and the bravest man can do little when jammed in amongst screaming women and terrified priests, with a carbine pointing in at each window of the vehicle. We find Mr. Murray and his friend riding unmolested through an ambuscade where, a couple of hours later, three *calesas* full of travellers, including a colonel in the army, were assailed by no more than three highwaymen, and deliberately and unresistingly plundered. For the traveller in Spain there is nothing like the saddle, whether for safety, independence, or comfort; and as to time, why, if he is short of that, he had better not visit the country, for there all things go *despacio*, which means not with despatch but leisurely, and for one "to-day" he will get twenty "to-morrows," and most of these will never come. And, above all, let him put no faith in the word police, which, in Spain, is a mere figure of speech, the thing it indicates never appearing until it is not wanted; and let him not reckon on an escort, which is rarely to be obtained even by paying, and on roads notoriously dangerous, except by tedious formality of application, to which few will have patience to submit. And even if granted, it usually, as in the case of the *calesas* above cited, is either too weak to be useful, or lags behind, or fairly turns tail. To which prudent course it is more than suspected that the faithless guards, who are mostly pardoned robbers, are frequently stimulated by promise of a share of the spoil. Nor are they, if all tales be true, the only class in Spain whose duty it is to protect the public, and who foully betray their trust. During this present year of 1849, cited as

so prosperous a one in Spain, robberies in the capital, and on the roads within a radius of twenty leagues around it, have been so numerous and audacious, and perpetrated with such impunity, that the finger of public suspicion has pointed very high, and the strangest tales—which to English ears would sound incredible—have been circulated of the collusion of personages whose rank and position would, in any other country, preclude the idea of participation, however secret and indirect, in gains so lawless and iniquitous. But in this, as in many other matters peculiar to the Peninsula, although the few may be convinced, the many will always doubt, and proof it is of course scarcely possible to obtain. In so extensive and thinly peopled a land as Spain, and which has been so long a prey to civil war and insurrection, security of travelling in rural districts, and on cross roads, is only to be obtained by increased cultivation of the soil, and by improving the condition of the peasantry. But in the capital, and on the roads leading to it, and in the towns and villages, some degree of law and order might be expected to prevail. A glance at the Spanish papers, any time for the last six months, proves the contrary to be the case. Their columns are filled with accounts of atrocious assassinations and barefaced robberies in the very streets of Madrid; of diligences stopped, and travellers plundered and abused; of farmers and others carried off to the mountains in open day, and detained until ransomed; and with letters from all parts of the country, complaining of the insecurity of life and property, and of the sluggishness and inefficiency of the authorities. Such statements are of course rarely admitted into the ministerial prints, to read which one would imagine that the very last malefactor in the country had just fallen into the hands of the *guardias civiles*, and that a virgin might conduct a gold-laden mule from Santander to Cadiz, unguarded and unmolested.

Since the death of Ferdinand, no such opportunity of improving and regenerating Spain has been afforded to a Spanish ministry, really solicitous of their country's good, as during the

present year. It opened inauspiciously enough; with an impoverished exchequer, a ruinously expensive army, Cabrera and ten thousand Carlists in arms in eastern Spain, and with insurgent bands, of various political denominations, springing up in Navarra and other provinces. There was every prospect of a bloody civil war in early spring. But causes, similar to those which, on former occasions, had frustrated their efforts, again proved fatal to the hopes of the Carlist party. With great difficulty, and with little aid beyond that of contributions levied in Catalonia, Cabrera had subsisted his troops through the winter. But, when spring approached, money was needed for other purposes besides mere rations. In the civil wars of Spain, gold has often been far more efficacious than steel to overcome difficulties and gain a point. But gold was hard to obtain. Revolutions had raised its value; and those who possessed it were loath to embark it in so hazardous a speculation as the restoration of Count Montemolin. This prince, who, for a Spanish Bourbon, is not deficient in natural ability, has one unfortunate defect, which more than counterbalances his good qualities. Infirm of purpose, he is led by a clique of selfish and unworthy advisers, some of whom—evil counselors handed down to him by his father—have retained all the influence they acquired over him in his childhood. Amidst the petty wranglings and deplorable indecisions of these men, time wore away. A sum of money (no very large one) was all that was needed to achieve a great object, which would at once have multiplied fifty-fold the prestige of the Montemolinist cause, and have placed vast resources at the disposal of its partisans. Between the sum required and the advantage certain to be obtained, the disproportion was enormous. Letter after letter was received from Cabrera and other promoters of the Montemolinist cause in France and Spain, urging and imploring that, at any sacrifice, the money should be procured. But this was beyond the power of the incapable *ojalateros* who surrounded the young pretender. Without conduct, energy, or dignity, they had not a single quali-

ty calculated to obtain credit or induce confidence. In all their attempts they miserably failed. At last, towards the end of March, a rumour was spread abroad that Count Montemolin was on his way to Catalonia, to head his faithful adherents. Soon this was confirmed by newspaper paragraphs, and presently came a romantic account of his arrest on the frontier, when about to enter Spain. The next news was that of his return to England, which was almost immediately followed by an article in a London paper, denying point-blank that he had ever left this country, declaring that the journey was a hoax, and that the Spanish prince had been arrested by proxy. And although this article, which was extensively copied by the press of England and the Continent, elicited an angry contradiction from a hanger-on of Count Montemolin, yet many persons, of those most versed in the intricacies of Spanish intrigue, were convinced that its statements were founded on fact, and that the Count was in reality secreted in London at the very time he was supposed to be travelling towards the Pyrenees. And some of his own partisans, who credited the reality of the journey, declared their conviction from the first to have been, that he would be betrayed before he got through France, since by that means only could certain individuals, who dared not refuse to accompany him, hope to return to the flesh-pots and security of their London home, and to avoid encountering the perils and hardships of mountain warfare. The abortive journey or clumsy hoax, whichever it was, gave the finishing stroke to the Catalonian insurrection. Cabrera, seeing plainly that nothing was to be hoped from the feeble and pusillanimous junta of advisers who awayed and bewildered Count Montemolin by their intrigues and dissensions, found it necessary, after sending repeated and indignant letters and messages to London, to abandon a contest which it was impossible for him to maintain single-handed, and from which many subordinate chiefs, and a large portion of his troops, had already seceded. His little army fell to pieces, and he himself fell into the hands of the French authorities, by

whom, after a brief detention, he was allowed to go at large. The game was now good for General Concha and his fifty thousand men. The scattering and hunting down of the broken bands of insurgents was exactly the sort of amusement they liked; a fine pretext for magnificent bulletins, and the easiest possible way of gaining praise, honour, and decorations. Before summer came, Catalonia was quiet. The most vigorous effort made by the Carlists since the Convention of Bergara; the one offering the best chances of success, and on which the very last resources of the party, (even, it is said, to a few jewels and pictures of price—the last relics of princely splendour,) had been expended; the effort, in short, of whose happy issue such sanguine expectations were entertained, that some of the leading adherents of the cause declared that, “if they failed this time, they deserved never to succeed,” had terminated in complete abortion. On the sierras of Spain not a Carlist cockade was to be seen; in the coffers of the party not a dollar remained. Many of its most valued members, disgusted by the weakness of their prince, and by the baseness of his councillors, withdrew from its ranks, and made their peace with the existing government. And now the most steadfast well-wishers of Count Montemolin are compelled to admit, that few contingencies are less probable than his installation on the Spanish throne.

Delivered from the disquietude and expense of civil war, backed by an overwhelming majority in the Chambers, and having no longer anything to fear from that “English influence,” of which the organs of Christina and Louis Philippe had made such a bugbear, the Spanish government, it was expected, would deem the moment favourable for those reforms so greatly needed by the country. It was full time, and it was now quite practicable, to adopt extensive and systematic measures of retrenchment in the various departments of the administration; to reduce the army, to regularise and lessen the expense of collecting the revenue, which, like a crop intrusted to negligent and dishonest reapers, is wasted and pillaged in the

gathering; to encourage labour and industry; to stimulate private enterprise, to which the tranquillity of Spain was sure to give a first impetus; to encourage and co-operate in the formation of roads and canals, so essential to agriculture, which there languishes for want of them; to give a death-blow to smuggling by an honest and sweeping reform of the absurd tariff; and, if they could not give money to the public creditor, at least to come to a loyal understanding and arrangement with him, instead of verulously deluding him with fair promises, never kept. Instead of at once, and in good faith, setting about these, and many other equally requisite reforms, in whose prosecution they would have been supported by a large number of their present political opponents; instead of riveting their attention on the internal maladies and necessities of the country, and striving strenuously for their cure, —turning a deaf ear to the clamorous voices abroad in Europe, and thanking heaven that the position and weakness of their country allowed her to stand aloof from the struggles of her neighbours—what did the Spanish government? They acted like a needy spendthrift who, having suddenly come into possession of a little gold, fancies himself a Croesus, and squanders it in luxurious superfluities. They had come into possession of a little tranquillity—in Spain a treasure far rarer and more precious than gold—and, instead of using it for their necessities, they lavished it abroad. Aping wealthy and powerful nations, they aspire to interfere in the domestic affairs of others, before thinking of putting their own house in order. Rome is to be the scene of their exploits, religion their pretext, the Pope the gainer by their exertions. From their eagerness in the crusade, it might be supposed that Rome and the pontiff had some great and peculiar claim on the gratitude and exertions of Spain; with which country, on the contrary, ever since the death of Ferdinand of petticoat-making memory, until quite recently, they have been on the worst possible terms—the Holy See having openly supported the cause of Don Carlos, refused the recognition of Isabella, and the investiture of the

prelates she appointed, and played a variety of unfriendly pranks, of no material consequence, but yet exceedingly painful and galling to the bigoted portion of the nation, who considered their chances of salvation not a little compromised, so long as their government was thus in evil odour and non-communication with the head of the Church. Altogether, the attitude assumed by Rome towards Spain, since 1833, was most detrimental to Queen Isabella, because it sent a vast number of priests (always active and influential partisans) to the side of the Pretender. Considering these circumstances, when Rome at last, at its own good time, and in consideration of concessions, and also because it suffered pecuniarily by the duration of the rupture, again took Spain into favour, and acknowledged her queen as Most Catholic, Spain, in her impoverished condition, would surely have sufficiently responded by her best wishes for the prosperity of the Pope, and for the safety of his pontifical throne. She might also, if it was desired, have sent their poetical statesman, M. Martinez de la Rosa, to display his eloquence in Italian counsels. But Spanish pride, the bigotry of the queen-mother and her son-in-law, the fanaticism of some, and the hypocrisy of others, could not be contented with this. Pinched, starved, indebted, as Spain is, nothing would serve but to despatch to Italy, at heavy cost, a useless *corps d'armée*. Little enough has it achieved. The troops have got a bad name by their excesses, and the generals have been treated slightly, almost contemptuously, by the French commanders, who, doubtless, at sight of the half-disciplined Dons, felt old animosities revive, and thought how much they should prefer a trip to the Trocadero to this inglorious and unprofitable Italian campaign. To console General Cordova and his staff, however, for the necessity of playing second fiddle to the French, they have been praised, and caressed, and decorated by his Holiness, and by that enlightened monarch, Ferdinand of Naples; and they have been allowed to send an aide-de-camp to Barcelona for three nice little Spanish uniforms, which they are to have the honour of

presenting to three nice little Neapolitan princes. Whilst this popinjay general and his men-at-arms idle their time, and spend their pay, in Italian quarters, the Moors besiege and cannonade the Spanish possessions in Africa, within sight of the Andalusian coast, whence not a soldier is sent to the assistance of the beleaguered garrisons. A most characteristic sample of "things of Spain." In this country we are blind to the propriety of leaving your own barn to be pulled down, whilst you build up your neighbour's mansion. And, to our matter-of-fact comprehension, it seems dishonest to waste money in a frivolous foreign expedition, when starving creditors are knocking at the door. But we are a shop-keeping people, and it is folly to subject Spanish chivalry to the gauge of such grovelling, mercantile ideas.

Notwithstanding the draft of troops to Italy, the Spanish government has ventured to decree an extensive reduction in the army. In view of the penury of the exchequer, of the total suppression of the Carlist insurrection, and of the small probability of any fresh outbreak in a country worn out as Spain is by civil wars and commotions, they could not, in common decency, avoid some such economical measure. So a third of the army has been formed into a reserve, which means that the officers retain their full pay—with the exception of those who voluntarily exchange from the active army into the reserve, thereby putting themselves on half-pay—and that the sergeants and privates, with the exception of a skeleton staff, return to their homes, and no longer receive pay or rations; but are to hold themselves in readiness, until the regular expiration of their term of service, to join their colours when required. From this measure the government anticipates a great saving, and their partisans hint a million sterling as its probable amount. But it is a peculiarity of Spanish administration that the real economy of a change of this kind can never be ascertained, even approximatively, until it has been for some time in force. By a strange fatality, the most brilliant theoretical retrenchments crumble into dust when reduced to practice. This has been so repeatedly the case in Spain,

that we receive such announcements with natural distrust. In this instance, however, it is impossible to doubt that there will be a considerable saving, although far less than would at first sight be expected from the reduction, by nearly one-third, of an army of 120,000 men. The reduction will *de facto* be confined to the soldiers and non-commissioned officers; for, half-pay in Spain being a wretched pittance, and usually many months in arrear, few officers are likely to avail themselves of the option afforded them. With reference to this subject, we shall quote an extract from a Madrid newspaper, a strenuous opponent of the present government, but whose statistics we have never found otherwise than trustworthy: and which, in this case, would hardly venture to mis-state facts so easy of investigation. "Calculating," says the *Clamor Público* of the 30th October 1849, "that the reduction in the active army amounts to 40,000 men, there still remain 80,000, too great a number for a nation which yields no more than 90,000 electors of deputies to the Cortes; besides which there should also be reductions in the staff. In Spain there is a general for every four hundred soldiers—[we believe the *Clamor* to be mistaken, and the proportion of generals to be even larger than here stated;] and although we do not possess any great magazines of clothing, arms, ammunition and other military stores, our army is yet the dearest of the whole European continent, as is proved by the following statement. [A statement follows of the annual cost of a soldier in the principal Continental services, showing the Spanish soldier to be the most expensive of all.] From all which we infer that the economy decreed is by no means that required by the condition of the treasury, and permitted by our present state of profound peace. The Spanish nation cannot maintain the immense army with which it is burdened. Retain, by all means, the artillery, the engineers, the staff-corps, and the other elements of war which cannot be created at brief notice. Keep up, on full pay, the framework of officers necessary to form, at two months' notice, an army of one hundred thousand men on a war establishment, whenever it may be

necessary ; but, whilst we are at peace, restore to agriculture and the arts a portion of the men now employed in carrying arms." Under the regency of Espartero, the Spanish army was reduced to 50,000 men and that when the country was far less tranquil than at present, when a Moderado junta was plotting, at Paris, the downfall of the government, and Christina and Louis Philippe furnished abundant means of corruption. Then such an army was too small ; now it might well be deemed ample for a country that at most contains thirteen or fourteen millions of inhabitants, with few fortresses to garrison, few large towns in which to guard against insurrection, and, above all, with a population that would evidently rather submit to misgovernment than plunge again into war. From external foes Spain has nothing to fear ; and, even if she had, we are by no means sure that, paradoxical as it may seem, a reduction in her army would not be one of the best means of guarding against them. For retrenchments that would enable her to acquit herself, at least in part, towards her foreign creditors, would assuredly procure her, in the hour of need, friends and allies far more efficient in her defence than her own armies could possibly be. For however prone the Spaniards as a people are to exaggerate their power and means of self-defence, it must surely be patent to the sensible portion of the nation that, in case of aggression from without, they must look for aid to France or England. And although it will doubtless confirm the opinion of Spanish Moderados and French Orleanists as to the invariably mercenary motives of Great Britain, we will not conceal our conviction that the readiness of this country to succour Spain would be much greater if she were paying her debt to English bondholders, than if she were still in her present state of disreputable insolvency. At least we are quite certain that "the pressure from without" would be materially influenced by such a consideration. And this reflection naturally leads us to ask in what

position Spain would have found herself, had the projected expedition from the United States against Cuba taken place and succeeded. The danger appears at an end for the present ; but it may recur, under the rule of an American president who will not interfere to prevent the piratical enterprise. As to its chances of success, we find some striking facts whereon to base an opinion, in a recently published book on Cuba, the work of an intelligent and practical man, on whose statements and opinions we are disposed to set a high value.* From Mr. Madden's evidence it is quite plain that the Spanish colonial government is admirably calculated to excite a desire of independence, or, failing that, of annexation to America, in the breasts of the people of the Havana ; and what is more, that it has already done so, and that a body of liberators from the States might confidently reckon on being received with open arms by a very considerable fraction of the inhabitants. When the mother country is deplorably misruled, it is not to be expected that the dependencies should be models of good government.

"In 1812," says Mr. Madden, "the constitution being proclaimed in Spain, the whole people of the colonies were assimilated to the inhabitants of the mother country, with respect to representation. . . . In 1818, the good effects of colonial representation were manifested in the successful efforts of Señor Arango with the king, Ferdinand VII., for Cuban interests. He obtained a royal ordinance from his majesty for the abolition of restrictions on Cuban commerce. From this epoch, the prosperity of the island may be dated. Instead of being a charge to the imperial government, it began to remit large sums of money yearly to Spain ; instead of having authorities and troops paid by the latter, both were henceforth paid by Cuba. An army of 25,000 men, sent from Spain in a miserable plight, was maintained in Cuba, in a few years entirely equipped and clothed, and disciplined in the best manner, without costing a real to the Spanish government. From 1830, the treasury of the Havana, in every embarrassment of the home government, furnished Spain with means, and was, in fact, a reserved fund for all its pressing emergencies. When the civil

* *The Island of Cuba : its Resources, Progress, and Prospects.* By R. R. MADDEN, M.R.I.A. London: 1849.

list failed Queen Christina, Cuba furnished the means of defraying the profuse expenditure of the palace. The contributions arising from the island formed no small portion, indeed, of the riches bequeathed by Ferdinand VII. to his rapacious widow, and to his reputed daughters."

In 1841, the same writer says, Cuba yielded a net revenue to Spain of a million and a quarter sterling, furnished timber and stores largely for the Spanish navy, and entirely supported the Spanish army in Cuba. From the amount here stated, deductions had to be made, or else the revenue has diminished since that date; for Mr. Madden subsequently sums up by saying, that "Cuba produces a revenue of from ten to fifteen millions of dollars; of this amount, upwards of three millions (£600,000 sterling) are remitted to Madrid; and these three millions of taxes are paid by a class not exceeding four hundred thousand inhabitants, of free persons of all complexions." A Spanish writer estimates the revenue, in 1839, at eleven millions of dollars;* and an English one, who had good opportunities of obtaining information, although he is sometimes rather loose in his statements, declared, six years later, that "Cuba contributes fifty millions of reals, or £500,000 sterling, of clear annual revenue to the Spanish crown."† From this concurrent testimony, the sum annually pocketed by the mother country may be estimated at £500,000 to £600,000 sterling; an important item in the receipts of the Madrid government—more so, even, from its liquid and available nature, than from its amount. Moreover the revenues of Cuba, like the mines of Almaden, are a ready resource as security for a loan. But how has Spain requited the services of her richest colony? Of course with gross ingratitude. Strange to say, the equality of rights sanctioned by the despotic Ferdinand was arbitrarily wrenched from Cuba by the liberal government that succeeded him.

"The new Spanish constitution shut out the colonist from the imperial representation. This most unjust, impolitic, and irritating measure affords a fair spe-

cimen of the liberality and wisdom of Spanish liberalism. It produced a feeling of hatred against the mother country that never before existed in Cuba. In 1836-7-8-9, [years passed by Mr. Madden in the Havana,] a general feeling of disaffection pervaded the whole white Creole community of Cuba. All the intelligence, education, worth, and influence of the white natives of the island (or Creoles, as they are there called) was enlisted against the government and the sovereign of Spain, and an intense desire for independence excited. The old rapacious policy of Spain was renewed, of considering every species of Cuban produce as a commodity of a distant region, that it was legitimate to burden with oppressive taxes."‡

Now, it appears that by one of those strange absurdities which are of no unfrequent occurrence in Spanish governments, American settlers in Cuba have been, and still are, exempt from a variety of personal contributions and other imposts, which the natives have to pay. The laws of the island forbid the establishment of foreigners in Cuba; and though the settlement of Americans has been connived at, out of respect to the laws the settlers were supposed, by a curious fiction, not to exist. Hence the exemption.

"This immunity," says Mr. Madden, (p. 83,) "drew great numbers of settlers to Cuba, from the Southern States of America; so that some districts on the northern shores of the island, in the vicinity, especially, of Cardenas and Matanzas, have more the character of American than Spanish settlements. The prosperity of the island has derived no small advantage from those numerous American establishments. Improved modes of agriculture, of fabrication, of conveyance, were introduced by the Americans. Several railways have been made. In the course of ten years, no less than ten have been carried into effect. At the opening of the first, from Havana to Guinea, in 1837, I was present. To American enterprise and energy solely, I have reason to know, this great undertaking was indebted. The loan for it was made in England; but the projectors, the share-jobbers, the engineer, and the overseers, were Americans. . . . Cuba, ever since I knew it, has been slowly but steadily becoming American-

* MARLIANI, ii. 472.

† HUGHES' *Revelations of Spain*, ii. 383.

‡ *The Island of Cuba*, pp. 55-6.

ised. I pestered my superiors with my opinions on this subject in 1836-7-8-9. 'Liberavi animam meam' might be fairly said by me, if the star-spangled banner were floating to-morrow on the Moro Castle, or flaunting in the breeze at St. Iago de Cuba. In the course of seven years a feeling, strongly prevalent in the colony, in favour of independence, has been changed into a desire for connexion with the United States. It is needless for recent political writers on Cuba to deny the existence of a strong feeling of animosity to the mother country, and a longing desire for separation. From my own intimate knowledge of these facts, I speak of their existence. If England could have been induced, in 1837, to guarantee the island of Cuba from the intervention of any foreign power, the white inhabitants were prepared to throw off the Spanish yoke. There was then a Spanish army nominally of twenty thousand men in the island, but the actual number of native Spaniards in it did not exceed sixteen thousand. The leading men of the Creoles had then little apprehensions of the result of an effort for independence. A liberal allotment of land in the island, for the soldiers who might be disposed to join the independent party, was a prospect, it was expected, which would suffice to gain over the army. . . . It is not to England, now, that the white natives of Cuba look for aid or countenance in any future effort for independence. It is to America that they now turn their eyes; and America takes good care to respond to the wishes that are secretly expressed in those regards."

These are the opinions of a man several years resident in Cuba, evidently a shrewd observer, and who can hardly be suspected of misrepresentation on this head; and we do not hesitate to place confidence in them in preference to the rose-tinted accounts of the Madrid *Heraldo*, and other official prints, according to which the present happiness, prosperity, and loyalty of the Havaneros are such as were never surpassed in the annals of colonies. Mr. Madden, we have seen, is of opinion that the Creoles and resident Americans, if guaranteed from foreign intervention, are of themselves a match for Spain, and could throw off her yoke and defy her efforts to reimpose it. What, then, would be the state of affairs, if three or four thousand Yankee volunteers, who, by themselves, we suspect,

could give occupation to all the disposable part of the sixteen thousand Spaniards in garrison, were suddenly to drop upon the Cuban shore, by preconcerted arrangement with the disaffected? In 1849 this has been within an ace of occurring: in a future year, not very remote, it may actually occur. What would Spain do, when news were brought her that the red-and-yellow banner was replaced by the speckled bunting of the States? Would she declare war against America, on the strength of the war-steamers she has been lately building with her creditors' money? Brother Jonathan, we suspect, would mightily chuckle at the notion, and immediately seize Puerto Rico, and perhaps make a dash at the Philippines. But the Spanish government, loud as they can bluster when sure of impunity, would hardly render themselves so ridiculous. No; in the hour of their distress they would piteously look abroad for succour, and turn their discomfited countenance to the old ally to whom, in their brief day of seeming prosperity, they forgot their numerous obligations. It is our belief their appeal would not be made in vain. But although this country, being great and powerful, could afford to forget its cause of complaint—as a man overlooks the petulance of a froward child—it would be right and fitting that an *amende honorable* should previously be exacted from Spain, and that humiliation should be inflicted on her arrogant government, for an insult which, let them mis-state the circumstances as they like, was far from justified by the alleged provocation. And moreover, before a move was made, or a note transmitted by the British government on behalf of Spain-robbed-of-its-Cuba, a solid guarantee should unquestionably be exacted for an equitable and speedy adjustment of the claims of the ill-used holders of Spanish bonds.

These gentlemen, roused at last by a long series of neglect and broken promises to depart from the *suaviter in modo*, and to substitute an energetic remonstrance for the honeyed and complimentary epistles they have been wont to address to the president of the Spanish council, are raising a fund to be employed in the advocacy of their claims by an agent in Madrid.

Although the gradual progress of the subscription does not bespeak the fund-holders very sanguine in their hopes, they may rest assured that this is a step in the right direction. Their only hope is in agitation—in keeping their just and shamefully-neglected claims before the world, and in such a conjunction of circumstances as may enable the cabinet of St. James's to put on the screw, and compel the Spanish government to be honest. As to an appeal to arms, however it might be justified in equity, and by references to Vatel and other great authorities, it would hardly be consonant with prudence, or with the spirit of the times; but other means may be devised; and in the event of a European war, we can imagine more than one circumstance in which, as in the case of the seizure of Cuba by America, Spain would be too happy to subscribe to the just conditions this country might impose for the settlement of English claims. But there is danger in delay; and if we are unwilling to believe that Spain is, in the words of one who knows her well, "irremediably insolvent,"* there is no doubt she must speedily become so, unless some radical change takes place in the views and system of her rulers. What she needs is an honest government, composed of men who will make their own advantage subservient to their country's weal. "My firm conviction," says Marliani, "is, that when the day comes that men of heart and head shall seize, with a firm grasp, the rudder of this vessel now abandoned to the uncertain movement of the political waves, they will take her into port. Spain is in the best possible position to make a giant's stride in the path of prosperity. She offers to the foreigner a thousand honourable and profitable speculations; the application of capital to public works, to agriculture, to mines, will be an inexhaustible source of profit."† When M. Marliani wrote this, capitalists were more prone to embark their money in distant speculations than at the present day. But still the principle holds good; and there can be no question in the minds

of any who have studied Spain, that an honest and moderately able government is all that is wanted to develop her vast resources, and enable her to come to an honourable compromise with her creditors, who, there can be little doubt, would show themselves accommodating, if they saw evidence of a desire to pay, and had some certainty that, when they had accepted an arrangement advantageous to Spain, it would not be broken in a few months, leaving them in worse plight than before. How this has been repeatedly done was lately clearly exhibited in a letter addressed by a Spanish bondholder to the *Times*, of which we here quote a portion:—

"Between 1820 and 1831 Spain, contracted loans as follows [detail given], to the amount of 157,244,210 dollars. And on no portion of these loans does Spain now pay interest. In 1834 there was owing, in interest upon those loans, 49,541,352 dollars; and the Spanish government then offered, at a meeting of bondholders, held at the City of London Tavern, to give for all those loans, and the interest upon them, new stock, on the following terms:—A new active five per cent. stock, upon which the interest should be always punctually paid, for two-thirds of the capital; a new passive stock for the remaining third; and a deferred stock for the overdue interest, on condition that they had a new loan of £4,000,000 sterling. These terms were agreed to, and the conversion took place; and there were issued in exchange for the old loans and overdue interest, £33,322,890 five per cent. active stock; £12,696,450 passive stock; and £13,215,672 deferred stock. These are the stocks now in the market, in addition to the £4,000,000 loan then granted. In two years after this transaction, the Spanish government stopped payment again, and left the bondholders in the same situation, with one-third of their capital cancelled, or made passive stock, which bears no coupons, and is, consequently, not entitled to claim interest. In 1841, the Spanish government paid the active bondholders four years' interest; i. e., from 1836 to 1840, in a three per cent. stock, instead of cash, and which produced the holders about four shillings in the pound: (this is the three per cent. stock now in the English market, on which the interest is paid.)"‡

It is not very easy to get at infor-

* Ford's *Gatherings from Spain*.

† *Histoire Politique de l'Espagne Moderne*, ii. 424.

‡ City article of the *Times*, September 14, 1849.

mation about the amount of Spanish debts, accumulated dividends, and so forth; but the above lucid statement of the liabilities to foreign creditors, combined with the testimony of other authorities before us, leads to an aggregate estimate of the whole debt, external and internal, at upwards of one hundred and twenty millions sterling,—probably at the present time nearly or quite one hundred and thirty millions, unpaid interest being added. Without entering into the intricate complications of the question, we shall not be very wide of the mark in asserting, that less than three millions sterling per annum, in the shape of dividends, would constitute an arrangement surpassing the wildest dreams in which, for a long time past, sane bondholders can possibly have indulged; in fact that, considering the amount of passive stock, and the concessions that would willingly be made, it would pay what would pass muster as the full dividends. An enormous sum for Spain—will be the remark of many. We beg to differ from this opinion. An enormous sum, certainly, for a dishonest Spanish government. Charity begins at home in Spain as much as anywhere; and if people squander their cash in paying creditors, how shall they enjoy their little comforts and luxuries, and make up a purse for a rainy day? How shall the royal family of a poor and insolvent kingdom have a civil list of half a million sterling, besides crown property and appanages to Infantes?—how shall Queen Christina and her uncle, the ex-king of the French, be repaid the sums they lavished to oust Espartero, and to bring about the infamous Spanish marriages?—how shall the same illustrious lady make her investments in foreign funds, and add to her hoard of jewellery, already, it is said, the most valuable in Europe?—how shall Duke Muñoz play at bulls and bears on the Bolsa, and give millions of francs for French salt-works?—how shall the Spanish ministers, men sprung from nothing, and who the other day were penniless, maintain a sumptuous state and realise princely fortunes?—how, finally, shall the government exercise such influence

at elections as to reduce the numerous and powerful party opposed to them in the country to utter numerical insignificance in the legislative assembly, and to fill every municipal office with their own creatures and adherents? It is a very singular fact that, although for many years past the revenue of Spain has been steadily increasing, the annual deficit always continues about the same. Thus much can be discerned even through the habitual exaggerations and hocus-pocus of Spanish financial statements. M. Mendizabal, in his budget for 1837, (in the very heat and fury of the Carlist war,) showed a deficiency of seven millions sterling, the revenue then being about £8,700,000 sterling. In 1840, the minister of finance stated the deficit at £6,800,000 sterling, the revenue having then risen to upwards of ten millions.* And since then the deficiency has averaged about five millions sterling; and even now, that Spain is declared so prosperous, will not be rightly stated at a much lower figure, although finance ministers resort to the most ingenious devices to prove it much less. But if it is so trifling as they would have us believe, why do they not pay their dividends? Forced loans, anticipated imposts, unpaid pensions, and shabby shifts of every kind, show us how far we are to credit their balance-sheets. One financier—that very slippery person, Señor Carrasco—actually showed a surplus—upon paper. “The present revenue,” wrote Mr. Ford, in 1846, “may be taken at about twelve or thirteen millions sterling. But money is compared by Spaniards to oil—a little *will* stick to the fingers of those who measure it out; and such is the robbing and jobbing, the official mystification and speculation, that it is difficult to get at *facts* when cash is in question.” The sum stated, however, is about the mark, and bears out Lord Clarendon’s often-quoted declaration in the House of Lords, that the Spanish revenue is one-half greater than it was ever before known to be. Few men have had better opportunities than Lord Clarendon of acquiring information on the affairs of Spain; and his well-known friendly feeling towards her present

* MARLIANI, ii. 430 and 471.

rulers precludes the suspicion of his giving a higher colouring than the strictest truth demands to any statement likely to be prejudicial or unpleasant to them. It is a fact that the revenue is still upon the increase; and it has augmented, in the last fifteen years, by more than one-half, for in 1835 it was but seven hundred and fifty-nine millions of reals, or, in round numbers, £7,600,000 sterling. It certainly seems strange that, with an increase of revenue of at least four millions, the decrease of deficit should barely amount to two, although the country, at the former period, was plunged in a most expensive war, and had an enormous army on foot; the estimate for the war department alone, for 1837—according to Mr. Mendizabal's budget already quoted, presented to the Cortes—being upwards of seven and a-half millions sterling, or *within one million of the total amount of estimated revenue*. Thus we see that Spain presents the curious phenomenon of an expenditure augmenting in proportion as the revenue increases. In most countries the puzzle is the other way; and how to force the revenue up to the expenditure, is the knotty point with statesmen. The most benevolent can hardly help suspecting that some foul play is at the bottom of this augmentative propensity of Spanish financial outgoings. But Spain is *par excellence* the country of itching palms; and in view of the statements we have here made, and which defy refutation, most persons will probably agree with a writer already cited, when he says that, "with common sense and common honesty, much might be done towards releasing Spain from her financial embarrassments. Perhaps it is not too much to say, that a vigorous government, capable of enforcing taxation, might, with integrity and energy, and a forgetfulness of selfish gains, provide for the interest of every portion of her debt, and, in the end, pay off the principal. . . . If Spanish finance ministers, and the capitalists and sharpers by whom they are surrounded, could bring themselves to think of their own fortunes less, and of the nation's more,

we should hear very little of new foreign loans. A virtuous native effort is wanted; themselves must strike the blow! All governments are bound to support their several departments, and obtain a sufficient revenue; and the administration of Mon and Narvaex has not the excuse of want of power."* This is the language universally held by all persons acquainted, from actual observation, with the extent and abuse of Spain's resources. The taxes in Spain are exceedingly light in proportion to the population, but they are unfairly distributed, and most iniquitously collected—the state paying an enormous percentage on most of them, and being besides scandalously robbed by officials of every grade. But the inequality of taxation in Spain, which presses (by the threefold means of direct impost, excise, and exorbitant import duties upon manufactures) especially on the peasant and agriculturist—crushing the very nerve and right arm of Spanish prosperity—brings us to the consideration of a recent measure, from which much good has been predicted, and from which, as we trust, and believe, advantage will ultimately be obtained.

An ably conducted French periodical, which acquired considerable weight under Louis Philippe, from the circumstance that its closing article expressed, every fifteen days, the views and opinions of the government, and which, since it ceased to be official, has shown a strong Orleanist leaning, put forth in a recent number a glowing statement of the immense advantages to be derived by Spain from the newly promulgated tariff bill.† Prepared by a previous article in the same review, which had taken for its base, and accepted as incontrovertible, a tissue of scurrilous and mendacious statements strung together by a Salamanquino doctor, and notoriously instigated by a Spanish minister and ambassador, with reference to the suspension of relations between England and Spain, we were no way surprised to find, in the discussion of the internal situation of the latter country, implicit reliance placed

* *Revelations of Spain*, 365-6.

† *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1^{re} Août 1849.

on the figures and assumptions of Spanish financiers, and a most naïve conviction that their showy theories and projects would be honestly and effectually put in practice. Under the ingenious one-sidedness and apparent good faith of the writer, it was not difficult to discern an inspiration derived from Claremont or the Hotel Sotomayor. The object of the article was to prove that Spain, relieved from the incubus of English influence, and blessed with an enlightened and honest government, is rapidly emerging from her political, social, and financial difficulties; nay, that this astounding progress is half accomplished, and that the despised land has already risen many cubits in the European scale. "We ask," says the writer, after summing up at great length, the benefits conferred on Spain by the Narvaez cabinet—benefits which, for the most part, have got no further than their project upon paper—"We ask, is not Spain sufficiently revenged for thirty years of disdain? Would not this Job of the nations have a right in its turn, to drop insult upon the bloody dunghill whereon display themselves, these haughty civilisations of yesterday's date?" Having given this brief specimen of style, we will now confine ourselves to figures, for most of which, the writer in the *Revue* appears to be indebted to Mr. Mon. The result of his very plausible calculations is an immediate annual benefit of thirty-four million francs to the consumers of foreign manufactures, ninety-two millions to the country at large, in the shape of increased production, and a clear gain of sixty-three millions to the public treasury. We heartily desire, for the sake both of Spain and of her creditors, that this glorious prospect may be realised. If this is to be the result of what the *Revue des Deux Mondes* admits to be but a timid step from the prohibitive to the protective system, what prosperity may not be prophesied to Spain from further progress in the same path? Nor are these a tithe of the benefits foretold, and which we refuse ourselves the pleasure of citing, in order to make room for a few remarks as to the probable realisation of those already referred to. And first, we repeat our previous

assertion, that in Spain the real benefit of such a measure as the new tariff can never be rightly estimated till the law has been for some time in force. There is so much tampering and corruption in such cases, so many interests and persons must be satisfied and get their share of the gain, that such reforms, when they come, often prove very illusory. With respect to the tariff, we will take no heed of the statements of the Spanish opposition who denounce it as a most defective and bungling measure, from which little is to be expected. In Spain, as much as in any country, the men out of power will admit little good to be done by those who are in. Neither do we profess to have digested and formed our own opinion upon the probable working of a tariff which comprises 1500 articles, (about twice and a half as many as the British tariff,) and whose complications and conditions are anything but favourable to its easy comprehension and appreciation. We can argue, therefore, only from analogy and precedent; the latter, especially, no unsafe guide with a people so wedded as the Spaniards to old habits and institutions. The pacific manner in which the great army of Spanish smugglers have received the tariff, is a strong argument against its practical value. The *Revue des Deux Mondes* estimates the number of smugglers in Spain at sixty thousand. This is far under the mark; and it is the first time we have known the Spanish smugglers to be reckoned at less than one hundred and twenty thousand men, whereas we have seen them rated as high as four hundred thousand, which, however, could only be explained by including all those persons in the country who are directly or indirectly connected with the contraband trade. But the figure is not important. The principal point, and that which none will dispute, is that the Peninsular smugglers form a powerful army, including the finest men in the country, and capable, as we fully believe, if assembled, and with the advantage of a little drill, of soundly thrashing an equal number of Spanish soldiers, detachments of whom they not unfrequently do grievously ill-treat. Now, how is it, we ask, that this formidable and generally turbulent

body have submitted without an indication of revolt to the passing of a law which, if the *Revue des Deux Mondes* is right, will entirely take away their occupation? The self-styled manufacturers of Catalonia, most of whom are extensive smugglers, are as acute judges of their own interests as any men in Spain. In Andalusia, on the Portuguese frontier, in nearly every frontier province in short, men of wealth, ability, and consideration are at the head of the contraband traffic. It is not to be supposed that all these have their eyes shut to the meditated destruction of their interests, or that they thus tranquilly receive a blow which they believe will be fatal. It will be remembered by many that when first the new tariff was seriously brought forward, and appeared likely to become the law of the land, the Catalan newspapers and other organs of the smuggling interest were furious in their denunciation of it: alarming rumors were set abroad, insurrections were talked of, and there seemed a very pretty chance of a *pronunciamiento* in favour of prohibitive duties and contraband trade. But suddenly modifications were talked of, the publication of the bill was postponed, the storm was allayed and has not again risen. There was something so remarkable in this sudden stilling of the troubled waters, that persons, who are either very malicious or better versed than their neighbours in the ways of Spain, did not scruple to assert that there had been buying and selling, that weighty arguments had been advanced and had prevailed, and that the result was to be the emasculation of the tariff bill. No trifling consideration would suffice to clench such a bargain, and doubtless the concession, if obtained, was well paid for; but what of that? The trade of a smuggler is the most profitable in Spain, excepting, perhaps, that of a cabinet minister; and it was worth a sacrifice to obtain a traffic whose profits, the *Revue des Deux Mondes* assures us, range from 60 to 90 per cent. on the value of the cotton tissues introduced, and a lower percentage on silks, woollens, and other goods, of greater value in proportion to their bulk, weight, and difficulty of

transport. For this percentage, the master-smuggler receives the goods without the frontier, and delivers them within, supporting all charges, and running all risks: it is a premium of insurance, as regularly fixed as that of any marine risk at Lloyd's. But does the *Revue* suppose that the present very high charge for passage will not be materially reduced, sooner than altogether relinquished? Spanish smuggling requires capital and stability, on the part of those undertaking it on a large scale, and is a sort of monopoly in the hands of a certain number of individuals and companies. These pay the working smugglers (the men who lift the bales, and drive the mules, and fight the custom-house officers) a few reals a day, a few dollars a run, and pocket enormous profits. Amongst themselves, they are leagued to maintain the high rates of insurance. But now that the custom-house steps into the field as a competitor, removing prohibition and lowering duties, we may be well assured the smugglers have lowered theirs; and an inquiry at Perpignan, *Okron*, *Moulon*, on the Five Cantons at Bayonne, or in any other smuggling depot on the Pyrenean frontier, would, we doubt not, satisfy the *Revue* of the fact. The Spanish custom-house must cut lower yet to beat the smuggler. The *Revue* admits that, on certain articles of great consumption (silk), the difference is still in favour of the contrabandist, even at the duty of thirty to forty-five per cent *ad valorem*, fixed by the tariff bill, and at the old high premium of smuggling insurance. But whilst we insist and are confident that the latter will be reduced (and therein find one reason of the tranquil indifference with which the tariff has been received by the smuggling population of the Peninsula), we are by no means certain that the former has not been considerably raised by the alterations and modifications that took place in the tariff, between the date of its passing the chambers and that of its publication by the government; alterations by which the *ad valorem* duties imposed on several important classes of merchandises have been converted into fixed duties. This change, which may very well prove a juggle

brought about by the golden wand of the smuggling fraternity, at once invalidate the calculations of the *Revue*, which are all based upon the *ad valorem* percentage originally prescribed by the tariff law, and upon the assumption that the high contraband premiums are immutable and unreducible.

Setting aside the mere financial consideration of the tariff question; losing sight, for a while, of the great accession of revenue it is universally admitted that Spain would derive from an honest and effectual reduction of her import-duties on manufactures, which she herself can produce only of inferior quality and at exorbitant rates; losing sight, also, of the moral obligation there is upon her to adopt all such measures, not injurious to any great class of the community,* as shall enable her to pay her way, and acquit her debts to home and foreign creditors,—temporarily averting our view, we say, from these considerations, we fix it upon others whose weight none will deny. What are the chief causes to which the major part of the crime, misery, and degradation prevalent amongst the lower classes in Spain, is attributed, by all impartial observers of her social condition? They are three in number. The demoralisation produced by smuggling; the burdens upon agriculture, and impediments to its progress; the high prices the peasant is compelled to pay for the most necessary manufactures. Upon the evil of smuggling we need not dwell, nor dilate upon the ease of the transition from defrauding the government to robbing upon the highway, and from shooting a *douanier* to murdering the traveller who may be so rash

as to defend his purse. By the lower classes in Spain the smuggler is admired and respected, and his calling is deemed gallant and honourable; by the classes above him he is tolerated, and often employed. His random, perilous, fly-by-night manner of life, made up of alternate periods of violent exertion and excitement, and perfect idleness and relaxation, exactly suits his taste and temperament; it will be hard to wean him from his illicit pursuits, though they should so decline in profit as only to yield him bread, garlic, and tobacco. You must find him occupation profitable and to his taste before you can reclaim him; for he will not dig, and would rather rob than beg. Whenever such import-duties are adopted in Spain as will really stop smuggling, there will undoubtedly be a great increase of crimes against property, innumerable bands of robbers will spring up, and probably there will also be risings under political banners. The present moment is by no means unpropitious for the experiment. The government of Spain has perhaps the power, but we doubt that it has the will. We have shown cause for believing that the recent change will prove delusive, and of small benefit. If we are mistaken—and it is very difficult to decide beforehand of the result of Spanish measures—we shall sincerely rejoice.

We have already observed that, whilst the brunt of taxation is borne in Spain by agriculture, that interest obtains in return scarcely any of the facilities and encouragements to which it is fairly entitled. Spain is the rash child that would run before it can walk, and consequently falls upon its face. She dashes headlong at the

* At the first hint of a project of reform in the tariff, the cry in Spain, and especially in Catalonia, has invariably been,—“Protection for our manufactures!” So loud was the clamour, that it might have been imagined millions of mouths were dependent for bread on the fabrication of Spanish calicoes. Now, the *Revue des Deux Mondes* estimates the total number of hands employed in these much-vaunted cotton manufactures at thirty-one thousand; and even this number we are induced to believe considerably over-estimated, from minute and interesting information on the subject we have recently obtained from an intelligent Spaniard, long resident in Catalonia. And amongst the manufacturers are a number of Frenchmen, and other foreigners; for, in fact, Spaniards have little taste for mechanical occupations, and have too fine a climate not to love the open air. So the “protection,” so violently insisted upon, is for this handful of operatives, who make bad calicoes at exorbitant prices; or rather, if the truth be told, it is for the master-manufacturers, most of whom are also master-smugglers.

greatest and most costly improvements realised by other countries; forgetting that she has stood still whilst they moved onwards, and that a wise man gets a bed to lie upon before troubling himself about a silken coverlet. In all the arts of life Spain is immeasurably inferior to most other European nations. In agricultural implements, in carts and other vehicles of transport, in her methods of elaborating her products, and her means of carrying them, she is centuries behind all the world. Vast tracts of her territory are desolate for want of that irrigation for which modern ingenuity and invention have devised such great facilities: the broad waters of her mighty rivers, which in other countries would be alive with traffic and bordered with villages, are choked and desolate. "The Guadalquivir, navigable in the time of the Romans as far as Cordova, is now scarcely practicable for sailing vessels of a moderate size up to Seville."* Few are the boats, scanty the dwellings, upon the green waves and flower-grown shores of Tagus and Ebro. When these glorious natural arteries are thus neglected, we need not expect artificial ones. Canals are sadly wanted, and have been often planned, but they have got no farther than the want and the project. As to roads, the main lines are good, but they are few, diverging from the capital to the various frontiers; and the cross-roads (where there are any,) and the country tracks, are mostly execrable, and often impassable for wheels. But all this, we are informed by the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, is on the eve of a thorough change. "Labour, like credit," says that periodical, in its article on Spain, "has received a beneficial impulse. The roads are repaired, the means of water-conveyance are being improved or terminated, railroads are begun. The creation of a vast system (*ensemble*) of adjacent roads will soon connect all parts of the territory with these vivifying arteries." We scarcely know which is most admirable; the cleverness that contrives to condense so many misstatements into so few words, or this tone of candour, conviction, and phi-

lanthropical exaltation. As regards the impulse given to Spanish credit, it is but a few days since we read, with some astonishment at the barbarity and impudence of the plan (emanating though it does from a Spanish finance minister), the arrangement by which Mr. Bravo Murillo, in order to diminish the acknowledged deficit in the budget for the year 1850, mulcts the army and state functionaries of a month's pay, and pensioners and half-pay men of two months' means of subsistence, besides wiping out, in a still more unceremonious manner, other pressing claims upon the treasury. The budget itself is a truly curious document. The customs' revenue is swollen by the supposed profits of the new tariff; the expenses of the war department are boldly set down at a reduction which must accord rather with Mr. Murillo's wish than with his expectations. On the debit side figure also the claims of the public creditor, for much less than is due, certainly, but for far more than will be paid. The result of the estimate is, as usual, most satisfactory, or would be so, at least, if there were the slightest chance of its justification by the actual receipts and expenditure of the year for which it is made. To return, however, to the improvements and public works announced by the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. We certainly find in the budget a sum of about three hundred thousand pounds—something more than half the involuntary contribution wrung from the unhappy *employés* and pensioners—set down to roads, railways, and canals. Is this magnificent sum to complete the valuable water-communications and the network of roads promised to expectant Spain? Hardly, even if applied as appropriated, which little enough of it ever will be. As to railways, they are certainly *begun*, but that is as much as can be said. There is a thirty mile railroad open between Barcelona and Mataro, upon which accidents seem of pretty frequent occurrence: and that said, we have said all. A good many others have been planned, involving the most magnificent projects of tunnels through chains of mountains, viaducts over

great rivers, cuttings through dense forests, and the like; and at some of these there may be attempts at work, enough to justify demands for funds; but their termination is altogether another matter in a country where, according to its national proverb, things are begun late, and never finished. Doubtless it is a satisfaction to Spanish pride, when it sees other European countries veined with iron tracks, to be able to talk of Spanish railroads as things that are not only projected, but begun. A great country like Spain must not lag behind in the race of improvement, and its natives would deem themselves humiliated if they did not attempt to have what England, France and Germany enjoy. Nothing can escape these ambitious *hidalgos*. They have heard of the electric telegraph, and it is easy to discern, by newspaper paragraphs, that they are agog for the novelty, although the country has just been put to considerable expense by the completion and improvement of the aerial semaphores. These work very well, the *Diario Mercantil* of Valencia told us the other day; but fogs are a great nuisance, the electric plan is much better and surer, and a German company has offered to lay any length of wires at the rate of two hundred pounds sterling per league; and the *Diario* trusts the government will keep the matter in view, and adopt the new system, if it can be done without obstacles arising from political disturbances, and from the ignorance and malevolence of the people. If the electric telegraph were to await the completion of the "vivifying arteries" of railroad promised by the more sanguine friends of Spain, the German company would do well to offer its services elsewhere; but evidently there is some notion of carrying the posts and wires across country, over sierras and *despobladas*, with boards, no doubt, affixed here and there, requesting the public to "protect the telegraph." How long the posts would stand—how long the wires might escape injury from the superstitious peasantry, or from robbers and smugglers, interested in retarding the transmission of their misdeeds, is another question. Really, to use a popular comparison, the establishment

of electric telegraphs on Spanish soil seems to us about as necessary and sensible as to affix a gilt handle to the door of a pig-stye. Not that we would, in any way, assimilate to the unclean beast our friends the Spaniards, whom we greatly esteem, and desire to see more prosperous: but thus it is with them ever. They would fain pass over the rudiments, and attain at a bound that height of civilisation which other nations have reached only by a toilsome and patient progress.

The dearness of most manufactured goods in Spain, and especially of the commonest and, as Englishmen would consider, most essential articles of clothing, is, we are fully convinced, a grave impediment to the moral and physical progress of the lower classes of Spaniards. If, quitting certain frontier districts, where smuggling gains diffuse a fallacious appearance of prosperity, we penetrate into the interior of the country, we behold a rural population sunk in filth and sloth, wrapped in squalid woollen rags, basking listlessly in the sun, dwelling oftentimes in community with their domestic animals. Yet, give him but the means, and no man more than this self-same Spanish peasant loves clean-linen and neat attire. If he is dirty and shirtless, and afflicted with vermin and impurities, it is because he has never had the means of being otherwise. How can he, out of his scanty earnings, supply himself with the calico shirt and clean jacket of jean or flannel which, in the countries of their manufacture, are within the reach of the poorest labourer, but whose price is trebled, before they reach him in Spain, by exorbitant smuggling premiums or import-duty, and by an expensive and defective system of transport. We cannot agree with those who assert the Spaniard of the lower class to be a born idler, who will never willingly do more work than procures him the day's frugal meal. We have too great faith in his natural good qualities to receive this opinion otherwise than as a calumny. At any rate, before deciding thus harshly, give him a chance, which he has never yet had; show him the possibility, which he has never yet

seen, of attaining, by his own exertions, to comfort and respectability; put the necessities of life within his reach, which they have never yet been, and spur him, with his own pride, to cleanliness and industry. Teach him, in short, self-respect, which he can hardly feel in his present sunken condition, and, rely upon it, he will make an effort and take a start.

It is not our intention to dwell upon the recent temporary displacement of the Narvaez ministry, at the very moment when its stability and power seemed most assured, when the exultation of its partisans was the loudest, and the subjection of the nation most complete. The singular manner of the change, the ignoble agents by whom it was immediately effected, the obscurity and inaptitude of the individuals who for a moment made their apparition at the helm, to be at the next thrown overboard; the strangely heedless and inconsistent conduct of the young Queen, and the ambiguous attitude of her mother, have found abundant commentators, and the whole episode has been wittily and not unjustly compared to one of those old Spanish comedies based on a palace intrigue. We cannot, however, admit that the entire glory of the curious and abortive plot belongs to the apostolical *camarilla* which is alleged to exist in the palace, and to consist amongst others, of the feeble and bigoted king-consort, of a fanatical confessor, a hysterical nun, a jesuitical secretary, and others of similar stamp. Time will probably dissipate part of the mystery that now envelops the affair; but, even now, those accustomed to watch the show will have shrewd suspicions whose are the hands that pulled the wires and made the dull puppets lance. The hand showed little skill, it will perhaps be urged, in the selection and manœuvring of the dolls. This objection will hardly stand. When a juggler misses his trick, it is still something if he hides his arm from his audience. And as to the incapacity of the agents, they were probably

not employed until others, abler but less docile, had refused to act. We entertain little doubt in what quarter the attempt was fostered—perhaps concerted. Notwithstanding the outward cordiality of the French and Spanish governments, it is notorious that the old alliance between Queen Christina and a lately deposed monarch still exists, for the attainment of objects dear to both their hearts. In what manner these objects were to be advanced by the recent shuffle of the Spanish political cards, is not at first sight apparent. But we entertain scarcely the shadow of a doubt, that the arch-plotter whose influence has more than once wrought evil to Spain, had a hand in the game. We would be the last to press hardly upon the fallen. Did we feel tempted so to do, we should truly feel ourselves rebuked by the noble example of that illustrious Lady, who has forgotten the treachery of the king in the sorrows of the exile, and has extended that sympathy and kindness to the dweller in the English cottage, which she could not have been expected again to show to the inmate of the French palace. We are guarded, then, in the expression of our regret, that one who, by the pursuit of purely personal objects, has been the cause of great calamities to his native land, should still indulge his dynastic ambition at the expense of the tranquillity of another country, previously indebted to him for much discord and misery. And we deem it a painful sight when a man whose years already exceed the average span of human existence is still engrossed by plans of unscrupulous aggrandisement, still busied with Machiavelian intrigues, still absorbed in the baser things of earth, instead of addressing himself to considerations of higher import, earning by his virtues in adversity that respect refused to his conduct in prosperity, and passing the last days of his life—the posthumous ones of his royalty—resigned, revered, and beloved, like one who preceded him on his throne and in his banishment, and whose name was on his lips in the hour of his fall.

THE GREEN HAND.

A "SHORT" YARN.—PART VI.

"WELL, ma'am," continued the naval man, on again resuming his narrative, "as I told you, the sudden hail of 'Land!' brought us all on deck in a twinkling, in the midst of my ticklish conversation with the Judge. 'Hallo! you aloft!' shouted the chief officer himself, 'd'ye hear, sirrah! use your eyes before hailing the deck!'" "Land, sir!" came falling down again out of the sunlight; "land it is, sir, —broad away on our larboard bow, sir."

By this time it was about half-past nine, or ten o'clock, of the morning. Heading nearly due south-east, as we now were, the Indianman's bowsprit ran up into the full white blaze of light, in which her flying jib-boom seemed to quiver and writhe far away from her like an eel in water; while the spread of her sails against it loomed twice as large as ordinary, from the sort of hazy double-edged look they had, with a twinkling thread of sun drawing all round them like a frame, as if one saw through a wrong-screwed glass. You'd have thought by the glance under the fore-course, over the ship's head-gratings, she was travelling off quietly into some no-man's-land or other, where it would be so bright we should all have to wear green spectacles: the light breeze being almost direct from north-west, and so fairly in her favour, with the help of her studding-sails she was making wonderful progress for such a mere breath—about four knots to the hour, as I reckoned. The air aloft appeared in the mean time to be steadying and *sucking*, though the water kept smooth and her bows scarce made any noise in it: the wide soft swells of the sea just floated up of a pale blue, and lifted her on, till she went seething gently down into it again; only, if you put your head over the starboard side, and listened, you thought you heard a sort of dull poppling ripple coming along the bends from round her counter. As for the line of horizon on one bow or the other, 'twas hardly to be made out at all, with a streaky white haze

overlying it, up in the sky as it were, on both sides, behind the dazzle of light. However, the passengers were fancying all kinds of fine tropical matters lay hidden thereaway; and in fact, what with the notion of land after a long voyage, and what with the faint specks of bright cloud that seemed to be melting off in the glare—to any one last from Gravesend, that had never seen anything stranger than Richmond Hill of a Sunday, the whole thing ahead of the ship would have rather an enchanted sort of a look. At length the third mate was seen to shove his spy-glass together in the top-gallant cross-trees, and came slowly down the rigging. "Well, Mr. Rickett?" said the chief officer, meeting him as he landed on deck. "Well, sir," said Rickett, "it is land after all, Mr. Finch!" The mate rapped out an oath, and took another turn: Macleod screwed his mouth as if he were going to whistle, then pulled his red whiskers instead, and looked queer at Rickett; while Rickett stood peering into his spy-glass as he would have done into his hat, had he still been a foremast-man. The mate's eye met his, then turned to the passengers leaning over the poop-railing; and they all three walked to the capstan, where they began to overhaul the charts, and laid their heads together out of ear-shot.

Now, whether this said land just made out on the north-east, trended away back to south-east, as the clearer look of the horizon to starboard made one think, it was hard to say—though in *that* way of it, there were *seemingly* two plans for widening her distance. Either Finch might think it better to keep hold of a fair wind, and just edge her off enough to drop the point on her weather quarter—when, of course, if things stood as they were, we should soon set a good stretch of water betwixt us and the coast; or else they might brace direct round on the other tack, and head right south-west'ard, out to sea again: though if we were still in it,

the current would set us every bit as much in its own direction as ever. Accordingly I sidled nearer to the capstan, and watched anxiously for what the third mate had to propose, after humming and hawing a little, and scratching his head under his cap for half a minute. "At any rate, Mr. Finch, sir," said he, "more especially the captain being off charge, I may say, why, I'd advise ye, sir, to —," Here he dropped his voice; but Finch apparently agreed to what he said.

"Ready about ship there!" said the second mate aloud to the boatswain forward; and in ten minutes afterwards the Seringapatam was fairly round, as I had expected, heading at a right angle to her former course, with the breeze before her starboard beam, and the sun blazing on the other. I walked forward to the bows, and actually started to hear how loud and clear the ripple had got under them of a sudden; meeting her with a splash, as if she were making six or seven knots headway, while the canvass seemed to draw so much stiffer aloft, you'd have supposed the breeze had freshened as soon as the helm was put down. The mates looked over the side and aloft, rubbing their hands and smiling to each other, as much as to say how fast she was hauling off the bad neighbourhood she was in, though the heat was as great as ever, and you didn't feel a breath more air below, nor see the water ruffle. To my notion, in fact, it was just the set of the current against her that seemingly freshened her way, the ship being now direct in its teeth; so that, of course, it would keep bearing her up all the time away north-east-ward, with her own leeway to help it; and the less could any one notice the difference betwixt the water going past her side, and her passing the water. This tack of hers, which Rickett, no doubt, thought such a safe plan, might be the very one to put her in a really dangerous way yet; for when they did discover this under-tow, how were they to take her out of it, after all? Probably by trying to stand fair across the stream of it to southward, which, without three times the wind we had, would at best take us out many miles nearer the land it set upon, or leave us perhaps becalmed in the midst of it.

The truth was, that although I hadn't seen what like the land was, and couldn't have said, by the chart, where we were, I began to have a faint notion of whereabouts we possibly soon might be, from what I remembered hearing an old quartermaster in the Iris say, a couple of years before, regarding a particular spot on the south-west coast, where the currents at some seasons, as he phrased it, made a regular race-course meeting. The old fellow gave me also, at the time, some bearings of the nearest coast, with the landmarks at the mouth of a river a little farther north—which, he said, he would know if you set him down there of a dark night, though he had been in his bed at Gosport the minute before, if there was just a right streak of sky to the eastward—namely, a big black rock like two steps, and a block at the foot of them, somewhat the shape of a chipped holy-stone, running down on one side out of a high headland, like an admiral's cocked hat, with six mop-headed trees upon the root of the rock, for all the world like hairs on a wart. Here I recollected how my worthy authority pointed modestly for example to a case of the kind on his own nose. The opposite shore of its mouth was flat, with a heavy white surf; but it shut in so far upon the other, he said, that, steering from the south'ard, one would never know there was a river there at all. The Bambar he called it; but if he meant the Bembarooghe, we could scarcely be near it, or that much toward being abreast of St. Helena. For all I saw, indeed, we might have nothing to eastward of us save a hard coast, or else the sandy coast farther down, shoaling out of sight of land! At any rate I knew we must have got into the tail of the great sea-stream from round the Cape of Good Hope, which would, no doubt, split out at sea on Viana's Bank, and turn partly to north-eastward thereabouts; so that it wasn't a very bad guess to suppose we were getting up somewhere near Cape Frio, the likeliest place in the world to find old Bob Martin's "maze," which we used to joke about so in the Iris.

What was done, though, required to be done quickly, and I looked about for Tom Westwood, till I saw him on

the poop amongst the rest, talking again to Miss Hyde, as they all crowded towards the lee-quarter to watch the land-haze seemingly dropping astern. My heart swelled as it were into my throat, however, at such an appearance of good understanding betwixt the two,—whereas there was *she*, an hour ago that very morning, would scarce favour me with a look or a word!—and, for the life of me, I couldn't have spoken to Westwood at the time, much less gone hand in hand; for that matter, he didn't seem to be suspecting aught wrong to trouble himself about. What to say or do, either, I couldn't think; since the more he cut me out, and the less friendly I felt to him, the less could I risk the chance of showing us both up for what we *were*,—which, of course, would bring him in for the worst of it; as if I, by Jove, were going to serve him some low trick for the sake of shoving *him* out with the young lady. Meantime I kept fidgeting about, as if the deck were too hot for me, snatching a glance now and then, in spite of myself, at Violet Hyde's fairy-like figure; so different from the rest of them, as she stretched eagerly from below the awning over the ship's quarter-gallery, trying to make out where the land lay,—now putting her little hand over her eyes to see better, then covering them altogether from the dazzle, as she drew in her head again and shook her bright brown hair in the shadow, answering Westwood—confound him! The Indian servant each time carefully poking out the red and yellow punkah-fringe for a cover over her, while the passengers were one and all ready to cry at not seeing the land, and leaving it behind. The Judge himself was the only man that seemed to have a dim notion of something queer in the whole case; for every few minutes he walked quietly to the break of the poop, where I noticed him cast a doubtful look down upon the "chief officer;" and when the surgeon came up, he asked anxiously how Captain Williamson was, and if he couldn't be seen below. However, the surgeon told him the captain had just fallen for the first time into a good sleep, and there was no admittance, but he was likely to be much better soon.

By this time there was no standing out from under the awnings, and the quarterdeck and poop had to be well swabbed to keep them at all cool, the steam of it rising inside with a pitchy hempen sort of smell you never feel save in the Tropics; the Seringapatam still feeling the breeze aloft, and lifting on the water with a ripple forward, although her big courses went lapping fore and aft every time she swung. The long white haze on the horizon began to melt as the sun heightened, clearing from under the wake of the light, till now you could fairly see the sky to eastward. Near noon, in fact, we had almost dropped the haze altogether on the ship's quarter; and at first I was glad to see how much way she had made in the two hours, when, on second thoughts, and by noticing some marks in the loom of it, I had no doubt but though she might be farther off, why it was only while she set more up to north-eastward,—so that we were actually, so to speak, leaving it by getting nearer! However, as the men were at dinner, and most of the passengers gone off the poop, down to "tiffin," I made up my mind to try what I could do in a quiet way, towards making the mate think of it more seriously.

"Ah," said I, in a would-be brisk and confidential kind of way, "glad we're leaving that—a—you know, that land, Mr. Finch." "Indeed, sir," said he indifferently. "Oh, you know," said I, "it's all very well for the passengers there to talk fine about land—but you and I, Mr. Finch, don't need to be told that it's always dangerous at sea, you know." The mate lifted his head and eyed me for a moment or two, between the disgust a sailor feels at seeing a fellow pretend to aught like seamanship, and a particular sort of spite toward me which I'd noticed growing in him for the last few days,—though I daresay my breakfasting that morning in Sir Charles's cabin might have brought it to a height.

"Land dangerous, sir!" answered he carelessly, as he went on wiping his quadrant again; "who put *that* into your head?" "Oh, well," returned I, just as carelessly, "if it's to leeward of course,—or with a current taking you towards it,—only then. But I've

no doubt, Mr. Finch, if this wind *were* to—ah—you know, heave more abaft, that's to say, get stronger, the craft would at least stand still, till you got her—" "What on earth *are* you talking about, Mr. Ford—Collins, I mean?" asked he sharply. "Really, sir, I've got something more to attend to at present, than such trash about a current, and the devil knows what else!" "How, why, Mr. Finch?" said I, seemingly surprised in my turn, "*are* we not in a current just now, then?" "Current!" replied Finch, almost laughing outright, "what *does* the man mean?" "Why every one thinks so in the cuddy," said I, as if rather taken aback, and venturing what you fair ladies call a 'fib,'—"ever since we picked up the bottle last night." This, by the bye, had got spread through some of the men to the passengers, though, of course, nobody knew what had been in it yet. "There, I declare now," continued I, pointing to our lee-bow, where I'd had my eyes fixed during the five minutes we spoke, "we can try it again; do you see that bird yonder on the water?" The mate turned his head impatiently, and "Look, watch him, sir," said I. This was a tired man-o'-war bird afloat about twenty fathoms off, with its sharp white wings stretched just clear of the water, and its black eye sparkling in the sunlight, as it came dipping on the long smooth hot-blue swell into the lee of the ship's lofty hull, till you saw its very shadow in the glitter below it. The Indianaman seemed to pass him as if he rode there at anchor; only the curious thing was, that the bird apparently neared her up from leeward, crossing her larboard quarter within a fathom or two, when all of a sudden he got becalmed, as it were, in the wake right astern, and by the time either of us could walk to the ship's taffrail, she was close over him; as if, whenever her hull was end-on, it took his surface-drift away from him, and, what was more, as if the ship kept hold of it—her eighteen feet or so to his little inch of a draught—for it couldn't be owing to the wind. However, the man-o'-war bird took offer of the next swell to get air in his wings, and rose off the heave of

it with a sharp bit of a scream, away after some black boobies diving for fish, which no doubt he would catch, as they dropped them at sight of him.

The mate upon this started and looked round, then aloft. "Confound it!" said he to himself, "if this breeze would only freshen! There is a sort of set on the surface just now," continued he to me, coolly enough, "though how you idlers happened to have an idea of it, puzzles me, unless because you've nothing else to do but watch the water. Currents are pretty frequent hereabouts, however." "Dear me" said I, "but if we should—" "Stuff, sir!" said he quickly, "the coast here must be steep-to enough, I should think, since if it weren't for the haze, we'd have sighted it thirty miles off! What we want is wind—wind, to let's cross it." "But then a calm, Mr. Finch," I said; "I'm hanged afraid of those calms!" "Well, well, sir," said he, not liking just to shake me off at once, after my proving less of a ninny in sea matters than he had supposed, "these long currents never set right ashore: even if we lose the wind, as we may soon, why, she'll take off into the eddy seaward, sir, if you *must* know—the dead-water in-shore, and the ebb-tide, always give it a safe turn!" All this, of course, was as much to satisfy himself as me. "Well, that's delightful!" said I, as if quite contented, and Mr. Finch walked away hastily down one of the poop-ladders, no doubt glad to get rid of me in a decent manner, though I saw him next minute glancing in at the compass-boxes. "Keep her up to her course, sirrah; luff, d'ye hear!" said he to Jacobs, who was, perhaps, the best helmsman aboard. "She falls off tremendous bad, sir," answered Jacobs, with another whirl of the spokes; her want of actual headway making the Indianaman sag dead away to leeward, as she shoved into the force of the sea-stream, running more and more direct upon her starboard bow. One minute the courses would sink in with a long sighing fall to the lower-masts, the next her topsails would flutter almost aback, and the

heat even in the shadow of her awnings was extreme, yet she still seemed to have a breeze through the white glare aloft. I was determined to bring things to a point somehow or another, so I followed the mate down the steps. "Oh, by the bye, Mr. Finch!" said I eagerly, "suppose one of those dreadful—what do you call 'em—ah, tornadoes—were to come on! I understand this is just the way, near Africa—baffling breeze—heat suffocating—hazy atmosphere—long swell—and current rising to the surface!" At this Finch stood up in a perfect fury. "What the devil d'ye mean, sir," said he, "by dodging me about the decks in this fashion, with these infernally foolish questions of yours?" "Oh, my fine fellow," thought I, "you shall settle with me for that." "Tornadoes never blow hereabouts, except off-shore, if you *must* know, sir!" he rapped out, sticking his hands in his jacket-pockets as he said so, and taking a turn on the quarterdeck. "That's quite a mistake, I assure you, sir!" said I, carried away with the spirit of the thing: "I've seen the contrary fifty times over, and, from the look of the sky aloft just now, I'd bet!"—here I stopped, recollected myself, put the top of my cane in my mouth, and peered under the awning at the sea with my eyes half-shut, as sleepily as usual with my messmates the cadets. The chief officer, however, stepped back in surprise, eyed me sharply, and seemed struck with a sudden thought. "Why, sir," said he rather anxiously, "who may—what can you know of the matter?" "Pooh!" replied I, seeing some of the passengers were coming on deck, "I'm only of an inquiring turn of mind! You seafaring persons, Mr. Finch, think we can't get any of that kind of knowledge on land; but if you look into Johnson's Dictionary, why, you'll find the whole thing under the word Tornado: 'twas one of the pieces I'd to get by heart before they'd admit me into our yacht-club—along with Falconer's *Shipwreck*, you know!" "Indeed!" said the mate, slowly, with a curl of his lip, and overhauling me from head to foot and up again; "ah, indeed! That was the way, was it,

sir?" I saw 'twas no use. I dare say he caught the twinkle in my eye; while Jacob's face, behind him, was like the knocker on a door with trying to screw it tight over his quid, and stuffing the knot of his neckerchief in his mouth.

"Of course, sir," answered I, letting my voice fall; "and the long and the short of it is, Mr. Finch, the sooner you get your ship out of this current the better! And what's more, sir, I daresay I could tell you *how*!" Whether he was waiting for what I'd to say, or thinking of something just occurred to him, but Finch still gazed steadily at me, without saying a word: so I went on. "You must know I had an old uncle who was long in his Majesty's royal navy, and if there was one point he was crazy upon, 'twas just this very matter of currents—though, for my part, Mr. Finch, I really never understood what he meant till I made a voyage. He used to tell my mother, poor woman,—who always fancied they had something to do with puddings,—that he'd seen no less than half-a-dozen ships go on shore, owing to currents. Now, Jane, he'd say, when you're fairly in a current, never you try to cross out of it, as folks often do, *against* the run of it, for in that case, unless the wind's strong enough, why, instead of striking the eddy to take your craft right off-shore, it'll just set you over and over to the *inside*. You'll cross, in the end, no doubt—but ten to one it's exactly where the water begins to shoal; whereas, the right plan's as simple as daylight, and that's why so few know it! Look ye, he'd say, always you cross *with* the stream—no matter though your head seems to make landward; why, the fact is, it'll just set you outside of itself, clear into its own bight, when you can run off to seaward with the eddy, if ye choose. *That's* the way to cross a current, my uncle used to say, provided you've but a light wind for handling her with! Now, Mr. Finch," added I, coolly, and still mouthing my stick as before—for I couldn't help wishing to give the conceited fellow a rub, while I lent him a hint—"for my own part, I can't know much of these things, but it *does* seem to me as if my uncle's notions pretty well suited the case in hand!"

Finch was too much of a fair seaman not to catch my drift at once, but in too great a passion to own it at the time. "D'ye think, sir," said he, with a face like fire, "so much sense as there is in this long rigmarole of yours, that I'm such a—that's to say, that I didn't know it before, sir? But what I've got to do with you, Mr. Collinson, or whatever your name may be—you may have been at sea twenty years, for aught I care—but I'd like to know *why* you come aboard here, and give yourself out for as raw a greenhorn as ever touched ropes with a kid glove?" "Well, Mr. Finch," said I, "and what's that to you, if I choose to be as green as a North Sea whaling-ground?" "Why, sir," said Finch, working himself up, "you're devilish cunning, no doubt, but perhaps you're not aware that a passenger under a false rig, in an Indian, may be clapped in limbo, if the captain thinks fit? Who and what are you, I ask?—some runaway master's mate, I suppose, unless you've got something deeper in hand! Perhaps," ended he, with a sneer, "a pickpocket in disguise?" "Sir," said I, getting up off the bulwark I'd been leaning upon, "at *present* I choose to be a cadet, but, at any rate, you shall make an apology for what you said just now, sir!" "Apology!" said the mate, turning on his heel, "I shan't do anything of the sort! You may be thankful, in the mean time, if I don't have you locked up below, that's all! Perhaps, by the bye, sir, all you wanted was to show off your seamanship before the young lady in the round-house there?" Here the glance the fellow gave me was enough to show he knew pretty well, all the while, what we were matched against each other for.

I could stand this no longer, of course; but, seeing that one or two of the passengers were noticing us from the poop, I looked as polite as possible to do when you've lost your temper; and, in fact, the whole disappointment of this hair-brained cruise of mine—not to speak of a few things one had to stand—carried me away at the moment. There was no scheme I wouldn't rather have been suspected of, by this time, than the real one—namely, having gone in chase of Violet

Hyde. I took a card out of my pocket, and handed it quietly to Mr. Finch. "You don't seem able to name me, sir," said I; "however, I give you my word, you may trust that bit of pasteboard for it; and as I take you to be a gentleman by your place in this ship, why I shall expect the satisfaction one gentleman should give another, the first time we get ashore, although it *should* be to-morrow morning!" And by Jove! thought I, I hope I'm done with the cursedest foolish trick ever a fellow played himself! The man that ventures to call me *green* again, or look at me as if he wanted to cool his eyes, hang me if he shan't answer for it! As for a woman, thought I—but oh, those two blue eyes yonder—confound it! as I caught sight of a white muslin skirt in the shade of the poop-awning above. I must say, for Finch, he took my last move coolly enough, turning round to give me another look, after glancing at the card. "Indeed!" said he, as if rather surprised; "well, sir, I'm your man for *that*, though it can't be just so soon as to-morrow morning! A Company's officer may meet a lieutenant in the navy any time—ay, and take his ship off the land too, I hope, sir!" and with that he walked off forward. Lieutenant! said I to myself; how did he give me my commission so pat, I wonder? and I pulled out another card, when I found, to my great annoyance, that, in my hurry that morning, I had happened to put on a coat of Westwood's by mistake, and, instead of plain "Mr. Collins," they were all "Lieutenant Westwood, R. N." Here's another confounded mess! thought I, and all will be blown in the end! However, on second thoughts, the notion struck me, that, by sticking to the name, as I must do *now* at any rate, why, I should keep Westwood clear of all scrapes, which, in *his* case, might be disagreeable enough; whereas, at present, he was known only as the Reverend Mr. Thomas—and, as for *his* either shamming the griffin, or giving hints how to work the ship, he was one of those men you'd scarce know for a sailor, by aught in his manner, at least; and, indeed, Tom Westwood always seemed to need a whole frigate's ways about him, with perhaps

somewhat of a stir, to show what he really was.

Five minutes or so after this, it didn't certainly surprise me much to see the Indiaman laid on the opposite tack, with her head actually north-by-east, or within a few points of where the light haze faded into the sky; the mate seeming by this time to see the matter clearly, and quietly making his own of it. The ship began to stand over towards the outer set of the current, which could now be seen rippling along here and there to the surface, as the breeze fell slowly; you heard nothing save the faint splash of it astern under one counter, the wafting and rustling of her large main-course above the awnings, for she was covered over like a caravan,—the slight flap of her jibs far ahead on the bowsprit startled you now and then as distinctly as if you got a filip on your own nose; the stunsail, high up beside the weather-leech of her fore-topsail, hung slack over the boom, and one felt each useless jolt of the wheel like a foot-slip in loose sand when you want to run,—all betwixt the lazy, listless voices of the passengers, dropping and dropping as separate as the last sands in an hour-glass. Still every minute of air aloft helped her nearer to where you saw the water winding about the horizon in long swathes, as it were, bluer than the rest, and swelling brim-full, so to speak, out of a line of light; with the long dents and bits of ripple here and there creeping towards it, till the whole round of the surface, as far as you could see, came out into the smooth, like the wrinkles on a nutmeg. Four bells of the afternoon watch had struck—two o'clock that is—when Rickett the third mate, and one or two men, went out to the arm of the spritsail-yard across the bowsprit, where they lowered away a heavy pitch-pot with a long strip of yellow bunting made fast to it, and weighted a little at the loose end, to mark the set of the current: and as the pot sank away out on her larboard bow, one could see the bright-coloured rag deep down through the clear blue water, streaming almost fairly north. She appeared to be nearing the turn of the eddy, and the chief officer's spirits began to rise: Rickett screwed

one eye close, and looked out under his horny palm with the other, doubtful, as he said, that we should "sight the land off-deck before that. As for this trifle of an air aloft, sir," said he, "I'm afraid we won't!"—"Hoot, Mr. Rickett," put in Macleod, stepping one of his long trowser-legs down from over the quarterdeck awning, like an ostrich that had been aloft, "ye're aye afraid; but it's not easy to see, aloft, Mr. Fench, sir." "How does the land lie now, Mr. Macleod?" asked the first officer. "Well, I wouldn't wonder but we soon dropped it, sir—that's to *east'ard*, I mean," replied he; "though it's what we call a bit mountainous, in Scotland—not that unlike the Grampians, Mr. Fench, ye know!" "Hang your Grampians, man!—what's *ahead* of us, eh?" said the mate hastily. "Why, sir," said the Scotchman, there is some more of it on the nor'-east, lower a good deal—it's just flush with the water from here, at present, Mr. Fench—with a peak or two, trending away too'ard north; but the light yonder on our starboard bow makes them hard for to see, I may say."

In fact, some of the men forward were making it out already on the starboard bow, where you soon could see the faint ragged shape of a headland coming out, as it were, of the dazzle beyond the water, which lay flickering and heaving between, from deep-blue far away into pale; while almost at the same time, on her starboard quarter, where there was less of the light, another outline was to be seen looming like pretty high land, though still fainter than the first. As for the space betwixt them, for aught one could distinguish as yet, there might be nothing *there* except air and water over against the ship's side. "Well," said the mate briskly, after a little, "we're pretty sure, *now*, to have the land-breeze to give us sea-room, before two or three hours are over,—by which time, I hope, we'll be in the eddy of this infernal current, at any rate!" However, I was scarce sure he didn't begin to doubt the plan I'd given him; whereas had he known the whole case in time, and done the thing *then*, it was certain enough,—and the best thing he could do, even as it was: but what troubled

me now, why, suppose anything happened to the ship, mightn't he turn the tables on me after all, and say I had some bad design in it? I loitered about with my arms folded, saying never a word, but watching the whole affair keener than I ever did one of Shakespeare's plays in the theatre after a dull cruise; not a thing in sea, sky, or Indiaman, from the ripples far off on the water to ugly Harry hauling taut the jib-sheet with his chums, but somehow or other they seemed all to sink *into* me at the time, as if they'd all got to come out again strong. You hardly knew *when* the ship lost the last breath of air aloft, till, from stealing through the smooth water, she came apparently to a stand-still, everything spread broad out. not even a flap in the canvass, almost, it had fallen a dead calm so gradually.

However *my* troubles weren't seemingly over yet, for just then up came the Judge's dark kitmagar to the gangway where I was, and, from the sly impudence of the fellow's manner, I at once fancied there was something particular in the wind, as if he'd been seeking me about decks. "S'laam, mistree!" said he, with but a slight duck of his flat brown turban, "Judge shahib i-send Culley Mistree his chup-prass,"—*message*, forsooth!—"sah'b inquire the flavour of gentleman's Ees-Inchee Coompane, two-three moment!" "The flavour of my East-India company, you rascal!" said I laughing, yet inclined to kick him aft again for his impertinent look; "speak for yourself, if you please!" In fact the whiff of cocoa-nut oil, and other dark perfumes about him, came out in a hot calm at sea, when everything sickens one, so as to need no inquiry about the matter: however, I walked straight aft to the round-house, and in at the open door, through which Sir Charles was to be seen pacing from one side of his cabin to the other, like a Bengal tiger in a cage. "Hark-ye, young man," said he sternly, turning as soon as I came in, with my hat in my hand, "since I had the honour of your company here this morning, I have recollected—indeed I find that one of my servants had done the same—that you are the person who molested my family by various annoyances beside my garden at Croydon, sir!"

"Indeed, Sir Charles!" said I coolly, for the bitter feeling I had made me cool: "they must have been unintentional then, sir! But I was certainly at Croydon, seeing my mother's house happens to be there." "You must have had some design in entering this vessel, sir!" continued the Judge, in a passion; "'gad sir, the coincidence is too curious! Tell me what it is at once, or by—'" "My design was to go to India, sir," answered I, as quietly as before. "In what capacity?—who are you?—what—who—what do you want *there*, eh?" rapped out the Judge. "I'm not aware, sir," said I, "what right you've got to question me; but I—in fact I'll tell so much to any man—why, I'm an officer in the navy." Sir Charles brought short up in his pacing and stamping, and stared at me. "An officer in the navy!" repeated he; "but yes—why—now I think, I do remember something in your dress, sir,—though it was the *face* that struck me! In short then, sir, this makes the case worse: you are here on false pretences—affecting the very reverse, sir—setting yourself up for a model of simplicity—a laughing-stock indeed!" "I had reasons for not wishing my profession to be known, Sir Charles," said I; "most special reasons. They're now over, however, and I don't care *who* knows it!" "May I ask what these were?" said the Judge. "That I'll never tell to any man breathing!" I said, determinedly. The Judge walked two or three times fore and aft; then a thought seemed to strike him—he looked out as if at the decks and through below the awnings, then shut the door and came back to me again. "By the way," said he seriously, and changing his tone, "since this extraordinary acknowledgment of yours, sir, something occurs to me which makes me almost think your presence in the vessel, in one sense, opportune. I have reason to entertain a high opinion of naval officers as technical men, professionally educated in his Majesty's regular service, and—you look rather a *young* man—but have you had much experience, may I ask?" "I have been nine or ten years at sea, sir," replied I, a little taken aback, "in various parts of the world!" "I have some suspicion

lately," he went on, "that this vessel is not navigated in a—in short, that at present, probably, we may be in some danger,—do you think so, sir?" "No, Sir Charles," I said, "I don't think she is, as matters stand,—only in a troublesome sort of quarter, which the sooner she's out of, the better." "The commander is, I find, dangerously unwell," continued he, "and of the young man who seems to have the chief care of the vessel, I have no very high—well—that, of course I— Now sir," said he, looking intently at me, "are you capable of—in short of managing this Company's vessel, should any emergency arise? I have seen such, myself,—and in the circumstances I feel considerable alarm—uneasiness, at least!—Eh, sir?" "Depend upon it, Sir Charles," I said, stepping toward the door, "in any matter of the kind I'll do my best for this ship! But none knows so well as a seaman, there are cases enough where your very best can't do much!" The Judge seemed rather startled by my manner—for I *did* feel a little misgiving, from something in the weather on the whole; at any rate I fancied there was a cold-bloodedness in every sharp corner of his face, bilious though his temper was, that would have let him see me go to the bottom a thousand times over, had I even had a chance with his daughter herself, ere he'd have yielded me the tip of her little finger: accordingly 'twas a satisfaction to me, at the moment, just to make him see he wasn't altogether in his nabob's chair in Bengal yet, on an elephant's back!

"Ah, though!" said he, raising his voice to call me back, "to return for an instant—there is one thing I must positively require, sir—which you will see, in the circumstances, to be unavoidable. As a mere simple cadet, observe sir, there was nothing to be objected to in a slight passing acquaintance—but, especially in the—in short equivocal—sir, I must request of you that you will on no account attempt to hold any communication with my daughter, Miss Hyde—beyond a mere bow, of course! 'Twill be disagreeable, I assure you. Indeed, I shall—" "Sir," said I, all the blood in my body going to my face, "of all things in the world,

that is the very thing where your views and mine happen to square!" and I bowed. The man's coolness disgusted me, sticking such a thing in my teeth, after just reckoning on my services with the very same breath,—and all when it wasn't required, too! And by heaven! thought I, had she shown me favour, all the old nabobs in Christendom, and the whole world to boot, shouldn't hinder me from speaking to her! What I said apparently puzzled him, but he gave me a grand bow in his turn, and I had my hand on the door, when he said, "I suppose, sir, as a naval officer, you have no objection to give me your name and rank? I forget what—" Here I remembered my mistake with the mate, and on the whole I saw I must stick by it till I was clear of the whole concern,—as for *saying* my name was Westwood, that I couldn't have done at the time for worlds, but I quietly handed him another card: meaning, of course, to give Westwood the cue as shortly as possible, for his own safety. The Judge started on seeing the card, gave me one of his sharp glances, and made a sudden step towards me. "Have you any relation in India, Mr. Westwood?" said he, slowly; to which I gave only a nod. "What is he, if I may inquire?" asked he again. "A councillor or something, I believe," said I carelessly. "Thomas Westwood?" said Sir Charles. "Ah," said I, wearied of the thing, and anxious to go. "An uncle, probably, from the age?" he still put in. "Exactly, that's it!" I said. "Why—what!—why did you not mention this at first?" he broke out suddenly, coming close up; "why, Councillor Westwood is my very oldest friend in India, my dear sir! This alters the matter. I should have welcomed a nephew of his in my house, to the utmost! Why, how strange, Mr. Westwood, that the fact should emerge in this curious manner!"—and with that he held out his hand. "Of course," said he, "no such restriction as I mentioned could for a moment apply to a nephew of Councillor Westwood!" I stared at him for a moment, and then—"Sir," said I, coolly, "it seems the whole matter goes by names; but if my name were the devil, or the apostle Paul, I

don't see how it can make a bit of difference in me: what's more, sir," said I, setting my teeth, "whatever my name may be, depend upon it, I shall never claim acquaintance either with you or—or—Miss Hyde!" With that I flung straight out of the cabin, leaving the old gentleman bolt upright on the floor, and as dumb as a stock-fish, whether with rage or amazement I never stopped to think.

I went right forward on the Indian-man's fore-castle, clear of all the awnings, dropped over her head out of sight of the men, and sat with my legs amongst the open wood-work beneath the bowsprit, looking at the calm,—nobody in sight but the Hindoo figure, who seemed to be doing the same. *Westwood!* thought I bitterly; then in a short time, when the mistake's found out, and he got safe past the Cape, perhaps,—it'll be nothing but *Westwood!* He'll have a clear stage, and all favour; but at any rate, however it may be, I'll not be here, by heaven! to see it. That cursed councillor of his, I suppose, is another nabob,—and no doubt he'll marry her, all smooth! Uncles be— I little thought, by Jove! when I knocked off that yarn to the mate about *my* uncle—but, after all, it's strange how often a fellow's paid back in his own coin! The heat at the time was unbearable,—*heat*, indeed! 'twasn't only heat,—but a heavy, close, stifling sort of a feeling, like in a hot-house, as if you'd got a weight on your head and every other bit of you: the water one time so dead-blue and glassy between the windings of it, that the sky seemed to vanish, and the ship looked floating up into where it was,—then again you scarce knew sea from air, except by the wrinkles and eddies running across each other between, toward a sullen blue ring at the horizon,—like seeing through a big twisted sieve, or into a round looking-glass all over cracks. I heard them clue up everything aloft, except the topsails,—and they fell slapping back and forward to the masts, every now and then, with a *thud* like a thousand spades clapped down at once over a hollow bit of ground—till all seemed as still between as if they'd buried something. I wished to heaven it were what I felt at the time, and the thought of Vio-

let Hyde, that I might be as if I never had seen her,—when on glancing up, betwixt the figure-head and the ship's stern, it struck me to notice how much the land on her starboard bow and beam seemed to have risen, even during the last hour, and that without wind; partly on account of its clearing in that quarter, perhaps; but the nearest points looked here and there almost as if you could see into them, roughening barer out through the hue of the distance, like purple blotches spreading in it. Whereas, far away astern of us, when I crossed over her headworks, there were two or three thin white streaks of haze to be seen just on the horizon, one upon another, above which you made out somewhat like a dim range of peaked land, trending one couldn't say how far back—all showing how fairly the coast was shutting her in upon the south-east, as she set farther in-shore, even while the run of the current bade fair to take her well clear of it ahead; which was of course all we need care for at present. Her want of steerage-way, however, let the Indianman sheer hither and thither, till at times one was apt to get confused, and suppose her more in with the land-loom than she really was. Accordingly the mate proved his good judgment by having a couple of boats lowered with a tow-line, to keep her at least stern-on to the current,—although the trouble of getting out the launch would have more served his purpose, and the deeper loaded the better, since in fact there were *two* favourable drifts instead of one, between every stroke of the oars. The men pulled away rather sulkily, their straw hats over their noses, the dip of the hawser scarce tautening at each strain, as they squinted up at the Seringapatam's idle figure-head. For my part I had thought it better to leave him by himself, and go below.

When I went into the cuddy, more for relief's sake than to dine, the passengers were chattering and talking away round the tables, hot and choking though it was, in high glee because the land was in sight from the starboard port-window, and they fancied the officers had changed their mind as to "touching" there. Every now and then a cadet or two would

start up, with their silver forks in their hands, and put their heads out; some asked whether the anchor had been seen getting ready or not; others disputed about the color of tropical trees, if they were actually green like English ones, or perhaps all over blossoms and fruit together—the whole of them evidently expecting bands of negroes to line the shore as we came in. One young fellow had taken a particular fancy to have an earthworm, with earth enough to feed it all the rest of the voyage, otherwise he couldn't stand it; and little Tommy's mother almost went into hysterics again, when she said, if she could just eat a lettuce salad once more, she'd die contented; the missionary, looking up through his spectacles, in surprise that she wasn't *more* interested about the slave-trade, whereof he'd been talking to her. As for Westwood, he joined quietly in the fun, with a glance now and then across to me; however, I pretended to be too busy with the salt beef, and was merely looking up again for a moment, when my eye chanced to catch on the swinging barometer that hung in the raised sky-light, right over the midst of our noise. By George! ma'am, what was my horror when I saw the quicksilver had sunk so far below the mark, probably fixed there that morning, as to be almost shrunk in the ball! Whatever the merchant service might know about the instrument in those days, the African coast was the place to teach its right use to us in the old Iris. I laid down my knife and fork as carelessly as I could, and went straight on deck.

Here I sought out the mate, who was forward, watching the land—and at once took him aside to tell him the fact. "Well, sir," said he coolly, "and what of that? A sign of wind, certainly, before very long; but in the meantime we're *sure* to have it off the land." "That's one of the very reasons," said I, "for thinking *this* will be from seaward—since towards evening the land'll have plenty of air without it! But more than that, sir," said I, "I tell you, Mr. Finch, I know the west coast of Africa pretty well—and so far south as this, the glass falling so low as *twenty-seven*, is always the sign

of a nor'westerly blow! If you're a wise man, sir, you'll not only get your upper spars down on deck, but you'll see your anchors clear!" Finch had plainly got furious at my meddling again, and said he, "Instead of that, sir, I shall hold on *everything* aloft, to stand out when I get the breeze!" "D'ye really think, then," said I, pointing to the farthest-off streak of land, trending away by this time astern of us, faint as it was; "*do* you think you could ever weather that point, with anything like a strong nor'-wester, besides a current heading you in, as you got fair hold of it again?" "Perhaps not," said he, wincing a little as he glanced at it, "but you happen always to suppose what there's a thousand to one against, sir! Why, sir, you might as well take the command at once! But, by G—! sir, if it *did* come to that, I'd rather—I'd rather see the ship *lost*—I'd rather go to the bottom with all in her, after handling her as I know well how, than I'd see the chance given to *you*!" The young fellow fairly shouted this last word into my very ear—he was in a regular furious passion. "You'd *better* let me alone, that's all I've got to say to you, sir!" growled he as he turned away; so I thought it no use to say more, and leant over the bulwarks, resolved to see it out.

The fact was, the farther we got off the land *now*, the worse—seeing that if what I dreaded should prove true, why, we were probably in thirty or forty fathoms water, where no anchor could hold for ten minutes' time—if it ever caught ground. My way would have been, to get every boat out at once, and tow in till you could see the colour of some shoal or other from aloft, then take my chance there to ride out whatever might come, to the last cable aboard of us. Accordingly I wasn't sorry to see that by this time the whole bight of the coast was slowly rising off our beam, betwixt the high land far astern and the broad bluffs upon her starboard bow; which last came out already of a sandy reddish tint, and the lower part of a clear blue, as the sun got westward on our other side. What struck me was, that the face of the water, which was all over wrinkles and winding lines, with here and there a quick ripple, when I

went below, had got on a sudden quite smooth as far as you could see, as if they'd sunk down like so many eels; a long uneasy ground-swell was beginning to heave in from seaward, on which the ship rose; once or twice I fancied I could observe the colour different away towards the land, like the muddy chocolate spreading out near a river mouth at ebb-tide,—then again it was green, rather; and as for the look of the coast, I had no knowledge of it. I thought again, certainly, of the old quartermaster's account in the *Iris*, but there was neither anything like it to be seen, nor any sign of a break in the coast at all, though high headlands enough.

The ship might have been about twelve or fourteen miles from the north-east point upon her starboard bow, a high rocky range of bluffs,—and rather less from the nearest of what lay away off her beam:—but after this you could mark nothing more, except it were that she edged farther from the point, by the way its bearings shifted or got blurred together: either she stood still, or she'd caught some eddy or under-drift, and the mate walked about quite lively once more. The matter was, how to breathe, or bear your clothes—when all of a sudden I heard the second mate sing out from the fore-castle—"Stand by the braces, there! Look out for the tope's! hawl-yards!" He came shuffling aft next moment as fast as his foundered old shanks could carry him, and told Mr. Finch there was a squall coming off the land. The mate sprang up on the bulwarks, and so did I—catching a glance from him as much as to say—There's your gale from seaward, you pretentious lubber! The lowest streak of coast bore at present before our starboard quarter, betwixt east and south-east'ard, with some pretty high land running away up from it, and a sort of dim blue haze hanging beyond, as 'twere. Just as Macleod spoke, I could see a dusky dark vapour thickening and spreading in the haze, till it rose black along the flat, out of the sky behind it; whitened and then darkened again, like a heavy smoke floating up into the air. All was confusion on deck for a minute or two—off went all the awnings—and every hand was ready at his station, fisting

the ropes; when I looked again at the cloud, then at the mates, then at it again. "*By George!*" said I, noticing a pale wreath of it go curling on the pale clear sky over it, as if to a puff of air,—"*it is smoke!*" Some niggers, as they so often do, burning the bush!" So it was; and as soon as Finch gave in, all hands quietly coiled up the ropes. It was scarce five minutes after, that Jacobs, who was coiling up a rope beside me, gave me a quiet touch with one finger—"Mr. Collins, sir," said he in a low voice, looking almost right up, high over toward the ship's larboard bow, which he couldn't have done before, for the awnings so lately above us,—"*look, sir—there's an ox-eye.*" I followed his gaze, but it wasn't for a few seconds that I found what it pointed to, in the hot far-off-like blue dimness of the sky overhead, compared with the white glare of which to westward our canvass aloft was but dirty gray and yellow.

'Twas what none but a seaman would have observed, and many a seaman wouldn't have done so,—but a man-o'-war's-man is used to look out at all hours, in all latitudes,—and to a man that knew its meaning, *this* would have been no joke, even out of sight of land: as it was, the thing gave me a perfect thrill of dread. High aloft in the heavens northward, where they were freest from the sun—now standing over the open horizon amidst a wide bright pool of light,—you managed to discern a small silvery speck, growing slowly as it were out of the faint blue hollow, like a star in the day-time, till you felt as if it looked at you, from God-knows what distance away. One eye after another amongst the mates and crew joined Jacobs's and mine, with the same sort of dumb fellowship to be seen when a man in London streets watches the top of a steeple; and however hard to make out at first, ere long none of them could miss seeing it, as it got slowly larger, sinking by degrees till the sky close about it seemed to thicken like a dusky ring round the white, and the sunlight upon our seaward quarter blazed out doubly strong—as if it came dazzling off a brass bell, with the bright tongue swinging in it far off to one side,

where the hush made you think of a stroke back upon us, with some terrific sound to boot. The glassy water by this time was beginning to rise under the ship with a struggling kind of unequal heave, as if a giant you couldn't see kept shoving it down here and there with both hands, and it came swelling up elsewhere. To north-westward, or thereabouts, betwixt the sun and this ill-boding token aloft, the far line of open sea still lay shining motionless and smooth; next time you looked, it had got even brighter than before, seeming to leave the horizon visibly; then the streak of air just above it had grown gray, and a long edge of bazy vapour was creeping as it were over from beyond,—the white speck all the while travelling down towards it slantwise from nor'ard, and spreading its dark ring slowly out into a circle of cloud, till the keen eye of it at last sank in, and below, as well as aloft, the whole north-western quarter got blurred together in one gloomy mass. If there was a question at first whether the wind mightn't come from so far nor'ard as to give her a chance of running out to sea before it, there was none now,—our sole recourse lay either in getting nearer the land meanwhile, to let go our anchors ere it came on, with her head to it,—or we might make a desperate trial to weather the lee-point now far astern. The fact was, we were going to have a regular tornado, and that of the worst kind, which wouldn't soon blow itself out; though near an hour's notice would probably pass ere it was on.

The three mates laid their heads gravely together over the capstan for a minute or two, after which Finch seemed to perceive that the first of the two ways was the safest; though of course the nearer we should get to the land, the less chance there was of clearing it afterwards, should her cables part, or the anchors drag. The two boats still alongside, and two others dropped from the davits, were manned at once and set to towing the Indiaman ahead, in-shore; while the bower and sheet anchors were got out to the cat-heads ready for letting go, cables overhauled, ranged, and clinched as quickly as possible, and

the deep-sea lead passed along to take soundings every few minutes.

On we crept, slow as death, and almost as still, except the jerk of the oars from the heaving water at her bows, and the loud flap of the big topsails now and then, everything aloft save them and the brailed foresail being already close furled; the clouds all the while rising away along our larboard beam nor'west and north, over the gray bank on the horizon, till once more you could scarce say which point the wind would come from, unless by the huge purple heap of vapour in the midst. The sun had got low, and he shivered his dazzling spokes of light behind one edge of it, as if 'twere a mountain you saw over some coast or other: indeed, you'd have thought the ship almost shut in by land on both sides of her, which was what seemed to terrify the passengers most, as they gathered about the poop-stairs and watched it,—*which* was the true land and which the clouds, 'twas hard to say,—and the sea gloomed writhing between them like a huge lake in the mountains. I saw Sir Charles Hyde walk out of the round-house and in again, glancing uneasily about: his daughter was standing with another young lady, gazing at the land; and at sight of her sweet, curious face, I'd have given worlds to be able to do something that might save it from the chance, possibly, of being that very night dashed amongst the breakers on a lee-shore in the dark—or at best, suppose the Almighty favoured any of us so far, perhaps landed in the wilds of Africa. Had there been aught man could do more, why, though I never should get a smile for it, I'd have compassed it, mate or no mate; but all was done that could be done, and I had nothing to say. Westwood came near her, too, apparently seeing our bad case at last to some extent, and both trying to break it to her and to assure her mind; so I folded my arms again, and kept my eyes hard fixed upon the bank of cloud, as some new weather-mark stole out in it, and the sea stretched breathless away below, like new-melted lead. The air was like to choke you—or rather there was none—as if water, sky, and everything else wanted *life*, and one would

fain have caught the first rush of the tornado into his mouth—the men emptying the dipper on deck from the cask, from sheer loathing. As for the land, it seemed to draw nearer of itself, till every point and wrinkle in the headland off our bow came out in a red coppery gleam—one saw the white line of surf round it, and some blue country beyond like indigo; then back it darkened again, and all aloft was getting livid-like over the bare royal mast-heads.

Suddenly a faint air was felt to flutter from landward; it half lifted the top-sails, and a heavy earthy swell came into your nostrils—the first of the land-breeze, at last; but by this time it was no more than a sort of mockery, while a minute after you might catch a low, sullen, moaning sound far off through the emptiness, from the strong surf the Atlantic sends in upon the West Coast before a squall. If ever landmen found out what land on the wrong side is, the passengers of the *Seringapatam* did, that moment; the shudder of the top-sails aloft seemed to pass into every one's shoulders, and a few quietly walked below, as if they were safe in their cabins. I saw Violet Hyde look round and round with a startled expression, and from one face to another, till her eye lighted on me, and I fancied for a moment it was like putting some question to me. I couldn't bear it!—'twas the first time I'd felt powerless to offer anything; though the thought ran through me again till I almost felt myself buffeting among the breakers with her in my arms. I looked to the land where the smoke we had seen three-quarters of an hour ago rose again with the puff of air, a slight flicker of flame in it, as it wreathed off the low ground toward the higher point,—when all at once I gave a start, for something in the shape of the whole struck me as if I'd seen it before. Next moment I was thinking of old Bob Martin's particular landmarks at the river mouth he spoke of, and the notion of its possibly being hereabouts glanced on me like a god-send. In the unsure dusky sight I had of it, certainly, it wore somewhat of that look, and it lay fair to leeward of the weather; while, as for the dead shut-in appearance of it, old Bob had

specially said you'd never think it was a river; but then again it was more like a desperate fancy owing to our hard case, and to run the ship straight for it would be the trick of a bed-lamite. At any rate a quick cry from aft turned me round, and I saw a blue flare of lightning streak out betwixt the bank of gray haze and the cloud that hung over it—then another, and the clouds were beginning to rise slowly in the midst, leaving a white glare between, as if you could see through it towards what was coming. The men could pull no longer, but ahead of the ship there was now only about eight or ten fathoms water, with a soft bottom. The boats were hoisted in, and the men had begun to clue up and hand the topsails, which were lowered on the caps, when, just in the midst of the hubbub and confusion, as I stood listening to every order the mate gave, the steward came up hastily from below to tell him that the captain had woke up, and, being much better, wanted to see him immediately. Mr. Finch looked surprised, but he turned at once, and hurried down the hatchway.

The sight which all of us who weren't busy gazed upon, over the larboard bulwarks, was terrible to see; 'twas half dark, though the sun, dropping behind the haze-bank, made it glimmer and redden. The dark heap of clouds had first lengthened out blacker and blacker, and was rising slowly in the sky like a mighty arch, till you saw their white edges below, and a ghastly white space behind, out of which the mist and scud began to fly. Next minute a long sigh came into her jib and foresail, then the black bow of cloud partly sank again, and a blaze of lightning came out all round her, showing you every face on deck, the inside of the round-house aft, with the Indian Judge standing in it, his hand to his eyes,—and the land far away, to the very swell rolling in to it. Then the thunder broke overhead in the gloom, in one fearful sudden crack, that you seemed to hear through every corner of cabins and fore-castle below,—and the wet back-fins of twenty sharks or so, that had risen out of the inky surface, vanished as suddenly. The Indianman had sheered almost broadside on to

the clouds, her jib was still up, and I knew the next time the clouds rose we should fairly have it. Flash after flash came, and clap after clap of thunder, such as you hear before a tornado—yet the chief officer wasn't to be seen, and the others seemed uncertain what to do first; while every one began to wonder and pass along questions where he could be. In fact, he had disappeared. For my part, I thought at very strange he staid so long; but there wasn't a moment to lose. I jumped down off the poop-stairs, walked forward on the quarterdeck, and said coolly to the men nearest me, "Run and haul down that jib yonder—set the spanker here, aft. You'll have her taken slap on her beam: quick, my lads!" The men did so at once. Macleod was calling out anxiously for Mr. Finch. "Stand by the anchors there!" I sang out, "to let go the starboard one, the moment she swings head to wind!" The Scotch mate turned his head; but Rickett's face, by the next flash, showed he saw the good of it, and there was no leisure for arguing, especially as I spoke in a way to be heard. I walked to the wheel, and got hold of Jacobs to take the weather-helm. We were all standing ready, at the pitch of expecting it. Westwood, too, having appeared again by this time beside me, I whispered to him to run forward and look after the anchors—when some one came hastily up the after-hatchway, with a glazed hat and pilot-coat on, stepped straight to the binnacle, looked in behind me, then at the black bank of cloud, then aloft. Of course I supposed it was the mate again, but didn't trouble myself to glance at him further—when "Hold on with the anchors!" he sang out in a loud voice—"hold on there for your lives!" Heavens! it was the captain himself!

At this, of course, I stood aside at once; and he shouted again, "Hoist the jib and fore-topmast-staysail—stand by to set fore-course!" By Jove! this was the way to pay the ship head off, instead of stern off, from the blast when it came—and to let her drive before it at no trifle of a rate, wherever that might take her! "Down with that spanker, Mr. Macleod, d'ye hear!" roared Captain

Williamson again; and certainly I did wonder what he meant to do with the ship. But his manner was so decided, and 'twas so natural for the captain to strain a point to come on deck in the circumstances, that I saw he must have some trick of seamanship above me, or some special knowledge of the coast,—and I waited in a state of the greatest excitement for the first stroke of the tornado. He waved the second and third mates forward to their posts—the Indianan sheering and backing, like a frightened horse, to the long slight swell and the faint flav of the land air. The black arch to windward began to rise again, showing a terrible white stare reaching deep in, and a blue dart of lightning actually ran zig-zag down before our glaring fore-to-gallant-mast. Suddenly the captain had looked at me, and we faced each other by the gleam; and quiet, easy-going man as he was commonly, it just flashed across me there was something extraordinarily wild and raised in his pale visage, strange as the air about us made every one appear. He gave a stide towards me, shouting "Who are?"—when the thunder-clap took the words out of his tongue, and next moment the tornado burst upon us, fierce as the wind from a cannon's mouth. For one minute the Seringapatam heeled over to her starboard streak, almost broadside on, and her spars toward the land,—all on her beam was a long ragged white gush of light and mist pouring out under the black brow of the clouds, with a trampling eddying roar up into the sky. The swell plunged over her weather-side like the first break of a dam, and as we scrambled up to the bulwarks, to hold on for bare life, you saw a roller, fit to swamp us, coming on out of the sheet of foam—when crash went mizen-topmast and main-to-gallant-mast: the ship payed swiftly off by help of her head-sails, and, with a leap like a harpooned whale, off she drove fair before the tremendous sweep of the blast.

The least yaw in her course, and she'd have never risen, unless every stick went out of her. I laid my shoulder to the wheel with Jacobs, and Captain Williamson screamed through his trumpet into the men's ears, and waved his hands to ride

down the fore-sheets as far as they'd go; which kept her right before it, though the sail could be but half-set, and she rather flew than ran—the sea one breadth of white foam back to the gushes of mist, not having power to rise higher yet. Had the foresail been stretched, 'twould have blown off like a cloud. I looked at the captain: he was standing in the lee of the round-house, straight upright, though now and then peering eagerly forward, his lips firm, one hand on a belaying-pin, the other in his breast—nothing but determination in his manner; but once or twice he started, and glanced fiercely to the after-hatchway near, as if something from below might chance to thwart him. I can't express my contrary feelings, betwixt a sort of hope and sheer horror. We were driving right towards the land, at thirteen or fourteen knots to the hour,—yet *could* there actually be some harbourage hereaway, or that said river the quarter-master of the Iris mentioned, and Captain Williamson know of it? Something struck me as wonderfully strange in the whole matter, and puzzling to desperation,—still I trusted to the captain's experience. The coast was scarce to be seen ahead of us, lying black against an uneven streak of glimmer, as she rushed like fury before the deafening howl of wind; and right away before our lee-beam I could see the light blowing, as it were, across, beyond the headland I had noticed, where the smoke in the bush seemed to be still curling, half-smothered, along the flat in the lee of the hills, as if in green wood or sheltered as yet from seaward, though once or twice a quick flicker burst up in it. All at once the gust of the tornado was seen to pour on it, like a long blast from some huge bellows, and up it flashed—the yellow flame blazed into the smoke, spread away behind the point, and the ruddy brown smoke blew whitening off over it:—when, Almighty power! what did I see as it lengthened in, but part after part of old Bob's landmarks creep out ink-black before the flare and the streak of sky together—first the low line of ground, then the notch in the block, the two rocks like steps, and the

sugar-loaf shape of the headland, to the very mop-headed knot of trees on its rise! No doubt Captain Williamson was steering for it; but it was far too much on our starboard bow—and in half an hour at this rate we should drive right into the surf you saw running along to the coast ahead—so I signed to Jacobs for god-sake to edge her off as nicely as was possible. Captain Williamson caught my motion. "Port! port, sirrah!" he sang out sternly; "*back* with the helm, d'ye hear!" and, pulling out a pistol, he levelled it at me with one hand, while he held a second in the other. "Land!—land, by G—d!" shouted he, and from the lee of the round-house it came more like a shriek than a shout—"I'll be there though a thousand mutineers!"—His eye was like a wild beast's. That moment the truth glanced across me—this was the *green leaf*, no doubt, the Scotch mate talked so mysteriously of. The man was mad! The land fever was upon him, as I'd seen it before in men long off the African coast; and he stood eyeing me with one foot hard stamped before him. 'Twas no use trying to be heard, and the desperation of the moment gave me a thought of the sole thing to do. I took off my hat in the light of the binnacle, bowed, and looked him straight in the face with a smile—when his eye wavered, he slowly lowered his pistol, then *laughed*, waving his hand towards the land to leeward, as if, but for the gale, you'd have heard him cheer. At the instant I sprang behind him with the slack of a rope, and grappled his arms fast, though he'd got the furious power of a madman, and, during half a minute, 'twas wrestle for life with me. But the line was round him, arm and leg, and I made it fast, throwing him heavily on the deck, just as one of the mates, with some of the crew, were struggling aft, by help of the belaying-pins, against the hurricane, having caught a glimpse of the thing by the binnacle-light. They looked from me to the captain. The ugly topman made a sign, as much as to say, knock the fellow down: but the whole lot hung back before the couple of pistol-barrels I handled. The Scotch mate seemed awfully puzzled; and others of the men, who knew from

Jacobs what I was, came shoving along, evidently aware what a case we were in. A word to Jacobs served to keep him steering her anxiously, so as to head two or three points more south-east in the end, furiously as the wheel jolted. So there we stood, the tornado sweeping sharp as a knife from astern over the poop-deck, with a force that threw any one back if he left go his hold to get near me, and going up like thunder aloft in the sky. Now and then a weaker flare of lightning glittered across the scud; and, black as it was overhead, the horizon to windward was but one jagged white glare, gushing full of broad shifting streaks through the drift of foam and the spray that strove to rise. Our fore-course still held; and I took the helm from Jacobs, that he might go and manage to get a pull taken on the starboard brace, which would not only *slant* the sail more to the blasts, but give her the better chance to make the sole point of salvation, by helping her steerage when most needed. Jacobs and Westwood together got this done; and all the time I was keeping my eyes fixed anxiously as man can fancy, on the last gleams of the fire ashore, as her head made a fairer line with it; but, by little and little, it went quite out, and all was black—though I had taken its bearings by the compass—and I kept her to that for bare life, trembling at every shiver in the foresail's edge, lest either it or the mast should go.

Suddenly we began to get into a fearful swell—the Indianaman plunged and shook in every spar left her. I could see nothing ahead, from the wheel, and in the dark: we were getting close in with the land, and the time was coming; but still I held south-east-by-east to the mark of her head in the compass box, as nearly as might and main could do it, for the heaves that made me think once or twice she was to strike next moment. If she went ashore in my hand! why, it was like to drive one mad with fear; and I waited for Jacobs to come back, with a brain ready to turn, almost as if I'd have left the wheel to the other helmsman, and run forward into the bows to look out. The captain lay raving and shouting behind me, though no one else could either have heard or

seen him; and where the chief officer was all this time, surprised me, unless the madman had made away with him, or locked him in his own cabin, in return for being shut up himself,—which in fact proved to be the case, cunning as it was to send for him so quietly. At length Jacobs struggled aft to me again, and charging him, for heaven's sake, to steer exactly the course I gave, I drove before the full strength of the squall along-decks to the bowsprit, where I held on and peered out. Dead ahead of us was the high line of coast in the dark—not a mile of swell between the ship and it. By this time the low boom of the surf came under the wind, and you saw the breakers lifting all along,—not a single opening in them! I had lost sight of my landmarks, and my heart gulped into my mouth—what I felt 'twould be vain to say,—till I thought I *did* make out one short patch of sheer black in the range of foam, scarce so far on our bow as I'd reckoned the fire to have been: indeed, instead of that, it was rather on her weather than her lee bow; and the more I watched it, and the nearer we drove in that five minutes, the broader it was. "By all that's good!" I thought, "if a river there is, that must be the mouth of it!" But, by heavens! on our present course, the ship would run just right upon the point,—and, to strike the clear water, her fore-yard would require to be braced up, able or not, though the force of the tornado would come fearfully on her quarter, then. There was the chance of taking all the masts out of her; but let them stand ten minutes, and the thing was done, when we opened into the lee of the points—otherwise all was over!

I sprang to the fore-braces and besought the men near me, for God's sake, to drag upon the lee one—and that as if their life hung upon it—when Westwood caught me by the arm. I merely shouted through my hands into his ear to go aft to Jacobs and tell him to keep her head a *single point* up, whatever might happen, to the last,—then I pulled with the men at the brace till it was fast, and scrambled up again to the bowsprit heel. Jove! how she surged to it: the little canvass we had strained like to burst: the masts trembled, and the spars aloft

bent like whip-shafts, everything below groaning again; while the swell and the blast together made you dizzy, as you watched the white eddies rising and boiling out of the dark—her cutwaters shearing through it and the foam, as if you were going under it. The sound of the hurricane and the surf seemed to be growing together into one awful roar,—my very brain began to turn with the pitch I was wrought up to—and it appeared next moment we should heave far up into the savage hubbub of breakers. I was wearying for the crash and the wild confusion that would follow—when all of a sudden, still catching the fierce rush of the gale athwart her quarter into the fore-course, which steadied her though she shuddered to it—all on a sudden the dark mass of the land seemed as if were parting ahead of her, and a gleam of pale sky opened below the dusk into my very face. I no more knew what I was doing, by this time, nor where we were, than the spar before me,—till again, the light broadened, glimmering low betwixt the high land and a lump of rising level on the other bow. I hurried aft past the confused knots of men holding on to the lee of the bulwarks, and seized a spoke of the wheel. "Tom," shouted I to Westwood, "run and let free the spanker on the poop! Down with the helm—down with it, Jacobs, my lad!" I sang out; "never mind spars or canvass!" Down went the helm—the spanker helped to luff her to the strength of the gust—and away she went up to port, the heavy swells rolling her in, while the rush into her staysail and fore-course came in one terrible flash of roaring wind,—tearing first one and then the other clear out of the bolt-ropes, though the loose spanker abaft was in less danger, and the way she had from both was enough to take her careening round the point into its lee. By heavens! there were the streaks of soft haze low over the rising moon, under the

broken clouds, beyond a far line of dim fringing woods, she herself just tipping the hollow behind, big and red—when right down from over the cloud above us came a spout of rain, then a sheet of it lifting to the blast as it howled across the point. "Stand by to let go the larboard anchor!" I sang out through the trumpet; and Jacobs put the helm fully down at the moment, till she was coming head to wind, when I made forward to the mates and men. "Let-go!" I shouted: not a look turned against me, and away thundered the cable through the hawse-hole; she shook to it, sheered astern, and brought up with her anchor fast. By that time the rain was plashing down in a perfect deluge—you couldn't see a yard from you—all was one white pour of it; although it soon began to drive again over the headland, as the tornado gathered new feed out of it. Another anchor was let go, cable payed out, and the ship soon began to swing the other way to the tide, pitching all the while on the short swell.

The gale still whistled through her spars for two or three hours, during which it began by degrees to lull. About eleven o'clock it was clear moonlight to leeward, the air fresh and cool: a delicious watch it was, too. I was walking the poop by myself, two or three men lounging sleepily about the fore-castle, and Rickett below on the quarterdeck, when I saw the chief officer himself rush up from below, staring wildly round him, as if he thought we were in some dream or other. I fancied at first the mate would have struck Rickett, from the way he went on, but I kept aft where I was. The eddies ran past the Indiaman's side, and you heard the fast ebb of the tide rushing and rippling sweetly on her taut cables ahead, plashing about the bows and bends. We were in old Bob Martin's river, whatever that might be.

THE VISION OF SUDDEN DEATH.

[The reader is to understand this present paper, in its two sections of *The Vision, &c.*, and *The Dream-Fugue*, as connected with a previous paper on *The English Mail-Coach*, published in the Magazine for October. The ultimate object was the *Dream-Fugue*, as an attempt to wrestle with the utmost efforts of music in dealing with a colossal form of impassioned horror. The *Vision of Sudden Death* contains the mail-coach incident, which did really occur, and did really suggest the variations of the *Dream*, here taken up by the *Fugue*, as well as other variations not now recorded. Confluent with these impressions, from the terrific experience on the Manchester and Glasgow mail, were other and more general impressions, derived from long familiarity with the English mail, as developed in the former paper; impressions, for instance, of animal beauty and power, of rapid motion, at that time unprecedented, of connexion with the government and public business of a great nation, but above all, of connexion with the national victories at an unexampled crisis,—the mail being the privileged organ for publishing and dispersing all news of that kind. From this function of the mail, arises naturally the introduction of Waterloo into the fourth variation of the *Fugue*; for the mail itself having been carried into the dreams by the incident in the *Vision*, naturally all the accessory circumstances of pomp and grandeur investing this national carriage followed in the train of the principal image.]

WHAT is to be thought of sudden death? It is remarkable that, in different conditions of society it has been variously regarded as the consummation of an earthly career most fervently to be desired, and, on the other hand, as that consummation which is most of all to be deprecated. Cæsar the Dictator, at his last dinner party, (*cæna*,) and the very evening before his assassination, being questioned as to the mode of death which, in his opinion, might seem the most eligible, replied—"That which should be most sudden." On the other hand, the divine Litany of our English Church, when breathing forth supplications, as if in some representative character for the whole human race prostrate before God, places such a death in the very van of horrors. "From lightning and tempest; from plague, pestilence, and famine; from battle and murder, and from sudden death,—*Good Lord, deliver us.*" Sudden death is here made to crown the climax in a grand ascent of calamities; it is the last of curses; and yet, by the noblest of Romans, it was treated as the first of blessings. In that difference, most readers will see little more than the difference between Christianity and Paganism. But there I hesitate. The Christian church may be right in its estimate of sudden death; and it is a natural feeling, though after all it may also be an infirm one, to wish for a quiet

dismissal from life—as that which *seems* most reconcilable with meditation, with penitential retrospects, and with the humilities of farewell prayer. There does not, however, occur to me any direct scriptural warrant for this earnest petition of the English Litany. It seems rather a petition indulged to human infirmity, than exacted from human piety. And, however *that* may be, two remarks suggest themselves as prudent restraints upon a doctrine, which else *may* wander, and *has* wandered, into an uncharitable superstition. The first is this: that many people are likely to exaggerate the horror of a sudden death, (I mean the *objective* horror to him who contemplates such a death, not the *subjective* horror to him who suffers it) from the false disposition to lay a stress upon words or acts, simply because by an accident they have become words or acts. If a man dies, for instance, by some sudden death when he happens to be intoxicated, such a death is falsely regarded with peculiar horror; as though the intoxication were suddenly exalted into a blasphemy. But *that* is unphilosophic. The man was, or he was not, *habitually* a drunkard. If not, if his intoxication were a solitary accident, there can be no reason at all for allowing special emphasis to this act, simply because through misfortune it became his final act. Nor, on the other hand, if it

were no accident, but one of his *habitual* transgressions, will it be the more habitual or the more a transgression, because some sudden calamity, surprising him, has caused this habitual transgression to be also a final one? Could the man have had any reason even dimly to foresee his own sudden death, there would have been a new feature in his act of intemperance—a feature of presumption and irreverence, as in one that by possibility felt himself drawing near to the presence of God. But this is no part of the case supposed. And the only new element in the man's act is not any element of extra immorality, but simply of extra misfortune.

The other remark has reference to the meaning of the word *sudden*. And it is a strong illustration of the duty which for ever calls us to the stern valuation of words—that very possibly Cæsar and the Christian church do not differ in the way supposed; that is, do not differ by any difference of doctrine as between Pagan and Christian views of the moral temper appropriate to death, but that they are contemplating different cases. Both contemplate a violent death; a *Βιαιωσ*—death that is *Βιαιος*: but the difference is—that the Roman by the word “sudden” means an *unlingering* death: whereas the Christian litany by “sudden” means a death *without warning*, consequently without any available summons to religious preparation. The poor mutineer, who kneels down to gather into his heart the bullets from twelve firelocks of his pitying comrades, dies by a most sudden death in Cæsar's sense: one shock, one mighty spasm, one (possibly not one) groan, and all is over. But, in the sense of the Litany, his death is far from sudden; his offence originally, his imprisonment, his trial, the interval between his sentence and its execution, having all furnished him with separate warnings of his fate—having all summoned him to meet it with solemn preparation.

Meantime, whatever may be thought of a sudden death as a mere variety in the modes of dying, where death in some shape is inevitable—a question which, equally in the Roman and the Christian sense, will be variously answered according to each man's variety

of temperament—certainly, upon one aspect of sudden death there can be no opening for doubt, that of all agonies incident to man it is the most frightful, that of all martyrdoms it is the most freezing to human sensibilities—namely, where it surprises a man under circumstances which offer (or which seem to offer) some hurried and inappreciable chance of evading it. Any effort, by which such an evasion can be accomplished, must be as sudden as the danger which it affronts. Even *that*, even the sickening necessity for hurrying in extremity where all hurry seems destined to be vain, self-baffled, and where the dreadful knell of *too late* is already sounding in the ears by anticipation—even that anguish is liable to a hideous exasperation in one particular case, namely, where the agonising appeal is made not exclusively to the instinct of self-preservation, but to the conscience, on behalf of another life besides your own, accidentally cast upon *your* protection. To fail, to collapse in a service merely your own, might seem comparatively venial; though, in fact, it is far from venial. But to fail in a case where Providence has suddenly thrown into your hands the final interests of another—of a fellow-creature shuddering between the gates of life and death; this, to a man of apprehensive conscience, would mingle the misery of an atrocious criminality with the misery of a bloody calamity. The man is called upon, too probably, to die; but to die at the very moment when, by any momentary collapse, he is self-denounced as a murderer. He had but the twinkling of an eye for his effort, and that effort might, at the best, have been unavailing; but from this shadow of a chance, small or great, how if he has recoiled by a treasonable *lâcheté*? The effort *might* have been without hope; but to have risen to the level of that effort—would have rescued him, though not from dying, yet from dying as a traitor to his duties.

The situation here contemplated exposes a dreadful ulcer, lurking far down in the depths of human nature. It is not that men generally are summoned to face such awful trials. But potentially, and in shadowy outline, such a trial is moving subterraneously in perhaps all men's natures—mutter-

ing under ground in one world, to be realised perhaps in some other. Upon the secret mirror of our dreams such a trial is darkly projected at intervals, perhaps, to every one of us. That dream, so familiar to childhood, of meeting a lion, and, from languishing prostration in hope and vital energy, that constant sequel of lying down before him, publishes the secret frailty of human nature—reveals its deep-seated Pariah falsehood to itself—records its abysmal treachery. Perhaps not one of us escapes that dream; perhaps, as by some sorrowful doom of man, that dream repeats for every one of us, through every generation, the original temptation in Eden. Every one of us, in this dream, has a bait offered to the infirm places of his own individual will; once again a snare is made ready for leading him into captivity to a luxury of ruin; again, as in aboriginal Paradise, the man falls from innocence; once again, by infinite iteration, the ancient Earth groans to God, through her secret caves, over the weakness of her child; "Nature from her seat, sighing through all her works," again "gives signs of woe that all is lost;" and again the counter sigh is repeated to the sorrowing heavens of the endless rebellion against God. Many people think that one man, the patriarch of our race, could not in his single person execute this rebellion for all his race. Perhaps they are wrong. But, even if not, perhaps in the world of dreams every one of us ratifies for himself the original act. Our English rite of "Confirmation," by which, in years of awakened reason, we take upon us the engagements contracted for us in our slumbering infancy,—how sublime a rite is that! The little postern gate, through which the baby in its cradle had been silently placed for a time within the glory of God's countenance, suddenly rises to the clouds as a triumphal arch, through which, with banners displayed and martial pomps, we make our second entry as crusading soldiers militant for God, by personal choice and by sacramental oath. Each man says in effect—"Lo! I rebaptise myself; and that which once was sworn on my behalf, now I swear for myself." Even so in dreams, perhaps, under some secret

conflict of the midnight sleeper, lighted up to the consciousness at the time, but darkened to the memory as soon as all is finished, each several child of our mysterious race completes for himself the aboriginal fall.

As I drew near to the Manchester post-office, I found that it was considerably past midnight; but to my great relief, as it was important for me to be in Westmorland by the morning, I saw by the huge saucer eyes of the mail, blazing through the gloom of overhanging houses, that my chance was not yet lost. Past the time it was; but by some luck, very unusual in my experience, the mail was not even yet ready to start. I ascended to my seat on the box, where my cloak was still lying as it had lain at the Bridgewater Arms. I had left it there in imitation of a nautical discoverer, who leaves a bit of bunting on the shore of his discovery, by way of warning off the ground the whole human race, and signalling to the Christian and the heathen worlds, with his best compliments, that he has planted his throne for ever upon that virgin soil: henceforward claiming the *jus dominii* to the top of the atmosphere above it, and also the right of driving shafts to the centre of the earth below it; so that all people found after this warning, either aloft in the atmosphere, or in the shafts, or squatting on the soil, will be treated as trespassers—that is, decapitated by their very faithful and obedient servant, the owner of the said bunting. Possibly my cloak might not have been respected, and the *jus gentium* might have been cruelly violated in my person—for, in the dark, people commit deeds of darkness, gas being a great ally of morality—but it so happened that, on this night, there was no other outside passenger; and the crime, which else was but too probable, missed fire for want of a criminal. By the way, I may as well mention at this point, since a circumstantial accuracy is essential to the effect of my narrative, that there was no other person of any description whatever about the mail—the guard, the coachman, and myself being allowed for—except only one—a horrid creature of the class known to the world as insiders, but whom young

Oxford called sometimes "Trojans," in opposition to our Grecian selves, and sometimes "vermin." A Turkish Effendi, who piques himself on good-breeding, will never mention by name a pig. Yet it is but too often that he has reason to mention this animal; since constantly, in the streets of Stamboul, he has his trousers deranged or polluted by this vile creature running between his legs. But under any excess of hurry he is always careful, out of respect to the company he is dining with, to suppress the odious name, and to call the wretch "that other creature," as though all animal life beside formed one group, and this odious beast (to whom, as Chrysippus observed, salt serves as an apology for a soul) formed another and alien group on the outside of creation. Now I, who am an English Effendi, that think myself to understand good-breeding as well as any son of Othman, beg my reader's pardon for having mentioned an insider by his gross natural name. I shall do so no more: and, if I should have occasion to glance at so painful a subject, I shall always call him "that other creature." Let us hope, however, that no such distressing occasion will arise. But, by the way, an occasion arises at this moment; for the reader will be sure to ask, when we come to the story, "Was this other creature present?" He was *not*; or more correctly, perhaps, it was *not*. We dropped the creature—or the creature, by natural imbecility, dropped itself—within the first ten miles from Manchester. In the latter case, I wish to make a philosophic remark of a moral tendency. When I die, or when the reader dies, and by repute suppose of fever, it will never be known whether we died in reality of the fever or of the doctor. But this other creature, in the case of dropping out of the coach, will enjoy a coroner's inquest; consequently he will enjoy an epitaph. For I insist upon it, that the verdict of a coroner's jury makes the best of epitaphs. It is brief, so that the public all find time to read; it is pithy, so that the surviving friends (if any *can* survive such a loss) remember it without fatigue; it is upon oath, so that rascals and Dr. Johnsons cannot pick holes in it. "Died through

the visitation of intense stupidity, by impinging on a moonlight night against the off hind wheel of the Glasgow mail! Deodand upon the said wheel—two-pence." What a simple lapidary inscription! Nobody much in the wrong but an off-wheel; and with few acquaintances; and if it were but rendered into choice Latin, though there would be a little bother in finding a Ciceronian word for "off-wheel," Morcellus himself, that great master of sepulchral eloquence, could not show a better. Why I call this little remark *moral*, is, from the compensation it points out. Here, by the supposition, is that other creature on the one side, the beast of the world; and he (or it) gets an epitaph. You and I, on the contrary, the pride of our friends, get none.

But why linger on the subject of vermin? Having mounted the box, I took a small quantity of laudanum, having already travelled two hundred and fifty miles—viz., from a point seventy miles beyond London, upon a simple breakfast. In the taking of laudanum there was nothing extraordinary. But by accident it drew upon me the special attention of my assessor on the box, the coachman. And in *that* there was nothing extraordinary. But by accident, and with great delight, it drew my attention to the fact that this coachman was a monster in point of size, and that he had but one eye. In fact he had been foretold by Virgil as—

"Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens
cui lumen ademptum."

He answered in every point—a monster he was—dreadful, shapeless, huge, who had lost an eye. But why should *that* delight me? Had he been one of the Calendars in the Arabian Nights, and had paid down his eye as the price of his criminal curiosity, what right had I to exult in his misfortune? I did *not* exult: I delighted in no man's punishment, though it were even merited. But these personal distinctions identified in an instant an old friend of mine, whom I had known in the south for some years as the most masterly of mail-coachmen. He was the man in all Europe that could best have undertaken to drive six-in-hand full gallop over *Al Sirat*—that famous

bridge of Mahomet across the bottomless gulf, backing himself against the Prophet and twenty such fellows. I used to call him *Cyclops mastigophorus*, Cyclops the whip-bearer, until I observed that his skill made whips useless, except to fetch off an impertinent fly from a leader's head; upon which I changed his Grecian name to Cyclops *diphrelates* (Cyclops the charioteer.) I, and others known to me, studied under him the diphrelatic art. Excuse, reader, a word too elegant to be pedantic. And also take this remark from me, as a *gage d'amitié*—that no word ever was or can be pedantic which, by supporting a distinction, supports the accuracy of logic; or which fills up a chasm for the understanding. As a pupil, though I paid extra fees, I cannot say that I stood high in his esteem. It showed his dogged honesty, (though, observe, not his discernment,) that he could not see my merits. Perhaps we ought to excuse his absurdity in this particular by remembering his want of an eye. That made him blind to my merits. Irritating as this blindness was, (surely it could not be envy?) he always courted my conversation, in which art I certainly had the whip-hand of him. On this occasion, great joy was at our meeting. But what was Cyclops doing here? Had the medical men recommended northern air, or how? I collected, from such explanations as he volunteered, that he had an interest at stake in a suit-at-law pending at Lancaster; so that probably he had got himself transferred to this station, for the purpose of connecting with his professional pursuits an instant readiness for the calls of his law-suit.

Meantime, what are we stopping for? Surely we've been waiting long enough. Oh, this procrastinating mail, and oh this procrastinating post-office! Can't they take a lesson upon that subject from me? Some people have called me procrastinating. Now you are witness, reader, that I was in time for them. But can they lay their hands on their hearts, and say that they were in time for me? I, during my life, have often had to wait for the post-office: the post-office never waited a minute for me. What are they about? The guard tells me that there is a large extra accumula-

tion of foreign mails this night, owing to irregularities caused by war, and by the packet-service, when as yet nothing is done by steam. For an extra hour, it seems, the post-office has been engaged in threshing out the pure wheaten correspondence of Glasgow, and winnowing it from the chaff of all baser intermediate towns. We can hear the flails going at this moment. But at last all is finished. Sound your horn, guard. Manchester, good bye; we've lost an hour by your criminal conduct at the post-office: which, however, though I do not mean to part with a serviceable ground of complaint, and one which really is such for the horses, to me secretly is an advantage, since it compels us to recover this last hour amongst the next eight or nine. Off we are at last, and at eleven miles an hour: and at first I detect no changes in the energy or in the skill of Cyclops.

From Manchester to Kendal, which virtually (though not in law) is the capital of Westmoreland, were at this time seven stages of eleven miles each. The first five of these, dated from Manchester, terminated in Lancaster, which was therefore fifty-five miles north of Manchester, and the same distance exactly from Liverpool. The first three terminated in Preston (called, by way of distinction from other towns of that name, *proud Preston*), at which place it was that the separate roads from Liverpool and from Manchester to the north became confluent. Within these first three stages lay the foundation, the progress, and termination of our night's adventure. During the first stage, I found out that Cyclops was mortal: he was liable to the shocking affection of sleep—a thing which I had never previously suspected. If a man is addicted to the vicious habit of sleeping, all the skill in aurigation of Apollo himself, with the horses of Aurora to execute the motions of his will, avail him nothing. "Oh, Cyclops!" I exclaimed more than once, "Cyclops, my friend; thou art mortal. Thou snorest." Through this first eleven miles, however, he betrayed his infirmity—which I grieve to say he shared with the whole Pagan Pantheon—only by short stretches. On waking up, he

able. What could be done—who was it that could do it—to check the storm-flight of these maniacal horses? What! could I not seize the reins from the grasp of the slumbering coachman? You, reader, think that it would have been in your power to do so. And I quarrel not with your estimate of yourself. But, from the way in which the coachman's hand was viced between his upper and lower thigh, this was impossible. The guard subsequently found it impossible, after this danger had passed. Not the grasp only, but also the position of this Polyphemus, made the attempt impossible. You still think otherwise. See, then, that bronze equestrian statue. The cruel rider has kept the bit in his horse's mouth for two centuries. Unbridle him, for a minute, if you please, and wash his mouth with water. Or stay, reader, unhorse me that marble emperor: knock me those marble feet from those marble stirrups of Charlemagne.

The sounds ahead strengthened, and were now too clearly the sounds of wheels. Who and what could it be? Was it industry in a taxed cart?—was it youthful gaiety in a gig? Whoever it was, something must be attempted to warn them. Upon the other party rests the active responsibility, but upon us—and, woe is me! that *us* was my single self—rests the responsibility of warning. Yet, how should this be accomplished? Might I not seize the guard's horn? Already, on the first thought, I was making my way over the roof to the guard's seat. But this, from the foreign mails being piled upon the roof, was a difficult, and even dangerous attempt, to one cramped by nearly three hundred miles of outside travelling. And, fortunately, before I had lost much time in the attempt, our frantic horses swept round an angle of the road, which opened upon us the stage where the collision must be accomplished, the parties that seemed summoned to the trial, and the impossibility of saving them by any communication with the guard.

Before us lay an avenue, straight as an arrow, six hundred yards, perhaps, in length; and the umbrageous trees, which rose in a regular line from either side, meeting high over-

head, gave to it the character of a cathedral aisle. These trees lent a deeper solemnity to the early light; but there was still light enough to perceive, at the further end of this gothic aisle, a light, reedy gig, in which were seated a young man, and, by his side, a young lady. Ah, young sir! what are you about? If it is necessary that you should whisper your communications to this young lady—though really I see nobody at this hour, and on this solitary road, likely to overhear your conversation—is it, therefore, necessary that you should carry your lips forward to hers? The little carriage is creeping on at one mile an hour; and the parties within it, being thus tenderly engaged, are naturally bending down their heads. Between them and eternity, to all human calculation, there is but a minute and a half. What is it that I shall do? Strange it is, and to a mere auditor of the tale, might seem laughable, that I should need a suggestion from the *Iliad* to prompt the sole recourse that remained. But so it was. Suddenly I remembered the shout of Achilles, and its effect. But could I pretend to shout like the son of Peleus, aided by Pallas? No, certainly: but then I needed not the shout that should alarm all Asia militant; a shout would suffice, such as should carry terror into the hearts of two thoughtless young people, and one gig horse. I shouted—and the young man heard me not. A second time I shouted—and now he heard me, for now he raised his head.

Here, then, all had been done that, by me, *could* be done: more on *my* part was not possible. Mine had been the first step: the second was for the young man: the third was for God. If, said I, the stranger is a brave man, and, if, indeed, he loves the young girl at his side—or, loving her not, if he feels the obligation pressing upon every man worthy to be called a man, of doing his utmost for a woman confided to his protection—he will at least make some effort to save her. If that fails, he will not perish the more, or by a death more cruel, for having made it; and he will die as a brave man should, with his face to the danger, and with his arm about the woman that he sought in vain to save.

But if he makes no effort, shrinking, without a struggle, from his duty, he himself will not the less certainly perish for this baseness of poltroonery. He will die no less: and why not? Wherefore should we grieve that there is one craven less in the world? No; let him perish, without a pitying thought of ours wasted upon him; and, in that case, all our grief will be reserved for the fate of the helpless girl, who now, upon the least shadow of failure in *him*, must, by the fiercest of translations—must, without time for a prayer—must, within seventy seconds, stand before the judgment-seat of God.

But craven he was not: sudden had been the call upon him, and sudden was his answer to the call. He saw, he heard, he comprehended, the ruin that was coming down: already its gloomy shadow darkened above him; and already he was measuring his strength to deal with it. Ah! what a vulgar thing does courage seem, when we see nations buying it and selling it for a shilling a-day: ah! what a sublime thing does courage seem, when some fearful crisis on the great deeps of life carries a man, as if running before a hurricane, up to the giddy crest of some mountainous wave, from which accordingly as he chooses his course, he describes two courses, and a voice says to him audibly—“This way lies hope; take the other way and mourn for ever!” Yet, even then, amidst the raving of the seas and the frenzy of the danger, the man is able to confront his situation—is able to retire for a moment into solitude with God, and to seek all his counsel from *him*! For seven seconds, it might be, of his seventy, the stranger settled his countenance steadfastly upon us, as if to search and value every element in the conflict before him. For five seconds more he sat immovably, like one that mused on some great purpose. For five he sat with eyes upraised, like one that prayed in sorrow, under some extremity of doubt, for wisdom to guide him towards the better choice. Then suddenly he rose; stood upright; and, by a sudden strain upon the reins, raising his horse's forefeet from the ground, he slewed him round on the pivot of his hind legs, so as to plant

the little equipage in a position nearly at right-angles to ours. Thus far his condition was not improved; except as a first step had been taken towards the possibility of a second. If no more were done, nothing was done; for the little carriage still occupied the very centre of our path, though in an altered direction. Yet even now it may not be too late: fifteen of the twenty seconds may still be unexhausted; and one almighty bound forward may avail to clear the ground. Hurry then, hurry! for the flying moments—*they* hurry! Oh hurry, hurry, my brave young man! for the cruel hoofs of our horses—*they* also hurry! Fast are the flying moments, faster are the hoofs of our horses. Fear not for *him*, if human energy can suffice: faithful was he that drove, to his terrific duty; faithful was the horse to *his* command. One blow, one impulse given with voice and hand by the stranger, one rush from the horse, one bound as if in the act of rising to a fence, landed the docile creature's fore-feet upon the crown or arching centre of the road. The larger half of the little equipage had then cleared our over-towering shadow: that was evident even to my own agitated sight. But it mattered little that one wreck should float off in safety, if upon the wreck that perished were embarked the human freightage. The rear part of the carriage—was *that* certainly beyond the line of absolute ruin? What power could answer the question? Glance of eye, thought of man, wing of angel, which of these had speed enough to sweep between the question and the answer, and divide the one from the other? Light does not tread upon the steps of light more indivisibly, than did our all-conquering arrival upon the escaping efforts of the gig. *That* must the young man have felt too plainly. His back was now turned to us; not by sight could he any longer communicate with the peril; but by the dreadful rattle of our harness, too truly had his ear been instructed—that all was finished as regarded any further effort of *his*. Already in resignation he had rested from his struggle; and perhaps, in his heart he was whispering—“Father, which art above, do thou finish

in heaven what I on earth have attempted." We ran past them faster than ever mill-race in our inexorable flight. Oh, raving of hurricanes that must have sounded in their young ears at the moment of our transit! Either with the swingle-bar, or with the haunch of our near leader, we had struck the off-wheel of the little gig, which stood rather obliquely and not quite so far advanced as to be accurately parallel with the near wheel. The blow, from the fury of our passage, resounded terrifically. I rose in horror, to look upon the ruins we might have caused. From my elevated station I looked down, and looked back upon the scene, which in a moment told its tale, and wrote all its records on my heart for ever.

The horse was planted immovably, with his fore-feet upon the paved crest of the central road. He of the whole party was alone untouched by the passion of death. The little cany carriage—partly perhaps from the dreadful torsion of the wheels in its recent movement, partly from the thundering blow we had given to it—as if it sympathised with human horror, was all alive with tremblings and shiverings. The young man sat like a rock. He stirred not at all. But *his* was the steadiness of agitation frozen into rest by horror. As yet he dared not to look round; for he knew that, if anything remained to

do, by him it could no longer be done. And as yet he knew not for certain if their safety were accomplished. But the lady—

But the lady—! Oh heavens! will that spectacle ever depart from my dreams, as she rose and sank upon her seat, sank and rose, threw up her arms wildly to heaven, clutched at some visionary object in the air, fainting, praying, raving, despairing! Figure to yourself, reader, the elements of the case; suffer me to recal before your mind the circumstances of the unparalleled situation. From the silence and deep peace of this saintly summer night,—from the pathetic blending of this sweet moonlight, dawnlight, dreamlight,—from the manly tenderness of this flattering, whispering, murmuring love,—suddenly as from the woods and fields,—suddenly as from the chambers of the air opening in revelation,—suddenly as from the ground yawning at her feet, leaped upon her, with the flashing of cataracts, Death the crowned phantom, with all the equipage of his terrors, and the tiger roar of his voice.

The moments were numbered. In the twinkling of an eye our flying horses had carried us to the termination of the umbrageous aisle; at right-angles we wheeled into our former direction; the turn of the road carried the scene out of my eyes in an instant, and swept it into my dreams for ever.

DREAM-FUGUE.

ON THE ABOVE THEME OF SUDDEN DEATH.

" Whence the sound
Of instruments, that made melodious chime,
Was heard, of harp and organ; and who mov'd
Their stops and chords, was seen; his volant touch
Instinct through all proportions, low and high,
Fled and pursued transverse the resonant fugue."

Par. Lost, B. xi.

Tumultuosissimamente.

Passion of Sudden Death! that once Rapture of panic taking the shape, in youth I read and interpreted by which amongst tombs in churches I the shadows of thy averted* signs;— have seen, of woman bursting her

* "*Averted signs.*"—I read the course and changes of the lady's agony in the succession of her involuntary gestures; but let it be remembered that I read all this from the rear, never once catching the lady's full face, and even her profile imperfectly.

sepulchral bonds—of woman's Ionic form bending forward from the ruins of her grave with arching foot, with eyes upraised, with clasped adoring hands—waiting, watching, trembling, praying, for the trumpet's call to rise from dust for ever;—Ah, vision too fearful of shuddering humanity on the brink of abysses! vision that didst start back—that didst reel away—like a shrivelling scroll from before the wrath of fire racing on the wings of the wind! Epilepsy so brief of horror—wherefore is it that thou canst not die? Passing so suddenly into darkness, wherefore is it that still thou sheddest thy sad funeral blights upon the gorgeous mosaics of dreams? Fragment of music too stern, heard once and heard no more, what aileth thee that thy deep rolling chords come up at intervals through all the worlds of sleep, and after thirty years have lost no element of horror?

1.

Lo, it is summer, almighty summer! The everlasting gates of life and summer are thrown open wide; and on the ocean, tranquil and verdant as a savannah, the unknown lady from the dreadful vision and I myself are floating: she upon a fairy pinnacle, and I upon an English three-decker. But both of us are wooing gales of festal happiness within the domain of our common country—within that ancient watery park—within that pathless chase where England takes her pleasure as a huntress through winter and summer, and which stretches from the rising to the setting sun. Ah! what a wilderness of floral beauty was hidden, or was suddenly revealed, upon the tropic islands through which the pinnacle moved. And upon her deck what a bevy of human flowers—young women how lovely, young men how noble, that were dancing together, and slowly drifting towards us amidst music and incense, amidst blossoms from forests and gorgeous corombi from vintages, amidst natural caroling and the echoes of sweet girlish laughter. Slowly the pinnacle nears us, gaily she hails us, and slowly she disappears beneath the shadow of our mighty bows. But then, as at some signal from heaven, the music and the

carols, and the sweet echoing of girlish laughter—all are hushed. What evil has amitten the pinnacle, meeting or overtaken her? Did ruin to our friends couch within our own dreadful shadow? Was our shadow the shadow of death? I looked over the bow for an answer; and, behold! the pinnacle was dismantled; the revel and the revellers were found no more; the glory of the vintage was dust; and the forest was left without a witness to its beauty upon the seas. "But where," and I turned to our own crew—"where are the lovely women that danced beneath the awning of flowers and clustering corymbi? Whither have fled the noble young men that danced with them?" Answer there was none. But suddenly the man at the mast-head, whose countenance darkened with alarm, cried out—"Sail on the weather-beam! Down she comes upon us: in seventy seconds she will founder!"

2.

I looked to the weather-side, and the summer had departed. The sea was rocking, and shaken with gathering wrath. Upon its surface sate mighty mists, which grouped themselves into arches and long cathedral aisles. Down one of these, with the fiery pace of a quarrel from a cross-bow, ran a frigate right athwart our course. "Are they mad?" some voice exclaimed from our deck. "Are they blind? Do they woo their ruin?" But in a moment, as she was close upon us, some impulse of a heady current or sudden vortex gave a wheeling bias to her course, and off she forged without a shock. As she ran past us, high aloft amongst the shrouds stood the lady of the pinnacle. The deeps opened ahead in malice to receive her, towering surges of foam ran after her, the billows were fierce to catch her. But far away she was borne into desert spaces of the sea: whilst still by sight I followed her, as she ran before the howling gale, chased by angry sea-birds and by maddening billows; still I saw her, as at the moment when she ran past us, amongst the shrouds, with her white draperies streaming before the wind. There she stood with hair dishevelled, one hand clutched amongst the tackling—rising,

sinking, fluttering, trembling, praying—there for leagues I saw her as she stood, raising at intervals one hand to heaven, amidst the fiery crests of the pursuing waves and the raving of the storm; until at last, upon a sound from afar of malicious laughter and mockery, all was hidden for ever in driving showers; and afterwards, but when I know not, and how I know not,

3.

Sweet funeral bells from some incalculable distance, wailing over the dead that die before the dawn, awakened me as I slept in a boat moored to some familiar shore. The morning twilight even then was breaking; and, by the dusky revelations which it spread, I saw a girl adorned with a garland of white roses about her head for some great festival, running along the solitary strand with extremity of haste. Her running was the running of panic; and often she looked back as to some dreadful enemy in the rear. But when I leaped ashore, and followed on her steps to warn her of a peril in front alas! from me she fled as from another peril; and vainly I shouted to her of quicksands that lay ahead. Faster and faster she ran; round a promontory of rocks she wheeled out of sight; in an instant I also wheeled round it, but only to see the treacherous sands gathering above her head. Already her person was buried; only the fair young head and the diadem of white roses around it were still visible to the pitying heavens; and, last of all, was visible one marble arm. I saw by the early twilight this fair young head, as it was sinking down to darkness—saw this marble arm, as it rose above her head and her treacherous grave, tossing, faultering, rising, clutching as at some false deceiving hand stretched out from the clouds—saw this marble arm uttering her dying hope, and then her dying despair. The head, the diadem, the arm,—these all had sunk; at last over these also the cruel quicksand had closed; and no memorial of the fair young girl remained on earth, except my own solitary tears, and the funeral bells from the desert seas, that, rising again more softly, sang a requiem

over the grave of the buried child, and over her blighted dawn.

I sate, and wept in secret the tears that men have ever given to the memory of those that died before the dawn, and by the treachery of earth, our mother. But the tears and funeral bells were hushed suddenly by a shout as of many nations, and by a roar as from some great king's artillery advancing rapidly along the valleys, and heard afar by its echoes among the mountains. "Hush!" I said, as I bent my ear earthwards to listen—"hush!—this either is the very anarchy of strife, or else"—and then I listened more profoundly, and said as I raised my head—"or else, oh heavens! it is victory that swallows up all strife."

4.

Immediately, in trance, I was carried over land and sea to some distant kingdom, and placed upon a triumphal car, amongst companions crowned with laurel. The darkness of gathering midnight, brooding over all the land, hid from us the mighty crowds that were weaving restlessly about our carriage as a centre—we heard them, but we saw them not. Tidings had arrived, within an hour, of a grandeur that measured itself against centuries; too full of pathos they were, too full of joy that acknowledged no fountain but God, to utter themselves by other language than by tears, by restless anthems, by reverberations rising from every choir, of the *Gloria in excelsis*. These tidings we that sate upon the laurelled car had it for our privilege to publish amongst all nations. And already, by signs audible through the darkness, by snortings and tramlings, our angry horses, that knew no fear of fleshly weariness, upbraided us with delay. Wherefore was it that we delayed? We waited for a secret word, that should bear witness to the hope of nations, as now accomplished for ever. At midnight the secret word arrived; which word was—Waterloo and Recovered Christendom! The dreadful word shone by its own light; before us it went; high above our leaders' heads it rode, and spread a golden light over the paths which we traversed. Every

city, at the presence of the secret word, threw open its gates to receive us. The rivers were silent as we crossed. All the infinite forests, as we ran along their margins, shivered in homage to the secret word. And the darkness comprehended it.

Two hours after midnight we reached a mighty minster. Its gates, which rose to the clouds, were closed. But when the dreadful word, that rode before us, reached them with its golden light, silently they moved back upon their hinges; and at a flying gallop our equipage entered the grand aisle of the cathedral. Headlong was our pace; and at every altar, in the little chapels and oratories to the right hand and left of our course, the lamps dying or sickening, kindled anew in sympathy with the secret word that was flying past. Forty leagues we might have run in the cathedral, and as yet no strength of morning light had reached us, when we saw before us the aerial galleries of the organ and the choir. Every pinnacle of the fret-work, every station of advantage amongst the traceries, was crested by white-robed choristers, that sang deliverance; that wept no more tears, as once their fathers had wept; but at intervals that sang together to the generations, saying—

“Chant the deliverer’s praise in every tongue,”

and receiving answers from afar,

—“such as once in heaven and earth were sung.”

And of their chaunting was no end; of our headlong pace was neither pause nor remission.

Thus, as we ran like torrents—thus, as we swept with bridal rapture over the Campo Santo* of the cathedral

graves—suddenly we became aware of a vast necropolis rising upon the far-off horizon—a city of sepulchres, built within the saintly cathedral for the warrior dead that rested from their feuds on earth. Of purple granite was the necropolis; yet, in the first minute, it lay like a purple stain upon the horizon—so mighty was the distance. In the second minute it trembled through many changes, growing into terraces and towers of wondrous altitude, so mighty was the pace. In the third minute already, with our dreadful gallop, we were entering its suburbs. Vast sarcophagi rose on every side, having towers and turrets that, upon the limits of the central aisle, strode forward with haughty intrusion, that ran back with mighty shadows into answering recesses. Every sarcophagus showed many bas-reliefs—bas-reliefs of battles—bas-reliefs of battle-fields; of battles from forgotten ages—of battles from yesterday—of battle-fields that, long since, nature had healed and reconciled to herself with the sweet oblivion of flowers—of battle-fields that were yet angry and crimson with carnage. Where the terraces ran, there did *we* run; where the towers curved, there did *we* curve. With the flight of swallows our horses swept round every angle. Like rivers in flood, wheeling round headlands; like hurricanes that side into the secrets of forests; faster than ever light unwove the mazes of darkness, our flying equipage carried earthly passions—kindled warrior instincts—amongst the dust that lay around us; dust oftentimes of our noble fathers that had slept in God from Créci to Trafalgar. And now had we reached the last sarcophagus, now were we abreast of the last bas-relief, already had we recovered the arrow-like flight

* *Campo Santo*.—It is probable that most of my readers will be acquainted with the history of the Campo Santo at Pisa—composed of earth brought from Jerusalem for a bed of sanctity, as the highest prize which the noble piety of crusaders could ask or imagine. There is another Campo Santo at Naples, formed, however, (I presume,) on the example given by Pisa. Possibly the idea may have been more extensively copied. To readers who are unacquainted with England, or who (being English) are yet unacquainted with the cathedral cities of England, it may be right to mention that the graves within-side the cathedrals often form a flat pavement over which carriages and horses might roll; and perhaps a boyish remembrance of one particular cathedral, across which I had seen passengers walk and burdens carried, may have assisted my dream.

of the illimitable central aisle, when coming up this aisle to meet us we beheld a female infant that rode in a carriage as frail as flowers. The mists, which went before her, hid the fawns that drew her, but could not hide the shells and tropic flowers with which she played—but could not hide the lovely smiles by which she uttered her trust in the mighty cathedral, and in the cherubim that looked down upon her from the topmost shafts of its pillars. Face to face she was meeting us; face to face she rode, as if danger there were none. "Oh baby!" I exclaimed, "shalt thou be the ransom for Waterloo? Must we, that carry tidings of great joy to every people, be messengers of ruin to thee?" In horror I rose at the thought; but then also, in horror at the thought, rose one that was sculptured on the bas-relief—a Dying Trumpeter. Solemnly from the field of battle he rose to his feet, and, unslung his stony trumpet, carried it, in his dying anguish, to his stony lips—sounding once, and yet once again; proclamation that, in *thy* ears, oh baby! must have spoken from the battlements of death. Immediately deep shadows fell between us, and aboriginal silence. The choir had ceased to sing. The hoofs of our horses, the rattling of our harness, alarmed the graves no more. By horror the bas-relief had been unlocked into life. By horror we, that were so full of life, we men and our horses, with their fiery fore-legs rising in mid air to their everlasting gallop, were frozen to a bas-relief. Then a third time the trumpet sounded; the seals were taken off all pulses; life, and the frenzy of life, tore into their channels again; again the choir burst forth in sunny grandeur, as from the muffling of storms and darkness; again the thunderings of our horses carried temptation into the graves. One cry burst from our lips as the clouds, drawing off from the aisle, showed it empty before us—"Whither has the infant fled?—is the young child caught up to God?" Lo! afar off, in a vast recess, rose three mighty windows to the clouds: and on a level with their summits, at height insuperable to man, rose an altar of purest alabaster. On its eastern face was trembling a crimson glory. Whence came that?

Was it from the reddening dawn that now streamed *through* the windows? Was it from the crimson robes of the martyrs that were painted on the windows? Was it from the bloody bas-reliefs of earth? Whencesoever it were—there, within that crimson radiance, suddenly appeared a female head, and then a female figure. It was the child—now grown up to woman's height. Clinging to the horns of the altar, there she stood—sinking, rising, trembling, fainting—raving, despairing; and behind the volume of incense that, night and day, streamed upwards from the altar, was seen the fiery font, and dimly was descried the outline of the dreadful being that should baptise her with the baptism of death. But by her ~~side~~ *she* was kneeling her better angel, that hid his face with wings; that wept and pleaded for *her*; that prayed when *she* could not; that fought with heaven by tears for *her* deliverance; which also, as he raised his immortal countenance from his wings, I saw, by the glory in his eye, that he had won at last.

5.

Then rose the agitation, spreading through the infinite cathedral, to its agony; then was completed the passion of the mighty fugue. The golden tubes of the organ, which as yet had but sobbed and muttered at intervals—gleaming amongst clouds and surges of incense—threw up, as from fountains unfathomable, columns of heart-shattering music. Choir and anti-choir were filling fast with unknown voices. Thou also, Dying Trumpeter!—with thy love that was victorious, and thy anguish that was finishing, didst enter the tumult: trumpet and echo—farewell love, and farewell anguish—rang through the dreadful *sanctus*. We, that spread flight before us, heard the tumult, as of flight, mustering behind us. In fear we looked round for the unknown steps that, in flight or in pursuit, were gathering upon our own. Who were these that followed? The faces, which no man could count—whence were *they*? "Oh, darkness of the grave!" I exclaimed, "that from the crimson altar and from the fiery font wert visited with secret light—that wert searched by the effulgence in the an-

gel's eye—were these indeed thy children? Pumps of life, that, from the burials of centuries, rose again to the voice of perfect joy, could it be ye that had wrapped me in the reflux of panic? What ailed me, that I should fear when the triumphs of earth were advancing? Ah! Pariah heart within me, that couldst never hear the sound of joy without sullen whispers of treachery in ambush; that, from six years old, didst never hear the promise of perfect love, without seeing aloft amongst the stars fingers as of a man's hand writing the secret legend—"ashes to ashes, dust to dust!"—wherefore shouldst thou not fear, though all men should rejoice? Lo! as I looked back for seventy leagues through the mighty cathedral, and saw the quick and the dead that sang together to God, together that sang to the generations of man—ah! raving, as of torrents that opened on every side: trepidation, as of female and infant steps that fled—ah! rushing, as of wings that chased! But I heard a voice from heaven, which said—"Let there be no reflux of panic—let there be no more fear, and no more sudden death! Cover them with joy as the tides cover the shore!" *That* heard the children of the choir, *that* heard the children of the grave. All the hosts of jubilation made ready to move. Like armies that ride in pursuit, they moved with one step. Us, that, with laurelled heads, were passing from the cathedral through its eastern gates, they overtook, and, as

with a garment, they wrapped us round with thunders that overpowered our own. As brothers we moved together; to the skies we rose—to the dawn that advanced—to the stars that fled; rendering thanks to God in the highest—that, having hid his face through one generation behind thick clouds of War, once again was ascending—was ascending from Waterloo—in the visions of Peace:—rendering thanks for thee, young girl! whom having overshadowed with his ineffable passion of Death—suddenly did God relent; suffered thy angel to turn aside his arm; and even in thee, sister unknown! shown to me for a moment only to be hidden for ever, found an occasion to glorify his goodness. A thousand times, amongst the phantoms of sleep, has he shown thee to me, standing before the golden dawn, and ready to enter its gates—with the dreadful Word going before thee—with the armies of the grave behind thee; shown thee to me, sinking, rising, fluttering, fainting, but then suddenly reconciled, adoring: a thousand times has he followed thee in the worlds of sleep—through storms; through desert seas; through the darkness of quicksands; through fugues and the persecution of fugues; through dreams, and the dreadful resurrections that are in dreams—only that at the last, with one motion of his victorious arm, he might record and emblazon the endless resurrections of his love!

FREE TRADE AT ITS ZENITH.

It was observed by Sir Robert Peel, in his speech on the subject of Free Trade in the House of Commons, in the last session of parliament, that those who reproached the new system with all the suffering the country had undergone during the last three years, forgot or concealed the fact, that that system was partially introduced by the tariff of 1842, which so materially diminished the import-duties on rude produce in that year; and that the three following years (those of 1843, 1844, and 1845) were the most prosperous that Great Britain has ever experienced. Is it then just, he added, when *quasi* free trade in 1842 produced such beneficial results, to charge complete free trade in 1846 with the subsequent distress which has occurred; the more especially as adventitious causes—in particular, the Irish famine of 1846, and the European revolutions of 1848—amply account for the change without supposing that the same principles, when carried into practice in 1846, produced such widely different results from those which had attended their adoption, to a certain extent, four years before.

The observation is a fair one, and apparently of material weight in the great question now at issue in the nation. When properly considered, it gives no countenance to the free-trade measures which the right hon. baronet has introduced, but only shows that it is to the combination of those measures, with another element of still more general and potent agency, that the disaster has been owing. In the interval, be it recollected, between 1842 and 1846, *the new currency restriction bills were passed*. The Bank Charter Bill of England received the royal assent in 1844, that of Scotland and Ireland in 1845. Free trade in grain was introduced in July 1846; in sugar, in May 1847; in shipping, in May 1849. The harvests of the years from 1846 to 1849 have been, as usual in this climate, checkered: that of 1846 was fair in grain, but sadly deficient in potatoes; that of 1847 was above an average in both; that of 1848, deficient in the south of

England in corn; that of 1849, generally very good. The years from 1842 to 1846, therefore, were not a trial of free trade and a restricted currency, *acting simultaneously*—they were a trial only of *semi-free trade*, without the new monetary laws, co-existing with a railway mania in the palmy days of its progress, and other favourable circumstances, which concealed, as will be immediately shown, its actual tendency. Real free trade has begun to act, *along with a restricted currency, for the first time, in 1846*. The harvests since have been, on the whole, average ones—neither better nor worse than generally may, in this variable climate, be expected in future years. It is since 1846, therefore, that we are to look, in this climate, for the real proof of the effects of the *combined free-trade and currency measures* which Sir Robert Peel has introduced; and unless they are taken together, the practical tendency of both will be entirely misunderstood. The right hon. baronet has done a great service to the cause of truth, by pointing out the difference in the state of the country before and after 1846; and we shall endeavour to follow up the subject by tracing the difference to its real source, and endeavouring to detach from the question the simultaneous circumstances which have been so often referred to as explaining the phenomena. The inquiry is the more important, that the Protection party as a body have, with a few striking and illustrious exceptions, never seen the currency question in its true light, as accompanied with that of free trade, and, by not doing so, have both voluntarily relinquished the most powerful lever wherewith to shake the strength of their opponents, and failed in instructing the public mind either in the real causes of their sufferings, or the means by which they are likely to be alleviated.

Various circumstances have been studiously kept out of view by the free-trade party, in reference to the years from 1842 to 1846, which really were mainly instrumental in produc-

ing the prosperity of that period. And many others have been emphatically dwelt upon, in reference to the years since 1846, which really had very little hand in producing these disasters.

The first circumstance which had a powerful influence in producing the prosperity from 1842 to 1846, was the return of fine seasons after five bad harvests in succession, which closed in 1841. The summer, and still more the autumn, of 1842, was a long and unbroken period of sunshine, which gladdened the hearts of men after the long series of dreary and cheerless years which had preceded it. The subsequent years, from 1842 to 1846, were very fine seasons, the harvests of which were all above an average. This is decisively proved by a comparison of the average prices of grain for the years, from 1839 to 1841, and from 1842 to 1845.* The tariff of 1842 without doubt contributed to bring about, in some degree, this reduction of prices; but still, as the sliding-scale was then in operation, and the import duties were in general 8s. and 9s. the quarter, the effect must have been mainly owing to the succession of fine seasons. No one can have lived through that period, without recollecting that this was the case. But the cheap prices which result from abundant harvests and improved cultivation at home, are the greatest of all public blessings, as much as the cheap prices arising from an extended foreign importation and declining agriculture at home, are the greatest of all curses. The first enriches the manufacturer, by the previous comfort of the farmer, and the plenty diffused through the land by his exertions; the last gives a temporary stimulus to the manufacturer, by the cheapness which is fatal to the domestic cultivator, and, by abridging the home market, speedily makes the manufacturer share in his ruin.

The second circumstance which tended to produce the prosperity from

1842 to 1845, was the glorious successes which, in the first of these years, succeeded to the Affghanistaun disasters. We all recollect the throb of exultation which beat in the breast of the nation when the astonishing news arrived, in November 1842, that a single Delhi Gazette had announced the second capture of Cabul, in the centre of Asia, and the dictating a glorious peace to the Celestial Empire, under the walls of Nankin. Not only was our Indian empire secured for a long period, by those astonishing triumphs, but its strength was demonstrated in a way of all others the best calculated to insure confidence in its future prosperity. The effect of this upon our manufacturing and commercial prosperity was great and immediate. Confidence revived from so marvellous a proof of the resources and spirit of the nation, which had so speedily risen superior to so terrible a disaster. Speculation was renewed on a great scale, from the sanguine ideas entertained of the boundless markets opened for our manufactures in the centre of Asia, and in the Chinese dominions. Sir Robert Peel is entitled to great credit for the glorious turn thus given to our Eastern affairs, and the gleam of sunshine which they threw upon the affairs of the nation; for his fortitude when the previous disastrous news arrived, was mainly instrumental in producing it. But free-trade principles, and the tariff of 1842, had no more to do with it than they had with the affairs of the moon.

The third circumstance which tended to bring about the prosperity from 1842 to 1845, was the revival in the home market, which, on the first gleam of returning prosperity, arose with redoubled energy from the very magnitude of previous deterioration and suffering. During the long train of disasters which followed the great importation of grain, and consequent exportation of the precious metals, in 1839—which compelled

* Average price of wheat in London in—

			s.	d.				s.	d.
1838,	-	-	57	11	1842,	-	-	49	0
1839,	-	-	68	7	1843,	-	-	47	4
1840,	-	-	66	8	1844,	-	-	46	8
1841,	-	-	54	6	1845,	-	-	50	10

the Bank of England, for the first time recorded in history, to have recourse to the Bank of France for assistance—all classes of the people had undergone very severe privations. The depression had been general in extent, and unprecedented in duration, till it was entirely thrown into the shade by the effects of the terrible monetary crisis of October 1847. Stocks of goods were reduced to the lowest amount consistent with the keeping up even a show of business; comforts of various sorts had been long abandoned by a large portion of the middle and working classes. At the same time, capital, in great part unemployed, accumulated in the hands of moneyed men, and the competition for safe investment lowered the rate of interest. It was soon down to 3 and 2½ per cent. In these circumstances, the revival of trade, owing to the Eastern victories and fine harvest of 1842, acted immediately, and with the most vivifying effect, on the home market. A rush took place to replace worn out garments, to revive long abandoned but unforgotten enjoyments. This result always ensues, and is attended with very important effects, after a long period of depression and suffering. It is beginning, though in a slight degree, and from the same causes, amongst us at this time. But no opinion can be formed, of the extent or probable duration of such revived activity, from its intensity on its first appearance.

The last, and, without doubt, the most important circumstance which produced the great prosperity from 1842 to 1845, was the monetary change produced by the Bank Charter Act of 1844.

Sir Robert Peel admitted, in the debate on the currency at the opening of last session of parliament, that the act of 1844 had failed in one of its principal objects—viz., the discouraging of perilous and irrational speculation. He might have gone a step farther, and admitted that it had been the greatest possible *encourager, for a short season, of the most absurd and dangerous undertakings*. The proof of this is decisive. The Bank Charter Act was passed in May 1844, and from that time till the first check experienced in October 1845, was,

beyond all comparison, the wildest and most absurd season of speculation ever known in English history. Among others, railways, to the amount of £363,000,000 sterling, received the sanction of the legislature, within two years after the new Bank Charter Act had passed. And so far was government from giving any check to these undertakings—the results of which, monstrous when co-existing with a fettered currency, are apparent in the present wreck of railway property—that they gave them the utmost encouragement, both by lowering the sum required for deposits from ten to five per cent, and by bestowing, at once in public and private, the most lavish encomiums on the immense present and prospective blessings they would confer upon the country. It is not surprising that a government, looking only to temporary objects, did so; for the railway mania, while it lasted, and before the ruinous effects in which it necessarily terminated, when fettered by the currency laws, had developed themselves, gave a passing stimulus to the demand for labour, and increase to industry, which rendered men blind to the whole consequences of the course on which they were launched. Sir Robert Peel ably and emphatically enforced the favourable condition of the nation, and dwelt with peculiar emphasis on the diminution in criminal commitments through the country, in his opening speech of the session of 1846—although he ascribed it to the free-trade measures, not the first effect of the general insanity on the subject of railways.

It is now perfectly apparent, and is generally understood, that the fatal Bank Charter Act was the main cause of the ruinous railway mania which has since spread distress and ruin so widely through the country. The reason is evident. It at once emancipated the Bank directors from every consideration, except that of making the most, as ordinary bankers, of their capital; and subjected them to such heavy expenses, from the vast quantity of specie they were obliged to keep in their vaults, as rendered a very extensive pushing of their business in every direction a matter of necessity. The effect of these concurring circumstances was soon appa-

rent. Interest was lowered, immediately after the passing of the Bank Charter Act, to *two per cent for first-class bills*, or still lower, as appears from the subjoined table furnished by Messrs. Gurney and Overend, "the greatest bill-brokers in the world.*" The facility of getting discounts increased beyond all precedent the issues of the banks. Those of the Bank of England rose to £21,000,000; and of all country bankers in a similar proportion. The total notes in circulation, in England alone, reached £28,000,900; in Great Britain and Ireland they exceeded £39,000,000. It was this copious issue of notes which gave, for the time at least, nearly sufficient accommodation for the immense undertakings, which were set on foot; which, beyond all doubt, both gave birth to, and nurtured the infancy of that vast network of railways which so soon overspread the country, and, while it was in course of formation, diffused such general prosperity over the land.

Had the impulse thus given to industry, and the enormous domestic undertakings thus set on foot by the sanction and with the approbation of government, been cautiously sustained, as a similar impulse had been during the war, by a corresponding increase of the circulation, based on a footing which was *not liable to be contracted by a failure of the harvest, or an enhanced demand for gold in foreign states*, it might have been the commencement of an era of prosperity, and a general spread of happiness, unprecedented in British annals. It had one immense advantage, which distinguished it both from the previous lavish expenditure during the war, and the extravagant South American speculations which ended in the monetary catastrophe of December 1825. The money was all expended at home, and on undertakings useful to the nation. No man will dispute, that, whether or not all the railways undertaken during that period were in themselves reasonable,

or likely to yield a dividend to the shareholders, they were beyond all doubt, one and all of them, advantageous to the public. They afforded facilities for the transit of goods and the conveyance of passengers, which were not only an immense advantage to individuals, but a great relief and benefit to the commerce and manufactures of the country. So far from being blamed, government deserve the very highest credit for having given this direction to the industry and expenditure of the nation. Their fault consisted in the simultaneous and fatal measures they adopted regarding the currency.

Having taken this great step in the right direction, it became the first and most important duty of government to have provided, simultaneously with the commencement of the undertaking, *a currency independent of foreign drains*, commensurate to the vast addition made to the industry and engagements of the nation. Its capital was far more than adequate to the undertakings, how vast soever. This is now decisively proved by the event. Two-thirds of the railways are finished; the remaining third is in course of construction; and interest is in London from *three to two-and-a-half per cent*. But capital alone is not sufficient for carrying on undertakings. Currency also is requisite; and if that be deficient, the most boundless overflow of capital will not avert a monetary crash, or save the nation from the most dreadful calamities. Here, too, the event has thrown a broad and decisive light on this vital question, and the cause of our calamities. Interest was fixed by government, after the crash, for advances by the Bank of England, in October 1847, at eight per cent; it rose, in private transactions, to twelve and fifteen per cent. Why was that? Not because capital was wanting, but because the bankers, from the drain of specie to buy foreign grain, and the operation of the Bank Charter Acts of 1844 and 1845, could not venture to issue notes

* Rate of discount of first-class bills at the undermentioned periods;—

	Jan.	Feb.	March.	April.	May.	June.	July.	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.
1844	2½	2	2	2	1½	2	2	1½	2	1½	1½	1½

to their customers. The nation resembled a great army, in which vast stores of provisions existed in the magazines at its disposal, but a series of absurd regulations affecting the commissariat prevented the grain they contained being issued to the soldiers. Accordingly, when the absurd restrictions were removed, things soon began to amend. When the Bank Charter Act was *pro tempore* repealed, by Lord John Russell's famous letter of October 1847, the effect was instantaneous in allaying the panic, and interest gradually fell, until now money has become overflowing, and it is to be had at two per cent, although the years since that time have been the most disastrous to capital ever known in the British annals, so that no subsequent increase has been possible.

What government should have done, when they engaged the nation in the vast system of inland railways, was what Pitt actually did, with such happy effect, when its currency was exposed to a similar strain from foreign expenditure, and immense engagements, in 1797. They should have provided a currency under proper control as to amount, but capable of being increased, according to the wants and engagements of society, and, above all, not liable to be withdrawn by the mutations of commerce, or the demand for gold in foreign states. The example of Great Britain during the war, when a gigantic expenditure, varying from eighty to one hundred and twenty millions yearly, was carried on for twenty years with the aid of such an expansive *domestic currency*—not only without any lasting distress, save from the stoppage of foreign markets, but with the *utmost prosperity and happiness to all classes*, although guineas had altogether disappeared from the circulation—was not only an example of what was required, but the best indication of *how* it was to be done. No period more loudly called for such a precautionary measure than one in which, under the sanction of government, no less than £363,000,000 was to be expended on railways in the short space of four years—a sum equal, if the change in the value of money is taken into consideration, to £500,000,000 during the war—at a

time when all other branches of industry, foreign and domestic, were in an unusual state of activity, from the sudden return of prosperity after a long period of suffering. To expect that the nation, without some addition to its currency, could carry out so great an increase in its undertakings, was as hopeless as to imagine that an army, with a half added to its mouths, is to go on successfully with no addition made to its distribution of rations. And it is evident that this addition to the currency could be effectually made only by extending the paper circulation on a scale proportioned to the increase of work undertaken. By no possible means could gold, in adequate quantities, be brought to the scene of activity, the place where it was required; and even if brought there, no reliance could be placed on its continuing there for any length of time. On the contrary, nothing is more certain than that it would speedily be re-exported to other countries where it was less plentiful, and, therefore, more valuable; and thus its support would have been lost at the very time when it was most required.

The rise of prices during the war, when such a domestic currency was provided by government in adequate quantities, was really owing, not so much to the circulation having become redundant, as to its having permitted an adequate remuneration to be given to industry. This is a most important consideration, which Mr. Taylor has most ably illustrated. The proof that the circulation had not, like the assignats of France, become redundant, is to be found in two things which are decisive of the point: 1. At no period of the war was there any difference between the price of an article when paid in bank notes and when paid in silver. No man ever saw the price of anything five pounds in bank notes, and four pounds ten shillings in silver. *Gold* bore an enhanced price, because it was required urgently for the operations of the Continental armies. 2. The increase in the paper circulation, considerable as it was, was yet not so great as the parallel and simultaneous increase in our national industry, as measured by our exports, imports, and public

expenditure.* Prices rose, therefore, and reached, for a time, more than double their level anterior to the contest, not because too much paper had been put in circulation, but because enough had been issued to let the demand for labour keep pace with the enlarged undertakings of the nation.

Instead of imitating this great and decisive example of wise and statesmanlike policy, what did Sir Robert Peel and the Free-traders do, on the commencement of a similar period of vastly augmented national industry? Why, they did just the reverse. Not only did they make no provision for enlarging the currency of the nation at the time, when they themselves had occasioned or sanctioned so immense an increase to its undertakings, but they took the most effectual measures possible to *contract* the circulation, both in gold and paper, directly in proportion to the necessity for its expansion. They first passed a law which limited the circulation of the Bank of England, irrespective of the notes issued on the basis of gold in their coffers, to £14,000,000; and that of the whole banks in Great Britain and Ireland to about £32,000,000; and then they introduced a system of free trade which permitted the unlimited entrance of foreign agricultural produce at a nominal duty, and thereby sent nearly half the gold headlong out of the country. Under the influence of this

monstrous system, the gold in the vaults of the Bank of England was progressively diminished, until, in the end of October, 1847, it was reduced to £564,000 sterling in the banking department; at the very time that, by the same judicious law, above £8,000,000 of sovereigns were lying useless, and locked up in the issue department of the same establishment. The governor of the bank very candidly admitted, in his examination before the House of Lords, that the bank, under the existing system, might have broke while there were still £8,000,000 of sovereigns lost to them and the nation in the cellars of the issue department. † Of course the whole banks of the country were compelled instantly to contract their credits, and force payment of their debts, and thence the universal distress and ruin which ensued. And all this took place at the very time that the bank had eight millions of sovereigns chained up by act of parliament in its cellars, at the issue end of the building; and when the government, which so chained it up, had landed the nation, by act of parliament, in engagements requiring an expenditure on railway shares of £363,000,000 in the next four years. You may search the annals of the world in vain for a similar instance of infatuation in the rulers of a nation, and self-immolation in a people.

* Years.	Bank Notes in Circulation—Total.	Exports. Official Value.	Imports. Declared Value.	Revenue.
1797	£10,542,865	£28,917,010	£21,018,956	£19,852,646
1798	18,695,880	27,817,087	25,122,208	80,492,995
1799	12,959,800	29,556,687	24,066,700	85,811,018
1818	28,120,980	Records destroyed by fire.		68,802,861
1814	24,801,000		82,822,771	70,240,818
1815	27,261,651		81,822,053	72,203,142

—ALISON'S *Europe*, c. 41, § 69.

† In reference to this state of things, the following important evidence was given by the governor and deputy governor of the Bank of England:

"You had only £1,600,000 in the banking department for the payment of your liabilities?—Yes.

"If anybody had called upon you for anything beyond that million and a half, you must have stopped payment?—Yes, we must.

"At the same time, if there had been no separation between the two departments, and the Bank of England had been conducted on its old principle, instead of being within one million and a half of stopping, there would have been very nearly £8,500,000 of treasure in your vaults?—We should have had £8,500,000 in our vaults."—*Lords' Report*, 1848.

It will be said that the vast importation of grain, in the course of 1847, was a matter of necessity, from the failure of the potato crops in Ireland in the preceding autumn; and that, be the consequences what they may, they cannot be ascribed to Sir Robert Peel or the Free-traders. In one sense this is undoubtedly true. It is certain that the most staunch Protectionists would never have objected to the largest importation of grain, and exportation of sovereigns, in a period such as that of severe and unlooked-for scarcity. It was the precise object of the sliding-scale to admit grain, in periods of scarcity, free of all duty. But what the Free-traders and Sir Robert Peel are chargeable with; is having established a system of currency so fettered and restricted by absurd regulations, that the exportation of sovereigns *led necessarily and inevitably to a contraction of paper accommodation, and a shock to credit over the whole country*; and aggravated the danger by a monstrous regulation, which exposed the bank to the risk of stopping payment when they had still eight millions in gold—enough to have enabled them, perhaps, to go on—at one end of their establishment. They are responsible for the dreadful error of having not only done nothing to extend and secure the currency from being exported or contracted, when they had added so enormously to the internal engagements of the kingdom, but done everything, by the establishment of a permanent system of free trade, and a permanently fettered currency, to secure its reappearance on occasion of every future recurrence of an indifferent harvest, or any continuance of a great importation.

It is the consciousness of this terrible calamity, impending over the nation, which terrifies all the directors of banks, and paralyzes industry in so grievous a manner over the whole

country. If you ask any moneyed man, what is the cause of the insecurity so universally complained of in money transactions over the country, and the reluctance of bankers to advance largely, even when their coffers are overflowing, to persons of the best credit? they will invariably answer, that they are afraid of a commercial crisis; that they do not know when it may come on; and that they must be, at all times, prepared for a storm. It is this indefinite dread, the natural result of the catastrophe of 1847, which renders them so cautious, and keeps the nation starved of accommodation, at the very time that Lombard Street is overflowing with money seeking for investment. It is no wonder they are afraid. The sword of Damocles is suspended over their heads, and thence their terror. They know that the heavy rains, and consequent importation of grain, in 1839 into the British islands, forced the Bank of England to apply for aid to the Bank of France, caused the United States Bank of America to stop payment, and rendered three-fourths of the traders in the United States bankrupt. The recollection of the dreadful crisis of 1847, brought on by the great importation of grain and exportation of sovereigns in that year, is fresh in their minds. They see the importations of food going on without intermission, in the face of exceedingly low prices, at the rate of *fifteen millions of quarters* a-year, being nearly quadruple that of 1839, which was four million quarters.* They know that the grain countries will take our gold to any amount, but not our manufactures, because they do not want them, or are too poor to buy them; and they ask, How is all this grain to be paid? In what is all this to end? How are the bills, drawn to pay for these exports, to be met? So general is this feeling of dread, from the effects of a drain on our metallic

* Imported, month ending—	All kinds of Grain. Qrs.	Flour. Cwt.	Total.	Authority.
April 5, 1849,	1,110,806	320,764	1,218,888	London Gazette, April 20, 1849
Aug. 5, 1849,	990,270	296,667	1,088,776	Ditto, Aug. 20, 1849
Sept. 5, 1849,	928,258	332,484	1,089,269	Ditto, Sept. 20, 1849
Oct. 10, 1849,	1,128,484	290,718	1,218,640	Ditto, Oct. 30, 1849

resources to pay for the vast importations of grain going forward, that when the author, in the beginning of last autumn, said to the chief officer of one of the first banking establishments in Britain, that "three weeks' rain in August would render half the merchants in England bankrupt," he replied—"Sir, three weeks' rain in August will make half the merchants in Europe bankrupts."

That it is this fatal dependence of the currency, and consequent credit of the country, on the retention of its gold circulation, under circumstances when, from the vast importation of grain going forward, *it is impossible to retain it*, which is the real cause of the calamitous state of the country for the last three years, and not either the potato rot or the European revolutions, to which the Free-traders ascribe it, is evident from the slightest consideration. The potato rot of 1846, which has been the sheet-anchor of the Free-traders ever since—the scapegoat which they hoped would answer for all their sins—was never, by the most determined of their party, set down as having occasioned a loss of above £15,000,000 sterling. Call it £20,000,000 to avoid cavil. The strength of the case will admit of any concession. Now, the value of the agricultural produce of the United Kingdom, prior to the free trade in grain, was generally estimated at £300,000,000.* A deficiency of £20,000,000, or a *fifteenth part*, might occasion, doubtless, the most acute *local* distress in the districts in which it was most severely felt; but it could never, *irrespective of its action on the currency*, occasion a general monetary and commercial crisis. England and Scotland exported little or nothing to the boys of Munster and Connaught, where the failure occurred. There is no more reason, had it not been for the currency laws, why a failure of the potato crop in Ireland should have produced a monetary crisis in Great Britain,

than a failure in the potato crop of Norway.

Again, the revolutions in Europe in 1848, of which so much has been said to account for the distress, are equally inadequate to explain the phenomenon. They could, of course, affect the European market for our export goods only; and they, taken altogether, only amount, to the countries affected by the revolution, to £13,000,000—little more than a fourth part of our exports, which vary from £51,000,000 to £60,000,000. Supposing a half of this export, or £7,000,000, had been lost, during the year 1848, by the French, German, and Italian revolutions; what is that amidst the mass, thirty-fold greater, of our total manufactures, which some years ago were estimated at £133,000,000 for the home market, and £50,000,000 for the foreign. They are now unquestionably above £200,000,000 annually. But let it be supposed that the *whole* defalcation of our exports, from £60,000,000 in 1845, to £53,000,000 in 1848, was owing to the European revolutions, and none at all to the paralysis of domestic industry by the effects of free trade and a fettered currency—seven millions deficit, out of £200,000,000 annual produce of manufactures, is only a *twenty-ninth part*. Is it possible that so trifling a deficit can have been the cause of the terrible calamity which overtook the country in 1848 and 1849, the more especially as the harvest of 1847 was so good; that, by orders of government, a public thanksgiving was returned for it? That calamity was unparalleled in point of extent, and has, in two years, swept away at least one half of the whole commercial and manufacturing wealth of the kingdom. The thing is perfectly ridiculous. The failure of an eighth part of our annual export, and a twenty-ninth part of our annual creation of manufactures, might occasion considerable distress in the particular places or branches of

* Viz.—19,185,000 arable acres, at £7 each,	£134,295,000
27,000,000 acres of grass, at £5 each,	135,000,000
15,000,000 do. wastes,	5,000,000
	£280,295,000

manufacture principally affected, but it could never explain the universal paralysis, affecting the home trade even more than the foreign, which followed the monetary crisis of October 1847.

Again, as to the European revolutions of 1848, although, undoubtedly, they largely contributed to interrupt the commerce of this country with central Europe, and may fairly be considered as the principal cause of the decline in the exports of that year, yet it may be doubted whether the influx of wealth, from the distracted monarchies of Europe, which they occasioned, did not more than counterbalance that disadvantage. England, during the convulsions of France, Germany, and Italy, became the bank of Europe. Wealth flowed in from all quarters, for investment in the only capital left which held out the prospect of security. The solid specie which then was brought to London for purchase into the British funds, in the course of 1848, has been estimated, by competent authorities, at £9,000,000 sterling. Beyond all doubt, this great influx of the precious metals from continental Europe—at a time when it was so much required, in consequence of the enormous exportation of specie which free trade was inducing, and the monstrous monetary laws which contracted the paper circulation in proportion as it was withdrawn—had a powerful effect in counteracting the evils we had brought upon ourselves, and sustaining the currency and national credit, which the Free-traders had done so much to destroy. And as this was an alleviation of the evil at its fountain-head, it is next to certain that the European revolutions of 1848, so far from having occasioned the distress in Great Britain in that year, had a material effect in abating it.

It is vain, therefore, for the Free-traders to push forward extraneous and separate events, as the cause of the dreadful calamities which have overtaken the country since October 1847; calamities which all the witnesses examined in both Houses of Parliament, in the committees on commercial distress, described as *altogether unparalleled*. They arose, evidently, not from the failure of crops in

a particular place, or the temporary stoppage in the foreign vent for a particular branch of manufacture—causes which only touched the extremities—but from some great cause affecting the heart of the empire, and which through it paralysed all its members. And when it is recollected that, after having landed the nation in extra domestic engagements, for the next four years, to the amount of £360,000,000, the government adopted the most decisive and effective measures to contract the currency, and, after making it mainly dependant on the retention of gold in the country, they took steps which sent that gold headlong abroad—in exchange for enormously increased importations, the fruit of free trade—it is not difficult to discover what that cause was.

But all these evils, it is said, are over. We have passed through the desert, and arrived at the promised land. Free trade, disjoined from the extraneous circumstances which have hitherto concealed its real effect, is at length beginning to appear in its true colours. The Continent is pacified; the trade to France and Germany has revived; the revenue is improving; the exports in September were £2,000,000 more than in the corresponding month of last year; wait a little and we shall soon be in Elysium, and free trade and a fettered currency will realise all their promised advantages. We are not unaware of the *Io Pæans* which are already sung from the Liberal camp on this subject, and it is precisely for that reason that, when FREE TRADE IS AT ITS ZENITH, we have taken the opportunity to examine its effects. We have seen that the prosperity from 1842 to 1845 arose from extraneous causes, with which the tariff of the first of these years had nothing to do; and that the disasters from 1847 to 1849 were not in any sensible degree owing to external or separate calamities, but were the direct and inevitable effect of the establishment of a system of free trade, at the very time when the industry of the nation was manacled by the restriction of absurd and destructive monetary laws. Let us now examine our present condition, and see whether or not we are in an enviable position at

home or abroad ; whether the industry of the country can possibly survive, or its revenue be maintained, under the present system ; and whether the seeds of another catastrophe, as terrible as that of 1847, are not already spread in the land.

In one particular the Free-traders are unquestionably right. Beyond all doubt, the external circumstances of the nation, at present, are in the highest degree favourable to its manufacturing and trading interests. We are at peace with all the world, and, thank God, there is no immediate appearance of its being broken. The markets of continental Europe have, for six months past, been entirely laid open to our merchants, by the settlement of France under the *quasi* empire of Louis Napoleon, and the extinction of the war in Italy and Germany. Rome is taken ; Hungary is subdued ; Baden is pacified ; the war in Schleswig is at an end ; the Danish blockade is raised ; California has given an extraordinary impulse to activity and enterprise in the West ; the victory of Goojerat has extinguished, it is to be hoped for a long period, all appearance of disturbance in the East. The harvest, just reaped, has been uncommonly fine in grain, both in Great Britain and Ireland : that of the potatoes above an average in the latter island. The Chartists of England and Scotland, astounded at the failure of all their predictions and the defeat of all their hopes, are silent ; the revolutionists of Ireland, in utter despair, are leaving the Emerald Isle. Amidst the general pacification and cessation of alarms, old wants and necessities begin to be felt. Men have discovered that revolting will not mend their clothes or fill their bellies. New garments are required, from the old being worn out ; the women are clamorous for bonnets and gowns ; the men are sighing for coats and waistcoats. Provisions are cheap to a degree unexampled for fourteen years ; wheat is at 41s. the quarter, meat at 5d. a pound. Capital in London can be borrowed at 2½ per cent, in the provinces at 3½. That great Liberal panacea for all evils, a *huge* importation of foreign produce, is in full operation. This year it will probably reach in value at least £100,000,000

sterling. Let us then, in these eminently favourable circumstances, examine the effects of the free-trade system.

First, with regard to the revenue, that never-failing index of the national fortunes. The revenue for the year ending Oct. 10, 1849, being the last quarter that has been made up, was only £236,000 more than that for the year ending Oct. 10, 1848. That is to say, during a year when free trade was acting under the most favourable possible circumstances, and when the pacification of the world was reopening markets long closed to our manufactures, the revenue only rose a mere trifle above what it had been in the year wasted by the triple curse of a monetary crisis, European revolutions, Chartist disturbances and Irish rebellion. Why is this ? Evidently because the effect of free-trade and a restricted currency acting together, and the dread of a fresh monetary crisis hanging over our heads from the unprecedented magnitude of our importations in every branch of commerce, have depressed industry at home to such a degree, that even the reopening of all the closed markets of the world, and the rush to fill up the void, created during fifteen months of stoppage of intercourse, has been able to produce no sensible addition to the public revenue.

Next, as to the exports. The reopening of the continental markets, the pacification of India by the victory of Goojerat, and the impulse given to American speculation by the gold of California, has occasioned a considerable increase in our exports, on which the Free-traders are pluming themselves in an extraordinary degree. We should be glad to know in what way free trade pacified India, extinguished revolution in Europe, and vivified America by the Californian diggings. And yet, had these distant and adventitious occurrences not taken place, would we have had to congratulate the manufacturers on a rise of two millions in September, and a rise of seven or eight millions on the whole year ? And what, after all, is a rise of our exports from £53,000,000 to £60,000,000 or even £63,000,000 in a year, to the total manufacturing industry of the country, which produces at least £200,000,000

annually? It is scarcely the addition of a *thirtieth* part to the annual manufactured production. The Free-traders are hard pushed, indeed, when they are constrained to exult in an addition to the national industry so trifling, and wholly brought about by fortunate external events entirely foreign to their policy.

In the immense and increasing amount of our Imports, however, the Free-traders may indeed see, as in a mirror, the real and inevitable result of their measures. Their amount for this year is of course not yet known; although, from the returns already procured, it is certain that they will greatly exceed the level of last year, which reached £94,000,000. In all probability they will considerably exceed £100,000,000. Indeed, in the single article of grain, the excess of 1849 over 1848, since the one shilling duty began in February, has been so great as much to exceed in value the augmentation which has taken place in our exports.* The importation of grain in the first eight months of 1849 has been more than double what it was in the corresponding period of 1848, and that in the face of a fine harvest, and

prices throughout the whole period varying from forty-five to forty-one shillings a quarter of wheat. The importation at these low prices has settled down to a regular average of about 1,200,000 quarters of all sorts of grain a-month, or between fourteen and fifteen millions of all sorts of grain in a year. This is just a *fourth* of the annual subsistence, estimated in all sorts of grain at 60,000,000 of quarters. This immense proportion free trade has already caused to be derived from foreign supplies, though it has only been three years in operation, and the nominal duties only came into operation in February last.

So vast an increase of importation is perhaps unprecedented in so short a period; for, before the change was made, the importation was so trifling that, on an average of five years ending in 1835, it had sunk to 398,000 quarters. Indeed, the importation before the five bad harvests, from 1846 to 1840, had been so trifling, that it had become nominal merely, and the nation had gained the inestimable advantage of being self-supporting.† With truth did that decided free-trader, Mr. Porter, say,

* In the eight months up to the 5th of September 1849, the quantities of foreign food taken out for home consumption have been—

Foreign wheat, . . .	8,387,596 qrs.	Maize, . . .	1,735,778 qrs.
Foreign flour, . . .	2,956,878 cwt.	Foreign bacon, . . .	849,727 cwt.
Foreign barley, . . .	1,018,858 qrs.	Salted beef, . . .	119,867 "
Foreign oats, . . .	869,077 "	Salted pork, . . .	806,400 "
Foreign rye, . . .	219,810 "	Eggs, (number) . . .	78,605,759

All these amounts are largely, and the most important of them *very* largely, in advance of the imports of the first eight months of 1848.

Abstract of grain imported in quarters in seven months of free trade—

Wheat, . . .	8,387,596 qrs.	Rye, . . .	219,810 qrs.
Flour, (2,956,878 cwt.)	985,293 "	Maize, . . .	1,735,778 "
Barley, . . .	1,018,858 "		
Oats, . . .	869,077 "		

In eight months, } 8,216,412 qrs.
seven of free trade, }

† Quarters of wheat and wheat-flour imported into Britain from 1807 to 1836, both inclusive:—

Quarters.	Quarters.	Quarters.
1807, - - 879,883	1819, - - 1,122,133	1831, - - 1,491,631
1808, - - —	1820, - - 34,274	1832, - - 325,426
1809, - - 424,709	1821, - - 2	1833, - - 82,346
1810, - - 1,491,841*	1822, - - —	1834, - - 64,653
1811, - - 238,366	1823, - - 12,137	1835, - - 28,483
1812, - - 244,385	1824, - - 15,777	1836, - - 24,326
1813, - - 426,559	1825, - - 525,231	1837, - - 244,087
1814, - - 681,833	1826, - - 315,892	1838, - - 1,834,452*
1815, - - —	1827, - - 772,133	1839, - - 2,590,784*
1816, - - 227,263	1828, - - 842,050	1840, - - 2,389,732*
1817, - - 1,020,949*	1829, - - 1,384,220*	
1818, - - 1,593,518*	1830, - - 1,701,889*	

* Bad seasons.

in the last edition of his valuable work, entitled the *Progress of the Nation*—"The foregoing calculations show in how small a degree this country has hitherto been dependent upon foreigners, in ordinary seasons, for a due supply of our staple article of food. These calculations are brought forward to show how exceedingly great the increase of agricultural production must have been, to have thus effectively kept in a state of independence a population which has advanced with so great a degree of rapidity. To show the fact, the one article of wheat has been selected, because it is that which is the most generally consumed in England; but the position advanced would be found to hold good, were we to go through the whole list of the consumable products of the earth. The supply of meat, during the whole years comprised in this inquiry, has certainly kept pace with the growth of the population; and, as regards this portion of human food, our home agriculturists have, during almost the whole period, enjoyed a strict monopoly."*

Things, however, are now changed. Protection to domestic industry, at least in agriculture, is at an end; prices are down to forty shillings the quarter for wheat, and half that sum for oats and barley; the prices of sheep and cattle have fallen enormously to the home-grower, though that of meat is far from having declined in the same proportion; and,

as all this has taken place during a season of prices low beyond example, it is evident that it may be expected to be still greater when we again experience the usual vicissitudes of bad harvests in our variable climate. The returns prove that ever since the duties on foreign grain became nominal, in the beginning of February last, the importation of corn and flour into Great Britain and Ireland has gone on steadily at the rate of 1,200,000 quarters a-month; and that now seven-eighths of the supply of the metropolis, and of all our other great towns, comes from foreign parts.† How British agriculture is to go on staggering under such a frightful load of foreign importation into its best markets, it is not difficult to foresee. Every scholar knows how Italian agriculture decayed, under a similar importation of grain from the distant provinces of the Roman empire; and how directly the fall of the empire was owing to that fatal change.

Putting aside all minor considerations, which crowd upon the mind in considering the probable effects of this prodigious change, there are three of paramount importance which force themselves on the attention, any one of which holds the fate of the empire suspended in a doubtful balance.

The first is, How is the revenue of £55,000,000, and the interest of mortgages at least half as much more,‡ to be provided for under so great a

AVERAGE QUARTERS.			
1801 to 1810, - - - -	600,946	1831 to 1835, - - - -	898,509
1811 — 1820, - - - -	458,578	1836 — 1840, - - - -	1,992,548*
1821 — 1880, - - - -	584,292	* Five bad years in succession.	

—PORTER'S *Progress of the Nation*, 187, 188, second edition.

* PORTER'S *Progress of the Nation*, second edition, p. 189.

† Take as an example the importation into London, from 24th to 29th September 1849: prices being—wheat, 41s. 9d.; barley, 27s.; oats, 17s. 10d.

	FOREIGN.		BRITISH.	
	Qrs.		Qrs.	
Wheat,	18,028		All kinds of grain. 7,129	
Barley,	8,319			
Oats,	23,408			
Beans,	2,620			
	52,375			

—Week from Oct. 29 to Nov. 3.

‡ The mortgages of England alone are estimated, by the best authorities, at £400,000,000. Those of Ireland and Scotland are certainly at least half as much more, £200,000,000. Indeed, out of the rental of £14,000,000 a-year, now in part become nominal in the former country, it is usually reckoned that £10,000,000 go to the holders of mortgages.

reduction in the value of the staple articles of British agricultural produce? It has been seen that the total value of the agricultural produce of the empire was, anterior to the late changes, about £300,000,000. If prices fall on an average a fourth, in consequence of foreign importations, which is a most moderate supposition, probably much within the truth, this £300,000,000 will be reduced at once to £225,000,000. But the disastrous effect of such a reduction is not to be measured by its absolute amount, considerable as that amount undoubtedly is. Its dreadful effect lies here, that the £75,000,000 thus cut off, absorb nearly the whole profits of cultivation, out of which both the rent is paid to the landlord, and the farmer obtains the means of livelihood. The remainder is the cost of production, and it is not lowered in any sensible degree. *Thus the whole loss falls on the cultivators.* This is just what has happened under a similar course of policy in the West Indies, where the indolent habits of the emancipated slaves, and free trade in sugar, acting together, have destroyed the profits of agriculture; and of course the islands are rapidly returning to the jungle and the forest.

Now, if a deficiency at all approaching to this occurs in the revenue derived from land—the sources of *three-fifths* of the income of the United Kingdom—how, in the name of common sense, is the revenue to be paid? How are the jointures of the widows, the interest of mortgages, and the other charges on the land, to be made good, when the change of prices has absorbed nearly the whole profit of cultivation? If they are recovered, what is to remain to the landlord? How are the home manufacturers, and the numerous class of shopkeepers in towns, and, above all, in the metropolis, who are supported by their expenditure, to be maintained? It is very easy to say the fall of rents is a landlord's question, and the mass of the people have no interest in it. Who support the manufacturers and shopkeepers over the country? The landlords and holders of securities over the land furnish at the very least a half of that support. Of the £5,400,000 a-year, which the Income Tax pro-

duces, £3,200,000, or more than a half, comes from the land. How wide-spread, then, will be the distress produced over the community, and, above all, to the shopkeepers in towns, from a change which threatens to dry up the principal sources from which their sales are paid.

In the next place, How is the *national independence* to be maintained when we come to import so large a proportion as from a fourth to a third of our subsistence from foreign states? If the chances of war, or a Continental blockade, interrupt our usual sources of supply, what is to come of the people? Who is to guarantee us against famine prices on any deficiency of our usual supply from abroad, and our people from becoming, as the Romans were in former days, the sport of the winds and the waves? Observe, nearly all our foreign supply comes from two countries only, Russia, or Prussia, whom it influences, and America. If we lose our maritime superiority—and who will secure its continuance, now that the Navigation Laws are repealed?—we may be at once blockaded in our harbours, and reduced in three months to the alternative of starvation or submission. But supposing we are not at once reduced to so humiliating an alternative, is it not clear that, when we have come practically to depend for the food of a *third* of our people on *two* foreign states, we are entirely at the mercy of those two countries, and can never venture to assert, even in form, our independence against them? Without fitting out a ship of the line, or equipping a battalion, they can, by the mere threat of closing their harbours, at any time starve us into submission. And what are the nations beneath whose feet proud Albion is thus content to place her neck? Russia and America, the two most rising countries in existence, and both of which are actuated by the strongest and the most undying jealousy of the ancient glory and maritime preponderance of this country.

Mr. Gurney, "the greatest bill-broker in the world," has emphatically declared in public, on more than one occasion, that the country cannot go on with its present expenditure; that £15,000,000 a-year, on the charges

of the army and navy, is more than can possibly be afforded; and that, if a great reduction is not made, we shall become bankrupt. His remedy for this is to disband our troops, sell our ships of the line, and establish the reign of peace and bill-broking throughout the world. On the other hand, "the greatest captain in the world," the Duke of Wellington, has made the following remonstrance to several successive administrations, on the total inadequacy of our present establishments, by sea and land, to secure the national independence in the political changes which may be anticipated in the lapse of time:—

"I have in vain endeavoured to awaken the attention of different administrations to this state of things, as well known to our neighbours (rivals in power, at least former adversaries and enemies) as it is to ourselves.

"We ought to be with garrisons as follows at the moment war is declared:

	Men.
Channel Islands (besides the militia of each, well organised, trained, and disciplined)	10,000
Plymouth - - - -	10,000
Millford Haven - - -	5,000
Cork - - - - -	10,000
Portsmouth - - - -	10,000
Dover - - - - -	10,000
Sheerness, Chatham, and the Thames	10,000

"I suppose that one-half of the whole regular force of the country would be stationed in Ireland, which half would give the garrison for Cork. The remainder must be supplied from the half of the whole force at home, stationed in Great Britain.

"The whole force employed at home in Great Britain and Ireland would not afford a sufficient number of men for the mere defence and occupation, on the breaking out of a war, of the works constructed for the defence of the dock-yards and naval arsenals, *without leaving a single man disposable.*

"The measure upon which I have earnestly entreated different administrations to decide, which is constitutional, and has been invariably adopted in time of peace for the last years, is to raise, embody, organise, and discipline the militia of the same number for each of the three kingdoms united, as during the late war. This would give an organised force amounting to about a hundred and fifty thousand men, which we

might immediately set to work to discipline. This amount would enable us to establish the strength of our army. This, with an augmentation of the force of the regular army, which would cost £400,000, would put the country on its legs in respect to personal force, and I would engage for its defence, old as I am.

"But as we stand now, and if it be true that the exertions of the fleet alone are not sufficient to provide for our defence, *we are not safe for a week after the declaration of war.*"

"I shall be deemed foolhardy in engaging for the defence of the empire with an army composed of such a force as militia. I may be so. I confess it, I should infinitely prefer, and should feel more confidence in, an army of regular troops. But I *know* that I shall not have these. I can have the others; and if an addition is made to the existing regular army allotted for home defence of a force which would cost 400,000*l.* a-year, there would be a sufficient disciplined force in the field to enable him who should command it to defend the country

"This is my view of our danger and of our resources. I am aware that our magazines and arsenals were very inadequately supplied with ordnance and carriages, as well as stores of all denominations, and ammunition.

"The deficiency has been occasioned in part by the sale of arms, and of various descriptions of ordnance stores, since the termination of the late war, in order to diminish the demand of supply to carry on the peace service of the ordnance, in part by the conflagration of the arsenal which occurred in the Tower some years ago, and by the difficulty under which all governments in this country labour in prevailing upon parliament, in time of peace, to take into consideration measures necessary for the safety of the country in time of war."

"I am bordering upon 77 years of age passed in honour. I hope that the Almighty may protect me from being again witness of the tragedy which I cannot persuade my contemporaries to take measures to avert."

These are strong words, as all those of the Duke of Wellington, and all other men of powerful and clear intellects are, when they are roused and thoroughly in earnest. But when charged with such a subject, the means of defence and independence to his country, would a man of his patriotic feeling use expressions less strong, when he saw both endangered by the weakness of successive admin-

istrations, acting in obedience to the dictates of a blind and infatuated people? But if our independence has been thus menaced by the inadequacy of our defensive armaments by sea and land in time past, what is it likely to be in days to come, when the public revenue, and the resources of the kingdom, are prostrated by the combined action of a currency fettered by the acts of 1844 and 1845, and national industry overwhelmed with foreign competition under the free-trade system of 1846?

In truth, the peace congresses which now amuse the world, and give an opportunity for clever but chimerical and ignorant men to declaim upon the speedy advent of a political millennium, are nothing more than an effort, on the part of the free-trade party, to escape from the consequences of their own measures. Mr. Cobden and the Free-traders of England now see as clearly as any body, that cheap prices and a large revenue, either to individuals or nations, cannot by possibility co-exist; that the 100,000,000*l.*, promised us from the abolition of the corn laws, have vanished into thin air, and that the reduction of the income of the whole classes of society under its operation will be so considerable, that it is quite impossible the national expenditure can be maintained. As the touching of the dividends is not for a moment to be thought of—as that would be bringing the tempest back with a vengeance on the moneyed class who evoked it—his only resource, to make our expenditure square with our reduced income, is in disbanding the soldiers, instituting a national guard, and selling our stores and ships of war. He is quite serious in that; and, like all other fanatics, he is not in the slightest degree influenced by the decisive refutation of his principles, which the universal breaking out of hostilities, and arming of the world, in consequence of the French Revolution of 1848, and the momentary triumph of liberal principles, has afforded. He is perfectly aware, that if industry was protected, and we had a currency equal to the wants and necessities of the nation, we might, with our extended population, raise 100,000,000*l.* a-year, with more ease than we now do fifty mil-

lions, and thus secure the independence of the country, and bid defiance to all our enemies. But that would lower the value of money in the hands of the great capitalists, and would amount to an admission that he had been wrong; and, rather than risk that, he is content to prostrate the national defences, and hand us over, unarmed, to the tender mercies of the Chartists and Repealers at home, and the Red Republicans or Cossacks abroad.

The more intelligent of the Liberal party are now intent on a different object, but one equally descriptive of their secret sense of the failure of their grand panacea of free trade. They are full of the incalculable effects of the application of science to agriculture; expatiate largely on the analysis of soils and liquid manures, and indulge in learned disquisitions on the application of the refuse of towns and common-sewers to the improvement and fertilisation of the soil. From the *Edinburgh Review*, which treats its readers to a learned *exposé* of Liebig's principles, to Sir R. Peel's protégé, the Dean of Westminster, who boasts of having tripled the produce of his land by liquid manure, this is the grand remedy for the evils which they now see they have introduced. It is singular, if there is any truth in these discoveries, that though man has been labouring at the soil for four thousand years, and during that time had an ample supply of these fertilising streams, they have never been brought to light till free trade made them a question of life and death to a powerful party in the state. Having had ample experience of the application of these liquid manures on the largest and most favourable scale, we are able to give a decided opinion on this subject. Liquid manures are of great service in enriching meadow lands, or forcing up coarse but luxuriant crops of vegetables, such as cabbage or cauliflower, of which the leaves or stems, not the seeds or roots, form an article of food. But they do not permanently enrich the soil: their effect is over in a few weeks. A fresh inundation of the fertilising stream is then requisite, the effects of which are speedily evaporated. On this account they are wholly inapplicable to grain

crops, and of very doubtful service to potatoes or turnips. In the emphatic language of farmers, they put no heart into the ground. The vegetation they force on is entirely in leaves and stems, not in seeds or roots. If they come into general use, they may increase the determination of the agricultural industry of the country to grass cultivation, and render England in modern, as Italy was in ancient times, one great sheet of pasturage; but they will never overcome the difficulties with which free trade has environed our farmers in the raising of grain crops, or enable them to compete with the harvests of the Ukraine, or the basin of the Mississippi.

In the third place—and this is perhaps a more vital consideration than any—How is the constant recurrence of monetary crises, similar to that which has left such woful desolation behind it, to be avoided upon every recurrence of a deficient harvest at home, or a straitened importation from abroad? The people of England are sensitively alive on this subject. They watch the rain in autumn with the most intense anxiety; and, if it falls a few days more than usual, the utmost alarm pervades all classes. They know well what rain in autumn portends. They see rising up, in dismal perspective before them, a great importation of grain, a vast export of sovereigns, the screw put on by the Bank of England, a contraction of credits by every bank, every man finding his creditors on his back, and one-half of his debtors bankrupt. All this they see, and see clearly; but the minds of a large portion of them are so benighted by the free-trade dogmas, that it never occurs to them that all this is the creation of their own policy, and is in no degree imputable to the laws of Providence. They think the thing is inevitable. They believe that there is a natural connexion between three weeks' rain in August and a monetary crisis, just as there is between a similar deluge and flooded meadows, or destroyed bridges. The evil, however, is entirely of human creation, and may, with absolute certainty, be avoided by human means. There is no more reason why three weeks' rain in August should produce a monetary crisis than three weeks' rain in Novem-

ber. It is our ruinous monetary laws which render them cause and effect.

But assuming that the monetary laws are to continue, and free-trade to be persisted in, it will become the people of this country, and especially the trading classes, to consider well the inevitable effect of such a state of things on the monetary concerns of the country, and, through them, on the solvency of every one of themselves. We have seen that the heavy rains and large importations of grain in 1839 produced the severe and long-protracted period of distress from 1839 to 1842; and that the potato failure in 1846, acting on the Bank Charter Act of 1844, occasioned the terrible catastrophe of October 1847. But what was the importation of grain, in either of these periods of distress or famine, to that which is now taking place, and has become habitual in the face of exceedingly low prices? In 1839, the whole grain of all kinds imported was 4,000,000 quarters, an amount in those days unprecedented. In 1846 and 1847, 12,000,000 quarters, under the stimulus of famine prices, was imported in fifteen months. But now, after a fine harvest, and with wheat at 41s. a quarter, we are importing annually, as our average amount, fifteen millions of quarters of foreign grain! How are the most terrible commercial disasters to be averted, if this immense amount receives any augmentation from bad seasons? Nay, how are they to be averted even in ordinary seasons, with so immense a drain on the metallic resources of the country? This is a question in which the mercantile classes are far more interested than the agricultural—for with them a monetary crisis is an affair of life and death. With landholders, cheap prices, unless very long continued, are merely an affair of temporary loss of income, because the land itself remains, and it is the value of the annual fruits only that is affected.

To compensate so many perils, past, present, and to come, have free-trade and a fettered currency, since they were simultaneously brought into action in this country, afforded such a spectacle of internal prosperity and concord as to render them on the whole

worth persisting in, at such hazard to our national independence, and even existence? Alas! the view is now, if possible, more alarming than the prospect of dangers to come, so much have the realised and experienced evils of the new system exceeded what the most sombre imagination, fraught with the most gloomy images, could have anticipated. Amidst the infinite variety of topics bearing on this subject, we select the five following, as bearing decisively on the subject:—The increase of the poor-rate, both in Great Britain and Ireland; the increase in emigration; the increase of crime; the decline in railway travelling, and the ruin of agriculture in Ireland.

With regard to the increase of the poor-rate, since free-trade and the new monetary system were introduced, we have the best possible authority in the following statement in the last number of a leading journal. "It appears," says the *Edinburgh Review*, "from Mr. Commissioner Symmon's report on pauperism, that the poor-rate in England has now become heavier than it was before 1835 when the *New Poor Law* was introduced. It was, in 1834, £7,873,807; it was in 1848, £7,817,459. Every ninth person now in England is now a pauper: and the increase of paupers during the last two years has been double in proportion to the relative numbers of criminals." In Ireland, above 2,000,000 persons are paupers; and the poor-rate since 1846 has risen from £260,000 a-year to £1,900,000, though it was in the first of these years only (1846) that there was any general failure of the potato crop. In Scotland the poor-rate has nearly tripled in the last three years; it has risen from £185,000 a-year to £560,000. In Glasgow, the poor-rates, which anterior to 1846, were under £30,000 yearly for the city and suburbs, rose in the year 1848-9 to £200,000, and in the present year (1849-50) amount to £138,500. Nor is it wonderful that the assessments have increased so prodigiously, when the augmentation of paupers has been so alarming. The following is the increase in the city of Glasgow parish, being about a half of the

city and suburbs, during the last three years:—

Year.	Total number of Paupers.
1845-6,	- 7,454
1846-7,	- 15,911
1847-8,	- 51,852

The total number of paupers relieved in the city of Glasgow and suburbs in the year 1848-9 was 122,000; being exactly a third of the population receiving parochial relief.

The enormous and unprecedented increase of emigration in the last three years is still more alarming and descriptive of the fatal disease under which the body politic is labouring. Previous to 1846 the annual emigration had stood thus:—

1838,	-	83,222
1839,	-	62,207
1840,	-	90,748
1841,	-	118,592
1842,	-	128,344
1843,	-	57,212
1844,	-	70,686
1845,	-	93,501
1846,	-	129,851

But free-trade and a fettered currency soon doubled these numbers. The emigration stands thus in round numbers:—

1847,	-	258,461
1848,	-	248,582

For 1849 the numbers have not yet been made up; but that they have much exceeded 300,000 is well known, and may be judged of by the following facts. From the official return made up at New York, and published in the *New York Herald* of October 10, it appears that, up to that date, there had landed, in that harbour alone, 238,887 emigrants, of whom no less than 189,800 were Irish. If to these is added the emigrants who went to Boston—where 13,000 landed in the same period, and those who have gone to Canada, where above 60,000 landed last year—it is evident that the total emigrants from the United Kingdom this year must have considerably exceeded 300,000; being probably the greatest emigration, from any country in a single year, in the whole annals of the world. It considerably exceeds the annual increment of the population of the United Kingdom, which is

about 230,000: so that, under the combined action of free trade and a fettered currency, THE POPULATION OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND, WHICH FOR THREE CENTURIES HAD CONTINUALLY BEEN ADVANCING, HAS FOR THE FIRST TIME DECLINED. The Free-traders may boast of an exploit which all the enemies of England have never been able to effect. This has become so notorious, that it has passed into an ordinary newspaper paragraph; which, without attracting the least attention—though it is the most striking thing that has occurred in English history for five centuries—is now making the round of the public prints.

It is in vain to put this dismal fact down to the account of the Irish famine. That occurred in the winter of 1846-7, three years ago, since which period we have had good harvests; notwithstanding which the emigration has, since that, been constantly about 250,000; and this year, in the midst of a fine harvest, has turned 300,000.

The *increase of crime* during the last three years has been equally alarming, and illustrative of the grievous distress which, for that period, has effected the industrial interests of the empire. Having, in the last Number of this magazine, fully discussed this subject, we shall only observe that, during the last three years, the increase of crime in the two islands has been nearly 50 per cent. Sir R. Peel, in spring 1846, when the railway mania was at its height, and full employment was given to railway labourers and mechanics in every part of the country, dwelt with peculiar emphasis and complacency on the diminution of commitments which appeared in the preceding year, as the most decisive proof of the beneficial effect of his measures in 1842. We hope he will dwell with equal emphasis on the *increase of crime* since that time, and draw from it the appropriate conclusion as to the wisdom of his subsequent measures.

The woful state of the *railway* interests throughout the country, and the steady and alarming decrease of the mileage profits, on an average of all the lines, is another internal symptom of the dreadful effects of the new system which, within the last three

years, has been introduced. Railway property, within the last three years, has almost everywhere declined to a half, in many great lines to a third of its former value. In one of the greatest lines in the kingdom, the £50 shares, all paid up, are now selling at £14, and were even lately down as low as £10. The following is taken from the *Times* of October 21:—

“The subjoined table exhibits the number of miles opened at Michaelmas in seven consecutive years, and the average traffic per mile during the first nine months in each year:—

Years.	Miles opened.	Traffic per mile.
1843	... 1,586	... £2,880
1844	... 1,770	... 2,500
1845	... 2,088	... 2,640
1846	... 2,498	... 2,560
1847	... 8,875	... 2,200
1848	... 4,178	... 1,965
1849	... 4,980	... 1,780

The decline in the last column, from 1845 to the present year, is sufficiently alarming, and looks like a sinking to zero.”

To what is this lamentable sinking of property, in so important a branch of public investment, to be ascribed? We are aware that much of it is owing to unproductive branch lines; but what is the main cause of these branch lines having, contrary to general expectation, proved so unproductive? It is in vain to ascribe it to the cholera: that only temporarily affected parts of the kingdom; and, at any rate, it is now over, and government have very properly appointed a public thanksgiving for its termination. It is equally in vain to ascribe it to the monetary crisis of 1847; that is long since past; capital is overflowing, and interest in London is again down to 3 and 2½ per cent. It is evidently owing to one cause, worse than plague, pestilence, and famine put together—viz. the wasting away of the internal resources of the country, under the combined operation of free trade and a restricted currency: free trade deluging us with foreign goods in every department of industry, and a restricted currency paralysing every attempt at competition in our own. We are very complacent: we not only present our shoulders bare to the blows of the enemy, but we tie up our own hands, lest, under the smart of the injury, we should be tempted to return them.

But by far the most deplorable effect of free trade and a fettered currency is to be seen in Ireland, where, for the last three years, misery unexampled and unutterable has existed. We shall mention only three facts of a general nature, descriptive of the state of that unhappy country since the simoon of the new principles blew over it, and leave our readers to judge of the state of things to which they point.

In the first place it appears, from a parliamentary return, that the holders of farms who, in 1845, were 310,000 over the Emerald Isle, had sunk in 1848 to 108,000. *Two hundred and two thousand cultivators of land* have disappeared in three years, and with them at least half of the capital by means of which the land was made to produce anything.

In the second place, as we noticed in our last Number, the bank returns corroborate, in the most fearful manner, this alarming decrease in the agricultural capital and industry of the country. Ireland, it is well known, is almost entirely an agricultural country. Now, from the returns of the bank-notes in circulation in Ireland, as made to govern ment in terms of the act of 1845, it appears that, while in August 1846, *there were £7,500,000, they had sunk, in August 1849, to £3,833,000!* Othello's occupation is gone! The bank-notes can find no employment: the bankers no customers. Free trade and the bank restrictions have in three years reduced the circulation which the country could take off to half of its former account.

In the third place if we cast our eyes across the Atlantic, we shall see where the cultivators and agricultural capital of Ireland have gone. During the years 1847 and 1848, out of the 250,000 emigrants who annually left the British Isles, about 180,000 were from Ireland. But this year, 1849, when the duties on grain became nominal in February, outdid all its predecessors in the magnitude of the stream of human beings which it caused the Emerald Isle to send across the Atlantic. It has been already mentioned that, up to October 10, 1849, 189,800 Irish emigrants had landed at New York, besides 10,000 at Boston. If to these we add the probable number to Canada, perhaps

30,000, we shall have at least 230,000 Irish who have emigrated in *one year* to America—and that a year of general peace, a fine harvest, reopened Continental markets, and revived manufacturing industry in the empire. And the Irish county members formed a large part of Sir R. Peel's majority which carried free trade in 1846. Truly they have smote their constituents hip and thigh.

After these facts, and the woful one, that about 2,000,000 paupers are kept alive in Ireland by a poor-rate of £1,900,000 a-year, which is crushing the little that remains of industry and cultivation in the country, it is superfluous to go into details. But the following extracts from that powerful free-trade journal, *The Times*, are so graphic and characteristic of the effect of its own favourite measures, that we cannot forego the satisfaction of presenting them:—

"The landed gentry and farmholders in this county, [Limerick,] impelled by a national calamity, now at a crisis without example in Ireland, have in contemplation a meeting to represent to his Excellency the Lord-Lieutenant the utterly prostrate condition of all agricultural property, and the universal failure of every expedient in the best rural economy to sustain the Irish farmer—destitute of capital, bereft of legitimate protection, and overwhelmed by poor-rates and taxes—*against the free-trade imports of the whole world.* The ministerial policy of Great Britain, under sanction of a law which thousands of her loyal subjects deprecated, invites the foreign trader from all ports known to the compass to import at a nominal duty, and then suffers him to export in specie only, for his own country! What other ballast have the fleets of foreign vessels conveyed from our shore for the last three years but *metallic and bank currency?* With such immeasurably unequal competition at his very door, the native grower finds *no market for the produce of his honest industry, unless at a price wholly incompatible with the position of a solvent man.* He sells, alas! only to lose, and the selfish foreigner is sure of profit on every cheap venture; while his speculation renders no equivalent whatever to the revenue of taxation of that state which encourages his importations at the expense of our own independence; for the permanent independence of those kingdoms implies the prosperity of Irish produce, and its preference in the English

market. Ireland, unfortunately, has no trade or manufacture to employ her people, and wherefore is best known to England; but her only staple, agriculture, which all nations, ancient and modern, loved to cultivate, will soon be little more than a name. The causes and effects of this disastrous revolution the philosopher and historian will hereafter do justice to. A preparatory meeting, relative to the above, is now being held, with closed doors, in the county court, Lord Monteagle in the chair. Poor-rate was the monster grievance of discussion. The meeting broke up at 8 o'clock, it having been decided to collect facts from every district of the country in connexion with taxation and valuation of property."—*Limerick Chronicle*, of Saturday, Oct. 28.

"THE LAND QUESTION.—A letter from Kilrush, dated the 27th inst., and published in the *Clare Journal*, says:—'So eager are the country farmers to make sale of their grain, that every day is a market. Two causes seem to influence them; first, their present and urgent necessities press upon them, and, secondly, an opinion prevails, which appears not to be confined to the west, that it is more secure to have the money in their pockets than to leave the crop to become a prey to agent or poor-rate collector; and also that, in the event of no reduction being made in the annual rent, they may have no difficulty in walking off. Such are the feelings operating on the minds of the majority of the farmers in this locality. It is now too plain and obvious, that should a reduction in the rents take place here, it will come two years too late, as the greater number of the farmers (formerly comfortable) have not as much as would support their families for half the coming year. This is a sad but true state of things, in a district where, some few years since, the rents were paid, perhaps, more regularly than in any other part of the south of Ireland. A few have left their holdings, after selling every article, leaving the naked walls of a house to the landlord, and gone to a neighbouring townland, where the quality and cheapness of the land presented a greater encouragement; but such cases of flying tenants have become so common of late, that every paper teems with similar statements. *If we are to have the land cultivated here, the rents must not only be reduced to half the former price, but the tenant must be assisted to set the crop, and encouraged to introduce a proper method of cultivation, otherwise the land will be left idle, and the majority of the present occupiers will become inmates of the workhouse.*'"—*Times*, Oct. 31, 1849.

"There must also be taken into account the dire domestic privations endured for the last three years of famine, the general flight of tenants with the landlords' rent, the desertion of the land, impoverished to the last degree by the runaways, yet for whose dishonesty and abuse of solemn contract the unfortunate proprietor is held responsible—the abandoned farms being still subject to accumulation of poor-rate and taxes. Then come the distraint, the impounding the sale and sacrifice of property; while the home market, *swamped by free trade with foreigners*, has left landlord and farmer no help or resource whatever to bear up against the intolerable oppression of financial burdens, sanctioned by law, under the free constitution of Great Britain! One case of grievous suffering by a respectable family in this county was communicated to the preparatory meeting on Saturday last, by one of the gentlemen present. The possessor of a rent-roll of £1600 a-year landed estate, which netted £1200 annually four years ago, *was absolutely compelled to subsist with his wife and seven children for three months of the past twelve, without the ordinary comfort of a meat dinner; a cup of weak tea or coffee, and the vegetables of the kitchen-garden, commonly furnishing the table of this most wretched household! Incredible and appalling as this may appear, we have been assured it is not a solitary instance of the excessive want and privation known to exist.*"—*Times*, Nov. 4, 1849.

So much for the working of free trade and a restricted currency in the Emerald Isle. One would suppose, in reading these melancholy accounts, we were not dealing with any people in modern times, but transported back to those dismal periods, after the fall of the Roman empire, when the contemporary annalists contemplated the extinction of the human race, from the desolation of some of its provinces.

This dreadful state of things in Ireland is but a repetition of what, under the operation of these causes, aided by the fatal step of unqualified emancipation, has for some years been going on in the West Indies. We have not room to enlarge on this prolific subject, teeming as it does with facts illustrative of the effects of the free-trade system. They are generally known. Suffice it to say, the *West Indies are totally ruined*. British colonies, on which £120,000,000 sterling has been expended, and which fifteen years ago produced £22,000,000 worth of agri-

cultural produce annually, have been irrecoverably destroyed. The fee-simple of all the estates they contain would not sell for £5,000,000 sterling. We know an estate in the West Indies, which formerly used to net £1500 a-year, and to which £7000 worth of the best new machinery was sent within the last five years, which the proprietor would be too happy to sell, machinery and all, for £5000.

CANADA has lately shared largely in the moral earthquake which has so violently shaken all parts of the British empire. We subjoin an extract from the temperate and dignified statement of their grievances, lately published by 350 of the leading men at Montreal, to show how largely free trade enters into them.

"Belonging to all parties, origins, and creeds, but yet agreed upon the advantage of co-operation for the performance of a common duty to ourselves and our country, growing out of a common necessity, we have consented, in a view of a brighter and happier future, to merge in oblivion all past differences, of whatever character, or attributable to whatever source. In appealing to our fellow-colonists to unite with us in this our most needful duty, we solemnly conjure them, as they desire a successful issue, and the welfare of their country, to enter upon the task, at this momentous crisis, in the same fraternal spirit.

"The reversal of the ancient policy of Great Britain, whereby she withdrew from the colonies their wonted protection in her markets, has produced the most disastrous effects upon Canada. In surveying the actual condition of the country, what but ruin or rapid decay meets the eye? Our provincial government and civic corporations embarrassed; our banking and other securities greatly deprediated; our mercantile and agricultural interests alike unprosperous; real estate scarcely saleable upon any terms; our unrivalled rivers, lakes, and canals almost unused; while commerce abandons our shores, the circulating capital amassed under a more favourable system is dissipated, with none from any quarter to replace it! Thus, without avail-

able capital, unable to effect a loan with foreign states, or with the mother country, although offering security greatly superior to that which readily obtains money both from the United States and Great Britain, when other than colonists are the applicants:—crippled, therefore, and checked in the full career of private and public enterprise, this possession of the British crown—our country—stands before the world in humiliating contrast with its immediate neighbours, exhibiting every symptom of a nation fast sinking to decay.

"With superabundant water-power and cheap labour, especially in Lower Canada, we have yet no domestic manufactures; nor can the most sanguine, unless under altered circumstances, anticipate the home growth, or advent from foreign parts, of either capital or enterprise to embark in this great source of national wealth. Our institutions, unhappily, have not that impress of permanence which can alone impart security and inspire confidence, and the Canadian market is too limited to tempt the foreign capitalist.

"While the adjoining states are covered with a network of thriving railways, Canada possesses but three lines, which, together, scarcely exceed fifty miles in length, and the stock in two of which is held at a depreciation of from 50 to 80 per cent—a fatal symptom of the torpor overspreading the land."—*Times*, Oct. 31.

In what graphic terms are the inevitable results of free trade and a restricted currency here portrayed by the sufferers under their effects! Colonial protection withdrawn; home industry swamped by foreign; canals unused; banks alarmed; capital dissipated; rivers and harbours untenanted; property unsaleable! One would have thought they were transcribing from this magazine some of the numerous passages in which we have predicted its effects. And let England recollect, Canada now employs 1,100,000 of the tonnage of Great Britain. Let it be struck off, and added to the other side, and the British tonnage employed in carrying on our trade, will, in a few years, be made less than the foreign.*

	British tonnage.	Foreign.
* British tonnage to British N. American colonies, 1846,	1,076,162	
To the United States of America,	205,123	435,899
Total tonnage in British trade to all countries,	4,294,788	1,806,282
Deduct Canadian tonnage,	1,076,172	
British tonnage after losing Canada,	8,228,571	
Foreign tonnage after gaining Canada,		1,076,162
		2,882,441

—PORTER'S *Parliamentary Tables*, 1846, p. 52.

The repeal of the Navigation Laws in 1847 gave such an impulse to foreign ship-

One would have thought, from the present state of Canada, that our colonial secretary had followed the advice of Franklin in his "Rules for making a great Empire a small one."

"If you are told of *discontents* in your colonies, never believe that they are general, or that you have given occasion for them; therefore, *do not think of applying any remedy or of changing any offensive measure*. Redress no grievance, lest they should be encouraged to demand the redress of some other grievance. Yield no redress that is just and reasonable, lest they should make another demand that is unreasonable. *Take all your informations of the state of your colonies from your governors and officers in enmity with them.*"

"If you see *rival nations* rejoicing at the prospect of your disunion with your provinces, and endeavouring to promote it—if they translate, publish, and applaud all the complaints of your discontented colonists, at the same time privately stimulating you to severer measures—let not that alarm or offend you. Why should it? You all mean the same thing."—(*Rules 16 and 17.*)

If our rulers had followed the advice of the sages of former times, instead of the theories of modern bullionists and interested parties, they would have avoided this unparalleled accumulation of disasters. Hear the greatest and wisest of men, Lord Bacon, on the subject:—

"For the home trade I first commend to your consideration the encouragement of tillage, which will enable the kingdom to provide corn for the natives, and to spare for importation; and I myself have known more than once, when in times of dearth, in Queen Elizabeth's days, it drained much coin of the kingdom to furnish us with corn from foreign parts."

"He added also—

"Let the foundation of a profitable trade be so laid that the exportation of home commodities be more in value than the importation of foreign, so we shall be sure that the stocks of the kingdom shall yearly increase, for then the balance of trade must be returned in money."

"And Lord Bacon went on to give this wholesome piece of advice:—

"Instead of crying up all things

which are either brought from beyond sea or wrought by the hands of strangers, let us advance the native commodities of our own kingdom, and employ our own countrymen before strangers."—*Bacon's Essays.*

"Trade," says Locke, "is necessary to the production of riches, and money to the carrying on of trade. This is principally to be looked after, and taken care of; for if this be neglected, we shall in vain, by contrivances among ourselves, and shuffling the little money we have from one hand to another, endeavour to prevent our wants: decay of trade will quickly waste all the remainder; and then the landed man, who thinks, perhaps, by the fall of interest, to raise the value of his land, will find himself cruelly mistaken, when, the money being gone, (as it will be if our trade be not kept up,) he can get neither farmer to rent, nor purchaser to buy, his land."

"If one-third of the money employed in trade were locked up or gone out of England, must not the landlords receive one-third less for their goods, and, consequently, rents fall—a less quantity of money by one-third being to be distributed amongst an equal number of receivers? Indeed, people, not perceiving the money to be gone, are apt to be jealous, one of another; and each suspecting another's inequality of gain to rob him of his share, every one will be employing his skill and power, the best he can, to retrieve it again, and to bring money into his pocket in the same plenty as formerly. But this is but scrambling amongst ourselves, and helps no more against our wants than the pulling of a short coverlid will, amongst children that lie together, preserve them all from the cold—*some will starve, unless the father of the family provide better, and enlarge the scanty covering.*" This pulling and contest is usually between the candid man and the merchant."—*Locke's Works*, v. 14, 70, 71. *Considerations on Rate of Interest and Raising the Value of Money.*

We only add the opinion of a great authority with the Free-traders, Mr. Malthus, which seems almost prophetic of what is now passing in this country. We are indebted for it to the *Morning Post*, which has consistently argued the doctrines of protec-

ping, that, in the first year after the loss of Canada, the foreign shipping employed in our trade would exceed the British, even supposing we only lost two-thirds of Canadian trade by its independence.

tion and an adequate currency since they were first assailed.

"If the price of corn were to fall to 50s. a quarter, and labour and other commodities nearly in proportion, there can be no doubt that the stockholder would be benefited unfairly at the expense of the industrious classes of society. During the twenty years, beginning with 1794, and ending with 1813, the average price of wheat was about 83s.; during ten years, ending with 1813, 92s.; and during the last five years of this same twenty, the price was 108s. In the course of these twenty years, government borrowed near £500,000,000 of real capital, exclusive of the sinking fund, at the rate of about five per cent. interest. But if corn shall fall to 50s. a quarter, and other commodities in proportion, instead of an interest of five per cent., the government will really pay an interest of seven, eight, and nine, and for the last £200,000,000, of ten per cent. This must be paid by the industrious classes of society, and by the landlords; that is, by all those whose nominal incomes vary with the variations in the measure of value; and if we completely *succeed in the reduction of the price of corn and labour*, this increased interest must be paid in future from a revenue of about *half the nominal value of the national income in 1813*. If we consider with what an increased weight the taxes on tea, sugar, malt, soap, candles, &c., would in this case bear on the labouring classes of society, and what proportion of their income all the active, industrious middle orders of the state, as well as the higher orders, must pay, in assessed taxes and the various articles of custom and excise, *the pressure will appear to be absolutely intolerable*. Indeed, if the measure of value were really to fall as we have supposed, there is great reason to fear that the country would be *absolutely unable to continue the payment of the present interest of the national debt.*"—*Malthus's Essays.*

This was Mr. Malthus's anticipation of the effect of wheat falling to 50s. What would he have said of it at 40s., its present average price? We recommend the concluding paragraph to the notice of the fund-holders, by whose influence the late changes have mainly been introduced.

But let the Free-traders be of good cheer—they have done marvellous things. They have accomplished what no British statesmen, since the days of Alfred, have been able to effect. They have stopped the growth of our population, and, for the first time for four centuries, rendered it retrograde. They have sent from two hundred and fifty to three hundred thousand people yearly out of the country, for three years, in search of food. They have lowered the Irish circulation of notes a half. They have, with one blow, swamped the Poor-law Amendment Act in England, and rendered rates higher, even with prices extremely low, than they ever were in English history. They have extirpated 200,000 cultivators in Ireland. They have cut £80,000,000 a-year off from the remuneration of cultivation and the encouragement of the home market to our manufactures in Great Britain. They have lowered railway property more than a half. They have destroyed, at least, a half of the whole commercial and trading wealth of the manufacturing towns. They have made the nation dependant, in two years, for a fourth of its subsistence on foreign states. They have rendered the maintenance of the national independence, if the present system is persisted in, impossible. They have destroyed £100,000,000 worth of property in the West Indies. They have sown the seeds of revolt in Canada, and rendered its separation, at no distant period, from Great Britain a matter of certainty. They have repealed the Navigation Laws, and thereby cut off the right arm of our naval strength. They are fast laying the seeds of dismemberment in our colonial empire. They will soon reduce, if unchecked in their career, the immense empire of England to two islands, oppressed with taxes, eaten up by paupers, importing a third of their annual subsistence from foreign states, brought in in foreign bottoms. These are the effects of FREE TRADE AT ITS ZENITH. What will they be at its Nadir?

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